



THE LEGENDS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

The Commemorative moves to the fabled hills alongside the Hudson

by ROBERT SOMMERS

The rounded nob of High Tor rises above the Palisades and looks down on the valley of the Hudson River, flowing past a quarter of a mile below. The river comes into view through a narrow gorge to the north after sweeping past West Point and Bear Mountain, then disappears around a bend to the south. On clear evenings the towers of Manhattan shimmer through the dusk and the waters under the Tappan Zee Bridge sparkle in the dying sunlight. Fifteen miles of the river, north and south, can be seen from the ridges that line both sides of the valley.

Ghostly legends were born here. One of explorer Henry Hudson's ships was lost when he sailed up the river 375 years ago, and the survivors climbed the tor and kept lookout for rescue that never came. No one knows what happened to them, but they say that on stormy nights, when sullen black clouds brood over the tor, you can just make them out, still waiting.

Across the river on the eastern bank, a few miles north of Tarrytown, Ichabod Crane had the wits scared out of him in Washington Irving's *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Members of Sleepy Hollow Country Club still claim that the Headless Horseman threw his unattached head at Crane on the bridge that spans a

deep and wide gully separating the third tee from the green. Confident in their choice, they've named the hole "Haunted Bridge."

New York was a far smaller city when Irving wrote his tales. Today Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow are within the city's commuting zone. Traffic streams through and piles up on the state's Route 9, but once past the traffic lights, where the roadside becomes more rural, through the ornate entrance gate and up the winding drive of Sleepy Hollow Country Club, the sounds of bustle die away, and on the outer reaches of the golf course the land is as secluded as Irving knew it.

The golf course begins on the high ground near the clubhouse, sweeps downward almost to the level of the Albany Post Road, then begins its climb to higher ground (some say it is best to walk backward up the incline of the second, a 320-yard two-shotter, and take in the panoramic sweep of the Hudson Valley). At the eighth through 12th holes, the routing leads through a heavily wooded area, salted with an occasional outcrop of gray rock scraped bare by the great glacier of the Ice Age. At the 16th

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A sandy fate awaits the player who overshoots the first green.



