

WE REMEMBER

ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW

As I think of his passing in an early morning hour of February 27, 1961 to the Father's House of many mansions, (John 14:1,2 & 3) I know he had lived in readiness for that hour. It comforts my heart in the midst of grief.

Twenty-two years I spent with this good man. He was good, kind, patient and gentle; truly a Christian Gentleman at all times. An humble man and very conservative in his manner, he never wanted to call attention to himself. His love and devotion for his family was deep and abiding, often expressed by his kindly manner and expressive eyes, rather than words.

His grandson, Max, suggested that the family preserve in writing some incidents of his life, "lest we forget" as the years go by, what a wonderful man he was. It has been a great pleasure to recall the things he told me of himself and his family, and to remember my life with him.

Naomi H. Grimshaw

ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW 1873-1961

PARENTS

Arthur's father, Matthew Joseph, son of Richard and Ann (Rickott) Grimshaw, was born on a farm in Scioto county, Ohio, near Lucasville. It was in 1948 when we saw the house where he was born 101 years earlier. It was in fair condition and was still being used as a home, although many years had passed since it had housed any of the Grimshaw family. Think of the many who have crossed that threshold to take their place in the world; east, west, north and south they have gone.

Matthew Joseph first went out from this home to become a drummer boy in the Civil War between the States. Because of the excitement of the war and also because of the drudgery of grubbing sassafras roots on the mortgaged forty (\$200.) he pleaded with his father for permission to enlist in the army. He promised if he would let him go he would send his allotment home to pay off the mortgage. He was almost sixteen and, being large for his age, easily passed for an 18 year old. So, with his parents' consent, he marched off to war with the Union Army.

When he returned home at the close of the War in 1865 he was still in his teens, but not the same carefree boy as when he left, for his experiences had greatly matured him. More than two years spent in the army were ever fresh in his mind. It was always a pleasure to him to meet with fellow soldiers in after years at Veterans' meetings.

He carefully saved his army papers and badges and Arthur, in turn, treasured them as memories of his father. Matthew Joseph's children grew up hearing stories of army life. Songs around the camp fire, such as "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" were never forgotten. He was in "Sherman's March to the Sea" (U.S. History book). During a battle he was slightly wounded in one foot, which was not serious enough to lame him for long but left a thickened scar. In after years, when asked what size shoes he wore, he would say 8½ was his size but because of his foot he wore 9's. As he said the same thing again and again, it became a family joke. His sons would say it was because of their feet that they too had to wear big shoes. Arthur said his father would just smile as he usually did when the joke was turned on him. Probably such a smile as Arthur would have on similar occasions.

When he came back from the War to the family home on Blue Run he thought his father should have given him some praise or credit for paying off the mortgage, but it seems that it was never mentioned between them. He was not one to hold a grudge and only mentioned this casually in later years. This could have been a reason for his fair and impartial dealing with his own children.

The next year he married ⁶⁻⁸⁻⁸ (Eliphel) Morris, *which was Grandma Sloan's sister* "the girl he left behind" when he went to war; a little bright-eyed girl whose nickname was "Plit" because of her happy, light-hearted nature. She was the youngest child of Thomas and Phoebe (Wood) Morris. This family of eight children lived several miles over the big hill from the Grimshaw home in a community which bore the name of Flat Woods, as did also the Methodist Church and the country school she attended. They were both nineteen and regular attendants of the Methodist church.

Thomas & Phoebe Wood Morris was Grandma Sloan's Mother & Dad. Wood was Grandma Sloan's maiden name

Her name was Eliphel Morris. Grandma Sloan's Mother

twins were only given one name for each boy while the other children of the family had double names. Arthur had been named for one of the McCully boys. When they grew up they wanted double names and initials like the other children, so Arthur decided to use the letter "W" from his grandmother Morris' maiden name, Wood. For a middle name Reuben chose his grandmother Grimshaw's maiden name, Rickett. To me it is interesting to note that A. W. Grimshaw's name begins and ends with the same two letters - A.W.

The family lived for seven years where the twins were born, but after being flooded out annually during those years they got tired of living on overflow land. The spring rains would bring the water out over the lowland and when the water reached a certain height they knew it was time to store belongings above the high water mark and move the family out to the hills. The homes of relatives and friends were always open to those flooded out of their own homes.

Arthur's father considered buying a 40-acre tract on the hills which would be near enough to do his farming on the river land, but the owner asked \$100.00 for the unimproved land, covered with trees and brush. After looking it over he told his wife, "You couldn't raise a goose there." He had grown up near the rich farming land on the Scioto River, had farmed in Illinois and had settled on river land here. The hills had very little appeal to him, except as a place of security from flood waters. They were too much like the hills bordering Blue Run back in Ohio. But next year, after moving out three times because of high waters, his wife thought that that was enough, so he went back to look at the same 40-acre tract. In the meantime the owner had built a log house and raised the price to \$200.00. They bought it though, and moved out to the farm which has been the Grimshaw home since 1877.

Matthew was a good farmer in a day when many farmed in a haphazard sort of way, and he took good care of his land, using methods of soil conservation similar to those now recommended by farm program leaders. He loved trees and would have appreciated this line from a poem, "Only God can make a tree." His trees were carefully culled and thinned to use for fuel, rails, fenceposts and lumber. With trees everywhere his boys could see no need of being so careful, but he told them they would see the day when timber would be scarce.

He was an industrious man with many talents and with the true pioneer spirit of his forefathers. Rainy days found him busy in his shop doing his own repair work and the blacksmithing necessary to keep the farm work going. He did his own building too; a new house and all the farm buildings were made from lumber he had helped saw. After a few years the log house became too small for the growing family. The new house had four large rooms besides the porches and two small storerooms off the kitchen, one called the dark pantry. His wife was a real helpmate to him and a wonderful mother to their children. Arthur often mentioned her singing as she went about her work. One song, "I would not live always away from my God," made a great impression on his childish mind as she sang with tears in her eyes.

Though they were busy with cares of their own family, they were never too busy to help others. To be a neighbor and to have a neighbor meant much to them. Good neighbors shared the joys and sorrows of life

The borrowed carriage had doors between the seats, and on the way home from town while the children were playing on the floor, one of the doors came open and Arthur fell out. Before the team could be stopped a wheel ran over his arm, breaking it. They hurried on home where his father made splints and set the bone without help from a doctor. It knit together straight as before, but he was such an active child they could hardly keep him quiet after the first few days in bed. One day his mother came into the room and found him turning somersaults.

After Grandmother Morris became a widow she lived among her eight children, spending a year in Missouri about the time the twins were 10 years old. Most of the time she spent in the Grimshaw home, making regular visits with the other two daughters. She was in fairly good health and, in spite of being almost blind, she helped by knitting socks as she sat by the fireplace. It was a mystery to Arthur how she could knit with seldom a dropped stitch, although his mother had to set up the sock on the needles and toe off the finished product.

School days started for the twins when they were five years old. An older neighbor girl kept watch over the boys as they crossed the creek with her, following the path that led to the old Ward school. The first day of school Arthur cried and the teacher, trying to shame him out of it said, "Reuben isn't crying and you are bigger than he is." "I'm not bigger than he is. He's just five and me is just five," said Arthur, as he continued to cry.

He was always interested in school, having an inquiring mind and studious nature. More than twenty years he spent in the school room as student and teacher. He stayed in his Uncle Wes Grimshaw's home and attended the Macon school for a few months when he was fifteen. Later he was a student at College Round, Missouri for a year or more, which helped to prepare him for teaching.

Most country schools got their names from the family giving the school ground or from their location on a creek or in a community. The Ward schoolhouse was the general meeting place of the neighborhood for religious services, spelling bees, singing schools and community gatherings. "Pappy Groves" singing school was well attended by the young people. Arthur was enrolled in his class and felt that the instruction received was well worth the small fee charged. Ward school produced some champion spellers, among whom were his sister Adah, George Miller and William F. Allen.

The doors of the schoolhouse were always open to preachers of all denominations who might be travelling through the country. Mrs. Henderson McCully (Sister McCully as Arthur called her) conducted Sunday School at Ward for many years. Many were the Bible verses learned and repeated by the children each Sunday. Arthur said these verses committed to memory stayed with him while those learned later in life would soon be forgotten. Once, when called upon for a verse, Reuben said, "Blessed are the shoemakers for they shall be called the children of God." As the other children laughed, Sister McCully said, "Now don't laugh at him. The shoemakers' just as well be blessed as anyone." This good, kind spirit seemed to be one of her characteristics and Arthur never forgot her good teaching and Godly life. She was so faithful in her work for the Sunday School, coming out from her home on horseback in all kinds of weather. When Arthur

became a Christian, Sister McCully's family had scattered from Section 9 and she was living in New Cambria. He was always glad when it came his turn to go to mill, because that gave him an opportunity to call on her while he waited for the grain to be ground into flour or meal. Her words of encouragement were such a help to him and she would usually ask him to have prayer with her before he left her home. Many times did he give tribute to her good life.

Holiness preachers were among the travelling preachers of those days who "went everywhere preaching the word" (Acts 8:4). They held a tent meeting in the community and many people saw that "Holiness" was a Bible doctrine. Arthur's parents were among the number saved and sanctified in the meeting, and soon plans were made to build a church. Valley Chapel Church of God (Holiness) was built and dedicated in 1886. Often strangers express surprise to find the church located on a hill, but the name "Valley" comes from the township, not the location.

The Grimshaw home was always open to preachers and many were entertained by this hospitable couple. This tradition has been carried on down through the years, and Arthur's home was a place where preachers were welcome as was his sister, Adah's. Their daughters are following the good examples set before them, and preachers are still being entertained by the Grimshaw grandchildren.

Joe, as his father was called, and Eliphe! made their first trip back to Ohio in 1889 to visit their parents. They took with them Chauncey, Lottie and Purdy, who were all under school age. The years had brought many changes there as well as here. They had left the state as a young couple with one child and now they were the parents of eight children, besides Charley who had met with a tragic death a few years before. Joe's sister, Alice, a little girl of two years when he last saw her, was married and living in another state. On a later trip he did get to see her, however.

Sarah Jane Jones sisters
 (Eliphe! and Alice Sloan) (Aunt Eunice's daughters) stayed with the children while they were gone. Tommy, (Uncle Dick), the youngest child left at home, was 10 years old. Alice must have given him special attention and petting because he always seemed to think more of her than any other of his cousins. All the children had their work assigned during their parents' absence. The twins were to milk and churn, and the butter was theirs to sell. One churning was almost lost when they spilled the butter as they tried to drain the buttermilk off, but Alice helped them save part of it. Arthur often told about the tiny biscuits Eliphe! made for them. The novelty of that pleased the children, as their busy mother had no extra time to make little biscuits.

One night Arthur slipped away from home and went to a dance. Just as an onlooker, he was there through curiosity, but soon realized he did not belong in such a place. While there, the first drunk man he ever saw was carried to a straw stack to sleep it off. He said they just tossed him into a hole where the cattle had been eating from the side of the stack, put an old gate in front so nothing would bother him, and walked away. Winged thoughts filled Arthur's mind as he watched them, thinking how terrible that was. Their parents never let them go to such places when under their control and, as Lem was left in charge, he gave Arthur a whipping the next morning with a hitch rein. Arthur later said he was thankful for the punishment Lem gave him, although

he didn't like it then.

Very few small rivers were bridged when the Grimshaws came to Missouri, and people crossed at fords or with ferryboats. Fords were made where the river bed was solid and banks had a gentle slope, where a team of horses could easily pull a wagon through the shallow water and up the bank. (Oxen were not in general use when they settled in Missouri. However, Joe had a yoke of oxen for a short time to use in the timber when logging, but never used them on the roads.)

The fords were used except during times of high water when it was necessary to cross on a ferryboat. The ferryboat was anchored to a wire cable stretched across the river. The ferryman would take people, with their wagons and teams, across the river for a small fee. The Peggy Ford road past the Grimshaw home was a much travelled route through the county from Bloomington, the county seat at that time. A ferryboat crossing was located just a mile farther south, with a large house nearby used as an inn to accommodate travelers.

People coming from the east to establish homes farther west often passed along this road. A neighbor used to watch for travelers, meeting each one as they came down the hill, to inquire where they came from and where they were going. He was always on the lookout for people from his home state of North Carolina. This inquisitiveness caused no resentment because those many miles from home were glad to find friendliness along the way.

It was an exciting day for the neighborhood when a small circus crossed at Peggy Ford. The Grimshaw family was among those who flocked to the crossing to see this unusual sight. Elephant tracks left on the soft ground were seen for a long time after.

ARTHUR'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

The Grimshaw children were taught to work. Lem was considered the steadiest worker in the family as he never liked to stop to talk when he had a job on hand. If hoeing corn he would say, "Walk the round with me and talk while I hoe." He liked to hunt and was handy with his rifle. The old dinner bell shows proof of his marksmanship as a boy. He would shoot a bullet into the bell and watch with his admiring brothers as it went around and around, little realizing how dangerous it was to anyone standing near. This fun was soon stopped by the parents when a bullet went through the side of the bell and they found out about it.

Purdy's sayings always amused the older ones, since he was the youngest child. He had a small boy's horror of being washed. Once when his mother was washing his neck and ears, he cried and said, "I don't need to be washed. You washed me last Saturday." It was his chore to drive the cows from the pasture to the barnlot in the evening. He called the stick he used "a suffering club" and he liked to make them suffer with a whack across the back when he had trouble rounding them up. When driving cattle in later years, Arthur often mentioned Purdy's "suffering club."

Tommy, when a boy, plowed the steep hillside north of the barn. It had been cleared and was being prepared for pasture. First a year or two of cultivation would be needed to kill the sprouts. It was so steep that it could only be turned down hill, the plow dragged back up, and another furrow turned down hill. Tommy did that hard work without shirking, but he said later that that was when he decided he would not be a farmer.

The first sister, Adah Lois, had an especially warm place in the affections of the four older brothers. They called her "Sister," a name which clung to her through childhood. Her baby talk delighted her father, as she would say she was his girl. She was a wonderful Christian, having sought the Lord early in her married life and served Him faithfully the rest of her days. Her brothers and sister loved her devotedly and when she passed away at the age of 65 years, Arthur said, "She was just like our own mother." He could give her no higher praise than that. The description of a good woman given in Proverbs 31:10-31 fitted her as it did their mother.

The first great grief and sadness came to the family when the second son, Charley, died at the age of 13 years. The horse he was riding shied and threw him against a tree and he only lived a day or two after the accident. He was buried in a new cemetery on an adjoining farm, the second grave in the Howard Cemetery.

Lottie, whose full name was Charlotte Dorcas, was a happy child with quick and ready wit. Her merry laughter was pleasant to hear as she played with her brothers or helped her mother.

Chauncey was rather quiet and studious, with a busy mind, always learning. Many were the interesting stories he could tell of school days and later experiences.

Chauncey and Arthur, finding themselves alone in the old kitchen for a while, carved their initials on the pantry door in bold letters, easily read across the room. For more than 65 years these initials have been telling those who stopped to look that the children who once lived here were much like children of today.

The twins were not much more alike than their names. Arthur had dark hair and eyes and was taller than Reuben, who had light brown hair and hazel eyes. Reuben was jolly and liked to joke and play pranks. One of his accomplishments as a boy was his ability to stand on his head on a teacup. They thought so much of one another. Each one seemed to look up to the other. Arthur always marvelled at Reuben's good memory, and when he forgot some detail of early happenings he expected Reuben to remember. He rejoiced greatly when Reuben was saved at the age of 65 years. Both of them loved to sing the old gospel songs.

One of the stories Reuben often told was of the family attending church at Cook's Chapel Methodist Church (then called "Quail Trap" because of the low, flat roof so unlike other churches of the neighborhood) some ten miles from home. This particular night, as they were returning from church, their mother said, "Joe, one of these children is sick." Stopping the team he started around to the back of the wagon, sniffed the air and turned back to climb on the seat and drove off saying, "He's had a chew of tobacco." In telling this story, Reuben would come to

the climax of his story by saying he thought he was going to die and "Pa didn't care."

Molasses was a part of the daily diet in most homes of the neighborhood. Arthur always called the ridge west of the house the "cane mill lot" although sorghum molasses were not made on that location much after his boyhood days. With plenty of help in the family, Arthur's father considered molasses-making another means of adding to their income. They sold the surplus after their own needs were supplied and they did custom work for the neighbors.

Much work was involved from planting time until the last gallon was poured into the containers. It was planted by hand and cultivated with a team, but some hoeing had to be done when it was thinned. In early fall, when the heads began to ripen, the boys and their father would start stripping the leafy blades from the standing stalks. Cool weather would cause them to hurry because a frost would ruin the standing cane.

The mill had large, upright rollers turning together to press the juice out of the stalks being fed into the mill by hand. A horse hitched to a long pole furnished the power to grind the sweet juice from the stalks. By the end of the season a well-trodden path circled the cane mill where the patient horse had plodded around day after day. The twins would often be at the mill by 3 o'clock in the morning to start grinding out a barrel of juice. By daylight their father would be ready to start boiling the juice in a large, rectangular pan over the brick furnace. Even starting this early they would be able to boil off only three batches in a day. An abundant supply of dry wood had to be piled near the furnace as the boiling off process required careful attention. The green scum constantly boiled up and had to be removed with the long-handled skimmers, and when the juice began thickening the fire had to be watched very carefully to keep from burning the molasses. To have good molasses the can must be good, but carefulness in making up the product also made the difference as to whether it was good or not.

It was often Arthur's job to sell the molasses, because he was considered the best salesman in the family. He would take a barrel or more at a time to peddle to the coal miners at Bevier or Ardmore, at 10¢ a gallon. Sometimes a storekeeper would buy a full barrel, which cut short the day's work of peddling. He said it was easy to sell any kind of food stuff to the miner's families in those days, but he was glad when he didn't have to go from house to house selling and measuring the sticky product. In later years he said he didn't care much for molasses because he had enough when he was a boy.

The parents always had the love and respect of their children. Many times, in later years, did the children "rise up to call them blessed." (Proverbs 31:28). The brothers and sisters seemed to look to Arthur as the leader of the family after their parents' death. Many were the problems discussed with him and the joys shared. His manner was humble and he was always surprised at any honor shown him and never felt that he was worthy of praise. On one of Uncle Dick's last visits from California he said, "We always looked to Arthur as the dean of the family."

ARTHUR'S SAVING

Arthur was saved in October, 1890, when a boy of seventeen. He was a good, moral boy, but when conviction came to his heart he realized he needed a Savior, for he felt that he was the worst of sinners. A revival meeting was in progress at the home church and some of his friends were getting saved. For a week he was under deep conviction but told no one how he felt. On a Sunday evening, as he was walking to church with several boys, some of whom were already saved, he asked them to turn aside with him to a patch of brush along the roadside to pray. He had carried his burden of sin long enough and felt that he must have help from God. Falling to his knees he prayed, saying, "Lord, save or I perish." Immediately peace came to his heart, his burden lifted and his sins forgiven. The boys went on to church rejoicing because "a new name was written down in Glory."

Although he was a shy boy, he made his way to the front of the church where spring seats from the wagons were placed to make more seating room for the large crowd. When opportunity was given for testimonies, he stood on a wagon seat and told what the Lord had done for him. That was the beginning of his Christian life. In relating this experience, he would often quote from a poem, commencing with this line, "There is a spot to me more dear than native vale or mountain," and ending, "'Twas where I felt my sins forgiven." He well remembered that spot on the road to Valley Chapel.

With the care of the small children his mother was not able to attend all the services of the revival. When he came home that night she had put the children to bed and had retired herself, but he went to her bedside to tell her he was saved. She said, "I knew you would get saved, for I knew you were under conviction and I have been praying for you." A few days later he was sanctified.

His Christian life and testimony was a blessing to many through the years. I never tired of hearing him tell how he got saved and kept saved by doing God's will and serving Him faithfully every day. Like "the old, old story that is ever new" it blessed my heart every time I heard it. Yet not everyone felt that way. One said, "I like Arthur but I just can't bear his religion." But, this same "religion" faithfully lived for over seventy years, made him an outstanding man among men. This quotation from another could easily be applied to him. "Their religion seemed to be a part of their being - as well find fault with the color of their eyes as to find fault with their religion."

SCHOOL

Three years he taught school, beginning when 19 years old. This was long enough to convince him that he did not want to make teaching his life work, although he had no regrets that these few years were spent as a teacher. For the most part his experiences were pleasant and instructive as he learned to deal with human nature in parents and pupils. The memory of those days lingered long with him as he would meet someone in later years who would say, "You taught me to read." His first term was at Ward, the home school which was a large school with nearly 75 pupils enrolled during the winter, including three of his brothers, the two sisters and Lem's son, Anderson.

The school year was divided into two terms, fall and winter, and a