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Long Grove History

LONG GROVE LIVING
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Tales from *Down Under*

If there was ever a month to delve into the macabre, it is October — the season of Halloween. We have all driven by the Long Grove Cemetery; ever wonder if there are interesting tales lying under those tombstones?

By Aaron Underwood · Long Grove Historical Society



PLATE I The wrought-iron arch of the Long Grove Cemetery, framed by the season's oaks — a threshold between the village and its quieter residents.

Quite a few, actually — and here is one of my favorites. The epitaph on Ed Quentin's tombstone reads, "*We loved him in life, let us not forget him in death.*" It also shows his year of birth, 1875, and the year of his death, 1902. If you do the math, you know he died tragically young at age twenty-seven. But that math does not hint at the grisly nature of his demise. In the spirit of strictly honoring that epitaph, let us remember young Ed's death.

Ed had a tough childhood. His mother and father were themselves the victims of *Quentin's Curse* — passing away when he was still a young boy. He was raised by his namesake uncle, Edward C. Quentin.



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TALES FROM DOWN UNDER CONTINUED

A grisly dispatch *from May, 1902*

IN MEMORIAM

*"We loved him in life — let
us not forget him in death."*

EDWARD G. QUENTIN · 1875 · 1902

Fair warning — the following is a rather graphic description of what happened to Ed, taken word for word from a newspaper account. Read on only if you dare to brave the lurid literary style of the early 1900's.

FROM A CHICAGO NEWSPAPER · 31 MAY 1902

Edward G. Quentin died in Chicago early Saturday morning, May 31, while hurrying to catch a North Clark street car. He fell in a man hole which had been left open. The manhole was three feet long and nearly a foot wide, and Quentin fell headlong when he struck its edge.

A compressed-air car, approaching at a rapid rate, struck him. His head and shoulders were ground beneath one of the front wheels and his feet were wedged beneath the others. The car stopped, and passengers, employees and other persons who soon assembled went to the man's assistance. Slight moans gave evidence that he was still alive, but the motorman feared to back up the car lest he should mangle Quentin more.

Neither were the spectators and trainmen with their combined strength able to raise up the heavy car to release him. The wrecking wagon was over a half hour in arriving, and when they lifted the car by jack screws, the man was dead.

Quentin's Curse — if you think that one grisly demise does not a curse make, you are correct. Hear about more victims of Quentin's Curse during the Long Grove Historical Society's **Ghost Walk**, Friday, October 25th, at 7 p.m., in Towner Green — across from the Long Grove Village Tavern.

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