

# A VERACIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB TOURNAMENT

*The Sleepy Hollow Country Club*

OCTOBER 14, 1914

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON

BEING an invited guest (at \$3 per) I naturally expected that alpenstocks would be provided at the first tee for this mountain course. Great was my surprise, therefore, when I found that not only alpenstocks but guides (they call them guides, not caddies, at Sleepy Hollow) carrying coils of rope and flasks of brandy—were an additional expense. A good, serviceable guide—an Italian who had had long experience in the Engadine, cost me \$2, and an alpenstock, with green and blue ribbons, \$1 more. As we got along in the ascent, I found this slight additional investment not only useful, but necessary.

News came that two impecunious graduates of Oberlin, who had started early in the morning without a guide, had fallen, with their bags of clubs and balls into a crevasse, and, while still alive, and cheerful—being but slightly injured—could not be expected, of course, to extricate themselves from their predicament for some twenty-one years, when the glacier would travel down to the Hudson valley and give up its unfortunates. Food, cigars and highballs were lowered to the Oberlin graduates, and their chief complaint came up that ice had thoughtlessly been put in their glasses. Otherwise, they said they were doing quite well, and hoped to work their way out with their niblicks.

My partner, a graduate of Harvard, weighed some 250 pounds, and after reaching the fifth tee, although it was a cold day, complained bitterly of the heat. I had already seen that he could not last out the climb, and advised his taking one of the guides and returning slowly to the club-house. He insisted that as long as he was one up he never would consent to be one down, and valiantly teed up and drove into what seemed to us to be a bottomless rocky chasm. As his ball descended into the awful gulf, cries came up from a player (who, we afterwards learned, was a graduate of Virginia) who, having lost his ball, was engaged in picking edelweiss, and making a collection of the fauna and flora of the curious mountain herbivora. It seemed that the ball had struck him upon the centre of his bald head, and bounded upon to the green. But, curiously enough, it made a dent in his memory, so much so, that on several guides hurrying to his rescue, Amnesia set in, and he proclaimed that he was a graduate of Amherst and gave out so much other wild talk about the superiority of the smaller colleges over the so-called “universities,” that he was carried out on a stretcher and lay dead near the fourth hole for a long time.

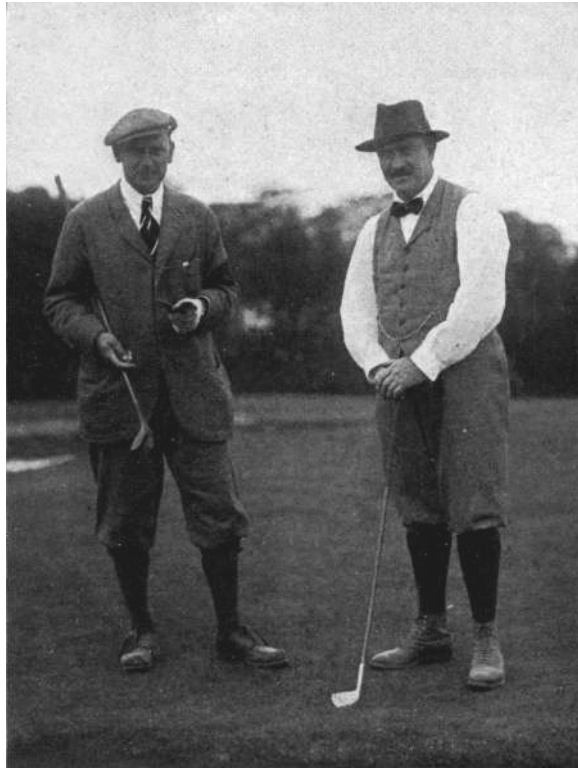
Being a Harvard man and good sport, as I have stated, my partner was naturally loath to win the fifth hole by this “rub on a greeny,” as he called it, and only yielded after long persuasion.

As we advanced hole by hole to higher altitudes the view before us was amazing. Peak on peak rose from the fertile valley of the Hudson. The Sprudelhorn, the Matterhorn, the Dunnerhorn to the left, while the Catskills, and St. Anthony’s nose reared their huge bunker-like bulks on the right. We could hear the great guns of the Germans pounding at the Palisades—though our guides maintained it was only a road contractor blasting out rock for the State roads. It was magnificent—if it was not exactly—Golf!

By this time, the sun having thawed the heavy snows on the higher peaks, we began to hear the dreadful thunder of the avalanches falling into the abyssmal valleys below. Cavalierio Rusticana, my guide, told us impressively, that, while guiding a party of golfers, the preceding August, his uncle Golferino Cadderio, had been carried down some three miles by an avalanche on which he was standing, while guarding a ball driven by his “man” and that guide and man and new seventy-five cents ball were swept away and finally deposited in the Hudson on a cake of ice, from which the ball, in accordance with the rules of the Royal and Ancients, had to be played back, at a cost of 187 strokes, medal play. The golfing reader may conceive with what horror we heard this tale, as our scores, by this time, had already averaged nine strokes a hole. But we persevered, feeling that with a trusty handicap of some forty strokes, all might still be well. Going to the tenth, my partner sighed, threw up his hands, lay down and said he could climb no further. I immediately sent our two guides down for a stretcher, in the meanwhile, trying to encourage and cheer my fat friend by reading our scores. However, I only succeeded in making him groan and finally sink into unconsciousness. Until help came, what could I do? I chafed his hands, pounded his feet with my putter, pried open his eyes with my niblick, filled his mouth with snow from a nearby bunker—yet he remained dead to the world. I thought of everything to rouse him, but it was of no use. His snores were something awful. He was in no condition for such an athletic effort as playing these precipitous hills—yet he had once rowed on a Harvard Eight and had beaten Yale. Recalling this fact, I leaned down and shouted into his ear:—“Yale has won the football game this year—89 to 0.” Instantly he sat up and with a loud voice

## G O L F I L L U S T R A T E D

swore—reiterated the word "liar,"—and sank back again into dreamless insensibility. I was now at my wit's end, as the guides did not return, and shouted as fiercely as I could:—"Is there a doctor present?"—Only the gloomy rocks and precipices surrounding the green responded to my cry. It was agonizing. Here was I with a score by which, with my handicap of forty, I hoped to gather in a tea set and carry it home to my waiting wife—forced to leave the game, which, by the rules, I could not resume, and carry a 250-pound Harvard graduate back to the club-house. I tried to lift him—it was of no avail. Again the guides did not return. I was in despair. Should I go on playing and try to finish my score? Could I leave my partner to perish? I consulted my golf rules which I had in my pocket, and as on many previous occasions, could not find anything in them applicable to present circumstances. I was just about giving up, when—thank Heaven—a large St. Bernard dog, named Presto, came climbing down from a neighboring avalanche. He had just been sent up from the club-house, laden with brandy, Scotch, cocktails, blankets, rope, medicines, a small stove, golf clubs and a neatly bound copy of the ground rules which he carried in his mouth.



TWO UNIVERSITY CLUB PLAYERS  
C. Ledyard Blair, Princeton, and Willis Terry, Yale

After the dog and I had worked over him for four mortal hours, my partner stated that he felt like a second Travis, after his nap, and enquired:—"Isn't this Sleepy Hollow?"—and we silently and thoughtfully continued our round, Presto proving a most efficient guide and caddie.

Arriving at the club-house, we found that fifty of the eighty-four who had started in the upward ascent, had perished. At all events, they did not hand in their cards. A Princeton man had lost the first cup, but had won it back by persuading the committee to increase his handicap to 54 instead of 44. A Yale man, who won the first gross cup was challenged by my Harvard partner who claimed he was not so gross as he was by ninety-six pounds. The wrong Mr. Wright, of New York University, won the second prize handicap, but was ruled out because he used an aeroplane in ascending to the highest holes—an instrument quite as bad as the Schenectady

putter, according to the Royal and Ancients' rulings.

Many complaints and kicks were turned down. Professor Elmendorf, of Princeton, had a movie camera of a Comic Journal following him to the annoyance of his partner. Mr. Harris, of Cornell University, complained of a ball falling on the top of his unprotected head at the fifth hole. He was relegated to the Courts for damages.

But at the dinner, which followed the tournament, at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, before everyone fell asleep when good old Doctor Borem, of Oskosh College began to talk—about the (yawn)—advantages—(eh?)—of the smaller western colleges (yawn) over the eastern universities in the game of golf, why, (yawn and sneeze) . . . . Everyone at last woke up and pronounced the mountain climbing tournament the greatest success ever.

"To surmount those awful hills—shows what we highbrows can do if we try"—said Professor Cheese, of Dartmouth—(with a net score of 267).

T. W. Lamont, Harvard, won the best net prize with  $95 + 100 - 38 = 157$ , and H. J. Wright, New York, was second with  $95 + 90 - 24 = 161$ . The best gross prize was won by E. H. Hart, Yale, with  $86 + 93 = 179$ , Dr. V. C. Thorne, Yale,

winning second prize with  $87 + 94 = 181$ .

The following scores were returned:

Name and College	1st rd.	2d rd.	Total Hp. net.
T. W. Lamont, Harvard	95	100	38 157
H. J. Wright, New York University	95	90	24 161
W. Terry, Yale	101	97	36 162
Dr. H. H. Fries, Berlin	103	91	32 162
W. C. Hills, Princeton	98	99	34 163
J. G. Deane, Amherst	103	96	36 163
T. F. Wilcox, Princeton	96	89	20 165
C. A. Corliss, Williams	100	90	24 166
G. H. Milliken, Yale	95	95	24 166
F. C. Hodgdon, Tufts	101	101	36 166
C. L. Blair, Princeton	96	103	32 167
V. C. Thorne, Yale	87	94	14 167
F. H. Douglas, Princeton	97	99	28 168
E. Q. Trowbridge, Yale	101	104	36 169
D. L. Elmendorf, Princeton	105	97	32 170
F. W. Steele, Princeton	101	99	30 170
Arthur Man, C. C. N. Y.	92	92	12 172
A. B. Meacham, Brown	94	98	20 172
F. B. Pratt, Amherst	95	97	20 172
C. R. Dean, Harvard	112	98	35 174
W. Bird, Harvard	106	100	32 174
F. A. Moore, M. I. T.	101	87	14 174
E. H. Hart, Yale	86	93	4 175
J. T. Gillespie, Yale	95	97	16 176
M. E. Haviland, Cornell	115	98	36 177
L. S. Bigelow, Yale	94	95	12 177
Randolph Hurry, Columbia	115	105	40 180
R. L. Harrison, University of Virginia	108	110	36 182
W. Fowler, Princeton	110	114	40 184
John S. Wood, Yale	106	104	24 186
F. Lyman, Harvard	109	106	28 187
C. W. Pierson, Yale	110	97	20 187