A Local History of the Paranormal from Ichabod Crane to the Kinderhook Creature

An Interview with Bruce G. Hallenbeck by Christopher Kline

Cover:

The Headless Horseman riding in Kinderhook, NY for a Halloween celebration. Photograph by the late H. A. Von Behr from his book *Ghosts in Residence* (North Country Books, 1986)

Opposite:

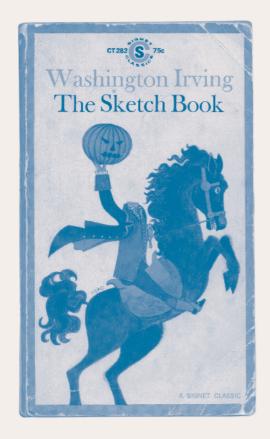
Bruce G. Hallenbeck as Jonathan Stokes on set during the filming of *Shadow Tracker: Vampire Hunter*, directed by Joe Bagnardi. Photograph by Jeff Kirkendall



"A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere...

The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

Washington Irving in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"



Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been singled out as a timeless American short story, but its initial publishing was within the highly nuanced collection *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent*, void of Irving's real name. Within that book both "The Legend..." and "Rip Van Winkle" were further obscured by an introduction supposedly by Crayon:

"The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history."

Bruce G. Hallenbeck is a writer, horror filmmaker, and cryptozoology researcher from the small Hudson River Valley town of Kinderhook, New York. As part of my continuing research into the lesser known elements of Kinderhook's lore, I got in touch with Bruce to ask his first-hand expertise in the realm of the paranormal history of the area and its influence on his cult horror films and non-fiction writing.

The last film that I produced The Drowned was shot at Merwin's Lake, which of course was owned by Jesse Merwin (Ichabod Crane), and they say his old house there is haunted by some spirits. Long ago his tombstone was actually placed face down to make the front step of the house. The legend is that if it's disturbed, the Headless Horseman will ride again. The woman who lives there got curious if it was actually his tombstone and had it flipped over back in the 60s by a handyman with a crowbar, and sure enough there was the inscription. That night there was no Headless Horseman but lightning struck the two maple trees in the front vard and electrified the house... so no one's messed with it since then. So, yeah. that certainly gives you a lot of inspiration.

BGH: Ask me anything you like, I have no secrets

CK: You went to Ichabod Crane Central in Kinderhook growing up, and I'm curious about the effect that might've had on your work...

BGH: You know Stephen King has a stock answer when people ask him "why do you write the stuff you write?," he says, "what makes you think I have any choice?" And I pretty much feel the same way. One of the earliest stories I remember hearing was "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Although it's set in Tarrytown, the local folklore is that the characters were based on real people who lived here in Kinderhook... Ichabod Crane was Jesse Merwin, Katrina Van Tassel was Katrina Van Alen, and so on, I knew all that from when I was a very young child and I remember seeing the Disnev cartoon of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" on TV when I was about four or five years old and I also had the Classics Illustrated version of it. I was really enamored to that story. It's one of the things that really got me interested in "the supernatural," "the strange," whatever you wanna call it.

The other thing about Kinderhook and Columbia County in general is that it pretty closely resembles a lot of the English countryside, the rolling hills and the woods and all that stuff. Since I was weened on British horror films, that kind of landscape lends itself to this sort of ghostly or fantastic feeling.



Still from Hallenbeck's film *The Drowned*, shot at Merwin Lake, Kinderhook.

CK: I've heard that there was something of a rivalry between Kinderhook and Tarrytown over who had more claim to the Headless Horseman, since Irving had lived in Kinderhook briefly in 1809.

BGH: A lot of people think, well, OK, maybe there was a rivalry, maybe there wasn't... Well, there definitely was. And I have it in writing. I did some research up at the New York State Library where I work and found some letters written by Washington Irving to Jesse Merwin in 1851 thanking him for letting him use his persona as Ichabod Crane. And there was a series of letters to the New York Times in the 1890s or so in which they talked about the rivalry between Tarrytown and Kinderhook for that story. It was a pretty big deal back then and it's been largely forgotten today. I remember one of the editions of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" book mentions that, that the



The Ichabod Crane Rider's baseball dugout featuring the Headless Horseman. Photograph by Elaine Kline

characters were taken from Kinderhook and placed in the Tarrytown setting. So it's not just an urban legend, it was a real thing.

CK: The Ichabod Crane School District in Kinderhook was centralized in 1954, which was just 5 years after the Disney release of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." I was wondering if you had a take on why an area would name their new school system after a fictional character instead of a real local person, or a politician like many schools at the time did... what that might say about the area?

BGH: That's a good question, back then when I was a kid they really played up that aspect of local history. For example when I was in 8th grade, this would be around 1965, the high school principal at the time played Ichabod Crane in a reenactment that they broadcast on Channel 10 news. I suspect that was the reason they called it Ichabod Crane School District, because they were very proud of that connection. Now they kind of seem to be almost ashamed of it. They sweep it under the rug for some reason. Which is sad, they've kind of given all the credit to Tarrytown and why they did that I don't know. Maybe it was too macabre for the new people who moved here. As far as Sleepy Hollow's concerned, it's a real town now that used to be part of Tarrytown, only

incorporated in 1996. So I guess they think they've won... [laughter] but we'll see, it ain't over til it's over, you know.

CK: I know that you're something of an expert on Horror-Comedy, and I was wondering what drew you to that genre.

BGH: Well, I used to correspond with Robert Bloch who was the author of *Psycho* when I was a teenager and when I first started getting into writing he was one of my literary mentors. He always said that there's a very thin line between comedy and horror, that they both require a twisted



Headless Horseman bridge historic marker in Sleepy Hollow, NY, not Kinderhook

version of reality to create the mood, and it's very true, eliciting screams and eliciting laughs are two sides of the same coin. In my *Comedy-Horror Films* book I go through the whole history of how that came about. A lot of it has to do with the comedy-mystery plays that they did in the early 1900s on Broadway, they'd really taken over the Broadway stage back then with shows like "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary," which kind of morphed into comedy-horror films. And of course



Book cover for Comedy-Horror Films by Bruce G. Hallenbeck (McFarland Books, 2009)

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is itself a kind of a comedy-horror story. It's the ultimate Halloween trick, in a way... and there's a lot of humor in the story, not just in the "trick" ending, so to speak, but also the characters are very humorous, especially Ichabod himself who's kind of a dufus. There's a lot of satire of early Americana in the story that Washington Irving deliberately put in there, playing with the local superstitions... he had a very impish sense of humor.

CK: So horror-comedy seems makes a lot of sense in the Hudson River Valley...

BGH: Oh, absolutely, because of Washington Irving in large part. Not only because of the classic Headless Horseman tale, but he also wrote "Rip Van Winkle" which isn't really a horror story, but it has elements of strange things. Rip thinks he's asleep on the mountain for a short nap, but when he awakes he realizes that twenty years have passed. I always thought it was really weird that supposedly it was Henrick Hudson and his

men that were haunting the Catskills and that put Rip to sleep, and yet they were shrunken down like little people... It goes back to the stories of fairy abductions in the middle ages, which happen to correspond very closely with local legends of the Algonquin tribes and their tales of the 'pukwudgie', magical little people of the forest. Pukwudgies were mostly harmless, but on a whim could kidnap children, or transform into ferocious animals, or use their magic powers to confuse people's minds.

Interestingly enough, fairy abductions parallels with alien abductions, and of course the Hudson Valley is also the scene of a very famous abduction involving Whitley Strieber who wrote a book about it called *Communion*. He had a cabin in the Catskills, the same setting of the Rip Van Winkle story, and that's where all of his abduction experiences happened. So that's always fascinated me, how alien abductions and fairy abductions both involve "missing time," you lose all sense of time... it seems to be the same phenomenon.



Still from the animated short Molly Moo-Cow and Rip Van Winkle (Van Beuren Studios, 1935)

CK: Have there been many other close-encounters or UFO sightings in the area other than the Whitley Strieber abductions?

BGH: In the area, definitely, I mean the Hudson Valley is known for UFO sightings, it's really a kind of hotbed. There's a little town down in Orange County called Pine Bush, and in the 90s they had a whole spate of UFO sightings and supposedly alien sightings and all kinds of things. There was one road in particular where there had been hundreds of sightings, and it later became so popular with UFO enthusiasts that the local police had to ban sky-watching since it was disrupting traffic.

And then of course there was the "Westchester Wing" or "Westchester Boomerang" back in the 80s, where all up and down the Hudson Valley this huge wing-shaped thing was seen. People said it was 100–300 yards wide and it flew silently over the Thruway and the Taconic Parkway and that's never really been explained. Literally thousands of people saw this thing. There's a book on that called *Night Siege*. A lot of people think it was some kind of military experiment, I don't know, could be!



Photograph of "The Hudson Valley Wave."
Several thousand sightings of similar unidentified aircraft were reported in the Hudson River Valley between 1983 and 1986

CK: That's interesting, the parallel you mentioned between the pre-Dutch Mahican legends from the area and the abductions. Do you know any other strange Mahican legends from the area? I've heard of one about Spook Rock in Claverack rolling over in the night...

BGH: Well you know, I've never been able to get any straight answer on why they call it Spook Rock Road. You get the kind of usual vague Indian legends of some Indian maiden threw herself off the rock or something and committed suicide because of a lost love, or whatever, but that's more like a fable and I can't really take that too seriously.

But yes, even before Caucasians came here with their European lore, the native Americans thought that area was full of haunted spots, especially in the Catskills and some of the areas around Columbia County. They had tales of "mythical" creatures, like a giant serpent called "Tatoskok" that lived in Lake Champlain, very similar to what is known as "Champ" today. There was also the wendigo, thought to be a giant man, who ate people and made sounds like a grouse, and this

kind of fed into the "wildman" sightings of the 18th and 19th century, all of which is now associated with the big-foot narrative.

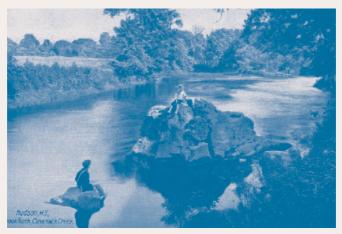
CK: Maybe you can tell a little bit of the background of the Kinderhook Creature story for people who don't know...

BGH: Around 1978 there was a magazine published locally, *The Hudson River Chronicle*, and they had a story about people in Columbia and Dutchess Counties seeing some kind of Bigfootlike creature. At the time I thought it was funny. Although I'd always been interested in the topic, I thought, "OK that's fine in the Pacific Northwest, or the Himalayas, but Columbia County? I don't think so."

But then around December of 1978 I found some tracks in the snow right behind my grand-parents' house here on McCagg Road, which is where I now live. And they didn't look like bear tracks to me, they looked like almost human-like barefoot tracks, but they were very large, as I recall about 16 inches long. So I took pictures of these tracks and I sent them to that magazine, and wouldn't ya know, they promptly lost them, and I was foolish enough at the time to send them the negatives... they lost everything!

It was around the same time that my cousin was trapping animals down by this place we call Cushing's Hill which is a very wooded, swampy place, goes on and on for miles. He used to trap muskrats or something down there, and one day he came running back to my grandparents' house and I was here with my grandmother, and his face was white as a sheet and he had a baseball bat with him that I guess he used to kill the animals he trapped. He said he didn't feel the bat was sufficient to deal with what he saw, he said he saw four bipedal, red haired creatures taller than he was walking across the creek, and they were making clacking and grunting noises. We thought that was pretty outrageous, so we went down and of course we didn't see anything, couldn't find any tracks either.

But my grandmother, around the same time, admitted that she had seen some things that she hadn't talked about because she didn't want people to think she was going senile. One morning she got up very early, as she was wont to do, and she looked out the window and saw, what she described as a "dark hairy thing" all curled up on the lawn like it was sleeping. She kind of went about



An old postcard of Spook Rock where local legend states a young Mahican couple met their fate

her business, as she was a very no-nonsense kind of person, and then when she looked out of the window again, it was gone.

There were strange things that happened all that year that kind of built up. She found that something was taking her trash bags from the garbage can outside, taking them down to the middle of the vard, the same area where she thought she saw this thing sleeping, and opening up the bag, rifling through it, and taking out all of the edibles and leaving everything else. It was not ripped like it would've been by a raccoon or a woodchuck or something, it was just untied, very neat. Our neighbor across the woods. Mrs. Walters back then, talked to my grandmother one day and said that she had found one of her trash bags stuffed up in a tree. Pretty odd. Also around that time my father came across three dead rabbits stuffed in the snow at the top of Cushing's Hill, as though they had been placed there for winter storage.

So those small things kind of built up to what happened in the year of 1980. That summer I had a friend visiting from England and we were at my grandparents' house and I was about to escort her back to where she was staying. The second we got out on the porch we heard this ungodly noise from down in the woods, I've never heard anything like it before or since, it started out like a shriek or a howl, went into a series of kind of guttural sounds, and then died out in a low moan... My friend turned to me and asked [in an English accent]: "Is that a typical American sound

here at night?" And I said, "No... I've never heard that one before"

As we got closer to fall more and more of these things kept happening. And finally on September 24th of 1980, which I will never forget... the whole day was kind of strange. At the time I was freelancing at the *Metroland Magazine*, so I wasn't working normal hours, and that day I took a walk around the Winding Brook Country Club, I just walked down the road around it and back, and on the way back on Novak Road I felt as if something was following me in the woods, that almost every time I would take a step, something would take a step.

Obviously nothing happened right then. But that night was one of the biggest full-moons I've ever seen, it was an amazing moon, and it just seemed to light up everything. I went out that evening with some friends in Chatham, and I got a call at the restaurant where I was from my grandmother who said "Come back to the house because there's something outside that's making a terrible noise and it's scaring us to death..." So I said... "O...K..." It was pretty unusual for her to do something like that. So I went back home, it took about ten or fifteen minutes, and by the time I got there the whole thing was over with. My cousin was there, he had a shotgun with him. My grandmother was talking about what happened, my Aunt Barbara was there kind of hysterical. Apparently what happened was my aunt had been bringing my grandmother back home from another relative's up in Kinderhook, and they had just

gotten into the driveway when they heard this sound coming from around the root cellar in the back, and they were kind of frozen to the spot. My Aunt Barbara was so frightened that she said to my grandmother "Get back in the car!" but then she locked all the doors in a panic before my grandmother had a chance to get back in the car! So anyway, the sound continued, and my grandmother described it as a person in terrible agony,

So by the time I got home, all of that was over with, I missed the whole darn thing, which I always regretted. I wish I'd been here.

So that was kind of the beginning of that whole cycle of sightings. My mother who lives on Novak road, had heard the shotgun and everything else, she wrote a letter to the *Times Union* to a guy named Barney Fowler, he used to publish an Outdoor column. He published it and letters



Still from *The Quarry* written by Bruce G. Hallenbeck as part of director Joe Bagnardi's *Edge of Reality* anthology film (JB Productions, 2008)

or a series of noises, like what I had heard the summer before. And so she decided, for whatever reason, she was gonna go in the house and sit in there with a hammer and wait for my Aunt Barbara to come back with my cousin and his gun. She thought there must be two of them, one by a pine tree and one behind the root cellar, both wailing with the same noises. She couldn't see the thing directly because it was behind the root cellar, but could see the shadow of it in the bright moonlight, a "terrible great big thing," as she described it.

It didn't take too long for my cousin to show up with a shotgun, and he stood on the porch listening to this thing. He said it screamed "almost like a girl", but so many different noises all mixed in. So he fired up in the air, and the sound stopped for a second but then it started up again. And he fired up in the air a second time and he said the thing screamed and he thought it ran off. In any case they didn't hear anything after that.

started coming to him from all over Columbia County from people who had seen or heard this thing. It was like a snowball, all of a sudden people were just coming out of the woodwork, and I started interviewing people who had seen it. There was a woman who had wanted to remain anonymous, she's listed in the *Monsters of New York* book as "Barbara," who had maybe one of the best sightings. She was driving home from Albany one night and this thing crossed the road in front of her. She described it as looking like "a highly evolved ape", walking in a very fluid motion. It had reddishbrown hair, and didn't seem concerned about her, it just walked off into a cornfield and disappeared.

A few years later there was a guy who worked at Ichabod Crane, he was a maintenance guy there named Mike Mabb, he was fishing at the dam in Niverville, this was in the afternoon, and he looked across the creek there and he saw this thing standing there, in broad daylight, he said he

could see it so clearly he could even see that its fingernails were black. And he said it was staring at him. And it was again described as having reddish-brown hair... and it just kind of looked at him,



Still from *The Quarry* (JB Productions, 2008)

and then it walked off into the woods. So those are two of the best sightings we have from this area.

During the mid-80s it all seemed to die down, as if there was something here that just moved on. And it's been pretty quiet ever since then. I hear the occasional report, but we hear more of them from up in the Whitehall area than we do around Kinderhook now. For whatever reason... maybe it's because Kinderhook is becoming too built up. I don't know. But for whatever reason, whatever was here doesn't seem to be here anymore.

I don't make any claims in my writing as to what it was. All I know is that I heard some things I can't really explain, and my grandmother was as honest as the day is long, and very skeptical of things like that. She was actually interviewed by *Metroland* the day before she died and she told the same story. So, I certainly believe her.

CK: Is there any hard evidence of the Kinderhook Creature? Like photos?

BGH: We tape recorded a vocalization and sent it to Cornell University — they have a library of animal sounds, and they played it against recordings of other animals. They couldn't identify what it was but they said it was something that was not native to New York.

CK: You've written and directed a few indie horror films. Perhaps the stereotype of someone wanting to direct movies would have moved to New York City or L.A.. Did your firsthand experiences with the supernatural make you want to stay in Kinderhook?

BGH: Well I never had ambitions to be a filmmaker, per say. I always wanted to be a writer, basically. And I figured a writer can live anywhere, that doesn't matter. But one thing I found out when I got to be in my 30s or so was that a filmmaker could live anywhere too because at that time regional filmmaking was really blossoming around the country. It was also around the time of the first home-video explosion back in the early 80s. And it didn't really seem to matter where you lived, you could make a movie anywhere, that's what attracted me to it.

CK: What was the initial reaction, if there was one, of local people from Kinderhook to your work?



Image from Fangs, a "shock-umentary" written by Hallenbeck to be narrated by Hammer Films starlet Veronica Carlson

BGH: Well, there were rumors at one point that I was making a porn film. There were certain factions of the community that either seemed to kind of sniff at what I was doing or, you know, just said it was something awful. But for the most part, I would have to say, it's been pretty positive. To me Kinderhook has always been a Halloween town, and I love Halloween around here. Talking about





Stills from 16mm trailer for the unfinished film Cannibal Church (1984).

"Not exactly subtle," says Hallenbeck, "but the reason we did that was to make something so outrageous that it would get us some attention starting out. In retrospect, I'm kind of glad that movie wasn't made because that's really not the kind of horror film I like."

sweeping the macabre stuff under the rug earlier, actually the one thing they do keep as a tradition is that they have the Headless Horseman ride on Halloween, which I was part of last year. I stood in front of the House of History and read 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" to a lot of kids, and at the end of the reading, the Headless Horseman comes galloping up through the field. It's actually a local farmer, I'm not sure exactly who it is, off the top of my head... so to speak... [laughter].

And actually in the past seven or eight years since I've been writing a book a year, I've done a lot of readings around here, a lot of book signings. I showed one of my films, a movie called *The Drowned*, at Valatie Theatre when they reopened that a few years ago, and I've shown quite a few around the area, and that kind of encompasses Albany.

Strangely enough I'm showing that same film at the prison in Hudson. I've been asked to





"Frankencake" made for Hallenbeck's book signing at the Kinderhook Memorial Library, 2013

come down there for the past couple years to do talks mainly on my paranormal or cryptozoology books. But this year they asked me to come down and show a film to the inmates. I find that a really fascinating experience, you know, in talking to those guys, to me they just seem like regular guys,



Archival image of the New York Training School for Girls, today the campus is part of the Hudson Correctional Facility

and we get along fine, we have a good rapport. Interestingly enough they have ghost stories about the prison. Apparently one of the out-buildings where they house some of the inmates now used to be a girl's school and they claim to see girls in old fashioned dresses wandering around, things like that. Maybe they've been locked up too long, I don't know... but whatever the case, it's very interesting.

CK: Have you ever had any ghost encounters yourself?

BGH: When I was a kid there was something in the woods that we called "The Blob", which again, was just off McCagg Road behind my grandparents' house. I was playing up in the woods one day with my cousin Chari, and we heard this whistling sound and we looked around, I must've been about nine or ten years old, and we saw this shape that seemed to be looking at us from behind a tree, and it was a blueish-white shape, kind of like a ghost. We were so scared we ran down the hill and out of the woods. A couple vears later a friend of mine and I were goofing around in the woods, and for whatever reason I came back up to the house and he stayed down there. When I came back out he was standing by the porch and he said "I just saw something in the woods that really scared me." He was near a pond in the woods and there was this thing that came down the hill that he said was like a big blob, a white thing, and we were about 12 years old so we thought, "Oh yeah, we're gonna kick this thing's butt," ya know, whatever it is. So I think we got like pitchforks and stuff and we went down in the woods. And we saw something. We saw it up in a

tree in the woods, it was a whitish shape. And of course we dropped our pitchforks and ran, like cowards

And then, interestingly enough, about 14 years later, two of my cousins, I have a lot of cousins, two of my cousins were down in the woods, they had a lean-to, and they came running back to the house that day telling me they had seen something strange. And I had never told them the story about The Blob in the woods that we had seen when we were kids. But what they saw is interesting because they described it in two different ways, my cousin who is a Protestant, and this is important, described it as "a bell-shaped white thing that came down the hill". My other cousin who's Catholic described it as "The Virgin Mary coming down the hill." And what that means. I don't know... but I think it means that you see things based on your cultural expectations. Now they obviously must've seen something, but they described it in a completely different way. And I find that very intriguing. To me, that indicates that there's something in the human psyche that doesn't necessarily conjure up these things, but interprets them in a certain way.

The Blob hasn't been seen since that I know of, but sometimes I think these woods here are enchanted.

CK: That's the kind of general feeling you get from the area, that there's a hauntedness, even if you've never had a first-hand experience, but you still have this sense that there's some thickness to the air.

BGH: Oh I think so. One of the reasons. Washington Irving wrote what he wrote was because the Hudson Valley has always been thought of as being a haunted place. Right down the road from my house on 9H is Lindenwald, the home of the 8th US President Martin Van Buren, which is supposedly haunted. And you know, the tour guides won't talk about that publicly, but I got a tour guide who talked about it privately once, and he said that sometimes when they went in the morning to open up, they would find that the curtains had been taken down, sometimes they would find that objects from the house had been washed, apparently, in a bucket full of water. Sometimes they say that they can smell bread cooking in the oven. They think that whatever haunts the place is the spirits of the slaves or servants that worked there.

When you take people aside and you talk to them and they know they're not going to be made fun of, they'll tell you a lot of things that they won't tell you otherwise.



Lindenwald in Kinderhook, former home of the 8th U.S. President Martin Van Buren

CK: Have you had any hauntings in your own house?

BGH: A lot of unexplainable things have happened in the house where my wife and I live now, which was my grandparents' house... I've been on a few ghost hunts and in the last few years and I've even thought of having people over to the house, but I don't know how much we want people tramping through the house to do this stuff, I mean, they tend to tear places apart. So I'm not sure I want to deal with that. I'd rather do my own little investigations. And anyway, I'm never quite sure I want all of these mysteries to be solved.

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Bruce G. Hallenbeck (left) and crew on the set of London After Midnight, Valatie, NY 1998. Photograph © Peter Hanson (Grand River Films)

Books by Bruce G. Hallenbeck

- Monsters of the Northwoods, co-authored with Paul Bartholomew, Robert Bartholomew, and William Brann (North Country Books, 1992)
- Monsters of New York (Stackpole Books, 2013)
- Monsters of New Jersey, co-authored with Loren Coleman (Stackpole Books, 2010)
- Comedy-Horror Films: A Chronological History 1914–2008 (McFarland, 2009)
- The Hammer Vampire

(Midnight Marquee Press, 2013)

- The Hammer Frankenstein
- (Midnight Marquee Press, 2013)
- Hammer Fantasy & Sci-Fi: British Cult Cinema (Midnight Marquee Press, 2013)
- The Amicus Anthology
 (Midnight Marquee Press, 2014)

His films include

The Drowned (2006), Vampyre (1990), and Fangs: A History of Vampires in the Movies (1989).

Further Reading

- The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent by Washington Irving
- Ghosts in Residence by H. A. Von Behr, North Country Books, 1986
- Communion: A True Story by Whitley Strieber, Avon Books, 1987
- Night Siege: The Hudson Valley UFO Sightings
 by Philip J. Imbrogno, Bob Pratt, Dr. J. Allen Hynek,
 Llewellyn Publications, 1998

