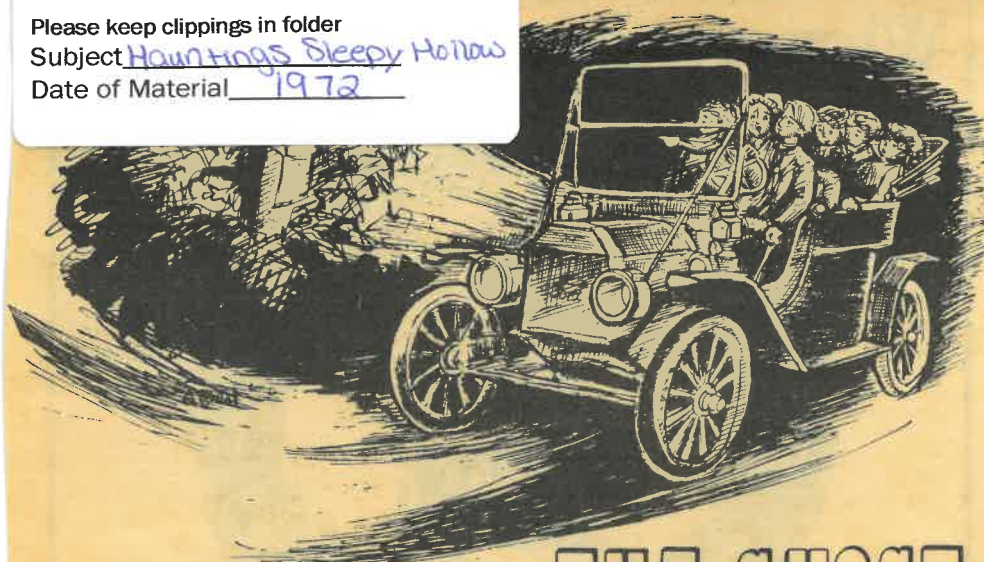


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Subject Hauntings Sleepy Hollow

Date of Material 1972



## THE GHOST of the Sleepy Hollow Road by John C. Nepermann

The Sleepy Hollow is located one mile west of Rt. 31 in Dundee, Township, Illinois, at the foot of a densely wooded hill between Rt. 72 and the Northwest Tollway. At the time of this story, 1917, it was farming country.

Beginning at the south end were the Malcolm McNeil farm, then the Jewet, Clevinger, Thomsen, and Peck farms. The late evangelist, Billy Sunday, had a farm up the hill. It is now being sub-divided into Sleepy Hollow Village.

The McNeil's had a summer home on the northwest corner of their farm with an entrance from the west. There was an 18" square cement post with a round ball on top about 5 feet high, painted white, on the northwest corner, two by the gate, and one on the southwest corner, that had underbrush around it.

I was still single and operating a dairy farm north on the River Road (now Rt. 31) with my sister Minnie keeping house for me.

As it happened, she had invited four girls who were clerking in a store in Dundee for Sunday afternoon. They were Rose and Mabel Unruh, Anna Buhrow, and Esther Kammann, whom I married a few years later. (These are now deceased.)

After supper, with chores and milking done, the six of us went for a ride in a Model T Touring Car. The gas headlights were not very bright, but there was a kerosene lamp in front on each side of the dash. I always had the lamp on the right side burning to see the roadside better.

We went to Elgin, seven miles south on the West River Road. Took in a movie and returned by the way of Wing Park and the Sleepy Hollow Road. Just as we came to the McNeil farm, there was a slight dip in the road by the post.

As the light from the kerosene lamp hit the white post, Rose, who was sitting next to me, let out a scream and cried out, "A ghost," and lurched to the left against me. I am still wondering how many people that post frightened.

We took the girls to their homes in Dundee and then went home to the farm and forgot about the incident.

However, the girls must have had a great thrill out of it and told their friends, so the ghost became well known. Even in the fifties when a Mrs. Paterson owned the place, the teenagers would go there in groups between eleven and twelve o'clock and make weird noises.

She decided to have the post removed. In the early sixties, the Tollway (Rt. 90) went by there and the post was removed.

When I was at the state hospital in

the sixties, I met two young men there from Chicago - Henry Winandy and Reed Johnson. Henry began to tell me how he and three other young people came to Elgin to see the Ghost of Sleepy Hollow Road. They soon found a young lady who agreed to take them there.

At this point, I began to laugh and Henry stopped said, "Was you in on it?" So, he must have had the story.

Then, in 1970 when I was at Richmond staying with Joe Bonugli, Mrs. Bonugli wanted to go to Lee Ward's novelty shop on the north end of Elgin. They took me along.

While Mrs. Bonugli was shopping, Joe wanted to go to downtown Elgin, so I guided him along to Chicago St. and crossed the Fox River. We found a vacant parking space on Chicago St. in front of a restaurant, and Joe said, "Let's go in for a snack and a drink."

The place was operated by a husband and wife. When we had placed our orders, I needed to go to the wash room.

As I left, the woman said to Joe, "I know that man. Who is he?"

Mr. Bonugli said, "That's John Nepermann."

When I returned, she said her father had been a tenant on the McNeil where the Ghost was. She had been one of our younger group known as Gertie, so it seems the ghost story has followed me around.

This all helps to remind of that pleasant, remarkable Sunday night in 1917 when the six of us rode down the Sleepy Hollow Road past its frightening Ghost in the old Model T.  
John C. Nepermann (86 years old)

### WANTED

I would like old songs and poetry for my collection. Will exchange or pay for any.

I would also like words, or words and music, to "Little Blossom," "The Little Shirt my Mother Made for Me," "I'm Saving Up Coupons to Get One of Those," or any others. I would also like to know if any reader has the poem of the A,B,C's. It starts "A is for Arab who has a dark skin, B is for beggar both ragged and thin, C is for candy man who sold lots of sweets."

I would also like a copy of "Will it be John," from an old reader.

I would love to hear from someone who has this same hobby.

Mrs. Don Jones, Box 602, Arma, Kansas 66712