

**RHYMES OF A SHRINER**

*Items  
Given prior  
to 1961.*

- A Christmas Miscellany.
- After Forty Years.
- Fauna of the Guernsey Valley.
- Golden Wedding.
- Guernsey Valley Flora.
- Matthew 18:14.
- Supplement Guernsey Valley Flora.
- Striving Always Striving.
- Some Vascular Plants of the Peters Creek Vicinity.
- The Come-Back of Deer in Guernsey County.

*Items  
Given during  
period of  
1962-1974.*

- A Christmas NO-EL.
- A Collection of Articles Dealing with the Deep Coal Mines  
in Guernsey County.
- Between Ourselves.
- Black Diamond - Helena Village.
- Class Reunion "1913-1917".
- Covered Bridges, Guernsey County Ohio.
- Lines for Remembrance.
- Lines on Stewardship.
- Lo! Fifty Years Have Gone.

*For presentation  
at this date to  
the*

- Correspondence on Bridges and Mines.
- Guernseyana Gold.
- Guernsey County Schools. World War I Waggoner.
- Mining in the Guernsey Valley.
- "Outdoor Views" in the Daily News.

*Guernsey County  
District Public Library.  
Marjorie A. Harvey,  
Librn + Clerk  
10-7-80.*

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWCOMERSTOWN  
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BAKERSVILLE  
205 WEST CANAL STREET  
NEWCOMERSTOWN, OHIO 43832



DANIEL C. GRAHAM, PASTOR  
TELEPHONE: (614) 498-8672

April 20, 1971

Mr. Ellis Shimp  
737 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

The churches of Wooster Presbytery have voted to undergo individual self studies at least every five years, or when they are without pastors, for the purpose of determining how they "measure up" in terms of ministry and mission:

- what are we doing well?
- what could we be doing better?
- how effectively do we minister to the needs of our congregation?
- how effectively to the needs of the community?
- what may the future bring?
- how can we best prepare for the future?

Half the churches have studied themselves, and nearly all of those have found the experience to be a very worthwhile one.

Our church is about to undergo its study. The study team will meet eight consecutive Friday evenings, beginning April 30, at 8 p.m. at the church. We will be lead in study by Rev. Mr. Frank Trubee, the presbytery's Minister of Mission.

The clerk of session and the chairmen of the three committees of session (all of whom will be on the study team) met with me this evening in order to suggest the best possible study team for this project.

You are one of the people we feel our committee needs to have in order to do the proper sort of job. Your background, interests, and abilities seem to make your presence on the committee very important, if not essential.

Would you be willing to invest the time and effort this would involve? We would appreciate knowing your answer as soon as possible, as we must notify Mr. Trubee very soon so that he can mail materials to the participating members in advance of the first meeting.

I can provide more information if you need it, but we would very much like to have you with us in this!

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

*Daniel C. Graham*

Fox Chasing, Days of Yore

Daylight is changing into dark

While we head for the chase.

On Seaton's Hill we hear the bark

Of foxhounds who innately trace

The fox's scented mark.

We reach the knob and join with friend,

Mingling with merry heart

And glad we're present and can send

Our lively hound into the start,

To win or just contend.

The dogs are loose and soon have found

The spoor of fox's feet.

No human voice or other sound

Can deaf man's ears when hounds compete

Close on the fox's bound.

Above the stars gaze silently

Down on the heated race.

Whereas we hear, we plainly see

Why foxhounds with their speedy grace

Go running happily.

Round lambent flame tall tales are told,  
While listening to the chase,  
Regarding hounds of courage bold  
Who'd catch the fox of quickest pace;  
Such tales shall ne'er grow old.

Each man is sure his dog's ahead;  
Time ticks, the chase goes on.  
O'er distant vales the yelpings spread  
Until fox dens - the champion.  
And then our fun seems dead.

The hounds come panting to the start,  
As night is nearing dawn.  
All dogs return, we homeward part  
And minds conclude which foxhound won.  
Fox chasing is good art.

- Ellis H. Shimp

June 11, 1931

Several Cambridge members of the Fish and Game Protective Association enjoy fox hunt in Valley Twp. in vicinity of North Star schoolhouse. Cambridge members are: George Jewell, Judge C.S. Turnbaugh, Dr. Fawcett, Sam McConkey, Sherman Tedrick, Wilbur Morgan and J.M. Stewart. A large pack of hounds were engaged in the chase for three hours.

Approximately 600 pounds of copper wire is stolen from the Harry Tickhill mine east of Cambridge.

Newcomerstown News,  
June 23, 1982.

Guernsey County District Public Library  
Cambridge, Ohio 43725

July 9, 1982

Dear Ellis,

Thank you for "The Muzzey" and  
"Fox Chasing, days of yore".

Larry's article on the Muzzey  
was really entertaining. Sometimes  
I would burst out laughing as I  
read it. It's really a colorful period  
in our history.

Your poem seems to express the  
spirit of a hunt very well.

Thanks again.

Sincerely,  
Marge Harvey

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

In Childhood days of long ago

In Valley Township's place

At West Point school my ABCs

Came first with ease and grace.

Then North Star school, McGuffey's read,

The Boxwell test at last;

Happy was I and fortunate

Another hurdle passed.

Then Brown High school; S.A.T.C.

My will to do and gain

Through lessons learned in one room schools

Have never been in vain.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Guernsey County District  
Public Library.  
December 30, 1981.

## The Tale of Ginseng Lew

On the isle by falls of Muddy Boo-hoo  
In the camp of our good friend Ginseng Lew,  
We rested one eve while the twilight hours  
Refreshed with coolness the wildwood flowers,  
And listened long to him cheerfully tell  
Of the time he courted a native belle,  
When he was a paleface medicine man  
Traveling with a peaceful Shawnee clan.

They were camping then by the muddy stream,  
At its graceful bend where the fishes seem  
To be more plentiful than any place  
The winding creek slowed in its sluggish pace,  
When he sought the hand of this buxom maid  
Whose tresses were richest of a black shade.  
And he reckoned this was his chance in life  
Of getting himself a very good wife.

But a fast runner came one afternoon  
While he was attempting to sweetly croon  
The lilting rhymes of an amorous man -  
Composed by the love gods since time began -  
To seek his practice in a far-off tent  
Pitched by the deerfields where brave hunters went  
To replenish their foods, and pelts for wear,  
Be it buffalo, turkey, deer or bear.



So he journeyed there with the brave young guide;  
Though he was too late the sick squaw had died  
And was buried close by the dogwood trees  
Where her spirit directs the evening breeze,  
When the barred owl wakens star after star  
With its wailing "who-toos" from near and far.  
But Lew being kind in his healing art  
Tried to console every broken heart.

Now as he returned by the selfsame trail,  
He stopped for a day in a fertile vale  
To gather a bunch of medical roots,  
Golden seal, ginseng and divers snakeroots,  
To make some remedies to cure those ills  
Which are accompanied with aches and chills.  
And likewise enjoy a Juneberry feast  
Before the full moon had brightened the east.

So he reached his wigwam near mid of night  
To find the camp place a deserted site.  
And never a sign of that Shawnee band  
Was found anywhere in all of the land  
To the north or south or the east or west,  
Wherever Lew traveled in eager quest  
Of the whereabouts of his pretty lass,  
Whom he said sure was the queen of her class.

Just why they had left Lew could only say  
He had figured it out in this fair way.  
Her father, being a friendly old chief,  
Often said it was against his belief  
For white man to marry into his race,  
Because it brought trouble and much disgrace  
As displayed now and then by those half-breeds  
Who found it thrilling to do nasty deeds.

Therefore he had taken his little band  
To some distant productive hunting land,  
Beyond all the valleys where Lew might seek  
Their whereabouts during the lonely week  
That comes to the lover who loses out,  
And all his reasonings are filled with doubt  
Why his only sweetheart has acted so  
And left him to forget in frenzied woe.

After that friend Lew said he never sought  
To court a girl, because he really thought  
Anyone rejected as he had been  
Had a love-making line that was routine,  
And shouldn't endeavor again to seek  
The hand of a maid through methods antique;  
But be a real bachelor good and true  
And shun fickle Cupid without ado.

By Ellis H. Shimp

"Frontier Days"  
Newcomerstown News,  
August 12, 1981.

HUMANITY

Through deed

And creed

Man's word

Is heard.

In fact

His act

Is tall

Or small.

And oft

Is soft

And vain

Like feign.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
May 2, 1979

**FACTOR**

**Sunshine**

**Is fine**

**When not**

**Too hot**

**And lays**

**The rays**

**So shade**

**Is made,**

**For then**

**Is when**

**It makes**

**Or breaks**

**The fuse**

**In us.**

**- Ellis H. Shimp**

**Newcomerstown News,  
August 9, 1978**

**Truism**

**Good folks**

**Who lend**

**To friend**

**And those**

**With woes;**

**Who live**

**To give**

**Their all**

**For all,**

**May find**

**Their kind**

**Provokes.**

**- Ellis H. Shimp**

*Newcomerstown News,  
June 28, 1978.*

PRIVOLITY

To read

With speed

A bit

Of wit

In line

Is fine.

Yet you

Should view

Such haste

Makes waste

When done

To fun.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

*Newcomerstown News,  
January 25, 1978.*

Untitled Christmas

The House of the Lord invites  
Transgressors and the churched,  
"Come! Go! Share God's delights".

We enter to worship God  
And thank him for his care  
Where'er our feet may trod.

We depart to serve mankind  
And do whate'er we can  
To soothe man's troubled mind.

We go straightforward in peace  
To tell Christ's ministry  
And know His love's increase.

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomerstown News,  
December 14, 1977.*

Spouse's Note

Patricia Circle

Plans each year

With worthwhile designs

And wholesome cheer.

Then comes the end

As heretofore

And calls continue

"We must do more".

- Ellis H. Shimp

Patricia Circle  
1978 Program Yearbook  
The First Presbyterian Church  
Women's Association  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832



Reflections

Behind the Barn  
With Farmer John  
We learn about  
Some skills bygone  
And how to do  
A recipe  
Which makes food best  
To serve at tea.

His useful lines  
Are good. Agreed!  
So keep in mind  
As you oft read  
Each helpful hint  
And homespun yarn,  
With Farmer John  
Behind the Barn.

- E. H. S., Newcomerstown, Ohio

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
"Behind the Barn"  
November 25, 1977.

Versatility

The paper clip  
Shows workmanship.  
It's not a chip  
Nor a small gyp.  
It's a bent strip  
Of wire to flip  
When fingers grip  
To make it zip  
And sting like whip.

The paper clip  
Can plug a drip  
Or check a rip,  
Can stay a slip  
Or it may nip  
You on the hip.  
And that's no quip!

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomertown News,  
October 19, 1977.*

The Graduate's

**DIRECTIVE**

This must

For life.

Don't trust

To luck

Or duck

The strife,

But yearn

And learn

To set

Your sight

To get

What's right.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
May 25, 1977.

TRAITS

Woman  
And man,  
God's art  
In part  
Of birth  
Of earth,  
Both stir  
And err  
And scheme  
And dream  
To be  
Happy.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
March 23, 1977.

RIME

THE mold  
Of cold  
Below  
Zero,  
Designs  
Hard lines  
And makes  
Snowflakes  
And ice  
Precise  
For chills  
And thrills.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
January 19, 1977.

FOUNDED 1876 - ERECTED 1878

One hundred years. The building stands  
A monument to willing hands;  
To honest folk who dared for right  
And made the Church a hallowed site.

One hundred years, its utter goal  
To make the unclean spirit whole;  
To urge and do in civic pride  
And spread the Gospels far and wide.

One hundred years could come and go  
And kindred souls will surely know  
The founders built firmly and well,  
Their house for worship and farewell.

One hundred years is little space  
Within the aeons of earth's place.  
The Rock is sound, though man may fail  
Forevermore God shall prevail.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Centennial Sunday  
Communion Service  
November 14, 1976  
First Presbyterian Church  
Newcomerstown, Ohio

COMPOSITION

Rhymes are  
By far  
Most blest  
And best  
When they  
Display  
What's nice.  
Yet some  
Rhymes come  
Like dreams,  
In schemes  
Precise.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
October 27, 1976.

REMEMBER

That Lent

Is meant

To be

A time

Sublime

For you

And me

When we

Forgive,

Yet live

And do

Repent.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
April 14, 1976



NOTE

Man's claim  
To fame  
Is not  
The lot  
Of man.  
Nor can  
He doubt  
About  
The strife  
Of life,  
So wrought  
By thought.

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomertown News,  
February 11, 1976.*

Life Line

When

Men

Speak

Meek

Man

Can

Stand

Grand

And

Still

Ill

Will.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomertown News,  
December 24, 1975.

Always Be On Guard

Did you ever, ever ponder  
In your daily work and strife,  
Why your good friends often wonder  
Why you risk your precious life  
As you labor for a living  
For your worthy family,  
When you trifle with a "something"  
Not as safe as it should be.

For your home and self and dear ones  
You should always be on guard,  
Lest you meet with the misfortunes  
Which might make it very hard  
For your wife or your dependents  
To be living as they should,  
Because you liked the arguments  
Why "Safety Firsts" were no good.

- Ellis H. Shimp

2227 News,  
May, 1995.

Bicentennial Thoughts

Just what would you have done  
For the founding of our nation,  
Had you lived in Lexington  
At the time of Revolution?

Would you have been traitor  
To the minuteman and farmer,  
Had they made you messenger  
To the neighboring villager?

Would you have been numbered  
Among the first eight massacred,  
When British forces ordered  
The patriots to be scattered?

Just what you would have done  
Gives true value to this question,  
Are you not proud to be one  
Who supports the Foremost Nation?

- Ellis H. Shimp

(see the Jeffersonian,  
May 1, 1928.)

The Newcomerstown News,  
April 16, 1975.

Easter-Line

Nor  
Lore,  
Or  
Soar  
Of  
Dove  
Will  
Still  
Man's  
Plans  
For  
War.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
March 26, 1975.

**Americana**

**The D. A. R.  
Promotes afar  
The knowledge of  
Patriot's love  
And freedom's friends.  
Preserves, extends  
Its country's aims  
Without acclaims  
And shows the way  
For better day  
Here and afar.  
The D. A. R.**

**- Ellis H. Shimp**

*The Daily Jeffersonian,  
March 8, 1975.*

WITH THANKS

Don't grieve,

Believe

That you

Can do

Things to

Achieve.

Forget

The threat

Of fail

Or wail -

And grin

And win.

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomertown News,  
November 27, 1974.*

## DOUGHTY KNAVES

Strict euchre is the game tonight

At Senoir's residence.

And after playing a few hands

His friends show confidence.

They euchre him; enjoy his plight;

Do all the tricks they can

To soundly prove in such contest

He's just an "also ran".

However comes his lucky streak,

He wins and brags and roars;

To hear him then you would believe

He always tops the scores.

So fellowship and pleasantry

Reigns at his home tonight

For euchre sharks assemble there

To play, and share delight.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

Newcomerstown News,  
September 11, 1974



## DIRECTIVE

Follow your peer with careful fashion;  
Look upon him as to his passion.  
You may discover easily he's not  
The very person you fancied in thought.  
No not a genius, but of common class  
Who has much to do in bringing to pass  
History as written day by day;  
Eager for life's work ; knows how to play.

Follow him close wherever you choose;  
Watch all his doings lest you may lose.  
And if outwitted by his splendid tact  
Could your born talents then know how to act,  
How to appraise him as one really should,  
The honest way you expect others would  
Plainly judge you as you strive to be  
Humble with all and much charity?

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomerstown News,  
July 10, 1974.*

DOCUMENT

Because

It was

That three

Should be

Upon

Their cross,

And cry

And die,

Man's loss

Thereon

Maintains (Explains)

All gains.

- E. H. Shimp

*Newcomerstown News,  
April 10, 1974.*

IT'S MAN'S HABIT

When all is told  
The common cold  
Is truly nasty thing.  
Sure you've had it;  
Thought you were hit  
By some mad hornet's sting  
Which gives much pain  
To bone and vein  
And puts you "on the shelf",  
Till you become  
Feeling so dumb  
And wretched in yourself.

It's man's habit  
To contract it  
At any time of year,  
Though no one cares  
To feel its snares  
Or have it ever near.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
February 20, 1974.

Thanksgiving Hap

It's sad  
To fix  
And mix  
To make  
And bake  
A cake,  
Then wake  
And find  
It's not  
Just what  
You had  
In mind.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
November 21, 1973.

HOSANNA

Alas  
Christmas  
Will pass.  
And though  
Its past  
Is vast  
With time  
Sublime,  
We know  
Its glow  
Shall grow  
And grow.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
December 19, 1973.

ON FOGGY MORN

Some call it fog,  
Some term it smog,  
Describe it as you may,  
Much of the stuff  
Makes it quite tough  
To drive through any day.

Crash! bang! head-on,  
Before it's gone;  
The damage quickly done.  
Fenders and grills  
Crushing bring thrills;  
Few laugh and say it's fun.

So sound your horn  
On foggy morn;  
Drive safely as you can.  
Who wants to harm  
Or cause alarm  
To any fellow-man?

- Ellis H. Shimp

*Newcomerstown News,  
August 22, 1913.*

Messiah  
Glibly,  
Quickly  
HE spoke  
Good News.  
And folk  
Who heard  
His views  
Were stirred  
Anew  
To do  
And fight  
For right.

- E. H. Shimp

Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ, Weekly Bulletin,  
May 13, 1913.

Thoughts at Easter Time

By Ellis H. Shimp

Remember Good Friday each day of the year; keep the message of John 3:16 ever most dear. Last Supper, Gethsemane, Golgotha, the tomb, precious endowments, Christianity's womb. And we mortals would profit and know more of cheer if we remembered Good Friday each day of the year, not just for these todays but in our life always.

And we must thank the Infinite God for new life, new hope, new love supreme, so dominant in what he has done to bring the joys of Eastertime within the grasp of all mankind.

May our hearts, our eyes, the secret chambers of our minds be filled now and always with the precious understanding of his paternal care, that our bodies may be strengthened for the tasks to do his will in every corner of this, his created world.

And verily it must be.

*Newcomertown News,  
April 18, 1973.*



To All Our Youths

we  
May I hope

and might I say

In a kind

old friendly way,

Let no stranger

be your guide

Though you travel

far and wide

Searching here

and seeking there

For earth's realm

wholesome and fair.

Yet you'll find

life's utmost throne

Is the one

you build alone.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
March 14, 1973.

S-A-F-E-T-Y F-I-R-S-T

- S - stands for real SAFETY,  
a boon to everyone.
- A - the ALERT workmen  
who see their jobs well done.
- F - the FIRST world's mortal  
to strive for man's welfare.
- E - EFFICIENT workers  
with skill and earnest care.
- T - the TACTFUL thousands  
whose actions bring content.
- Y - that much sought for YEAR  
without an accident.
- F - FIRST a reminder  
to always do your best.
- I - from all INDUSTRY  
exclude the careless pest.
- R - a host of REASONS  
why foolishness is bad.
- S - aim high with SAFETY,  
it keeps man feeling glad.
- T - ponder o'er this very THEME,  
it's good for work, play or dream.

- Ellis H. Shimp

**SEQUENCE**

The old  
Is out  
The new  
Is in,  
While bold  
The shout,  
Adieu  
The din.  
Hence man  
Proceeds  
To plan  
Fresh deeds.

*Newcomerstown News,  
December 27, 1972.*

**INTENTION**

Let me  
So love  
Like HE,  
That HE  
Can see  
My love  
Is pure  
And sure  
And not  
An "ought  
Or must"  
To trust.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Church of Christ, Weekly,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
December 24, 1972.

CULTURE ?

A nip, a swig, a shot, a taste  
Of whiskey or of beer  
Hinders the mind to clearly think  
And brings more woe than cheer.

And men and women who imbibe,  
Perform revolting sights  
And show in acts exactly how  
The liquor traffic blights.

No one defends in decency  
The awfulness of booze,  
Regardful of what may seem proof  
By groups who urge its use.

The old saloon with luring names  
Thrives in disguise today  
And makes its gains persistently  
In every kind of way.

*The Newcomerstown News,  
November 29, 1992.*

Ephesians 2:8,9

To live  
And give  
The best  
One can  
Will thrill  
And test  
The will  
Of man.  
Though what  
You do  
Shall not  
Save you.

- E. H. Shimp

*The Newcomerstown News,  
October 25, 1992.*

EXPRESSION

Life's way today

It seems is screams

And hoots from brutes

Who thrill to kill

And make hearts ache

Downright in fright.

It's strikes, dislikes,

Hoodlums and bums

Whose slime and crime

Debase Man's race

And shame each name,

Sacred or dead.

- E. H. Shimp.

Newcomerstown News,  
September 20, 1972.

**DUTY**

Indeed  
A friend  
Will heed  
The plead  
Of folks  
Whose cloaks  
Are worn  
With scorn,  
And fight  
To mend  
Their plight  
Aright.

Newcomerstown News,  
August 23, 1972.



Thunderous Tumult

Rain, rain, rain,  
Drenching strand and main.  
Dripping, pouring, flashing,  
Ripping, roaring, splashing,  
The heavens exult  
Thunderous tumult.  
Streamlets foaming, dashing,  
Gushing, smashing, lashing,  
All with might and main.  
Rain, rain, rain.

Newcomerstown News,  
July 19, 1972.

GOSPEL

BETWEEN OURSELVES

When	To strive
Men	To thrive
Speak	And be alive
Meek	For "Fifty-Five"
Man	Took pluck
Can	And luck
Stand	And needed nod
Grand	Of gracious God.
And	
Still	
Ill	
Will.	

Cambridge High School  
Class 1917, Reunion  
July 8, 1972.

PROCLAMATION

Let's shout  
With mirth,  
While womb  
Of earth  
And spring  
Gives birth  
To sprout  
And bloom.  
They bring  
Us worth  
To sing  
About.

*Newcomerstown News,  
May 31, 1992.*

**THANKS**

**Essays  
Of praise  
Applaud.  
They come  
Wholesome  
And broad.  
And what  
Their thought  
Employs  
Brings fun  
Someone  
Enjoys.**

**- E. H. Shimp**

**Newcomerstown News,  
February 9, 1972.**

**CONDUCT**

If you  
Want to  
Be true  
Just do  
What you  
Think right,  
Then face  
Life's woe  
With grace  
And lo!  
Your view  
Brings might.

- E. H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
March 15, 1972.

**Liberality**

To live,  
And give  
The best  
One can  
Will test  
The good  
Possessed  
In man,  
And give  
The joy  
All should  
Enjoy.

- E. H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
November 17, 1971.

Quality

Share of

Your love

To those

With woes.

Share of

Your love

My friend,

And you

Could do

Christ's will

Until

Life's end.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Newcomerstown News,  
January 19, 1972

STATUS

Simply  
Happy  
And free  
Is how  
We vow  
To be.  
And though  
We know  
We fail  
It's not  
Our lot  
To wail.

Newcomerstown News,  
September 22, 1971.



**SEASONAL**

**Folk say**

**The fall**

**Is best**

**Of year.**

**Each day**

**Its call**

**And zest**

**Are gay**

**With cheer,**

**And all**

**Is blest**

**And dear.**

**Newcomerstown News,  
October 20, 1971.**

Reality

When morn

Is born

And noon

Comes soon,

The day

Brings play

And fight.

Then night

Attends

And fends

Each keyed

Up deed.

Newcomerstown News,  
July 14, 1971

Opinion

Survey

TV

Today

And rate

Its style

A while.

What should

Be great

And good

To see

Could vex

Both sex.

Newcomerstown News,  
July 14, 1971

Individuality

1.

The Miller clan

(Woman and man)

Endue the earth

With much of worth.

2.

Their lives depict

Each hindrance licked;

The pleasures gained

And love sustained.

3.

Hence folk acclaim

The Miller name,

Whereas their kind

Exalt mankind.

- Ellis H. Shimp

Jacob Miller and Jane Scarborough  
Kith' N' Kin'  
published July 1971.

Suggestion

And when

You say

Amen

Each day

For bread

And love

From HIM

Above,

Go spread

Your laud

Abroad

For HIM.

- E. H. Shimp

Church of Christ, Weekly,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio.  
April 25, 1971.

Attitude

Man's quest

For what

Is best

May not

Delight

The foes

Of right.

Yet those

Who win

Must face

The din

With grace.

Newcomerstown News,  
April 21, 1971

Hosanna

The Easter story  
never grows old  
Though time after time  
it has been told.

New life, new hope and  
HIS love supreme  
Overflow the heart of  
its perfect theme.

And therein man finds  
the holy place  
Where forgiveness crowns  
God's endless grace.

The New Progress,  
Clairton, Pa.  
April 7, 1971

VALENTINE

A saint  
Or what,  
He's quaint  
To plot  
And strut  
With darts,  
That boy  
Keen but  
Stupid.  
Yet hearts  
Enjoy  
Cupid.

*The Newcomerstown News,  
February 3, 1971.*



ASSURANCE

When four  
Below  
Chills more  
Than snow  
And bold  
Winds zing,  
"Their cold  
Is king";  
The freeze,  
My friend  
Will ease  
And end.

Newcomerstown News,  
January 21, 1971.

LOGIC

New Year

Arrives

With cheer.

And earth

Contrives

In mirth,

That he

And she

May live

To give

Life's quest

Their best.

Newcomerstown News,  
December 31, 1970

Let's Do These Things

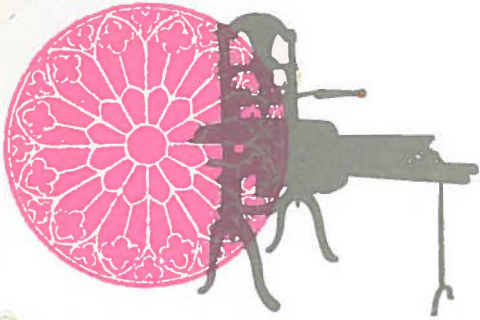
Let's say our praise for Jesus,  
So humankind may hear  
The meaning of his coming  
And how he served while here.

Let's tell the world to ponder  
Christ's place upon the Cross,  
And how his mortal torture  
Clears life of all its dross.

Let's want and pray sincerely;  
Spread His good news abroad,  
Show love through Christian service  
And Christendom applaud.

Let's do these things so humbly  
In action and in thought,  
To help all MAN to follow  
The precepts Jesus taught.

Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ, Weekly,  
December 27, 1970.



SUNDAY  
SCHOOL  
PUBLICATIONS

THE EVANGELICAL UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

L. L. HUFFMAN, *Publisher*

HAROLD H. HAZENFIELD, *Executive Editor*

September 21, 1965

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 Sixth Street, N.  
Clairton, Pennsylvania

Dear Brother Shimp:

"Let's Do These Things"

I have perused your poem and appreciate your thinking of BUILDERS in connection with the same. I feel, however, that the poem has an appeal to a more adult audience. Hence I am returning it to you for submission to another publication that may reach this kind of audience.

With well wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Editor

RMV/1s  
Enc1.

140 S. Perry Street  
Dayton, Ohio 45402

## NATIVITY

From far His Star  
Beams bright pure light.  
And we who see  
Its glow, should know  
His birth makes worth  
Life's way each day.

## Nativity

This poem was submitted  
by Ellis H. Shimp of  
Newcomerstown, Ohio, a  
former local area resident  
and retired employe with U.  
S. Steel, Irvin Works.

### NATIVITY

From far  
His Star  
Beams bright  
Pure light.  
And we  
Who see  
Its glow  
Should know  
His birth  
Makes worth  
Our way  
Each day.

-- E. H. Shimp

The New Progress,  
Clairton, Pa.  
December 22, 1970

REQUEST

Lord, we  
Ask thee  
To still  
The will  
Of man  
Whose plan  
Implies  
It's wise  
To err,  
And slur  
The will  
Of Thee.

Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ, Weekly,  
December 13, 1970.

*June 25, 1992.*

At Thanksgiving

Disorder reigns  
Throughout our land,  
Its purpose stains  
Our flag so grand,  
While heads of state  
Seem less content,  
But merely prate  
On such dissent.

Yet the result  
Of Frenzied strife  
Proves difficult  
Man's way of life.  
Hence all unrest  
At large today  
Will surely test  
The U. S. A.

*Newcomerstown News,  
November 26, 1970.*

Many persons around town would agree, the four insects found  
within this rhyme are not a bit

LADYLIKE

Aunt Katy did herself up slick  
And wore a yellow jacket,  
To sport her brand-new walking stick  
During a game of cricket.

Newcomerstown News,  
September 24, 1970.



Delinquency

How the

Glitter?

Of the

Litter

Mars the

Grand shape

Of the

Landscape.

Still man's

So trite.

He plans?

That blight.

*Newcomerstown News,  
October 22, 1990.*

Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ,  
Weekly Bulletin,  
September 27, 1970.

The Time is Now

Christians, be up and doing  
And foil shrewd Satan's way,  
The time is now for action  
Through every hour of day.

And God will bless each effort  
In what you do and say  
To plant Christ's love in others.  
Haste Christians, act and pray.

Perception

So odd,  
Our sin  
Within  
Is but  
The smut  
We sow;  
Although  
We know  
Our wee  
Is not  
Begot  
By God.

Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ, Weekly,  
August 30, 1970.

Medium

Survey

The news

Each day

For views

On what

Takes place,

Then set

Your mind

To get

The pace .

Of what

You find.

Newcomerstown News,  
July 16, 1970

Ingenuity

When man

Began

To plan

His mirth

And worth

On earth,

His mind

Designed

A kind

Of way

To pray

Each day.

*Newcomertown News,  
August 20, 1970.*

**Tillers**

They toil  
And strive  
To make  
The soil  
Alive,  
Then take  
From earth  
Its worth  
In food  
For health  
And wealth  
Accrued.

Newcomerstown News,  
May 21, 1970.

Procedure

Clouds burst

With rain

To slake

The thirst

Of lake

And clod,

Then veer

And wane

And fresh

Our sphere

For flesh

And God.

Newcomerstown News,  
June 18, 1970

Validity

Look up

And live;

Eat, sup,

And give,

The day

Comes near

When a

Career

Must end,

And then

Ascend

Again.

Newcomerstown News,  
March 26, 1970



Propriety

To clean

The house

Just ask

The spouse

What task

To do.

Obey;

Be gay,

And clean

And clean

Till you

Are through.

Newcomerstown News,  
April 23, 1970.

**VOLITION**

**The will**

**To do**

**Is best**

**For you.**

**It wakes**

**Anew**

**Each skill**

**In you,**

**And makes**

**Life's test**

**Give zest**

**To you.**

*Newcomertown News,  
January 15, 1970.*

PERSONAL

To scheme  
Or dream  
A theme,  
May seem  
Easy  
For me.  
Yet we  
Agree,  
God wrought  
Our thought  
And reach  
Of speech.

*Newcomerstown News,  
February 26, 1970.*

With Thanks

And should

You say

A word

Of cheer;

Instill

Some good

Each day,

You will

Be heard.

So why

Not try

While here.

Newcomerstown News,  
November 27, 1969.

Santa Note

The toy

A boy

Enjoys

May make,

Or break

With noise.

For girls,

Dolls and

A strand

Of pearls

Delight

Them right.

Newcomerstown News,  
December 25, 1969.

ACTION

Through weeks,  
And days,  
One seeks  
By ways  
To do  
His most  
For few  
Or host,  
And still  
Make friends  
Until  
Life ends.

Newcomerstown News,  
October 23, 1969

Politics

And when

Law men

Vote there

Shall be

More tax

On you

And me;

Take care,

Our X

Can vex

And ax

Them, too.

Newcomerstown News,  
November 6, 1969

**Desire  
Within  
The din  
Each day  
We hear  
The cheer  
Of youth  
Who fight  
For truth  
And light.  
May they  
Be right  
And win.**

*Newcomerstown News,  
September 11, 1969.*



## A Wish for Youth

As our eyes are seeing beauty  
With the coming of the spring,  
And our ears are hearing music  
While the migrants court and sing,

May the youths who follow after  
On the paths where we have trod,  
See in the reviving springtide,  
The unequalled work of God.

May their lives be pure and wholesome  
As the vernal atmosphere,  
And their faults be gone, forgotten  
Through the joys of living here.

Steel Labor,  
September, 1969

Possibly in some of the many gardens AROUND TOWN may be found the nine plants which are mentioned in this

Cosmos Aggregate

The burning bush seems a fire ball,  
Its golden glow shines far;  
The filmy sky reflects fire pink  
As from a shooting star,  
Ere sun drops on a summer's eve  
And night shades plain and nook  
Till morning glories in old Sol,  
And wild crabs roll the brook.

Newcomerstown News,  
August 14, 1969.



*"The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it." John 1:5*

December 15, 1966

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 6th St. N.  
Wilson District  
Clairton, Pa. 15025

"A Wish for Youth"

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Thank you for thinking of BUILDERS in connection with your poem. Your poem has merit for its thesis; however, I feel that it is written as a poem for adults rather than youth. Read your second and third stanzas and see how you speak of "their". Possibly you could revamp the poem and put it into the current time appealing to youth on their own age basis.

With Christmas wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Raymond M. Veh  
Editor of BUILDERS

RMV:mc

Lift-off

Six men,

In 9

And 10

Define

The moon.

And soon

Man's race

Through space

May reach

Beyond

His bond

Of speech.

*The Newcomerstown News,  
July 10, 1969.*

Culprit

Today

On sleek

Highway,

Those cars

Which bear

No scars

Or rust

Or dust,

Without

A doubt

Still reek

The air.

Newcomerstown News,  
June 5, 1969

Indeed

Firmly

Earth turns.

Blithe spring

Freely

Returns

To bring

Beauty

Awhile.

And we

Gladly

Must see

Her style.

Newcomerstown News,  
March 20, 1969.

MEMO

The mind  
Of man  
Is bound  
To find  
Some plan  
Not sound.  
And in  
A feud  
One may  
Not win  
How shrewd  
His way.

Newcomertown News,  
May 8, 1969.

### Request

God, grant them all asylum,  
Every church and sect  
Which has thy Son their centerpiece  
And pay Him due respect.

And may they all in Heaven  
Be of sincere accord,  
Unmindful of past difference  
And sharing just reward.

- E. H. Shimp.

Special Mention,  
1969 International Poetry Competition,  
The Clover Collection of Verse.



Procedure

Think straight.

Man's fate

Depends

On what

His thought

Intends.

So do

What you

Judge best.

And may

Your way

Be blest.

Newcomerstown News,  
February 6, 1969

Winterize

Now greet

The sleet

And show

Of snow,

The sprees

Through freeze

And chills

Of thrills,

Without

A shout,

Alarm

Or qualm.

Newcomerstown News,  
January 16, 1969.

**NATIVITY**

**Afar**

**HIS Star**

**Beams bright**

**Pure light.**

**Ought we**

**Abhor**

**What HE**

**Came for?**

**HIS birth**

**Gave worth**

**The girth**

**Of earth.**

**Newcomerstown News,  
December 19, 1968**

So We Walk And Thank The Creator  
by Ellis H. Shimp

We ramble over hill and dale, along the attractive rural trail to see the handiwork of God upon the precipice or sed, and gladly experience a happiness which every mortal may possess if each will only choosing stray and view the outdoor's grand display.

What joy it is to linger near the place where various asters rear their showy blossoms to the sky and ride the winds when passing by, or saunter nigh a babbling brook throughout some rich secluded nook and hear and see nature at play, like carefree young at night or day.

The elegance of fern clad dell where multitudes of wild things dwell, we find a place of sacredness with God beside there to caress the searching one of imperfect judgment, through much of wholesome merriment. And resident birds and humbees are splendid indeed and only please.

By our footsteps and ever there we see the marvelous and care of Master skill in everything which greets the eye by ridge or spring. The persimmon tree and the papaw with tempting taste and the bluish-black haw are freely preffering to anyone who seeks the joys of outdoor fun.

And everything which God has made on hill or plain or by the glade, keeps life so happy day by day we think of labor as being play. And so we walk the rustic trails of open fields and wooded vales, thanking our Maker for the faculty to see some outdoor inklings of eternity.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
November 27, 1968.

**And Give Thanks**

**Let's plan  
Accord,  
And raise  
Our praise  
And sing  
"The King  
Of Kings,  
The Lord  
Of Lords."  
That brings  
Rewards  
To man.**

**Newcomerstown, Ohio,  
Church of Christ, Weekly,  
September 21, 1969.**

**Newcomerstown News,  
November 28, 1968.**

October 22, 1968

Dear folks,

We received the poems and acknowledge them with thanks. I had the lines on the "Lord's Supper" printed in our weekly bulletin. I have the "Thanksgiving Manse" I thought these especially good. I will be using the other items in the future.

We told mom and dad about your visit and they were pleased to hear about it. We would hope to get over to see you folks some time in the near future. However, until some time later, viz, December or later, we will not be able to go much of anywhere.

At this writing I am engaged in a gospel meeting series at Fairview, Ohio. This is the fourth series of meetings I have held here since 1951. (I am having a little trouble with this typewriter, I am accustomed to electric) I enjoy this phase of the work especially.

In the first paragraph I did not finish what I started to say. I meant to say I had the "Thanksgiving Manse" placed on the bulletin board. Some have read it and commented favorably about it.

*see the  
Daily Jeffersonian  
November 22, 1967.*

I stayed with mother and dad Saturday evening on the way to this meeting. They were in pretty good health at that time. They are now moved into their new home at Indian Camp. It is right next door to my brother Glen. Glen lives in the house I once owned. They have a nice place. They are fixing up the house for mom and dad. New cabinets are being installed, along with new bathroom fixtures and some carpet. It will be a beautiful place when finished.

Well you folks don't want to wait on us to come down. Visit us again any time you feel like it. Thanks again for the poems. I can always use items such as the ones you have sent me.

Love,

*Flavil*

Flavil Reed Miller

*E. Jackson Ec.*

*Millersburg, Ohio.*

*44654.*

Hurrah

Football

And fall

Excite

Delight.

Fans claim

The game

Is one

Of fun.

Though right,

Still fight

Makes it

A hit.

Newcomerstown News,  
October 31, 1968.

The New Progress,  
October 6, 1971.

S-T-U-D-Y

The rule  
For school  
Is learn  
And learn,  
And yearn  
To learn.  
All told,  
Wits hold  
No rule  
Is found  
More sound  
For school.

Newcomerstown News,  
September 12, 1968



Do This -

Come, all.

Break, take

The bread.

~~Receive~~

(Dele)

The cup

And sup.

Perceive

Christ bled

For all

Man's sake.

He's all

In all.

Believe.

Newcomerstown News,  
October 3, 1968

Newcomerstown, Ohio.  
Church of Christ, Weekly,  
August 24, 1969.

SUMMER DAZE

Too hot

To plot.

Yet nought

Is aught

And thought

Distraught.

Still what

Is wrought,

Is fraught

With plot

And not

Forgot.

The New Progress,  
Clairton, Pa.  
July 21, 1971

Newcomerstown News,  
July 25, 1968

Do You?

Each day

We pray

For peace

And for

All war

To cease;

For man

To plan

In mirth

And God

To trod

This earth.

Newcomerstown (O.) News,  
August 22, 1968.

STAPLES

SUMMER DAZE

Too hot  
To plot.  
Yet nought  
Is aught  
And thought  
Distraught.

Still what  
Is wrought,  
Is fraught  
With plot  
And not  
Forgot.

The New Progress,  
Clairton, Pa.  
July 21, 1971

Newcomerstown News,  
July 25, 1968

The Time is Now

Come youths, be up and doing,

Oppose the wanton fray,

The time is now for action

At every hour of day.

And God will aid each effort

In all you do and say

To make this world much better.

And youths must lead the way.

- Ellis H. Shimp

# CLOVER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Publishers of "The Clover Collection of Verse"

3900 CONNECTICUT AVE., N. W.  
POST OFFICE BOX 4989  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20008

EVELYN PETRY, EDITOR  
C. BROWNING PETRY, PUBLISHER

June 23, 1968

CONGRATULATIONS!

We would like to accept your poem titled Medicine I Know for

The Clover Collection of Verse and will pay you \$1.00 for publication rights. Remember, you retain ownership of all other publication rights. We retain all-time rights to publish in any Clover Collection but you may use or sell any other publication rights at any time.

Please return the bottom portion of this letter without delay so we may proceed. You are not required to purchase any copies at any time, but you may wish to reserve some for your family and friends. Nearly all of our contributors do want copies, so we are pleased to make them available at wholesale prices as shown on the enclosed pre-publication price list. It is not necessary for you to make any purchase at any time, however, if you do not wish to.

*July 19, 1968.* You will receive our check within a few days after you return the poem and the acceptance statement below.

You will receive a printed page proof to correct before publication.

*Come, youth, be up and doing,*  
Keep up the good work. Remember, every journey begins with but a single step. *And youth must lead the way.*

Sincerely,

Evelyn Petry, Editor  
The CLOVER COLLECTION OF VERSE  
Box 4989, Washington, D. C. 20008

EP/m  
encls.

Guernsey County Library  
Cambridge, Ohio

March 23, 1968

"IN THIS SIGN"

Dear Ellis:

Your church bulletin arrived this morning and will be filed with your other materials. We want to thank you again for thinking of us and sending us your writings.

We hope that your family is fine and that everything goes well for you - God bless you.

Sincerely,  
Alan Sussman

*The Martha Kinney Cooper*  
**OHIOANA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION**

1109 Ohio Departments Building  
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215

**Bernice Williams Foley, Director**

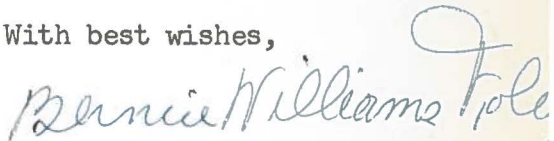
21 March 1968

"IN THIS SIGN"

Dear Mr. Shimp:

We greatly appreciate your sending us the copy of the poem which appeared in the Wilson United Presbyterian Church News. It is a very inspirational poem and we are grateful to you for sending this copy for our files.

With best wishes,



Bernice Williams Foley  
Director

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 6th Street N.  
Wilson Dist.  
Clairton, Pennsylvania 15025



A Christmas Reverie  
by Ellis H. Shimp

She dreamed that Christmas time was here, in quaint and homely way without the tinsels, cards and bells and all the lights' array. The world seemed clothed in splendor beyond the range of word, and not a qualm or evidence of anything absurd.

No where occurred a gift exchange, nor pagan revelry; but from all persons came utmost cheer with deep sincerity. No fraudulent gains through merchandise; only good will and peace ennobled every land and home, and hastened love's increase.

It was a time for solemn thought on what the Christ Child meant to ages past and years to come, and to each soul's intent. And Wise Men nodded their amen to carol singing youths, and mankind knew such fun and work come from but hallowed truths.

She dreamed all functions gave magnitude since years A. D. began, and everywhere triumphant voices were expressing praise for the greatest gift to man. Unique indeed this Christmas was, its symbols seemed to be beyond the Star and Virgin Birth, God's own infinity.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
December 22, 1967.

IN THIS SIGN

THE EASTER  
STORY WILL  
NOT BE OLD  
IN ANY METHOD IT MAY  
BE TOLD NEW LIFE NEW  
HOPE AND LOVE UTMOST  
VICTORIOUS  
REIGNS THE  
SON OF GOD  
AND LO HIS  
CRUEL DOOM  
ENLIGHTENS  
A BORROWED  
EMPTY TOMB

Wilson United Presbyterian Church  
NEWS, Clairton, Pa., March 18, 1968.

*Newcomerstown (Ohio) News,  
April 3, 1969.*

On Safety First

Make Safety First your guiding thought

At work or play my friends,

And you will find that safe-conduct

Pays wholesome dividends.

Home life and job will benefit

Through all your work well done.

And other folk will note you are

A just and prudent one.

The splendid game of Safety First

Offers the most to win.

Do you engage in it for good?

If not, you should begin.

- Ellis H. Shimp

2227 NEWS,  
March 27, 1967

Thanksgiving's "Heavenly Manse"  
by Ellis H. Shimp

By our footsteps and roundabout the autumn scenes at hand display in all their quality why fall time's really grand, and worth man's effort to idle in friendly fields or woods, and ponder deeply what God has fashioned for this world of neighborhoods.

The hues on brambles, vine and grass by road and upland trail, blend almost perfectly in contrast with feather of pheasant and quail.

We follow near the clay and shale which marks the Wills Creek way, and chance upon a lusty water snake stretching itself about the roots where lindens thrive and sway. And just beyond one harmless newt is prone atop a rock, and indicates none of the make-believe of its mythical ancient stock.

An invite comes from rural home where we join the butchering help, and await to be served a befitting feast of fresh pork neck bones, piled high on platter and plate.

The mealtime's duties over, we ramble up a hill and jump a rabbit from its squat, fit for a hunter's thrill. There square-shouldered fruits with shades of red dangle and litter earth, and add much for remembrance where the hawthorns show no dearth.

The wild grape clusters, the granaries filled, the fallen leaves, and all enhance the many thoughts of those who walk the earth when Thanksgiving time has made of our good temperate clime an apparent heavenly manse.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
November 22, 1967.

With Praise and Gratitude for All  
by Ellis H. Shimp

When Thanksgiving Day draws near the roadside scenes are wondrous for one's sight, a changing panorama of richness and delight. And by the meandering and rushing brook through open field or timbered nook, parades a portion of the Creator's touch in tints on leaves, fruits, pods and such.

A farm home sheltered by the hill beyond the stream and railroad's fill exhibits autumn settings about its yards. There maize tepees stand as silent guards, and yellow pumpkins by the door bespeak of much thanksgiving lore. And fattening swine in their escape-proof sty bring visions of home-made mincemeat and the spicy pie.

A ground squirrel crossing the wayside hastens briskly to quickly hide in the matured weeds, now vivid with brown and gold. Perhaps it perceives man is quite bold intruding into its domain where life is essential, free and plain.

A hue of spring on the sprouting wheat field gives promise of an abundant yield, when summer blesses the good Guernsey clime before the come of a next threshing time, and thus provide another Thanksgiving Day for all.

While loitering near some finches cheer with their autumnal song. But the observant traveler must hurry along, lest darkness blurs his preplanned trail before he can reach the crowded vale, where many persons rejoice and rant to play their parts in a prolific and mechanized vibrant age.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
November 21, 1966



# BUILDERS

Youth Weekly  
of the  
Evangelical United Brethren Church

Third and Reily Streets  
Harrisburg, Pa.

RAYMOND M. VEH, D.D., LITT.D.  
EDITOR

December 28, 1961

Mr. Ellis Shimp  
Clairton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

It was gracious of you to favor us with your Christmas greeting and the acrostic on my name. This made the card have a special meaning. We shall treasure the same.

To be remembered by friends is always a genuine satisfaction, for, to us, "friendship is the holiest of gifts." I believe, this season, because of the disturbed state of world affairs, has made friends mean more than ever before. In this season of grace, good will and uplift, which we ought to continue to emphasize all through the year

May the adequacy of God's grace be your sustaining portion in 1962.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Raymond M. Veh". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

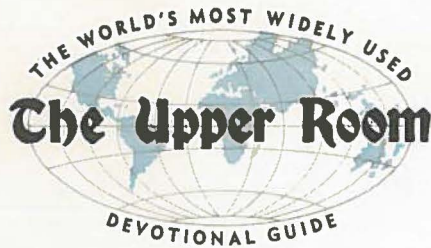
Raymond M. Veh  
Editor

RMV:vr

The Upper Room

The Upper Room Radio Parish

The Upper Room Devotional Literature



1908 GRAND AVENUE  
NASHVILLE 5, TENNESSEE

January 1, 1958

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Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 6th Street North  
Clairton, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Shimp:

On this New Year's Day I wish to express my thanks to you for your Christmas greeting sent December 6. ^ "A Cross Christmas"

Every Christmas I think I will send out a number of cards to friends who are so kind as to remember me during that season, but office work seems more than usual during December. I suppose the only way to do as I should in this regard is to add your name to our mailing list at home.

Every happiness and success to you in this New Year of 1958.

Sincerely yours,

*Russell Q. Chilcote*  
Russell Q. Chilcote

RQC/mp

Royally,

Any

Yuletide

Music

On

Nativity

Delights

Many

Voices

Expressing

Hosannas

Beyond the call of duty

Until life's race is run,

In every word and action

Let's follow God's own Son.

Defend the weak and lowly;

Extend a helping hand.

Remember Day of Judgment;

Show neighbors where we stand.

Christmas Greeting, 1961.



Poem written by Geo. Whitis and read at the  
Whitis Reunion Aug. 12, 1961

### The Family Reunion

Again we have met as  
As we do each year.  
To greet our kinfolks  
From far and near.

Fathers, Mothers, Aunts and Uncles,  
Nieces and Nephews by the score.  
Sons and Daughters and Grandchildren,  
And as it looks there'll soon be more.

Some we remember  
And some we don't.  
Some we'll know next year  
And some we won't.

We can scarcely wait  
'Till the tables are spread.  
But start to eat  
Before Grace is said.

We have chicken and noodles  
Green beans and corn.  
And some will be spilled  
As sure as you're born.

We have reports and speeches  
And a family election.  
And if we don't forget it  
We'll take up a collection.

We must not forget those  
Who have gone on before.  
And we hope to meet  
On that Heavenly shore.

So we spend a few minutes  
In silent recollection.  
And decide then and there  
On some Self-Reflection.

So let's all drive careful  
As we depart from here.  
Take care of ourselves  
And meet again next year.

MEMORIES  
by George Whitis

The old bell in the belfry  
Called us to learn the Golden Rule.  
When you and I were youngsters  
Out at the Guernsey School.

Of the fun we used to have  
I love to sit and ponder.  
And think of my schoolmates  
Scattered here and yonder.

How we used to skate upon the pond,  
Sleigh ride down the hill.  
Go fishing in the creek,  
Forget these?? I never will.

Some may have attained riches,  
While most of us have not.  
But still we can be thankful  
For the little that we've got.

Though we are widely scattered,  
Some to their eternal rest,  
May the others yet a-living  
With joy and health be blest.

# The West Side Presbyterian Church

West Ridgewood Avenue at Monroe Street  
Ridgewood, New Jersey

ARTHUR MORRIS HUGHES, D. D., *Minister*  
GEORGE LITCH KNIGHT, *Assistant Minister*  
Church Office Telephones:  
OLiver 2-1967—1968

November 11, 1957

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 6th St. N.  
Wilson District  
Clairton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Thank you very much for your contribution of a hymn. Both Dr. Messenger and I are deeply grateful.

As is our custom, it will be submitted to our literary consultants and should we desire to use it in a forthcoming issue of the magazine, you will hear further from us; otherwise, it will be placed, as is our custom, in the permanent files of The Hymn Society so that hymnal editors may have the opportunity to see it as they are compiling hymnals.

Thank you again for your kindness; we do appreciate it.

Sincerely,



GEORGE LITCH KNIGHT

GLK:eb

July 29, 1957

Rev. G. L. Knight,

I am aware one of the wishes of the Church today, is for new music and new words for same. And I am thinking the accompanying theme of gratefulness would make a worthy song for services of worship in any congregation, far away or near.

Perhaps you are familiar with some one who would gladly arrange the notes for this gospel message, without any thought of remuneration for the task involved. Or a musical setting for these words of daily thanks might be forthcoming should same or their make-up be publicized in a humble way upon the pages of "THE HYMN."

Throughout nearly forty years as a steel mill employe, my hobby has been found in creative writings of various sorts. And as one who has done considerable eldership in a Presbyterian Church (Wilson), I trust my sincerity and motives in this letter will not be misunderstood.

Thank you.

Ellie H. Shimp,  
725 6th St. N.,  
Wilson District,  
Clairton, Pa.

We Thank Thee God, Each Day

We thank thee God for Jesus Christ

Within our life today;

For giving us thy only Son

To save us from our sinful way

We thank thee God, each day.

We thank thee God for thy Son's blood

Was shed for every race,

All yellow-browns, the whites and blacks

In richest home or beggar's place,

We thank thee God, each day.

We thank thee God for the Triune

And all the worlds now made,

For atom piles and dimming stars,

For healing germs and rainbows laid,

We thank thee God, each day.

We thank thee God for life and death

And thy rewards to come,

For every moment on this earth

And all the joys of thy kingdom

We thank thee God, each day. Amen.

## After Forty Years

O, Cambridge High we love you . and we will gladly fight .  
to keep your name and splendor . exalted and most right . At  
work or play or study . you are up with the best . a credit to  
our country . equal to any test . And at our graduation . we  
promised we would do . our way of life in goodness . for heaven  
and for you . O, Cambridge High we love you . more than words  
can express . yet comes defeat or honor . our praise shall not  
be less.

- E. H. S. '17

Cambridge High Class of 1917  
Reunion Souvenir, July 6, 1957  
Berwick Hotel, Cambridge, Ohio



## Christmas Reverie

I dreamt that Christmas time was here, in quaint and homely way, without the tinsel, chimes and bells and all the lights' array. No where occurred a gift exchange, nor drunken revelry, but from all man came words of cheer, with deep sincerity. No money gained through merchandise, only good will and peace ennobled every land and home, and hastened loves increase. It was a time of solemn thought, on what the Christ Child meant to ages past and years to come, and to each soul's intent. And Wise Men nodded their amen to carol singing youths; and mankind knew such fun and work come from but hallowed truths. Unique indeed this Christmas was, its symbols seemed to be, beyond the Star and Virgin Birth, God's own infinity.

Ellis H. Shimp.



The Clairton Progress,  
December 19, 1956.

Editor, The Jeffersonian:

**We Must Remember**

The varied themes and pictures which speak of Christmastide, make volume after volume, as though a shopper's guide to card and tree and tinsel, and many other things which have no measure with His Star, or all the joy it brings.

While gossip, fads and pennies have very much to do with all our thoughts and actions, in market place and pew; yet in the swing of carols, and all the Yuletide's fun, we must remember to keep first God's gift, his only Son.

May everyone who reads these lines proclaim the Day in Wise designs.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
December 19, 1955.



# THE JEFFERSONIAN COMPANY

Publishers

THE DAILY JEFFERSONIAN

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO

FRANK B. AMOS  
PRESIDENT

October 10, 1949

Dear Ellis:

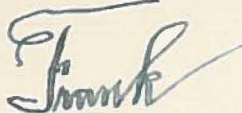
Harry's widow, Elizabeth, all four of his children and myself are deeply grateful to you for the beautiful tribute you wrote and sent. Elizabeth will want to keep it in its original form.

I sincerely wish that we could publish it but I think you will understand from the explanation below why we should not do so. In the first place, we had to practically eliminate all local poetry, or, for that matter, any poetry except the Edgar A. Guest daily release, because we were being flooded with so much of it here that wasn't fit to print and would make people mad if we accepted anybody's. If we were in a larger city, even as large as, say, Akron, we could merely refuse stuff and use others regardless of what some people thought, but particularly in the case of poetry we decided we would have to cut it out entirely.

Let me repeat, however, that we deeply appreciate your tribute and that Elizabeth will cherish it as she keeps it among her memos.

With best regards.

Sincerely yours,



FRANK B. AMOS.

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
725 Sixth Street,  
North Wilson Station,  
Clairton, Pennsylvania.

Biography.

He valued much the worth of fun,  
And friend to everyone;  
Resourceful at uplifting life,  
Reflective on all strife.  
Youths were attentive to his praise,  
World-wise through homely ways.  
And when his spirit heard God's call,  
Mindful of friends and all,  
Over the bar he stole away  
Sweetly as though at play.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

(employing hidden names as - of plants -)

Phenomena

The burning bush seems a fire ball,  
Its golden glow shines far;  
The filmy sky reflects fire pink  
As from a shooting star.  
Ere sun drops on a summer's eve  
And night shades plain and nook,  
Till morning glories in old sol,  
And dew drops by the brook.

Burning bush  
Golden-glow  
Fire pink  
Shooting star  
Sundrops  
Nightshades  
Morning-glories  
Dewdrops

- Ellis H. Shimp.

-----  
(employing word substitutes)

Yy4ee

Wise For Ease

YyJura?

Wise Jay you are a question mark

&l2hatt,

And one to be a tease,

4Kiiu4rr&rr

For Kay eyes you for hours and hours

&uccbb4ee.

And you seize bees for ease.

2byy&b4ee,

To be wise and be for ease,

&ur2dk,

And you are to decay,

4mtrrb4u

For empty hours before you

Rrr2cdk.

Are hours to see decay.

- LS-H-IMP.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

1365 E. 64th St.,  
Chicago 37, Ill.,  
May 24, 1948

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
725 6th St. N.,  
Wilson Station,  
Clairton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shimp,

In your letter of March 6, 1948, you generously offered to sponsor a Minute Contest and enclosed the money for the awards. Inasmuch as there were several volunteer sponsors ahead of you, I delayed writing until your turn came. Mrs. Seymour and I deeply appreciate your interest and cooperation and thank you sincerely for it. Both your ideas are excellent but I have decided to use the one employing the hidden names of plants. And by the way, your own poem, Phenomena, is not only an outstanding example of this type of thing, but it is also a very pleasing poem. I like Wise for Ease, too, and — with your permission — we might use employing word substitutes another time. Frequently, Bookfellows offer to sponsor a contest but do not give ideas. On such an occasion I could use your idea — giving you the credit, of course — and have someone else sponsor it. It would also be permissible for you to be the sponsor and we would pay the awards. We're always happy to have the monetary contributions, but accept sponsors on either basis. Several of the Bookfellows have sent along the prize money this year, as they did last; others have permitted us to use their names but have not given us the money for prizes, and we feel that, with so wide a diversity of membership, it is best to keep it on this voluntary plane. And that is why we think it is so fine of you to voluntarily take the interest you have.

You did not state whether or not you are an author, a member of literary organizations, etc. It isn't necessary that you be either but we would like to know what you'd like us to tell about you when we announce this next contest and give your name as the sponsor. Perhaps you have a special hobby you'd like us to mention. In any case, will you please let me know by return mail just how you'd like us to "announce you," as our sponsor. I've been giving this information wherever possible as many of our members have told me they feel much better acquainted with Bookfellows as a result; they also say the giving of the names of award recipients help them to know better who Bookfellows are, and the wide range of membership.

Thanks again, Mr. Shimp, for your encouraging interest.

Good Friday

Without a Good Friday  
No Easter would be,  
Nor dark legend today  
Of the red-bud tree.

Those hours of Good Friday  
Which bore agony,  
Assure mankind a way  
To eternity.

Remember, Good Friday!  
Redemption will be  
If we work, worship, play,  
As all should, humbly.

-- Ellie H. Shimp



The Daily Jeffersonian,  
April 7, 1944.



Bethel, O, Bethel,  
Hallowed place,  
Steeped in the glory  
Of Christian grace,  
Thou art impressive,  
Humble, contrite,  
Gem of the valley,  
Righteous delight.

Bethel Club  
annual meeting,  
Oct. 1, 1947

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
October 6, 1947

I.

Should Santa meet the Devil  
Upon this Christmas eve,  
Then what ensues can be told  
As this we must believe.

Gift Saint says to Lucifer,  
"Some things I have for you,  
A Tojo, Hitler, Musso',  
Now don't you fret or stew".

"I'll take the three", grins Satan,  
"And mix in offal cakes,  
Then after baking slowly  
Will feed all to my snakes".

II.

Yuletide Greetings, namesake lad!  
"Keep 'em Flying", be your fad.  
Deeds you do, and men you train  
Give of strength, and might and main;  
Thus our nation must, will be  
Victor in the victory.

III.

C-hurchill.  
H-itler.  
R-oosevelt.  
I-ndia.  
S-talin.  
T-ojo.  
M-ussolini.  
A-rgentina.  
S-hek. (Chiang Kai-)

Would that these men and nations could unite,  
Contest in righteous ways, quit all bad fight.  
Through faith, hope, charity, the world can be,  
Not a curse, but joys to humanity.

Risen is He! Exult to-day!"

This lovely theme is very old,  
And other times has it been told  
Of how the Easter Lilies came,  
Of how they spoke Messiah's fame.  
If it be true we could not say  
Yet they are part of Easter Day.

- Ellis H. Shimp

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
March 26, 1921.  
April 7, 1942.



## How The Easter Lilies Came

From out tradition we relate  
A legend of most worthy date.

Long, long ago when purest heart  
Had suffered much through traitor's art,  
And men of state were boastful, proud,  
Golgotha's scenes had awed the crowd;  
Death on the cross for Him Divine  
Made gossip keen in Palestine.

Down by a dull though much used trail  
Which led into the distant vale,  
A maid was tending her sheep drove  
Within the cool of olive grove.  
The day was third from darkest crime,  
The hour was morning, blossom time,  
As down this way a figure came  
In perfect step, of guiltless name,  
And tagging near the Master's feet  
A host of youths chanted so sweet:  
"Rejoice mankind! Rejoice this day!  
Risen is He! Exult to-day!"

The maiden bows; upon her knees  
She sobs gladly and holy pleas.  
Her tears - like magic - sprung up new  
In lilies white with hearts gold hue,  
And through the woods their message rang,  
So joyously they softly sang:  
"Rejoice mankind! Rejoice this day!"

Have This Christmas Give  
(by Ellis H. Shimp)

Peace on earth, good will to men.

Shall this blessing reign once more,  
Show its glory now as then;  
Was His mission worthless lore?

Comes the day of reckoning -  
War drums sound no hymns of praise.  
Must man be a soulless thing  
Beastly like with vicious ways?

Dove of peace, pray! hover near,  
Spread your message far and wide;  
Have this Christmas give New Year  
Nations righteous, unified.

V

(by E. H. Shimp)

The hope of the world now seems to be  
Best told in the symbol we call V.

Victorious - Valiant - Votive - Verve!  
This frightful while it can nobly serve.

Turn mortals closer to The Supreme  
And crush forever each warlike scheme.

Do better deeds than a statesman would;  
Show aggressors what is understood.

Vigorous - Virtuous - Virile - Vim!  
V shall not become a silly whim.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
August 9, 1941.

Have This Christmas Give  
(by Ellis H. Shimp)

Peace on earth, good will to men.

Shall this blessing reign once more,

Show its glory now as then;

Was His mission worthless lore?

Comes the day of reckoning -

War drums sound no hymns of praise.

Must man be a soulless thing

Beastly like with vicious ways?

Dove of peace, pray! hover near,

Spread your message far and wide;

Have this Christmas give New Year

Nations righteous, unified.

IT CAN BE DONE  
(by E. H. Shimp)

It rests with you,  
And you, and you,  
And humble souls like we,  
To make our town  
Of good renown  
Where folks will want to be.

It can be done  
If but each one  
May show real civic pride,  
And advertise  
And emphasize  
Their Cambridge far and wide.

So do your bit  
In fight and grit,  
Build Cambridge truly great.  
Industries thrive  
Where folks alive  
Go get -- nor sit and wait.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
July 12, 1941.

EMPTY CROSS  
(by Ellis H. Shimp)

Surely there is not of a righteous plan  
Whereof man should wantonly slaughter man?  
Yet hate is defiant with lust and greed,  
A cataclysm for Easter time, indeed.

Should such conditions exist in this day?  
Remember Golgotha; the very way  
Gethsemane's lessons are understood,  
To unite the world in true brotherhood.

Disease and disaster, an empty cross!  
Must warfare be a gain, or only loss  
In man's affairs or the spiritual side?  
Ponder well this thought during Eastertide.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
April 11, 1941.

May, Never Nay

So much in this world, of discord,  
So much in this world, of hate,  
With muddled plans out of accord,  
Must we wonder for its fate?

Or shall we quail at the harshness  
Of what coming days may be,  
Because we seem lost in darkness  
Through a meek futility?

Nay, never nay, must we give up  
And drift like an aimless lot,  
Lest life becomes a bitter cup  
Out of joys a God hath wrought.

Discord and hate, each muddled plan,  
All the futile hopes and fear,  
Can be made void if only man  
Will live rightly; keep life dear.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
August 31, 1940

Song Of The Guernsey Hills

Guernsey Hills are handsome

When it's harvest time,  
And the yellow warbler  
Moves to warmer clime.

How each tinted landscape  
In its slight detail  
Thrill all living creatures  
Of the hill and vale.

Guernsey Hills are comely  
Any time of year.

The Creator made them  
Full of worth and cheer.

They are most bewitching  
When the laurel blooms,  
And the dainty fire pink  
Gladdens and illumines.

Guernsey Hills are pretty;  
Shall they ever be  
And befit a dwelling  
For the heavenly.

Comes the day of Judgment,  
And exalted souls  
May be here forever

On our dales and knolls.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
March 4, 1941.



AT CHRISTMASTIDE  
(by Ellis H. Shimp)

Peace on earth, the carols say.  
Lord, may it come this Christmas day  
While nations quarrel, incite strife,  
Demolish homes and useful life.  
Must bloodshed, waste and hunger reign  
Because of men who are insane?

Peace on earth, at Christmastide!  
But war torn lands and oceans wide  
Belle the spirit of the time  
Through ruthless murder, legal crime ---  
A frightful gift for honest folk  
Who flinch beneath oppressors' yoke.

Peace on earth, prosperity.  
Master of All, may these things be  
Goal of mankind till One shall come  
And rule the great millennium ---  
Then will hatreds and bitter strife  
Be lost in pleasures ever rife.

Theme For Mother's Day

(by Ellis H. Shimp)

This Mother's Day finds War at play

On lands across the sea,

Where youths must go to face the woe

Of man-made misery.

While mothers grieve, hope and believe

In holy, ardent thought,

Sons will be safe through bitter strafe,

And all the battles fought.

Such costly price, this sacrifice

That mothers hate to make,

Should hinder us from causing fuss

For home or stranger's sake.

Now have you done as everyone

Should rightly do each day?

Then mother dear will never fear

Your love is merely "say".

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
May 11, 1940.

### Indian Summer Day

Milkweed floss is floating slowly through the air, we watch it travel onward without a heed or care of where its destination may likely come to be, by copse, or shore, or thoroughfare, or in the fertile lea. The autumn breeze blows gentle on this Indian summer day; the sun inspires all living things with its cheery, warming ray. The rhythmic "ker" of tree crickets seem soft and so depressed, like many other creatures their summer's song is best. We see the juncos have returned from journeys to our north, no doubt they derive much pleasure in traveling back and forth --- to nest poleward from our great states, then come sojourning here through wintry dates. The elders still wear leaves of green amongst the browning weeds, and in the valley's jumbled growth two cardinals seek for seeds. No finer birds may build their homes within our neighborhood than these congenial red-clad ones whose deeds are naught but good. In favored spots the dandelion shows tousled yellow head, it appears as pretty quilt piece in spread on nature's bed.

Yes, everything seems comely, so careful, free and gay in the treasured splendor of an Indian summer day. The only notes of discontent we hear during this spell, are those whose theme will likely tell why many frosts and killing freeze should never come this way, and present the ideal setting for a snow-bound winter day. We think of Indian summer as the warm days' final fling; a signal to all life about to expect another spring.

## April's Charming While

The warming breeze, the budding trees, come with the rise of spring. The returning birds are seen and heard, their joyous medleys ring. Tempest and shower purge stream and bower of winter's ugly mark; and a "tseur", flute-like, clear, pure, announce the meadowlark. The soft terrain turns firm again, the puddle pools dry up, and by the trail on hill or vale we see the buttercup. The green grass blades, the snow-like shades of early saxifrage color some hills near-by the rills where freshets seldom rage. Rodent and snake from sleep awake, their hibernating o'er. Spring beauty and anemone carpet the wild glen's floor.

The garden plots of urban lots are prepared a spader's way, and farmland fields are plowed to yield their crops through summer's day. For April's days are growing days in the onward march of earth; and the majestic sun inspires everyone to splendid spring-time's mirth. Sportive and gay the rustic way with new-come plants and birds. Below, above, the scenes of love know not expressive words. All life displays through innate ways a new awakening, and souls depressed are filled with zest and feel greater than king. Such are the scenes which we have seen in April's charming while. No wonder then the world again parades a winning smile.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
April 25, 1936.

## Autumn Time

Glorious fall! Its days of splendor bring joy to all. Warm, pleasant breeze, fruit-laden trees, sun-baked sod, and various clumps of goldenrod. Wild grapes ripening on the hill where lately sang the whippoorwill. Bumblebees seen in humdrum flight; busy honey-gatherers from morn until night. Flickers call from the beechnut tree, with notes quite like their spring melody. Chipmunks loiter on the topmost rail along one fence where we flush some quail Burrows by the browning cornfield show groundhogs have taken of the maize's yield. The little brook flows with low, soft sounds, and dances, and skips, and leaps, and bounds o'er miniature falls and rocky cascades, to the shallow pool where the butternut shades. The bark of squirrels is heard in the glen; too, soon keen hunters will be seeking their den. Let them frolic and play and live in the woods, and gamble on not becoming a sustenance to men's livelihoods.

Glorious fall! Many are those who answer its call to ramble through woods and discover vales which lay by the side of the gypsy trails. Pleasures are plenty and enjoyment great in the outdoors at the autumn's date. Butterflies, gay-colored trees, bittersweet, poison ivy's reddened leaflets in threes --- such help to arrest our seeing eyes at the fall time. Then fur-bearing animals approach their prime, and Indian summer casts its spell o'er the peopled place and in the wildest dell.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 28, 1935.

LINES FOR TO-DAY

Give of your treasures and your tact!

Share freely what you may!

Warm Springs will laud your gracious act,

And praise this day

We celebrate

The birth-date

Of our President.

America answers the plea

With ever helpful hand,

And happy is humanity

Throughout our land

Upon this day --

The birthday

Of our President.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
January 30, 1934.

PRESIDENT  
BENTON MACKAYE

VICE PRESIDENT  
HARVEY BROOME

TREASURER  
ERNEST S. GRIFFITH

DIRECTOR  
OLAUS J. MURIE  
(ADDRESS: MOOSE, WYO.)

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY  
AND EDITOR  
HOWARD ZAHNISER

# THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

1840 MINTWOOD PLACE, N. W.  
WASHINGTON 9, D. C.

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17 October 1949

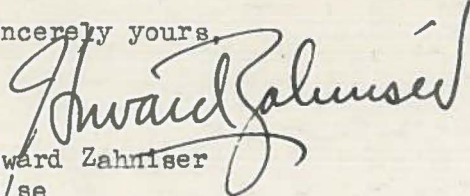
Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
725 Sixth Street No., Wilson Dist.  
Clairton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

It has been refreshing to receive in the morning mail your prose poems called "Sacred Place" and "The Blossom Trail," and I want to express my appreciation of your sending them. It is interesting to note that they were inspired by Mr. MacKaye's suggestion in our summer issue of THE LIVING WILDERNESS, and I am accordingly pleased to send them along to him at his home in Shirley Center, Mass.

I am particularly interested in knowing of your interest in such things, for I myself am from western Pennsylvania and always hope to be back there. Dr. Robert F. Griggs of the University of Pittsburgh, you may be pleased to know, is one of the members of our Council and member of our executive committee. He has been connected with the Pymatuning area, where he conducted a summer group of biology students. My own interest has been mainly in the upper Allegheny, in Cook Forest State Park, and in the few small patches of wilderness remnants in that region. So it is especially pleasant to share your enjoyments.

Sincerely yours,

  
Howard Zahniser  
HZ/se

## The Blossom Trail

Come, friends! Observe the blossom trail, o'er the hill and through the vale by the creeping buttercups and the well-known Johnny-jump-ups. Sure, follow me and we shall see a wondrous display of blooms today, on rocky ledge and by stream's edge -- in any nook we may care to look. And everything will make you feel glorious like the Solomon's seal.

Now we enjoy in lingering near the spot where many trilliums rear their showy petals to the sky, and dance with winds on passing by. And dogtooth violets at bloom in the productive nature room are surely decked with wholesome mirth for all the creatures of our earth. Behold larkspurs and cinquefoils are decorating virgin soils, and wild sweet Williams with bluebells agreeably scent the rustic dells; while the spikenard and columbine add splendor by the old grape vine. And viewing these, we judge you think such beauties as the catchfly pink and golden ragwort are meant to be, inklings of eternity -- nay more than sorrell or cranesbill or dainty bluets by the rill.

Truly the things which God has made on hill or plain or swampy glade, keeps mortals happy day by day and makes our work seem more like play. So we pursue the blossom trail of luring field and wooded vale, acquiring knowledge and content and feel our efforts are well spent.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
May 27, 1933.



BUY AMERICAN

BUY AMERICAN!

O MY COUNTRYMEN;  
DO YOUR WEIGHTY PART;  
BE A VALUED CITIZEN.

BUY AMERICAN!

HELP, MAKE EMPLOYMENT;  
OUR GREAT NATION MUST  
BE PROSPEROUS AND CONTENT.

BUY AMERICAN!

FUTURE AND TO-DAY.  
PROUDLY SHOW THE WORLD  
YOU SUPPORT THE U. S. A.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
April 21, 1933.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We love to sing our sincere praise  
For dear George Washington,  
And fancy too his prayers were heard  
When the long fight was won.

The ardent love which inspired him  
To battle for the right,  
Inspires the youths of our good land  
To do, and dare, and fight.

When famine came to Valley Forge  
And hunger racked the brain,  
He shared the sorrow with his men  
And eased their bitter pain.

The crossroad legends of his life  
Are possibly untrue,  
But they reveal the common traits  
His zealous soldiers knew.

Of all the famed Americans,  
He is our greatest one,  
And he will always be the first  
Till this old earth is done.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
February 22, 1932.

Praises For Our Band

O, townfolks, we must sing our praise  
For our good Cambridge band;  
How well it's known on all highways  
The breadth of our great land.

So may it always be the best  
In concert or parade,  
And show the world with what fine zest  
Cambridge's music's made.

Yes, townfolks, we must sing our praise  
For its leader and boys.  
And when our band of real worth plays  
Applaud with zealous noise.

THE DAILY JEFFERSONIAN  
VI  
(CIVIL SERVICE BUREAU)

The Leatherwood God

Perhaps he was a sincere man  
And pious as could be,  
Affected with a keen desire  
To be the Deity.

And when he came that meeting-night  
Proclaiming himself God,  
Some worshipers thought him divine  
And others, just a fraud.

But those who followed after him  
Beyond the distant hills,  
Soon found their faith in Joseph Dylks  
Faded like foolish thrills.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
June 13, 1931.

Chairman

When I think of our thriving city  
And recall its history,  
I must include, I can't forget  
The old Chair Factory.

Miss Wolfe has a few chairs which came from this old factory  
where her father was employed for 28 years. He was a Spanish-  
American War veteran.

Ellis H. Shimp,  
438 Tuscarawas Avenue,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

### Precious Street

Some townfolks say it is a treat  
To ramble on my precious street.

And now perhaps you question why  
They choose this way to wander by.

But no word-pictures would suffice  
To tell you why this street's so nice.

You query where the like could be?  
It passes by the holly tree.

So you must saunter on this way  
And see its beauty, any day.

Then you will know why it's a treat  
To ramble on my precious street.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
June 6, 1931.

Soon I would see just where he worked;  
I became excited all the way.

The factory held much of interest  
Even for a little girl.

Many things to see, much noise too  
With machinery all awhirl.

Papa liked his co-workers  
And the owner Mr. Neal;  
The warm friendly atmosphere  
Was something you could feel.

They all called him Louie,  
He answered to that name  
Dispensing with formalities,  
Everyday it was the same.

The products of this factory,  
Their charm and beauty lent.  
Many felt the loss of course  
When out of business this factory went.

Like many other land-marks  
It eventually passed from view;  
The old Parkersburg Chair Factory  
Gave way to something new.

Chrome and other furniture  
Are useful fine and good,  
But none can equal the beauty  
Of the natural grain of wood.

all the information I could get".

And this by Elizabeth Wolfe of Parkersburg.

The Old Chair Factory

The old Parkersburg Chair factory  
Was a place of fascination;  
Meeting the demands of furniture need  
Of a growing population.

Of this fine organization

My father was a part,  
With the company for many years,  
Having no desire to part.

He worked with stain and varnish

As an expert finisher of wood;  
Causing many transformations,  
Creating beauty where he could.

In our home were articles of furniture

Made at the old factory place,  
Old-fashioned rockers,  
Gargoyles with grinning face.

I too was the proud owner,

Small stools and tables not a few;  
Some round, others square,  
Some covered with leather too.

I went one Saturday afternoon

With Papa to get his pay.



The Parkersburg Chair Co.

By Ellis H. Shimp

Our few lines which appeared in the West Virginia Hillbilly April 5, 1980, seeking information on the long-gone Parkersburg Chair Co., Parkersburg, W. Va. brought these replies.

From Mrs J. W. Dudley Jr., Ridley Park, Penn. (in part)

"You own one chair and I own four chairs made at the Parkersburg Chair Co!"

"I was raised in Parkersburg and my father's company originally manufactured oil well machinery. After World War I the Davis-Miller Engineering Co. (I was a Miller.) bought out the Perfection Wood Steaming Retort Co. which made retorts to steam wood for Windsor chairs. Their company was on George and Jeanette Streets right by the main line of the B & O Railroad.

"In the 1920's the Parkersburg Chair Co. and its president P. D. Neal became a part of my father's company. During the depression it all went bankrupt and in a few years most of the company heads had died. My father died in 1956. The chair company was a few doors down the street on Jeanette St.

"All my four chairs are Windsors, different styles. My sister has one chair, also - mementoes of the chair company".

From Mrs Carle L. Lewis of Parkersburg.

"Your letter about the chair factory. The owner and president was Mr. Philip D. Neal, my grandmother's brother-in-law. The company was in existence from around 1900-1925. My cousin, Mrs Porter Pangfitt (Mr Neal's only living daughter) remembers that they made straight chairs and rockers. My mother insists they made some upholstered chairs similar to a lounge chair. I regret that this is

North Star School

My thoughts revert to North Star School

And to a nearby pool,

Where often in the twilight time

We sang some tuneful rhyme,

Until the ever buxom moon

Laughed to our merry croon.

And too I hear the morning bell

Resounding through the dell,

Where wild grape vines and sassafras

Make quite a tangled mass

To hide our swim from public gaze

On sultry summer days.

Now comes to me the dear old scene,

Paul, Helen, Don and Jean,

And teacher George with the keen eye

Observing as a spy

The ones who might be passing notes

Concerning school or coats.

And when I journey to this place

A smile lightens my face,

Because I always saunter where

The earth was trodden bare

By true schoolmates at noon-time plays

On scores of happy days.

North Star School (cont'd)

It surely was a splendid place  
For learning rules and grace,  
For picnics on the closing day  
When all had words to say.  
And ever shall old North Star's lot  
Be cherished in my thought.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
May 29, 1931.

### On Mining Coal

The whistle blows in merry shrills  
The joyful time to start,  
And under fine old Guernsey hills  
Good miners toil with art.

Now far beneath the timber patch  
My friends discharge a shot;  
They know how powder and a match  
Can loose a mammoth lot.

Then loaded soon and by the room  
Along the entry way,  
It hurries from its ancient tomb  
Into our present day.

And weighed and dumped into a car  
Below the screening place,  
It journeys quickly near or far  
To help the human race.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
May 16, 1931.

### In Guernsey Glen

Violets, yellow, blue and white  
Are decked with blossoms and delight,  
In Guernsey glen where bloodroots dwell  
To help the good wake robins tell  
When summer's birds are drawing near,  
To greet us with their songs of cheer.

And dogtooth violets in bloom  
Upon the handsome cricket's tomb,  
Urge larkspur by the cinquefoil  
To blossom more and gladly toil  
To make sweet williams always feel  
Noble as old Solomon's seal.

Yet in a near by sycamore,  
The hornet watches from its door  
These blossoms come and fade away  
Quite like the passing of a day;  
But seeing this is holy mirth  
For any creature of our earth.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
May 2, 1931.

## The Truly Great

The real man laughs observing one  
Who thinks himself a "hit"  
And acts as if nothing is right  
Unless he's doing it.

And though it's true men of this type  
Are found in any race  
On higher jobs midst worthwhile folks,  
They're surely out of place.

Because a man with the swell head  
Who holds himself aloof,  
Oft times will curse an honest soul  
And censure him with scoff.

Yet there are men above these "great"  
Who love each fellow man  
And daily strive to cheer the world  
With a most righteous plan.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
March 25, 1931.

## At Snowing

The hills and vales are magical  
With jolly banks of snow,  
And greeting fluffy star-like things  
Where only ramblers go;  
While midst the twigs with luscious seeds  
A redbird softly sings  
A festive song to its dear pal,  
Close by in mellow weeds.

Down in the glen of lacy ferns  
The drifting flakes erect  
A mound before the chipmunk's door,  
Without a slight defect.  
The bounding stream on the hillside  
Is chanting o'er and o'er  
A melody whose theme concerns  
Two elfs on a snowslide.

So fanciful the falling snow  
Embellishes the scenes,  
A seeing eye hardly conceives  
Just what each picture means.  
And while the flakes are coming down  
Like autumn's fall of leaves,  
We long to journey where they go  
By ocean, farm or town.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
February 19, 1931.

## Baby's Ways

When baby coos,  
Umm-naa-noo-noos,  
And tries to creep to you,  
And all the while  
Displays a smile  
And lovely eyes of blue;  
Or if it tries  
To hide those eyes  
'Neath hands of innocence,  
And softly coos,  
Umm-naa-noo-noos,  
Our joy becomes immense.

How true this mirth  
Is more than worth  
The fortunes mortals seek,  
For baby's ways  
Gladden the days  
Of hero and the meek.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 16, 1930.



## Charming Road

On riding out the modern trail  
Upon the top of hills,  
We see the lovely of the vale  
And source of many rills.

We stop the car on friendly knoll  
To look about the west,  
And watch some dozen cattle stroll  
Into a grove for rest.

As we enjoy the distant scene  
And taste of nature's worth,  
We seem to see in the ravine  
A paradise on earth.

Then onward at the picnic place  
Where oak and walnut dwell,  
We stop an hour to note the grace  
And mystic of the dell.

Then with regret at the old lane  
We homeward turn the car,  
And listen to a wren's refrain  
Come drifting from afar.

There are upon this modern way  
So many pleasing things,  
You need to tour it but one day  
To know the joy it brings.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 12, 1930.  
September 17, 1930.  
October 16, 1930.  
July 3, 1931.

## Intrusion

One July day at the noontide  
We saw a minnow try to hide  
About a clump of arrow-head,  
Lone jewel of the lea brook's bed.

But soon it hurried from this place  
Like lightning through the clouded space,  
And sought for safety by the ledge  
Along the water's western edge.

Now moccasin close on the trail  
Twice tried to nab it by the tail,  
As though it knew we were near by  
To only learn which was most sly.

But when it spied us standing there,  
It surely felt a touch of scare,  
Because it darted down the stream  
And left minnow to play and dream.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
August 8, 1930.

## ICICLES

Drip, drop, drip,  
Freeze, freeze, freeze,  
So nature builds  
In perfect ease  
Crystal spires  
Reaching down  
To deck the earth  
With icy crown.

Drip, drop, drip,  
Freeze, freeze, freeze,  
On ledge and eaves  
And stately trees  
Rain becomes  
Threads of ice  
Wove in designs  
Apt and precise.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
January 17, 1930.

On Merry Song

The critics say it's foolishness  
To write of happiness,  
Because it is a worn-out theme  
Not worth one rhyming scheme.

Yet there are poets by the score  
Who write of joyous lore,  
In the belief their little songs  
Will please the mortal throngs.

And if by chance their lines of mirth  
Reveal some happy worth;  
Perhaps the critics will be wrong  
On writing merry song.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
July 16, 1930.

The Pastor

A worthy pal is he  
Of true simplicity.

At work or tea,  
With smile courtly  
He is the choicest glee.

He greets the toil of day  
As though it were but play;  
And those astray  
The righteous way  
Know what his words convey.

Yet morning, noon or night  
A yarn is his delight  
Of boyish sleight  
Through skill and might,  
He surely was a fright.

But he will always be  
In world-wide history,  
Of high degree  
And most happy  
Doing his ministry.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 13, 1929.

Laudatory.

When the wind sends leaves before it  
Like whitecaps on a lake,  
And they dance a morbid schottish  
From morn till next daybreak,  
The trees intone a calm refrain  
In honor to the fall;  
The music of the unseen harp  
Is ecstasy for all.

Perhaps the realm of autumn days  
Garbed in fantastic hues,  
Is just a bit of paradise  
Tinted by frosted dews;  
For the woodland mites and giants  
Seen humble and alone,  
Awaiting their eternal fate  
Before a judgement throne.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
October 24, 1929.

## Establish An Airport!

In this day of swift progression,  
With its flapper and the sport,  
It is true the modern city  
Has an up-to-date airport;  
For no town or lively village  
Can amount to very much,  
If it fails to make provision  
For the aeroplane and such.

So we must be up and doing  
And progressive with the day,  
By the building of an airport  
On the premier airway;  
Then the blimp and plane and airship  
Will have logged in their report,  
Much of praise for our dear Cambridge  
And its excellent airport.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 7, 1929.

## A Ballad Of Perry's Den

Friends, come with me to Perry's Den,

And picnic while we can

In this refreshing wholesome glen,

Once fastness of a man

Who spurned all laws in ugly way

For only selfish gain,

And did it like a child at play,

Unthoughtful of its stain.

Here we will dine within the shade

Of a fine sylvan king,

Who know the man who often stayed

Close by the ancient spring,

Where it is said he dared to keep

Much of the stolen stock,

So slyly hid, when night was deep,

Beneath the horseshoe rock.

After the feast, then we will roam

About the sharp ravine,

Where the remains of his firm home

Are plainly to be seen.

And then the place where he was shot

Near by a sturdy tree,

Is now a fragrant woodland spot

Where all is wild and free.



A Ballad Of Perry's Den

Then a fern nook or precipice

Or where he made the leap,

We may enjoy in hearty bliss

Before the stars must peep,

And signal to us it is time

To homeward make our way,

And thank the Master of all clime

For a most joyous day.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
August 13, 1929.

June 20, 1931.

Lines On A Memorial

We carve upon the shaft of time  
Below its crown of fame,  
Our sentiments in homely rhyme  
Which ever shall proclaim  
Our praise and honor for each one  
Who battled for the cause,  
To found an ideal nation  
Governed by righteous laws.

We promise to never forget  
The price they gladly paid  
To clear themselves of tyrant's threat,  
And curse of the blockade.  
We vow to be, as these forbears,  
A zealous patriot,  
And guard our freedom from the snares  
Of a destructive plot.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
July 5, 1929.

That Which Must Be

When the wind blows  
The smoke swiftly goes  
Into the apparent nothingness,  
Leaving no trace  
Of its high place  
In the course of each nation's progress.

Thus it shall be  
With mortals like me,  
When we waste in those fields of the dead;  
And in our place  
Youth will efface  
Our doings and plan anew instead.

On Christmas Greetings

In the multitude of greetings  
Published for the Christmas time,  
There is nothing to be written  
That you cannot find in rhyme.

So an old familiar message  
Of the Yuletide's happiness,  
Comes to you with welcome friendship  
And best wishes for success.

Though it falters in its purpose  
Like a trifling messenger,  
It desires to be expressive  
Of the best time of the year.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
December 23, 1927.  
" " 18, 1929.

## On Safety First

Did you ever, ever ponder  
In your daily bit of strife,  
Why your helpers often wonder  
Why you risk your precious life  
As you labor for a living  
For your graceful family,  
When you trifle with a "something"  
Not as safe as it should be?

For your home and self and dear ones  
You should always be on guard,  
Lest you meet with the misfortunes  
Which might make it very hard  
For your wife or your dependents  
To be living as they should,  
Because you fostered arguments  
Why "Safety Firsts" were no good.

What Would You Have Done?

Just what would you have done  
For the building of our nation,  
Had you dwelled in Lexington  
On the day of Revolution?

Would you have been traitor  
To the minuteman and farmer,  
Had they made you messenger  
To the neighboring villager?

Would you have been numbered  
Among the first eight massacred,  
When that enemy ordered  
The patriots to be scattered?

Just what you would have done,  
Gives true prestige to this question:  
Are you not proud to be one  
Who supports The Foremost Nation?

The Ghost Of Battle Ridge

On Battle Ridge at mid of night  
A ghost always appears,  
And walks about as though in fright  
Like one stricken with fears,  
A dozen steps it seems to take,  
And then it disappears  
Just like the ripples on a lake  
Beneath old haunted piers.

In years gone by when white men came  
To claim the virgin lands,  
They made warfare and laid the blame  
On friendly Shawnee's bands.  
Upon this ridge of battle's fame  
They murdered the Red Man,  
As though it honored Christian's name  
To slay an Indian.

Should you desire to see this ghost,  
Go there on any night  
And make yourself a perfect host  
To this gruesome old sprite;  
And when it comes up from the earth,  
Forget your thoughts of fright,  
Because it will afford more mirth  
Than a magician's sleight.

The Book Of American  
Poetry, 1929.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
October 28, 1927.

DEAN & COMPANY

112 FOURTH AVENUE ————— NEW YORK CITY

PUBLISHERS



August 9, 1928

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
421 Clark St.,  
Cambridge, Ohio

Dear Mr. Shimp:

I have selected your poem "THE GHOST OF BATTLE  
RIDGE" for use in THE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY. A  
printer's proof will be mailed to you before the  
book goes to press.

Sincerely yours

*Joseph Dean*  
Joseph Dean, Editor

JD/AC



A VERSE FOR TO-DAY

Lindberg, good will ambassador  
And model U. S. youth,  
Honored his name with endless fame,  
Like everlasting truth;  
Because he dared to go alone  
Upon the modern quest  
O'er woodland way and ocean spray,  
To face the supreme test  
Of winning over countless odds  
To fix a new air-lane,  
For everyone beneath the sun  
Who longs to go by plane,  
To only visit far-off lands  
Where pleasures seem to dwell.  
And we are glad our charming lad  
Performed the job so well.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
June 11, 1927.

## RHYME OF THE BARDS

We are born in dingy towns  
And on the pleasant farms,  
In the homes of expert clowns,  
And those of richest charms.

We sing of maids and heroes,  
Of crutches and armchairs,  
Dragon flies and buffaloes,  
Dramas and county fairs.

Forest nooks and lonely plains,  
Pathways and avenues,  
Surely are perfect domains  
For seeking rhythmic views.

And the four winds inspire us,  
Like waves of any sea,  
With their cadence and their fuss  
Of model melody.

We try to shun the honors  
Often conferred on us.  
Praises belong to mothers  
Whose child is a genius.

We shall sing of everything  
Bygone or likely new,  
And our songs will please a king  
And other folks like you.

On The Passing Of Interurban Cars

Perhaps some bard of the future time  
Will immortalize in perfect rhyme,  
The passing of interurban cars,  
By relating the particulars  
Of a ride down through the countryside  
With the lass he wanted for his bride.

Yet his theme might be about that day  
He rode an old extra down the way,  
To a grove where friends were sure to be  
With those pleasing foods we like to see,  
And some trickish games for every one  
Who cared to partake of their good fun.

Perchance it will be a jolly plot  
Of numerous things folks have forgot,  
When he relates in excellent rhyme  
How interurbans rewarded time,  
By helping the world in its progress  
With a real service of usefulness.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
February 19, 1927.

In Memoriam - The Shenandoah Disaster

They ventured onward like the pioneer,  
Beyond the last milestone of sacrifice,  
That our honored nation might disperse fear  
From every skyway, of war's awful vice.  
Martyrs of progress were frightfully born  
Of the shifting terror that fateful morn.

Though much is forgot with each passing year  
And folklore makes facts seem merely untrue,  
Our children's children shall justly revere  
The faithful pilot and his valient crew,  
As time re-echoes the charge of success:  
"Every man stick to his post regardless!"

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
September 2, 1926.

A Bookfellow Anthology 1928.

## MARIETTA COLLEGE

CHARTERED 1835  
MARIETTA, OHIO

OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN  
GEORGE J. BLAZIER

Oct. 26, 1926.

Mr. E.H. Shimp,  
421 Clark Street,  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Shimp:-

The Library received the book sent by yourself, "A book-fellow anthology, 1926" while I was on vacation and an extended trip therefore it has not been acknowledged as it should have been. I wish to thank you for the work and especially as you have made contributions thereto. I am especially interested in your "To the king at Sycamore".

I was interested also in you since you live at Cambridge a place which I was and am proud to call my old home, rather the country east of the city. I was graduated from the high school there in 1908 and worshipped at the Presbyterian Church. I have many old friends there at present.

Hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you some time, I am,

Very truly yours,

*Geo. J. Blazier*  
Librarian.

To The King At Sycamore.

O, sluggish stream of my home land,  
You are a pious helping hand.  
Your clayish banks and shaly bed  
Divide the hills and push ahead  
Across the leas so serpent-like,  
Seeking no obstacles to strike.  
With drowsy gait you move along  
Humming a silent merry song  
Which you were taught to always sing,  
In the creation's christening.

I am quite sure by days of yore,  
Youth crowns you king at Sycamore,  
Where jocund boy on summer's day  
Loves but to dive and swimming play;  
Then when you clothe snugly with ice  
Skating becomes their paradise.

I ask this boon: speak unto me,  
Relate your page of history,  
For it conceals obscurely much  
On which no mortal thought can touch.  
Sure I would give my little store  
To know the treasures in your lore.

Though you are very taciturn  
You have one trait for which I yearn,  
When I go down that lonely trail

An Arbor Day Message.

Picture a desolate and barren land  
Of wind-gullied hills and valleys of sand,  
Where no vegetation dares to appear  
And bring in its coming life's wholesome cheer,  
Lest mankind should ravage like the dumb brute  
And destroy the seedlings of every fruit.

Here once stately trees held their merry play  
To the pleasant songs at dawning of day,  
Of the birds to the beasts and streamlet friends  
In the still pool where the rivulet bends;  
But now ghastly ruin lurks everywhere  
And with its vigor makes scenes of despair.

These words are a painting of what shall be,  
Should you and I neglect to plant a tree.  
And I think someone might suggest or ask  
Of our good citizens this little task,  
Always plant a tree for the one you fall,-  
This charitable deed's a boon to all.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
April 16, 1925.

To The King At Sycamore. (con't)

Into the dark concealing vale,  
You still shall play as in my youth  
And never be the least uncouth.

*The Daily Jeffersonian,*  
*May 9, 1931.*  
*July 16, 1925.*



### The Groundhog's Intellect

The weather-man is often right  
Forecasting storms and that,  
But there's one creature on our farm  
To whom he doffs his hat,  
Although I know when damp winds blow  
The fowls show their alarm.

He lives beyond the old wheat field,  
Down by the rugged vale,  
Where he can study nature's ways  
And all her changes hail.  
Could one elsewhere better prepare  
Sun-charts for future days?

I spied on him last summer's eve,  
And I was sure in luck,  
Because I found out this one thing,  
He was just a woodchuck  
The Maker gave a task to brave,  
When winter yearns for spring.

And if you think your thoughts deride  
The groundhog's intellect,  
I ask you this square to your face,  
Have many folks respect  
For what you say or how you play?  
If not, you're out of place.

- Ellis H. Shimp.

On Santa Claus

Dear friends and people one and all  
Of any nation great or small,  
If someone says Santa's a fraud  
Tell him his mind is not so broad;  
Now ev'ry person of command  
Should gladly take this gallant stand.

We know it's true when we were youths  
We loved to hear the many truths  
Of Santa Claus and his deer team;  
Of how he comes while children dream  
To linger at the hearthstone's place,  
And of his kissing ev'ry face  
From darling babe to mother dear  
So they would know the Yuletide's cheer.  
And strange indeed without inquire  
He gave each child its heart's desire.

Why should we think though older now  
And wrinkles show upon the brow,  
He is a myth of queer falsehood  
To gratify life's great childhood?  
Can we forget the joys he brought  
And how he thrilled the youthful thought?

If many folks agree with this  
We think this maxim not amiss:  
Let no-one say without just cause  
There is no toyland Santa Claus.

Thanksgiving Song.

Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day's a treat,  
With pumpkin pie,  
With pumpkin pie,  
And roasted turkey meat.

Yet we must thank the Donor  
For all that he bestows,  
With humble prayers of honor,-  
The comfort of our woes.  
So let us sing our songs of praise,  
In many quaint and homely ways.

Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day's a treat,  
With warm mince pie,  
With warm mince pie,  
And cider hard and sweet.

Let Us Pray.

It is true he is dead;  
But still he lives  
Within each yankee heart,  
A genial, goodly, kindly man,  
Just plain American.

He died at the helm  
As a sailor lad  
Who sails the briny deep;  
But his ship sails on,  
And on, and on,  
To the port of righteousness.

Honor his name  
With songs of praise,  
And let thy praise be heard.  
But now let us pray,  
And pray, and pray,  
For him, our home, and land.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
August 3, 1923.

Thanksgiving Song.

Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day's a treat,  
With pumpkin pie,  
With pumpkin pie,  
And roasted turkey meat.

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For all that he bestows,  
With humble prayers of honor,-  
The comfort of our woes.  
So let us sing our songs of praise,  
In many quaint and homely ways.

Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day,  
Thanksgiving day's a treat,  
With warm mince pie,  
With warm mince pie,  
And cider hard and sweet.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
December 1, 1923.

Shadows.

When shadows break with morning  
And everything's astir,  
New friends arrive from darkest shore,  
The heart forgets life's blur.

When shadows fall with evening  
And everything is stilled,  
Our mate departs for distant realms  
And equal love is killed.

When love has gone before us,  
And shadows distant bloom,  
We long to see their circle built  
Where faith shall always loom.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
June 21, 1923.

A Bookfellow Anthology 1926.

Cyrus Stout's Valentine.

This is about  
Young Cyrus Stout.  
One day of valentines,  
His best of girls  
Had lost her curls,  
With broken-hearted whines.

So Cyrus thought  
Rather a lot,  
Of how he'd make her smile.  
Some cracker-jack  
And mixed hard-tack  
Would surely be her style.

But she cared not  
For what he brought  
And placed before her feet.  
She sighed and cried,  
And cried and sighed,  
Her actions showed deceit.

Cyrus was brave,  
And not a slave  
To failure and its throne;  
With a resolve  
He swore to solve  
Some way to change her tone.

So through his art,  
He built a heart  
As pretty as could be.  
Upon first sight,  
She spread delight,-  
Dan Cupid blessed the three.

-Aunt Polly.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
February 14, 1923.

June 9, 1952

Dear Mr. Shimp:

I have your letter regarding the Bookfellows and was glad to hear from you. It is my understanding that all of the Bookfellow assets have been turned over to the library of Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, although I have received no official notification, so to speak, to that effect. Friends have told me that there was a story in the Chicago Tribune-- two or three months ago it must have been-- regarding the transaction, and I inferred that there was a possibility that the Step Ladder might be published again. I have been in bad health for the past few years and have not been able to get about and meet people who might give me accurate information. However, I have written the librarian at Knox College and no doubt shall hear from him in time.

Sincerely yours,

*Rachel Albright*  
4511 Hazel Street  
Chicago 40, Ill.

Mrs. Seymour died in December, 1948-- I believe it was-- and her magazine was discontinued some months before her death.





BOOK PUBLISHERS  
SINCE 1905

# THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

2231 West 110th Street • Cleveland 2 • Ohio

1962,

A Special Offer  
to authors included in  
OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

As one of the authors included in this important new reference volume, we are sure you will be particularly interested in the recently published OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS. Including biographical and bibliographical data on almost 5,000 authors, Ohioans by birth or by residence between the years 1796 and 1950, the book has been hailed as a graphic demonstration of Ohio's extensive and diverse literary history.

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A special discount of 20% is offered ONLY to authors included in this work - which means the price to you is only \$14.00 per copy. Certainly this volume belongs in your reference library. Please use the enclosed specially marked coupon for ordering copies at your author's discount.

Cordially,

Bernard S. Deeter  
Sales Manager

Sing a Hymn for Mother.

Sing a hymn for mother  
Often every day;  
Kindly love for mother  
Is life's fondest play.

She is ever praying  
For her child's welfare,  
She is always guiding  
With most tender care,  
Lest youth's steps are tempted  
To the heathen's lust,  
Lest youth's soul is wasted  
On the desert's dust.

Sing a hymn for mother  
Often every day;  
Sublime thoughts and mother  
Cheer home's love-linked way.

The Curfew Must Not Ring On Hallowe'en.

The curfew must not ring tonight  
And home children from their delight.  
They long to play or steal about  
The neighbor's house and slyly scout  
Each shaded nook for old man Gloom,  
Lest he should chase them with a broom,  
Before the ghosts have first performed  
And the whole town is thunder-stormed.  
Who wants to be in quarantine  
On Hallowe'en, on Hallowe'en?

In costumes weird they congregate  
In parties gay 'bout half-past-eight;  
Some frolic here, some frolic there;  
One pumpkin face steals everywhere.  
Handfuls of corn are fiercely cast  
And windows creak with notes aghast,  
Waking the folks who have retired  
To dream of youth and youth admired.  
Children should rule as king or queen  
On Hallowe'en, on Hallowe'en.

'Tis true someone hotly declares  
To him who tends the city's cares,  
That he should lock up every child  
Who's out tonight and joyful wild.  
They'll harm no more than this crank did  
When he was but a roughish kid.  
Listen good folks, your ears this way.  
Once we were young; together say,  
The curfew must not ring tonight  
And home children from their delight.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
October 31, 1922.  
October 31, 1924.

Muskingum College  
J. KNOX MONTGOMERY, PRESIDENT  
New Concord, Ohio

February 20, 1924

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
Cambridge, O.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

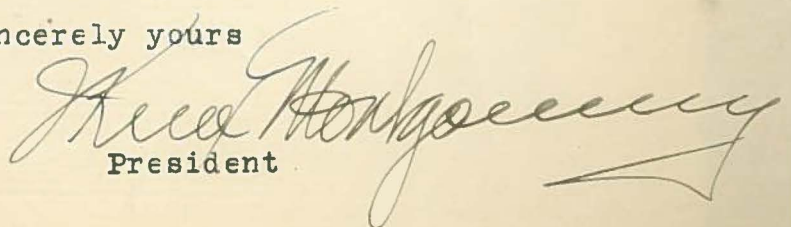
Your communication came, but as you know, I have been away from my office almost constantly during the last five or six weeks. I do not profess to be a poet nor a critic of poetry and so I turned your letter with the poem over to our Department of English. You will be interested to have their reaction, which is as follows:

"The ballad stanza is too light and trifling for the subject matter; the whole seems artificial; there is nothing personal nor new to appeal to us; the diction is hackneyed."

Personally, though as I said I am no critic, this seems to me to be a little sweeping, for as I read over your poem, it impressed me rather favorably. I regret that I cannot be of more service to you in properly criticising it.

Thanking you for sending it to me, I am, with all good wishes,

Sincerely yours

  
President

JKM-RRR

The Double Bridge.

Conceive her standing in the prime,  
A useful monument,  
Asking no wealth for aiding time,  
Service bestowed content.

Work aged her nerve-like hand-hewed forms,  
But glorified her name;  
Decay improves the forward storms,  
Destruction fears no shame.

Her courage sleeps with those she knew,  
The builders and their friends;  
Wills creek is watching the years through,  
Much helpfulness it lends.

Within each mind fancy erects  
A jeweled sepulchre,  
Wherein we guard from all neglects:  
Our songs shall honor her.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
Old Home Week,  
October 5, 1921.

Muskingum College  
J. KNOX MONTGOMERY, PRESIDENT  
New Concord, Ohio

February 20, 1924

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
Cambridge, O.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

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Sincerely yours

*J. Knox Montgomery*  
President

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A jeweled sepulchre,  
Wherein we guard from all neglects:  
Our songs shall honor her.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
Old Home Week,  
October 5, 1921.

## In Gratitude

In darkest hours you watched o'er me,  
O, sincere flower of kindness;  
In peace you soothed my misery;  
None else save One could helpful be,  
Midst all your genial warmness.

By your great help I stood the fray,  
O, sincere flower of courage;  
Your happy words, like a child's play  
Solaced my soul by night and day,  
And builded love of endless age.

Your stainless hands my thoughts embrace,  
O, sincere flower of mercy;  
In brightest rays, your smiling face  
Revealed the joy of His good grace,  
And yielded strength's vivacity.

When lasting sleep has silently  
Conveyed you to the Gates of Gold,  
May you awake in lands of free,  
Where love speeds on eternity:-  
The devout nurse deserves this fold.

### IN GRATITUDE

In darkest hours you watched o'er  
me,  
O, sincere flower of kindness;  
In peace you soothed my misery;  
None else save One could helpful be,  
Midst all your genial warmness.

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embrace,  
O, sincere flower of mercy;  
In brightest rays, your smiling face  
Revealed the joy of His good grace,  
And yielded strength's vivacity.

When lasting sleep has silently  
Conveyed you to the Gates of Gold,  
May you awake in lands of free,  
Where love speeds on eternity:-  
The devout nurse deserves this fold.  
Dedicated to the nurses of the Cam-  
bridge hospital for their kindness to  
me during my long illness at that  
place.

MISS ALICE SICKLES.

(written for Alice Sickles)

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
June 2, 1921.



To My Flag.

O, stainless Glory on yon staff,  
I hold my life in thee!  
I live for thee! Love none but thee! -  
Thou spreads fidelity.

O, colors of my sacred faith,  
The red, the white, the blue,  
O, stars and bars of happiness,  
Thy waving thrills me through.

O, symbol of my perfectness,  
Thy white speaks liberty;  
Thy red builds courage in my blood,  
And sincere truth I see.

O, potent Glory on yon staff,  
I pledge my life to thee!  
To fight for thee! To die for thee!  
On every land and sea!

A Praise of Washington.

Today we gladly bow to you,  
Redeemer of our land;  
From out the years of fleeting time  
Your craftsmanship shall stand.

You were the best of Yankee youth,  
You could not tell a lie;  
With deeds upright and chivalrous,  
Your acts all hate defy.

In fitful years and brighter ones  
You built our unity,  
Which we adore in noble thought,  
Praising your victory.

Though days collapse tumultuous,  
We hold your vow intact,  
Keeping the foe from out our midst,-  
No guilt lies in this act.

Of all great men in history,  
You are the fearless one;  
We love to sing your wondrous name,  
Exalted Washington.

Ode to a Warrior.

Gone, but not forgotten,  
Shall our motto be,  
Gone, but not forgotten,  
Warrior of liberty.  
Rightful aims on-pressed you  
In the battle zone;  
Joyous hearts salute you  
On the hero's throne.

May your soul march onward  
In the great White Way,  
When the order's, "Forward!  
The lustrous gates of Play."  
Flowers bloom forever,  
Love, their fragrance be;  
Breathe of your endeavor!  
This is victory.

Gone, but not forgotten,  
Shall our motto be,  
Gone, but not forgotten,  
Warrior of liberty.  
Wasting beds are peaceful;  
Life is half lament;  
Battles end delightful;  
Earth is earth's content.

The Daily Jeffersonian  
May 28,

Revised.

O Man Beloved.

No greater love can nations show  
Than our proud love for you;  
To your plain name we owe our faith,  
You were so kind and true.

In splitting rails you found life's work  
A sublime joy to God.  
By helping all, in pure delight  
You trod the sacred sod.

You made your work magnificent  
With many odds to face,  
For your stern heart never knew fear  
But dwelt in holy grace.

Though traitor brain and vengeful shot  
Silenced your potent speech,  
Your spirit guides us on each day,  
We know what your deeds teach.

The Daily Jeffersonian,  
February 9, 1926.

*February 12, 1921.*

The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library

We are happy to acknowledge receipt of *the book* . . . . .  
which you sent to the Ohioana Library. We deeply appreciate  
your interest and gift in this distinctive Ohio Collection.

Sincerely yours.

Received

*Better Sent Memories  
Howard Blanchard Potts*

Mrs. Depew Head  
Executive Chairman  
Room 1109, State Office Building  
Columbus, Ohio

Publishes Book  
On Ohio Authors

The Ohioana Library's great reference work "Ohio Authors and Their Books, 1796-1950," published by World Publishing Company of Cleveland goes on sale March 12. It contains biographical information and bibliographies or check lists of nearly five thousand Ohio authors. This is the most thorough and comprehensive work ever published on the authors of a single state. *March 3, 1962*

Ellis Howard Shimp

Buffalo, (Guernsey Co.) Ohio

September 7, 1898

Guernsey (1898 - 1944)

Yes

725 6th St. N., Wilson Station, Clairton, Pa.

A member of

the Presbyterian Church . . . an employee of U. S. Steel Corporation since 1918 . . . a judge in the George Sterling prize contest in 1930 . . . in biographical dictionaries of American poets . . . a member of the Bookfellows, the Pymatuning Group, the Wildflower Society and various Masonic bodies. One whose hobby is that of sauntering, having discovered the art of walking an interesting and enjoyable pastime; who takes time to "see life steadily and see it whole," and then transfers his vision to print for more hasty walkers to enjoy.

Remorse and Other Poems (1921) . . . "Rhymes of a Shriner" in Aladdin's Lamp (Columbus, Ohio) since 1925 . . . "Notes of a Saunterer" weekly in The Jeffersonian (Cambridge, Ohio) 1932 - 1943 Golden Wedding (1944). Among other publications in which his more than 400 sketches and verse have appeared are The Step Ladder, The Children's Hour, Religious Telescope, Wilson Presbyterian, Bird-Lore, Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Illinois Arbor and Bird Days, Household Journal, Aad News, Cyprus News, U. S. Steel Corp. Safety News Letter, Columbus Dispatch, Fellowship Forum, Book of American Poetry, Poems for Mother, and A Bookfellow Anthology.

(1948)

Association Will  
Hold Celebration <sup>1962</sup>

Recent publication of its mammoth reference work, "Ohio Authors and Their Books", will be celebrated by The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association at a luncheon Saturday, April 18, at 1 p. m. at Green Meadows Country Inn, north of Worthington.

Presentation of a Special Ohioana Citation "for producing a contribution to the literary culture of our state that every Ohioan can glory in" will be made to the editor, Dr. William Coyle, English professor at Wittenberg University.

THE JEFFERSONIAN COMPANY

Publishers

THE DAILY JEFFERSONIAN

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO

FRANK B. AMOS  
PRESIDENT

December 17, 1946

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
725 Sixth Street, North,  
Wilson Station,  
Clairton, Pennsylvania.

Dear Ellis:

Thank you very much for copy of your little book, which has just reached me. It is unusually attractive in format and, of course, the material is very appealing. We are making reference to it in THE JEFFERSONIAN.

With warmest Christmas greetings.

Sincerely yours,

A Christmas Miscellany.



FRANK B. AMOS.

FBA/mk

# THE JEFFERSONIAN COMPANY

Publishers

THE DAILY JEFFERSONIAN

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO

FRANK B. AMOS  
PRESIDENT

May 23, 1946

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
725 Sixth Street,  
North Wilson Station,  
Clairton, Pennsylvania.

Dear Ellis:

I owe you an apology for the delay in answering your note of April 29th regarding "Notes of a Saunterer." Harry gave me it several days after he received it since he does not get into the office regularly. At that time I tried my best to figure out how we could use anything more that requires typesetting.

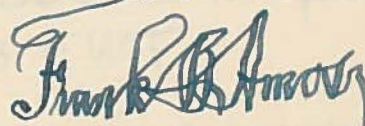
We are badly up against a situation where we find it difficult to get type set on the daily spot news. For some time we have been trying to get another linotype operator but they are very scarce. The situation is so serious that a number of very fine features having to do with matters here locally that are of special interest to most of our subscribers have to be left out because we cannot get the type set.

I am being very frank with you on this, especially because Mrs. Amos has always enjoyed your writings and I should like to see them continued. At this time, however, we simply cannot take on anything else.

Thank you very much for writing these two "Notes" and for giving us this opportunity.

With best regards.

Sincerely yours,

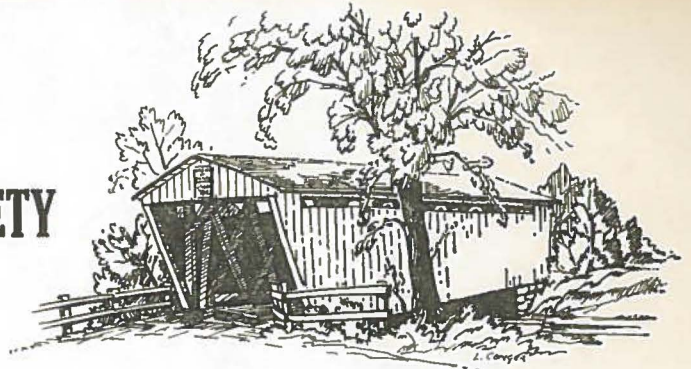


FRANK B. AMOS.

FBA/mk



**NORTHERN OHIO  
COVERED BRIDGE SOCIETY**



6622 Balsam Dr.  
Bedford Hts., Ohio 44146  
June 3, 1974

Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State St.  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp,

I received your correspondence to The N.O.C.B.S. in my week end mail. The Bedford Library forwards to me anything they receive since we no longer meet there. I will do as your note says as who is to receive your book.

Thank you very much for the Guernsey Co. Book. We are always fooking for additional facts about covered bridges. Our historian is working very hard getting data and he will be more than pleased to be able to add to his fact-finding files. He brings very interesting displays to our meetings.

Some people will ask if they will be able to purchase a copy for themselves. Would you let me know if this is possible and as to the price and address.

May I extend an invitation to you to attend our annual picnic. It will be 12:00 noon, Aug. 4th at Beaver Creek State Park, near the Tom Malone Covered Bridge (just east of Rt. 7, North of East Liverpool). As this is pot luck, we ask the picnickers to bring their place setting and something to share - a covered dish or pickles or rolls just anything. It would be nice if you would be able to come and bring one or two or three folks with you.

Thank you again for your book.

Sincerely Yours,

*Pat Eierman*  
Mrs. Eierman

# The Columbus Dispatch

OHIO'S GREATEST  
HOME DAILY



EVENINGS  
AND SUNDAY

COLUMBUS, OHIO

October 20, 1934

E. H. Shimp  
627 N. Ninth street  
Cambridge, Ohio

Dear Sir:

The judges of the Big Ten Football Contest of October 7, 1934, have awarded you the first prize of \$25 for your nearest correct answers in the contest.

Enclosed you will find the check for \$25.

Thanking you for your interest in our contest, we are

Very truly yours,

The Columbus Dispatch

A handwritten signature in green ink, which appears to read 'S. R. Phillips', is written over the printed name below.

S. R. Phillips  
Football Editor

SRP/MY

No! - It seems to me that these verses - "Desire" -  
leave much to be desired!

Mr. Thompson, the bookseller here, was delighted  
yesterday to get the five copies of "The Crowning Years."

So very many thanks for the Arbor and Bird Days booklet!

It's charming.

C.S.

DESIRE

I wish I were a rhymer  
Like writers of true songs,  
Since there are neglected things  
Which cheer the human throngs.

Why poets have forgotten  
To write these pleasing themes,  
Urges me to try and make  
Some clever rhyming schemes.

I wish this bit of talent  
So I can scatter fun  
By writing homely verses  
For friends and anyone.

-Ellis H. Shimp

THE JEFFERSONIAN COMPANY, INC.  
PUBLISHERS  
THE DAILY JEFFERSONIAN  
CAMBRIDGE, OHIO



August 4, 1925.

Mr. E. H. Shimp,  
421 Clark St.,  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Sir :

Permit us to congratulate you upon your successful entry in The Jeffersonian Ad-Writing Contest.

We, as well as the business men who participated in this contest appreciate your interest and we trust that you will enjoy the prize which is enclosed herewith.

With best wishes, we are

Very truly yours,

THE JEFFERSONIAN COMPANY, INC.

*J. H. Wick*  
Advertising Manager.

LBM/SR

<b>COMPLIMENTARY</b>	
C. & M. Amusement Co.	Cambridge, Ohio
Admit	<u>E. H. Shimp</u>
<small>NOT TRANSFERABLE</small>	
<b>STRAND—COLONIAL</b>	
Account of	<u>Jeffersonian Ad-Contest</u>
Attraction	<u>August, 1925</u>
<i>Thomas E. Wagner</i> <small>MANAGER</small>	

**:: The Step Ladder ::**

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF BOOKLY ASCENT  
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE ORDER OF BOOKFELLOWS

EDITORS

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR  
GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE  
JOHN G. NEIHARDT

1223 ~~1217~~ EAST 53RD STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

March 29, 1929

Dear Friend and Fellow;-

I liked the lilt of the enclosed verses, and as you had invited criticism on them (as every true poet should), I sent copies to two of our poetic Bookfellows and asked for their reaction.

Clinton Scollard's "No" is jotted on the top of one of the copies.

Curtis Hidden Page, who is President of the Poetry Society of America, also returns an adverse verdict.

So I guess we must recommend that you try again.

Your good Bookfellowly spirit is very much appreciated by me.

Cordially and sincerely yours

*George Steele Seymour*

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
J. V. DENNEY  
J. R. TAYLOR  
G. H. MCKNIGHT  
W. L. GRAVES  
L. A. COOPER  
E. L. BECK  
V. A. KETCHAM  
C. E. ANDREWS  
M. PERCIVAL  
J. F. CRAIG  
B. W. WILEY

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

W. O. THOMPSON, PRESIDENT

Columbus, Ohio, February 21, 1921.

Ellis P. Shimp,  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

I have been so busy of late getting my work under way for the second semester that I have not attended to the letter I had meant to write to you. And even now I shall have to be a bit brief. But there are some things I'd like to say about the verses, in the belief that writing them gives you pleasure and that you are sincere in the wish to make them better.

If I were talking to one of the members of my class in versification who had handed me a lot of such things as yours to criticize I should tell him something like this:

First of all, hold yourself strictly to accuracy in the matter of rhyme. On pages 20 and 21, for instance, poor and floors do not rhyme, neither do realms and overwhelm. You have many such approximate rhymes, such as sex and pretext, sear and years, nod and clods, soul and tolls. Verse writers must force themselves to perfect accord in the words they wish to use as rhymes.

You are not always careful in the mere grammar of your sentences. On page 18, "each see" should be each sees, as each is a singular word. On page 25, you have "veins does" for veins do, a plural subject with a singular verb. Such errors would of course throw out your verse with an editor. By the way, try to avoid the necessity of using do and does before your verbs. Nearly all beginners use this construction, in order to get the rhymes easier; but it is bad form to do it. Get a phrasing which will enable you to do without these expletives, as they are called.

You are uneven in your rhythms. Some of your verses limp along, with broken rhythm; others flow easily and smoothly. Compare the poems on pages 20 and 32. The first, after the two opening stanzas, stumbles along; the second moves with even rhythm throughout. Your long poem Remorse, too, has many rough verses. It is a matter of practice, and of care more than anything else, for you seem to have a true ear for the rhythms when you want to have. Do you read a great deal of good verse? You ought to, for it is by reading, and especially by reading aloud, that you will come to recognize the difference between well-wrought lines and faulty ones.

This is the kind of suggestion I make to my students. I hope you are willing to accept criticism. I can see that you write for the pure pleasure of it; and for most of us our own pleasure will have to be enough, as few write well enough to get across with editors. You have good ideas. Remorse is an interesting conception, I think. Your nature observations should be continued, with an effort to see farther into nature than the mere outside events like the falling of leaves and the coming of the snow. Watch closely the landscape, the birds, look and listen, and then try to get your impressions into words full of suggestiveness to the imagination. Here again reading will help. But do not imitate. The poems I like best in your collection are "The Weather-Tellers' Song," even though "the cock, he strut" is bad English; "The Storm," which has almost as vivid a vocabulary as that old poem "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore;" "Evening," "Philosophy," and "Which?" In this last, you can improve the verses by revising. The last line is not good. And the line, "Each cultivate his seed," is not clear. You probably mean, let each cultivate his seed.

WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES  
21 COLUMBIA COURT  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Columbus, Ohio, January 23, 1921.

Mr. E.H. Shimp,  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

The copy of your verses addressed to the professor of American Literature has come to my hands, and I have been looking it over. Thank you for letting us see your attempts. I take it that you do not regard yourself as a full-fledged poet, from what you say in your preface about "the gang" and your motives in printing. I should be foolish to deny that these verses have many faults, so far as form goes. One can't write verse without knowing the hows and whys. But I should also be foolish to deny that you evidently have a marked natural "knack" at rhyming, and a facility with these efforts which, if applied, ought to give you a lot of pleasure. I have tried verse myself, and sold some; but most of it I have had to rejoice over without the assistance of editors. If I had a chance, and I thought you would take it kindly, I think I could show you where some of the roughnesses of your lines might be ironed out.

If you should take a notion to write me a letter, I'd be pleased.

Yours very truly,

Ohio State University,  
Department of English,  
Columbus, Ohio.

W. L. Graves.

THE WEATHER-TELLER'S SONG.

The clouds were tinged a purple-red,  
When morning onward sped;  
A storm will come,  
A storm will come,  
They tried, they tried to hum.

Faint sound was heard o'er mile and mile:-  
The cock strut 'round awhile;  
Then proudly crew,  
Then proudly crew,  
Wet winds, wet winds rebrew.

The prophets of the feathered air,  
Regard this blushing scare,  
As they refrain,  
As they refrain,  
Sure sign, sure sign of rain.

A higher voice than yours or mine,  
To all has been benign;  
That's why I say,  
That's why I say,  
A storm, a storm today.

WHICH ?

Life is just a flower;  
We cultivate our seed;  
Shall it be in badness,  
Or in a manly deed?

If it be in badness,  
Glory may come to you;  
Though it be the other,  
His love abides with you.



## DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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## THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

W. O. THOMPSON, PRESIDENT

Well, I have tried to point some merits and some defects in this little booklet. I should be glad to see other verses of yours, and especially to know whether you care for such advice as I have given. If you will get yourself a little book called, I believe, "The Art of Writing Verse," by H. Carruth, published by the Macmillan Co., you will find some excellent suggestions, with examples of verse and the criticism given it by Dr. Carruth. Any bookstore will order the volume for you.

With good wishes for yourself and your writing, I am  
Sincerely yours,

*W. L. Graves*

Evening.

The battle's won, the sun retreats,  
The moon leads on the fray,  
Her army comes with twinkling eye  
To carry off the day.

The insects usher forth themselves  
To play their merry tune,  
They lull the song-birds' lullabies  
And wake the sly racoon.

The winds come blowing fresh anew,  
So sweet, so true and mild.  
The owls' rude hootings echo forth  
From rocky woodlands wild.

The fox goes hunting for its prey  
Down by the crooked creek.  
The evening rest from daily toil  
Gives vigor to the weak.

The clash brings on the darker hours,  
Sleep takes the weary souls,  
Dreams bring visions of happy days,  
The curfew silent tolls.

## THE STORM.

With a rumbling,  
And roaring and raving,  
And groaning and moaning,  
And floundering and thundering,  
And clashing and flashing,  
And ringing and raging,  
And hissing and whizzing,  
And battling and rattling,  
And bumping and thumping,  
Ever humming, marks the coming of the storm.

Touching, sprinkling,  
And sliding and striking,  
And dripping and hitting,  
And pattering and spattering,  
And bubbling and gurgling,  
And pouring and streaming,  
And dashing and splashing,  
And spouting and sprawling,  
And brawling while falling,  
It is chiming the notes of the storm's full blast.

Till gathering,  
And quick in assembling,  
And parting and darting,  
And collecting and hastening,  
And speeding and skipping,  
And jumping and bounding,  
And springing and leaping,  
And flying and leaving,  
And hurrying and scurrying,  
And retiring and receding  
By retreating, makes an ending of the storm.

# WATCHTOWER BOOKS

BOX NO. 62

WATERLOO, WISCONSIN

*Michael Anthony Pannelle, B. Litt.*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
(Formerly California Publisher  
of *ARTCRAFT ANTHOLOGIES*)

*Donna B. Brown, M. A.*

Compiler-Editor: *Watchtower Anthologies*  
(Former Editor of the  
*American Poetry Magazine*)

July 5, 1938.

Mr. Ellis Shimp,

421 Clark St.,

Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Shimp:

At the kind personal suggestion of Mr.

Anton Romatka, N. Y. Editor, you are cordially invited

to submit 4/5 poems.

We anticipate your MSS. with pleasure.

Cordially,

*Donna B. Brown, M.A.*  
WATCHTOWER BOOKS

DBB:MSc

PHILOSOPHY.

With virgin thought  
And heart as gold,  
Go forth and show  
Your kindness, bold.  
So if you see  
One down and out,  
Take off your coat  
And help him out.  
And as you write  
Your book of life,  
Blot out that page  
Of ugly strife,  
And make your love  
A sacred one,  
By giving alms  
As though in fun;  
For you shall reap  
A harvest great,  
By doing good  
In any strait.

Let temptation  
Take not your hands;  
Keep a footing  
On moral strands,  
For other folks  
Observe each trait,  
And hate them if  
They be slow gait.  
So shun old Sin  
With all his crime,  
As his crops fall  
Each lapse of time.  
Act your duty  
In great and small,  
To be a MAN  
The first of all.

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BOSTON



April 22, 1949

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
Clairton  
Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Shimp:

As we are preparing our book list for the coming season, I am writing to ask if you have any manuscript you may wish to have us consider with a view to publication.

Our list of publications includes a wide range of subjects, as you doubtless know, and I can assure you that any manuscript you may submit will receive our careful attention.

I trust that we may have the pleasure of hearing from you, even though you have nothing ready at this time.

Very truly yours,

*Arthur J. Christopher*

AC/CD

**DORRANCE & COMPANY INC.**

**PUBLISHERS  
THE DREXEL BUILDING  
PHILADELPHIA**

EDITORIAL ROOMS

11 October 1934

Ellis H. Shimp, Esq  
627 North 9th St  
Cambridge, Ohio

Dear Mr. Shimp

We wrote you several weeks ago that  
it would give us real pleasure to  
look over your work and extend the  
courtesies of the Editorial Office

The offer was sincerely meant, and  
we hope you will accept it, more  
especially as the Season's Lists  
are now being planned

Yours very sincerely

DORRANCE & COMPANY INC.



Secretary

RM

Longmont, Colo.  
Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> 1922.

Mr. Ellis Shimp.  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Friend:

Thanks for  
the Christmas card.

I felt it a duty to congratulate  
you in your success as  
a poet, and hope you will  
continue to work at this as  
you are certainly gifted in  
that line of work, and you  
might as well be a poet  
as others, as I consider it  
a great work.

Please accept this as  
wishes of your friend.

Very truly  
Clarence Wharton.



# THE CHRISTOPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE

BOSTON, 20, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHERS, IMPORTERS  
AND BOOKSELLERS OF  
GENERAL LITERATURE

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Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
Cambridge  
Ohio

Dear Sir:

As we are preparing our book list for the fall and winter of 1925-1926, I am writing to ask if you have any manuscript that you may wish to have us consider with a view to publication.

Our list of publications includes a wide range of subjects, as you doubtless know, and I can assure you that any manuscript you may submit will receive our careful attention.

I trust that we may have the pleasure of hearing from you, even though you have nothing ready at this time.

Very sincerely yours,

JC/F

*Joseph Christopher*

W. H. FAWCETT,  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ROSCOE FAWCETT,  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HARVEY FAWCETT,  
BUSINESS MANAGER

*Capt. Billy's  
Whiz Bang*

# Fawcett Publications

*True  
Confessions*

Robbinsdale, Minn.

Sept. 28, 1922.

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
421 Clark Street,  
Cambridge, O.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your contribution of recent date, but at present we are so overloaded with copy that we shall have to return it.

Undoubtedly you can place it elsewhere.

Very truly yours,

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS.

*W. H. Fawcett*  
W. H. Fawcett,  
Editor and Publisher.

MB

# THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION

PUBLISHERS OF  
**THE NEW SUCCESS MAGAZINE**

1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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OFFICE OF  
**ROBERT MACKAY,**  
MANAGING EDITOR

May 27, 1921.

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp,  
421 Clark Street,  
Cambridge, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

We sincerely wish that we had sufficient space for all the interesting manuscripts that come to our desk. Unfortunately--owing to the continued paper shortage and other mechanical difficulties--we cannot increase the size of the magazine and we dislike taking anything that we may be unable to use. However, we shall be glad to hear from you provided you have other manuscripts that may seem to have our point of view.

Yours very truly,

THE NEW SUCCESS,

*Robert Mackay*  
Managing Editor.

RM/VG

CANAL NOTES

Our search for additional information concerning the name of a lock on the Ohio and Erie Canal, which disappeared to make way for the Route 36-16 bypass at Newcomerstown, eventually brought us to the home of Myrtle R. Reidenbach and her brother in Port Washington.

She had no answer to our question. However we were happy to learn she possessed pictorial evidence of the old canal. One of the pictures was an original she had painted from an old photograph taken years ago by a member of the family.

Her painting was that of the boat "Watson" which plied the canal. And it like many others of the waterway measured approximately 15 feet wide and 60 feet long.

John Lewis was its captain at the tiller. He had an unusual nickname, "Bill an' Nye" of unknown significance. John lived in Port Washington and with the abandonment of the canal became an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Myrtle has been a resident of Port Washington all of her life, living close to the canal. The Ohio and Erie channel had been dug at the rear of her residence.

She remembers when Browning's Mill at the east of the village was destroyed by fire more than 70 years ago. And of her being warned on various occasions to stay away from the forebay near the water wheel, because that was a dangerous place to be.

Other memories include bountiful seasons of the bygone when many wagon loads of threshed grain would be brought by horses and their owners from the Stone Creek vicinity, to be loaded into freighter boats for the slow journey to buyers at distant ports.  
- (Newcomerstown News, April 27, 1977)

THE GRAND CANAL

Records detailing the opening of the Newcomerstown section of the Ohio and Erie Canal are barely to be found.

However the Ohio Historical Society in its "Canals of Ohio, 1825-1913" says, "In 1829, the 109 miles from Cleveland to Dresden were finished". (This, of course, would include the Newcomerstown section).

Other sources of information found concerning the canal's early days are quoted herewith.

July 15, 1830 - "The Herald" Cleveland, editorial "Ohio Canal - The Newark Gazette states that boats have arrived there from the Lake with Merchandize - the boat Union of Dover, returned to this village (Cleveland) yesterday from Newark a distance of 160 miles".

The Canal Commissioners in their "Report to General Assembly dated Columbus January 11, 1831" documents the arrival of the Union of Dover at Newark "on the 10th day of July last" (1830).

Towpaths, Vol. XII, No. 1, 1974 "Travel on the Canal" by L. W. Richardson - "In 1832 Alexander Phillip Maximillian, Prince of Wied in Renish Prussia arrived in Boston. For the next two years he was to tour the United States, spending most of that time in the far west. (and published) 'Travels in the Interior of North America'.

"(extract from Vol. 24 'Early Western Travels', Arthur H. Clark Co. Cleveland, 1906).

"Returning east in June of 1834, the party traveled up the Ohio River to Portsmouth, thence north to Cleveland on the canal.

"During the night we passed the little villages of WebbSPORT and Roscoe; and at daybreak came to Evansburg and then to New-comerstown, (sic) a village which has now only seven or eight houses. The country around is pleasant and diverse".

The forementioned items came to the attention of the writer through the courtesy of Edith McNally, Editor, Towpaths, Canal Society of Ohio.

Bea (Beatrice Neighbor) Kiser in her writings (c.1961) at the Newcomerstown Public Library, on the local opening of the Ohio and Erie Canal says,

"At first it was called the 'Grand Canal' and the first boat to pass over it was the Union of Dover. Its passage was attended by a huge crowd who cheered it all along the route".

- (Newcomerstown News, November 16, 1977)

#### REGISTERS LIST AREA "CANAWLERS"

The Museum of Roscoe Village has a toll collector's "Register of Canal Boats" from 1839 to 1855. And the archives of The Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland contain another, "Register of Canal Boats, No. 3" from 1848 to 1883.

These "Registers" show a number of canal boat owners in this area and their listing follows in this order: (1) Boat's name and "homeport". (2) Owner's name and place of residence. (3) Date of registration.

The following boats were registered by the toll collector at Akron:

"Samuel Campbell". Newcomerstown. Frederick Roenbaugh and R. H. Nugent. Newcomerstown. April 15, 1849.

"Aristocrat". Newcomerstown. Wilson Miller. Newcomerstown. May 1, 1850.

"G. P. Smith". Newcomerstown. Phillip Roenbaugh. Newcomerstown. March 28, 1851.

"R. H. Nugent". Newcomerstown. George Rencher and R. H. Nugent. Newcomerstown. Aug. 7, 1858.

"Gen. Sigel". Akron. R. Roenbaugh. Newcomerstown. July 10, 1862.

The following registered by the toll collector at Roscoe.

"Oceanica". Newcomerstown. G. Still and George Bradford. Newcomerstown. March 28, 1852.

The following by toll collector at Cleveland.

"Fashion". Newcomerstown. Guthrie. Newcomerstown. April 15, 1852.

"R. H. Nugent". Newcomerstown. Adam Miller. Newcomerstown. Nov. 26, 1862.

In nearby Orange, Johnston and Richmond owned the "R. H. Nugent" of Orange, which was registered by the toll collector at Akron July 5, 1848. Also J. R. Emerson and Joshua Norman owned the "Orange" of Orange, which likewise was registered by the toll collector at Akron Aug. 19, 1848.

The G. P. Smith, formerly B. Urich; the first mentioned R. H. Nugent, formerly George F. McCary; Gen. Sigel, formerly R. H. Nugent; Oceanica, formerly Old Whitey; Fashion, formerly Queen City; the second mentioned R. H. Nugent, formerly Mechanic, and Orange, formerly Benjamin.

- (Newcomerstown News, Sept. 6, 1978)



Newcomerstown Public Library  
Newcomerstown, Ohio



Presented by

Ellis H. Shimp

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Newcomerstown, Ohio

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## REFLECTIONS

A dear lady, the late Mrs. Odessa Croy Norman who was born in 1884 at Wild Turkey Lock, a stop on the old Ohio and Erie Canal near West Lafayette, was rather influential in our giving some neighborhood thoughts to this old waterway.

We have followed what remains of its channel in the vicinity and note at a number of places its bed has become the recipient of various junk. In today's term it might be called a sort of landfill operation without modern care.

Groundbreaking for the Ohio and Erie Canal was celebrated at Licking Summit, near Newark, on July 4, 1825. And at its peak, about 1850, its towpaths were quite busy with the hoof beats of horses or mules tugging the towlines in traditional tandem fashion, to impel the boats at a speed of about three to four miles an hour.

Three types of vessels were conspicuous upon the old canal - freighters, line boats and passenger packets. An excursion party on one of these crafts to Blair's Mill and beyond was a summer's event enjoyed by folks of the immediate neighborhood. Winter, too, shared its pleasures when the Canal Superintendent would give permission and provide for skating parties on the turnaround basins of the dug waterway.

Abram Garfield, a well-known builder of stone walls in the locks, and at needed places along the historic canal, is thought to have had a hand in the completion of the chamber's stonework which is situated along the canal road west of Newcomerstown. Locks between Newcomerstown and Orange in descending order included the Sudam, the Mackey and the Felver.

In the year 1907, there were some signs of the revival of the old canal in the vicinity. But it could not compete favorably with the newer modes of transportation following 1910, and eventually its end came silently and peacefully.

A picture post card, cancelled 1910, shows a good view of the canal eastward through Newcomerstown; the River Street iron bridge spanning the waterway and a couple of line boats tied up close to the north side of the present Eureka Hardware building.

This footnote from the local paper of 30 years ago. "Ex-canal boat captain, J. Frank Lyons, 78, died at home on Canal St."  
- (Newcomerstown News, June 8, 1973)

## THE MONROE TRAVELED FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER

Presumably few persons are living who can say their place of

birth was in a cargo boat upon the old Ohio and Erie Canal. Yet a Jacobs' baby was born in such surroundings without any of the qualified assistance which is deemed so important today.

The Monroe, a cargo boat owned by Samuel Jacobs, which plied the canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth and had a capacity of 60 to 70 tons of coal, was nearing the town of Goshen on a hot July day 70 years ago when the birth took place. The bouncing arrival? He presently lives in Concord, California.

The Monroe's hull was divided into four parts. A stable for the horses or mules when the vessel was tied up in port; the cargo section and crew or passenger quarters in the front and rear ends.

One cargo in particular which is remembered well by older members of the family, was the boat full of wooden flour barrels which were delivered from the Akron vicinity to a buyer at Gnadenhutzen.

In 1898 when the Ohio coal mines were idled by a widespread strike, Samuel filled his boat to capacity with undesirable slack from some of the local mines and transported it to the Akron area where it was sold without any discussion about the price to an "out-of-fuel" mill.

During the fall months Jacobs would load the Monroe with quality screened coal. And as he traveled the canal he bartered with the farmers along the way, trading them fuel for dressed hogs, beef quarters, potatoes, fruit and other eatables for the family's winter use.

There also was a benefit in living on a canal boat during the gardening season when fresh produce was plentiful along the waterway. Late sweet corn to early green onions and all the vegetables which come in between, could be had generally for the asking as the slow moving horse-powered vessel plied the "Irish-dug" ditch.  
- (Newcomerstown News, July 16, 1975)

#### LUMBER FROM ORANGE WAREHOUSE WAS USED TO BUILD THE MONTICELLO II

Visible objects which were once a part of the old Ohio and Erie Canal continue to disappear with each passing year, and soon will be forgotten in the march of time.

The storied warehouse building which stood by Orange was one of the latest to go.

Torn down by Marshall Jacobs in the late 1969 and early 1970, much of its timber was used by the widely known steeple jack and flagpole sitter in the building of the Monticello replica which seasonally plies a mile-long section of the old canal, now restored for posterity close to Coshocton Lake Park.

Jacobs, in an exchange of messages said, "The entire hull of the Monticello was built from the lumber that I got out of the Orange mill." And this Monticello II is a beauty to see with its live horse power, when it rides many vacationing passengers during the summers and Roscoe Village days.

Ernest Norris, a retired blacksmith who has lived his entire life in Orange, has many recollections of the old Canal and the buildings there.

He remembers the times when farmer's wagons would be lined-up from the warehouse to the Tuscarawas River bridge awaiting their turn to be unloaded of the newly threshed wheat. Among his keepsakes he has the large steelyard balance which was used in weighing the incoming wheat.

He tells also of the machine that was used in unloading the freight laden canal boats at the warehouse there. It was a simple hoisting winch, a revolving contrivance in which the center vertical barrel for coiling the rope was turned by a horse hitched to an attached long pole, and driven at a walking gait round and round the axis in clockwise manner.

Yes, the storied warehouse building which also held hides and wool at times, was changed by man into a replica of a remembered canal boat; a pleasure craft for the enjoyment of persons today. And the Monticello II, launched in 1971, as she glides along to the tug of horses directed by the "hoggee" upon the revived length of the old waterway, brings to many eyes and minds an educative and brightening reminder of the ever fading past.  
- (Newcomerstown News, January 16, 1974)

#### HERE AND THERE ALONG ITS COURSE

By the year 1906 the three to six foot deep old Ohio and Erie Canal was becoming weary and showing its age, although there were some signs of new activity in the neighboring vicinities along its way.

The repair of the lock at the south of Tuscarawas village was one of the major items completed that year. But this was not done without much criticism, and protests were heard concerning the excessive cost of same. True to prediction, a waste of money it turned out to be.

In 1907, a new swing bridge was constructed across the 40 foot wide channel near Orange, not far from the aqueduct over Evan's Run.

In Newcomerstown, three structures spanned the declining waterway. One on Bridge St., one on River St., and the railroad bridge which was a lift type.

Those carrying the streets were the turn kind, and their movement was effected by men-power using a long pole, a sort of walking beam with a center attachment which contained a square hole.

Another reminder of the canal era, the present storied building standing near Seventeen, shows little evidence that it was once a waterpowered mill and of service to the sundry boats which plied the long watercourse. (309 miles)

This footnote from the NEWS of more than 60 years ago:

"Albert Wohlwend of Gnadenhutzen succeeds M. A. Anderson as miller at the Blair Mill". However his position did not last long, the mill was destroyed by fire in 1914.

We have been told this old flour mill was also known by a previous name, perhaps Emerson.

- (Newcomerstown News, January 22, 1975)

#### A BIT OF HISTORY

The big flood of 1913 was a disastrous blow to the old Ohio and Erie Canal in the vicinity of Newcomerstown. Its hand-dug channel was filled with silt in many places due to the heavy and extensive downpour, and the resulting washouts in its banks here and there fixed the fate of the watercourse that particular year.

Knowledgeable persons say the last boat to arrive with a payload in Newcomerstown before the canal's abandonment was one captained by Frank Lyons. This vessel carried a cargo of salt, which was frequently the commodity on the boats, and its mule power was directed by Dave Wigfield.

During the summers of 1907-1908, a state boat was operated out of Newcomerstown by Lem Wilson and his wife. She did the housekeeping on the craft which had sleeping quarters in one end and kitchen in the other. On these seasonal trips to upper ports the mid-section of the vessel occasionally contained a cargo of lumber, wheat or coal. Capt. Wilson died at his home in Otsego in 1923.

Locks east from Newcomerstown in consecutive order were: The Garfield, also called the Dougherty, not far distance from the turn-around basin which was along East Canal Street; The Hill, much of its stonework remains today; Bremer (presumably correct name) near the present location of Wickes Lumber and then Lock Seventeen (Wilson roller Mill).

This brief sketch is the outcome of a pleasant afternoon visit on Rural Route 1 with Floyd A. "Boat" Rogers and his brother-in-law. These kindly gentlemen had memorable associations with the old canal

in their young days. Rogers relates when a child how he often helped to load supplies upon the canal boats, from his father's store.

- ( Newcomerstown News, August 7, 1974)

#### FOOTNOTES

Although the Ohio and Erie Canal ditch had been dug with a depth ranging from three to six feet in the vicinity about, one of its shallow spots was in Newcomerstown at the end then of the present Goodrich St.

This particular place was one of the many "livestock" crossings the entire length of the canal. Here cattle, horses, asses, mules and their kind had no difficulty in wading the water's width of approximately 40 feet. And often too during the summer months their owners or keepers splashed their way across the old ditch, going after or searching for the beast.

The canal brought diversion and work to the Newcomerstown folk in a variety of ways: To the many anglers who caught bullheads, carp, sunfish and snapping turtles in the smooth waterway. To the sawyers and carpenters whose skill and acuteness turned wood from harvested tree trunks into finished lock gates for the chambers which were of necessity to the oncoming boats.

After its abandonment by the state, one of the last uses to which the old canal was put, was as the locale for wooden tub races during the town's well-planned summer street fairs. In those gleeful and soggy events, youngsters vied for prizes offered by a number of persons, by floating and paddling down the deteriorating waterway in their mothers' washtubs.

In retrospect, old timers living today say during their youth the Ohio and Erie Canal was truly a sight to behold and without a doubt served its purpose well.

- ( Newcomerstown News, September 17, 1975)

## HAULING JOBS ASSOCIATED WITH THE OLD ERIE CANAL

Erwin C. Johns has many memories of the Ohio and Erie Canal. His recounting of them is an interesting part of local history.

He tells of the time when his father, "Lan" Leander Johns, was hired by three saloon keepers and four or five other men of Newcomerstown to transport themselves and their unlawful size seine by horse drawn vehicle to the Glasgow Basin, which lay to the north of Hill Lock No. 19.

The roundtrip was to be made under the cover of darkness. And its course followed local roads and upon some stretches of the old tow path.

"Lan's" passengers' aim was the taking of as many fish as possible from the old canal basin, without being caught in the act by any law man. They did a good job of seining and were returned to Newcomerstown with an abundance of fish before dawn came.

One very late fall wheat buyer, W. Miskimen, whose place of business was in the present Eureka Hardware building, hired Leander to haul his (Miskimen's) crop of corn from a field nearby and load it into the cargo space of a boat tied-up by his store.

This job was barely finished when winter weather with all of its elements set-in. The canal froze over and the freighter had to be moored for the season ahead.

Miskimen then hired "Lan" again and had him remove the corn crop from the canal boat, haul it to the railroad spur track at the Newcomerstown Produce place and load same in a freight car which had been set there.

Footnote: Canal boats were sometimes loaded at the Glasgow Basin with iron products from the Glasgow Blast Furnaces (1872-1880). It has been said hereabouts, "The iron produced by these furnaces was the best in Ohio".

- (Newcomerstown News, September 29, 1976)

## 'STATE HOUSE' AND OTHER ITEMS

Dan McConnell tells of the big barn which stood at the corner of College and Canal Sts. and was commonly called the "State House" by many persons of Newcomerstown.

It was the headquarters for the canal's maintenance boat which operated out of Newcomerstown, contained a stable for horses and ample space for storing supplies and other equipment needed in the upkeep of the canal.

Lem Wilson was the maintenance foreman and also captain of this particular state boat which tied-up here for the winter. This boat carried a governor's name, possibly Gov. Foster.

Between summer work trips and at other times the maintenance employees were kept busy in building spare lock gates, so that one or more would always be ready to replace a worn-out or damaged one upon the old watercourse.

This work was done usually on a lot just east of the "State House". And the lumber used was green white oak planks which were hauled by horse and wagon from a sawmill near Birmingham.

When repairs were to be made on any of the locks in the neighborhood and it was necessary to empty the canal of its water to a next numbered lock, many local persons would wade knee-deep in the mire of the channel's bottom and pick up their choice of the fishes floundering there.

McConnell also recalls once when a peddler's boat came along with an unusual load of dishwares of various qualities and shapes. Today a prized piece of the "Chinaware" from that boat's cargo has a prominent place on an open shelf in his home.

When springtime came and the ice disappeared from the canal, homemade sailboats built by imaginative youths of the neighborhood showed upon inviting stretches of the old waterway. And they fashioned the sails from any old bed linen or similar cotton material which they could grab from their home.

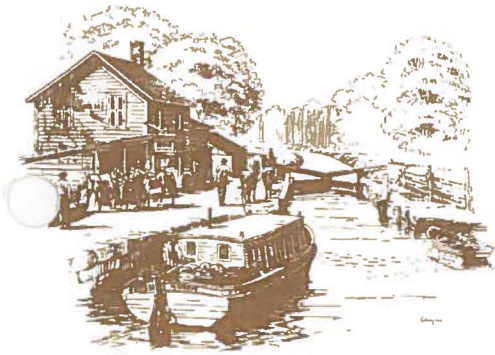
In a way each sail's particular pattern was a good indication of the identity of the boy who managed the boat.

Boys often followed the canal boats through Newcomerstown and gave much assistance to each vessel's onward move, by helping to clear the canal of its bridges and in positioning lock gates for a safe transit thereat.

- (Newcomerstown News, November 17, 1976)







May 1, 1976

5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Sorry to have taken so long to acknowledge receipt of your six photographs in the Newcomerstown area. They are very much appreciated and will be added to your other canal material for the Canal Society files.

With your photographs, I have been checking some information on the locks in the Newcomerstown area to decide what the lock numbers were for the Mackey and Hill locks and perhaps the name and number of the lock beside State Route 416 south of Tuscarawas.

Enclosed is a copy of a list of locks with the names and locations which are generally known, and which may be of interest to you. The names you mention in your canal articles seem to be new ones.

It is always interesting to come upon new canal information and your information is always appreciated.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

Lock No.	Lock Name	Location	
Lock 16	Upper Trenton	Trenton (Tuscarawas)	
	Trenton Dam and Feeder, Guard Lock		Gnadenhutten, before Lock 17
Lock 17 ✓	Lower Trenton	Seventeen P. O.	
Lock 18 ✓	Port Washington ( <u>BREMER</u> )	Port Washington	
Lock 19 ✓	<u>HILL</u>		
Lock 20 ✓	<u>GARFIELD</u> ALSO CALLED <u>DOUGHERTY</u>		TUCKER'S-?
Lock 21 ✓	Newcomerstown	Newcomerstown	EMERSON-?
Lock 22 ✓	Sedam/Suydam's ( <u>SUDAM</u> )		
Lock 23 ✓	<u>MACKY</u>		
Lock 24 ✓	Reed's ( <u>FELVER</u> )	Evansburg (Orange)	
Lock 25 ✓	Wild Turkey		

Canal Lewisville between these locations

Walhonding Aqueduct

Lock 26		Roscoe
Lock 27		Roscoe

Junction, Walhonding Canal

Lock 28	Adam's Mills	Adam's Mills
Lock 29	" "	" "
Lock 30	" "	" "

Junction, Dresden Side-Cut  
Wakatomika Aqueduct

Webbsport (Trinway)



5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

June 14, 1976

## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Thank you for obtaining the lock names to match the lock numbers. This information has been incorporated into your "Recollections: The Ohio and Erie Canal."

Two copies of the material as it will appear in Towpaths are enclosed for you to examine. If you would like to make corrections or changes, please do so on the copy and return it to me. Keep the original.

In re-reading your information, there are many things I would like to know that could be added to the material as it is now. There is a question sheet included, but knowing it is not always possible to find the time to talk to people who might know the answers, do not feel you must do this. The article can be printed as it is very nicely.

Depending on the space available, I probably will use your photo of the Wilson Roller Mill at Lock Seventeen with the article. I'm not certain in which issue of Towpaths your material will appear, but you will receive a copy of it.

The enclosed very poor copy of photos which appeared in Towpaths in 1963 you may have. Mr. Dettling is a long-time member of the Canal Society.

One of our members who works at Roscoe Village is doing an article on the "Monticello II". If the information about the mill timbers used in building it is not mentioned, I will include it, giving credit to you, or will use a separate short article with the information.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths



5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, OH 44129

November 14, 1978

## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
438 Tuscarawas Avenue  
Newcomerstown, OH 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Thank you for sending the newspaper clipping from the Newcomerstown News of September 6 and for your change of address.

I am glad you are still interested in the canal as I have some questions for which you may have the answers.

In the third issue of Towpaths for 1979 which will come out in July, there will be an article on the Monticello II. With the article, I would like to use your photo of the warehouse at Orange which you sent the Canal Society in 1976, since timbers from the warehouse were used in building the Monticello II.

Could you tell me if the warehouse was near the canal? I don't know much about the locks in that area, but was Lock 24 located at Orange and are there any signs of the canal in Orange now? I would include this information with your photo of the warehouse, but it is not really necessary, and I really do not want you to make any special trips to look for canal remains with the bad weather soon to come on us.

Sincerely,

*Edna McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

December 5, 1978

Dear Mrs. McNally,

Feel free to use, however you wish, any photos of the old canal's remains in this vicinity which I have sent to you in the past.

The warehouse at Orange stood near the present intersection of U. S. 36 and S. R. 751. It's site was in the N. E. corner formed by the present crossroads and was situated at the northern edge of the old waterway.

My informants tell me Lock No. 24 (the Felver or Reeds) was located at Evansburg (now Orange). To my knowledge the only remains to be seen there today is the partially filled channel of the man-made ditch.

Respectfully,

Ellis H. Shimp

438 Tuscarawas Avenue,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio  
43832



CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, OH 44129

July 18, 1979

Ellis H. Shimp  
438 Tuscarawas Avenue  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

A copy of Towpaths No. 3 for 1979 has been sent to you under separate cover. Your photo of the canal warehouse at Orange came out very well and I appreciate your permission to use it, and for the information about its location.

Thank you,

*Edith McNally*  
(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

## CANAL RECOLLECTIONS

Ellis H. Shimp, Newcomerstown

Although the flood of 1913 did extensive damage to the Ohio and Erie Canal in the Newcomerstown area, its useful days are still remembered.

Floyd A. "Boat" Rogers as a child helped to load canal boats with supplies from his father's store. He remembers well the locks east from Lock 21 at Newcomerstown. The Garfield, Lock 20, also called the Dougherty, not far distant from the turn-around basin which was along East Canal Street. Lock 19, the Hill, with much of its stonework remaining today. Lock 18, Bremer (Port Washington) was near the present location of Wickes Lumber. Lock 17, Lower Trenton, site of the present Wilson Roller Mill, once operated by water power from the canal.

According to "Boat" Rogers, the last canal boat to arrive with a payload in Newcomerstown was captained by Frank Lyons and carried a cargo of salt. Its mules were directed by Dave Wigfield. According to a Newcomerstown newspaper of 1943, "Ex-canal boat captain, J. Frank Lyons, 78, died at home on Canal St."

Ernest Norris, retired blacksmith who has lived his entire life in Orange, remembers when farmer's wagons were lined up from the warehouse there to the Tuscarawas River bridge awaiting their turn to unload wheat. Among his keepsakes is the large steelyard balance which was used in weighing the incoming wheat. Another contrivance used at the warehouse for unloading canal boats, was a simple hoisting winch, a revolving affair in which the center vertical barrel for coiling the rope was turned by a horse hitched to a long pole and driven at a walk round the axis clockwise.



The lock at Orange, number 24, he remembers as Felver and also Reed's. Lock 22 was called Sudam, also Sedam or Suydam's; Lock 23 was Mackey and Lock 25 was Wild Turkey.

The repair of the lock at the south of Tuscarawas village, completed in 1906 was criticised because of the excessive costs. In 1907, a new swing bridge was constructed across the 40 foot wide channel near Orange, not far from the aqueduct over Evan's Run. There were three structures spanning the canal in Newcomerstown. The bridges for River Street and Bridge Street were turn bridges using manpower by way of a long pole, a sort of walking beam with a center attachment which contained a square hole. A post card cancelled in 1910 shows the River Street iron bridge in a view of the canal eastward with a couple of line boats tied up close to the north side of the present Eureka Hardware building.<sup>1</sup> The railroad bridge over the canal was a lift type.

There was a shallow spot in the canal in Newcomerstown where the present Goodrich Street is now. Old timers say this was a cattle crossing of which there were several on the canal.

Older members of the Jacops family of Newcomerstown have many stories to tell of the canal boat "Monroe" owned by Samuel Jacops. The "Monroe" traveled the Ohio and Erie Canal north to Cleveland, and south to Portsmouth. When Ohio coal mines were idled by a widespread strike in 1898, Captain Jacops filled his boat to its 60 to 70 ton capacity with undesirable slack from some of the local mines and transported it to the Akron area where it was sold without any discussion about the price to an out-of-fuel mill.

The "Monroe" was a family boat with forward and rear cabins, cargo space between and a stable cabin in the middle. During the fall months, Jacobs would load the "Monroe" with quality screened coal. As he traveled the canal he bartered with farmers along the way, trading fuel for dressed hogs, beef quarters, potatoes, fruit and other eatables for the family's winter use. One cargo in particular which is remembered by the family, was a capacity load of wooden flour barrels which were delivered from the Akron vicinity to a buyer at Gnadenhutten. (Dave V. Heck)

The most unusual "cargo" came aboard the "Monroe" near the town of Goshen between New Philadelphia and Tuscarawas. The Samuel Jacobs family was increased by one when a baby boy was born aboard the "Monroe" on a hot July day in 1905.

The canal was enjoyed by Newcomerstown residents all year round. There were always fish to catch, bullheads, carp, sunfish and snapping turtles. There were excursion parties in the summer to Blair's mill and beyond. In winter the Canal superintendent would give permission and provide for skating parties on the turnaround basins. In later days when the canal had been abandoned, it was used for wooden washtub races during the town's summer street fairs.

1 Photos of Eureka Hardware building, Towpaths 1963, No. 3, p6.

Note:

This material appeared in Newcomerstown News in 1973, 1974, 1975, copies of which were presented to the Canal Society of Ohio with photographs of lock, canal and mill sites taken by Mr. Shimp and will be placed in the Society archives.

"Monroe" - What happened to it?  
Who owned it before Jacops?  
Where was it built?  
Did Samuel Jacops and family live on it all the time?  
Any other children in the family?  
Photo available?  
Where did it tie up in winter?  
Did Jacops use horses or mules? How many?  
Did it go to Portsmouth very often? Cargo?  
Did it ever go down the Muskingum?

"Boat" Rogers - Is the nickname related to the canal?  
Name of father's store?  
Boats tied up at store?

Ernest Norris - Ever employed as blacksmith on canal?  
What was Lock 24 at Orange like?  
Houses, stores, etc.

Page 8 The Daily Jeffersonian Wed. Dec. 29, 1976  
Cambridge, Ohio

AS YOU WERE  
EASY ON THE PURSE

BY JIM BAKER



TRAVEL ON THE OLD CANAL SYSTEM WAS A FANTASTIC BARGAIN. PASSENGER RATES WERE 1/2 CENT PER MILE (INCLUDING MEALS). ONE COULD RIDE THE OHIO AND ERIE FROM CLEVELAND TO PORTSMOUTH — A 4-DAY TRIP — FOR \$1.65!

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1/24

July 14, 1976.

Mrs. Edith McNally:

These answers to your question sheet of June 14, 1976 are the best I could come up with in recent interviews.

"Monroe" - What happened to it? Sold to unknown party. It rotted in canal near Goshen.

Who owned it before Jacops? Don't know. Where was it built? Don't know.

Did Samuel Jacops and family live on it all the time? Yes. Any other children in the family? While living on the boat the family numbered seven, five children and two adults.

Photo available? No. Where did it tie up in winter? Wintered at Goshen. The children attended a two-room school at Goshen. *Two more children were born after the boat was sold.*

Did Jacops use horses or mules? He used both. How many? Two horses or two mules and sometimes one of each hitched together.

Did it go to Portsmouth very often? On occasions. Cargo? Miscellaneous.

Did it ever go down the Muskingum? Possibly for a short distance.

"Boat" Rogers - Is the nickname related to the canal? His nickname is not related to the canal; it was given to him during his baseball playing days. It had to do with his running of the bases.

Name of father's store? Roger Brother's Store. A brother Alf was partner with the elder Rogers.

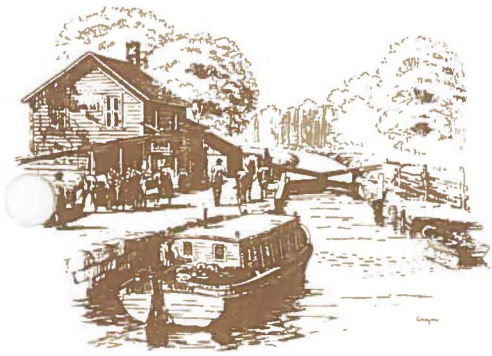
Boats tied up at store? No boats tied up at the store. The store was located across the street (now Canal Street) from the old canal.

Ernest Norris - Ever employed as blacksmith on canal? He never did any blacksmith work for the canal. It may be his father and grandfather did blacksmithing for the old waterway, as they were blacksmiths throughout their adult days at Orange.

Ernest Norris died April 19, 1976.

Sincerely,

Ellis H. Shimp,  
735 West State Street,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832



## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

October 25, 1976

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

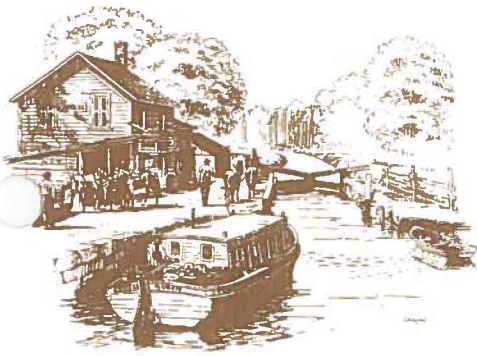
Thank you for the clipping of your article in the Newcomerstown News of September 29. You are fortunate in becoming acquainted with other people in your area who have memories of the Canal, and I appreciate your sharing their recollections with Towpaths. I will keep your article on file for future use in Towpaths.

The footnote about Glasgow Basin and the Glasgow Blast Furnaces is very interesting, but I haven't been able to determine where the Basin was. I shall try to look it up in some of the Tuscarawas County histories.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths



## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

January 6, 1977

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Sorry to have taken so long to thank you for your letter of November 19, and for the copy of your newspaper article from the Newcomerstown News of November 17. I shall keep it on file for future use in Towpaths and will of course let you know when it will be used.

You have certainly managed to find quite a number of people with information about the canal - it is amazing how much material can be found. Perhaps as a newcomer to your area, you have a fresh approach and interest, whereas those who are lifelong residents take the information they have for granted.

Your information should certainly be of interest to your local historical society. At least there was one listed in Newcomerstown in 1974.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*  
(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

# ROSCOE VILLAGE FOUNDATION

381 HILL STREET • COSHOCTON, OHIO 43812 • PHONE 614-622-9316 ~~XXXX~~ 8036

September 18, 1978

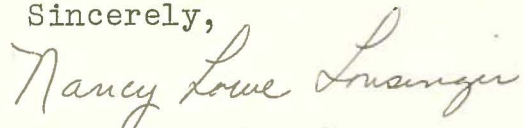
Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
438 Tuscarawas Ave.  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Thank you for the clipping of the article that you wrote about the Canal Boat Registries for the Newcomerstown News.

Many writers write "fun" articles about Roscoe in regard to the festivals and the canal boat ride; but only a few special ones such as yourself are interested in the history of a restored canal town. Your interest, I am sure, will spark the desire for others to look behind the scenes.

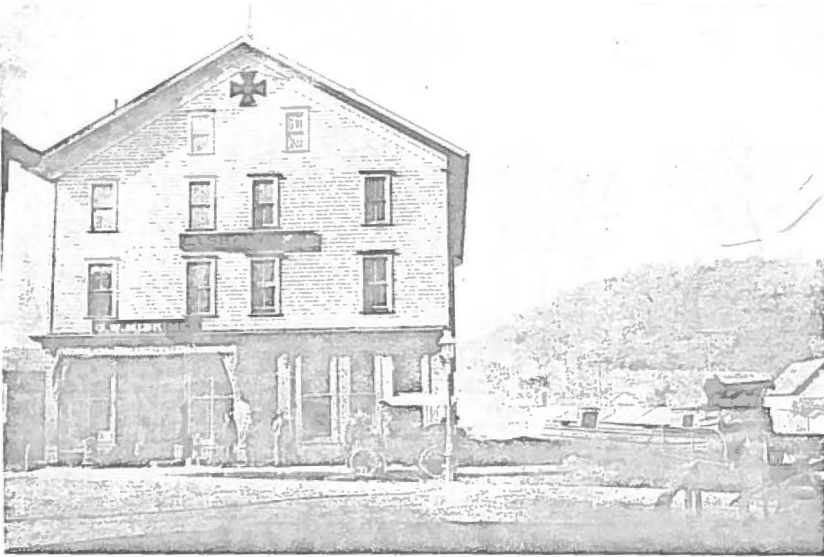
Sincerely,



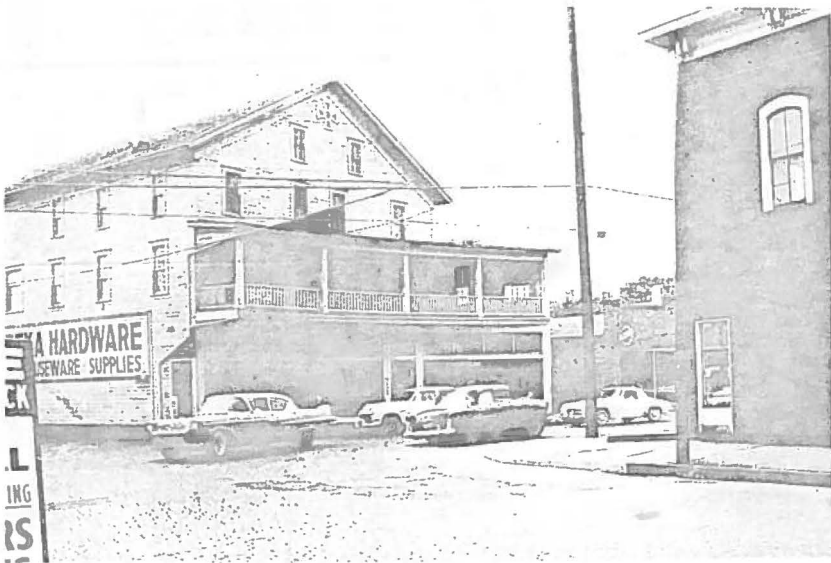
Nancy Lowe Lonsinger  
Historian



THEN and NOW!



THEN - Corner of Canal & River Streets, Newcomerstown, and the boat Fairfield in the early 1900's.



NOW - The same corner in 1963. Picture by Dettling.



5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

August 9, 1976

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Here are your "author's copies" of Towpaths.

Thank you for sharing your canal information with the Canal Society of Ohio. I personally have enjoyed corresponding with you and appreciate your patience with my questions.

I was able to include some of your answers to my last list of questions with the material in Towpaths.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

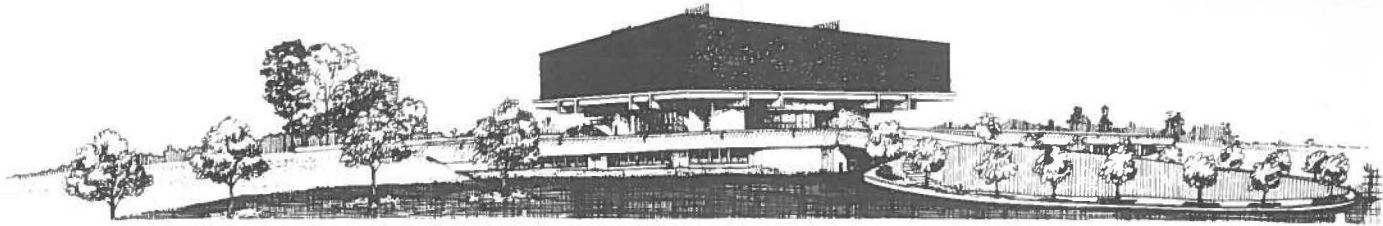
1-22-76

Mr. Shimp,

The Newcomerstown  
Public Library acknowledges  
with thanks your kindness in  
presenting a copy of your  
Recollections of

The Ohio and Erie Canal  
to the library.

*Mrs. Aileen Glazer,* Librarian



Interstate 71 and 17th Avenue

the ohio historical society / ohio historical center / columbus, ohio 43211 / telephone (614) 466-4661

Archives-Library 466-2060

February 11, 1976

Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

On behalf of the Ohio Historical Society Archives-Library, I am pleased to acknowledge your gift of RECOLLECTIONS: THE OHIO AND ERIE CANAL.

This is a most welcome addition to the historical collections of the Archives-Library, and the Society extends its thanks and appreciation for your kind donation.

Sincerely,

Sara S. Fuller  
Head, Private Records Department

SSF:dh

COLUMBUS PUBLIC LIBRARY

96 SOUTH GRANT AVENUE COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215

March 8, 1976

Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio  
43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

The kind donation of your fine work  
is deeply appreciated.

Thank you sincerely,

*Sam Roshon*  
Sam Roshon, Head  
Columbus and Ohio  
Division

COLUMBUS PUBLIC LIBRARY

96 SOUTH GRANT AVENUE COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215

March 4, 1976

Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp,

Could we possibly obtain a  
copy of RECOLLECTIONS - THE OHIO  
AND ERIE CANAL 1976?

Thank you,

*Sam Roshon*  
Sam Roshon, Head  
Columbus and Ohio  
Division

SHR/wmp

*Mailed 3-6-76.*



March 12, 1976

5605 Warwick Drive  
Parma, Ohio 44129

## CANAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

Mr. Ellis H. Shimp  
735 West State Street  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Your "Recollections: The Ohio and Erie Canal" was passed on to me. Your information on the Canal in the Newcomerstown area is most interesting and adds much to the history of the waterway.

Would you be interested in letting us use some of your information in Towpaths, the Canal Society of Ohio quarterly publication?

One project being considered for Towpaths is a series of articles on each lock, aqueduct and town along the Canal, as much information as possible about them. Your Newcomerstown News articles contain a great deal of such information.

Perhaps you are familiar with Towpaths; if not, I will try to get an extra copy for you. The enclosed information folder will explain the purpose of the Canal Society of Ohio.

Sincerely,

*Edith McNally*

(Mrs. J. H. McNally)  
Editor, Towpaths

OLD TEMPERANCE HOUSE  
Tavern Museum

Newcomerstown Historical Society  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832



OFFICERS

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Miss Gladys Alexander

*Treasurer*

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*Historian*

Mrs. Isaac Norris

March 15, 1976

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Mr. & Mrs. Floyd Rogers

Mrs. J.W. Ruby

Mr. Shannon Rodgers

Mr. Jerry Silverman

Dear Mr. Shimp:

Yesterday, Mr. Barthalow brought your monograph,  
"Recollections: The Ohio and Erie Canal" to the museum.

It is very important that concerned citizens,  
such as you, put these memories in written form, for as  
time goes on, there will be fewer and fewer able to do so.

Such information is part of our heritage and  
should be available to the youth coming on.

Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours,

*Miss Gladys Alexander*

Secretary, Historical Society

Canal Fulton O  
March 20-1976

Mr. Ellis A. Shimp

Dear Sir

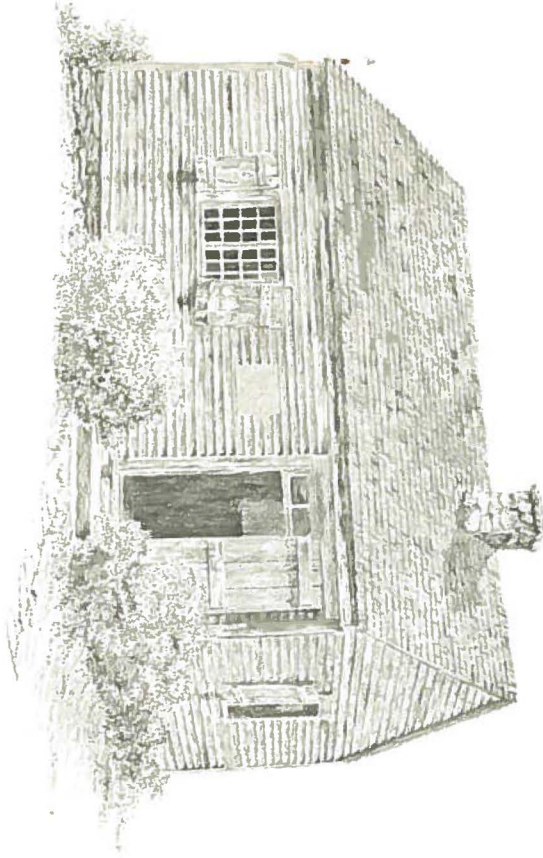
Please excuse me for not replying  
to the receipt of your Ohio-Erie Canal  
Recollection sooner.

I appreciate your kindness by  
supplying me with a copy which will  
find a prominent place in my records  
with best wishes to an "Old  
Canawler" and your interest in  
the Old Canal Days.

Sincerely

Old Canal Days Museum  
C. E. Gainer

Canal Fulton Ohio



Marquette College  
March 23, 1976

Dear Mr. Shump - Thank you much for  
your little book Recollections: The Ohio and  
Erie Canal, which we are happy to add to  
our Spencer Collections. We appreciate  
your courtesy in sending us a copy and  
know it will be helpful to present and  
future scholars. Sincerely,  
Best wishes. Robert F. Caglan, Librarian



## CANAL NOTES

Our search for additional information concerning the name of a lock on the Ohio and Erie Canal, which disappeared to make way for the Route 36-18 bypass at Newcomerstown, eventually brought us to the home of Myrtle R. Reidenbach and her brother in Port Washington.

She had no answer to our question. However we were happy to learn she possessed pictorial evidence of the old canal. One of the pictures was an original she had painted from an old photograph taken years ago by a member of the family.

Her painting was that of the boat "Watson" which plied the canal. And it like many others of the waterway measured approximately 15 feet wide and 60 feet long.

John Lewis was its captain at the tiller. He had an unusual nickname, "Bill an' Nye" of unknown significance. John lived in Port Washington and with the abandonment of the canal became an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Myrtle has been a resident of Port Washington all of her life, living close to the canal. The Ohio and Erie channel had been dug at the rear of her residence.

She remembers when Browning's Mill at the east of the village was destroyed by fire more than 70 years ago. And of her being warned on various occasions to stay away from the forebay near the water wheel, because that was a dangerous place to be.

Other memories include bountiful seasons of the bygone when many wagon loads of threshed grain would be brought by horses and their owners from the Stone Creek vicinity, to be loaded into freighter boats for the slow journey to buyers at distant ports.  
- (Newcomerstown News, April 27, 1977)

## THE GRAND CANAL

Records detailing the opening of the Newcomerstown section of the Ohio and Erie Canal are barely to be found.

However the Ohio Historical Society in its "Canals of Ohio, 1825-1913" says, "In 1829, the 109 miles from Cleveland to Dresden were finished". (This, of course, would include the Newcomerstown section).

Other sources of information found concerning the canal's early days are quoted herewith.

July 15, 1830 - "The Herald" Cleveland, editorial "Ohio Canal - The Newark Gazette states that boats have arrived there from the Lake with Merchandize - the boat Union of Dover, returned to this village (Cleveland) yesterday from Newark a distance of 160 miles".

The Canal Commissioners in their "Report to General Assembly dated Columbus January 11, 1831" documents the arrival of the Union of Dover at Newark "on the 10th day of July last" (1830).

Towpaths, Vol. XII, No. 1, 1974 "Travel on the Canal" by L. W. Richardson - "In 1832 Alexander Phillip Maximillian, Prince of Wied in Renish Prussia arrived in Boston. For the next two years he was to tour the United States, spending most of that time in the far west. (and published) 'Travels in the Interior of North America'.

"(extract from Vol. 24 'Early Western Travels', Arthur H. Clark Co. Cleveland, 1906).

"Returning east in June of 1834, the party traveled up the Ohio River to Portsmouth, thence north to Cleveland on the canal.

"During the night we passed the little villages of Webbport and Roscoe; and at daybreak came to Evansburg and then to Newcomerstown, (sic) a village which has now only seven or eight houses. The country around is pleasant and diverse".

The forementioned items came to the attention of the writer through the courtesy of Edith McMally, Editor, Towpaths, Canal Society of Ohio.

Bea (Beatrice Neighbor) Kiser in her writings (c.1961) at the Newcomerstown Public Library, on the local opening of the Ohio and Erie Canal says,

"At first it was called the 'Grand Canal' and the first boat to pass over it was the Union of Dover. Its passage was attended by a huge crowd who cheered it all along the route".

- (Newcomerstown News, November 16, 1977)

#### REGISTERS LIST AREA "CANAWLERS"

The Museum of Roscoe Village has a toll collector's "Register of Canal Boats" from 1839 to 1855. And the archives of The Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland contain another, "Register of Canal Boats, No. 3" from 1848 to 1883.

These "Registers" show a number of canal boat owners in this area and their listing follows in this order: (1) Boat's name and "homeport". (2) Owner's name and place of residence. (3) Date of registration.

The following boats were registered by the toll collector at Akron:

"Samuel Campbell". Newcomerstown. Frederick Roenbaugh and R. H. Nugent. Newcomerstown. April 15, 1849.  
 "Aristocrat". Newcomerstown. Wilson Miller. Newcomerstown. May 1, 1850.  
 "G. P. Smith". Newcomerstown. Phillip Roenbaugh. Newcomerstown. March 28, 1851.  
 "R. H. Nugent". Newcomerstown. George Rencher and R. H. Nugent. Newcomerstown. Aug. 7, 1858.  
 "Gen. Sigel". Akron. R. Roenbaugh. Newcomerstown. July 10, 1862.

The following registered by the toll collector at Roscoe.

"Oceanica". Newcomerstown. G. Still and George Bradford. Newcomerstown. March 28, 1852.

The following by toll collector at Cleveland.

"Fashion". Newcomerstown. Guthrie. Newcomerstown. April 15, 1852.  
 "R. H. Nugent". Newcomerstown. Adam Miller. Newcomerstown. Nov. 26, 1862.

In nearby Orange, Johnston and Richmond owned the "R. H. Nugent" of Orange, which was registered by the toll collector at Akron July 5, 1848. Also J. R. Emerson and Joshua Norman owned the "Orange" of Orange, which likewise was registered by the toll collector at Akron Aug. 19, 1848.

The G. P. Smith, formerly B. Urich; the first mentioned R. H. Nugent, formerly George F. McCary; Gen. Sigel, formerly R. H. Nugent; Oceanica, formerly Old Whitey; Fashion, formerly Queen City; the second mentioned R. H. Nugent, formerly Mechanic, and Orange, formerly Benjamin.

- (Newcomerstown News, Sept. 6, 1978)



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RECOLLECTIONS

THE OHIO AND ERIE CANAL

BY

ELLIS H. SHIMP

Newcomerstown, Ohio

1976

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## REFLECTIONS

A dear lady, the late Mrs. Odessa Croy Norman who was born in 1884 at Wild Turkey Lock, a stop on the old Ohio and Erie Canal near West Lafayette, was rather influential in our giving some neighborhood thoughts to this old waterway.

We have followed what remains of its channel in the vicinity and note at a number of places its bed has become the recipient of various junk. In today's term it might be called a sort of landfill operation without modern care.

Groundbreaking for the Ohio and Erie Canal was celebrated at Licking Summit, near Newark, on July 4, 1825. And at its peak, about 1850, its towpaths were quite busy with the hoof beats of horses or mules tugging the toelines in traditional tandem fashion, to impel the boats at a speed of about three to four miles an hour.

Three types of vessels were conspicuous upon the old canal - freighters, line boats and passenger packets. An excursion party on one of these crafts to Blair's Mill and beyond was a summer's event enjoyed by folks of the immediate neighborhood. Winter, too, shared its pleasures when the Canal Superintendent would give permission and provide for skating parties on the turnaround basins of the dug waterway.

Abram Garfield, a well-known builder of stone walls in the locks, and at needed places along the historic canal, is thought to have had a hand in the completion of the chamber's stonework which is situated along the canal road west of Newcomerstown. Locks between Newcomerstown and Orange in descending order included the Sudam, the Mackey and the Felver.

In the year 1907, there were some signs of the revival of the old canal in the vicinity. But it could not compete favorably with the newer modes of transportation following 1910, and eventually its end came silently and peacefully.

A picture post card, cancelled 1910, shows a good view of the canal eastward through Newcomerstown; the River Street iron bridge spanning the waterway and a couple of line boats tied up close to the north side of the present Eureka Hardware building.

This footnote from the local paper of 30 years ago. "Ex-canal boat captain, J. Frank Lyons, 78, died at home on Canal St."  
- (Newcomerstown News, June 6, 1973)

## THE MONROE TRAVELED FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER

Presumably few persons are living who can say their place of

birth was in a cargo boat upon the old Ohio and Erie Canal. Yet a Jacops' baby was born in such surroundings without any of the qualified assistance which is deemed so important today.

The Monroe, a cargo boat owned by Samuel Jacops, which plied the canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth and had a capacity of 60 to 70 tons of coal, was nearing the town of Goshen on a hot July day 70 years ago when the birth took place. The bouncing arrival? He presently lives in Concord, California.

The Monroe's hull was divided into four parts. A stable for the horses or mules when the vessel was tied up in port; the cargo section and crew or passenger quarters in the front and rear ends.

One cargo in particular which is remembered well by older members of the family, was the boat full of wooden flour barrels which were delivered from the Akron vicinity to a buyer at Gnadenhutten.

In 1898 when the Ohio coal mines were idled by a widespread strike, Samuel filled his boat to capacity with undesirable slack from some of the local mines and transported it to the Akron area where it was sold without any discussion about the price to an "out-of-fuel" mill.

During the fall months Jacops would load the Monroe with quality screened coal. And as he traveled the canal he bartered with the farmers along the way, trading them fuel for dressed hogs, beef quarters, potatoes, fruit and other eatables for the family's winter use.

There also was a benefit in living on a canal boat during the gardening season when fresh produce was plentiful along the waterway. Late sweet corn to early green onions and all the vegetables which come in between, could be had generally for the asking as the slow moving horse-powered vessel plied the "Irish-dug" ditch.  
- (Newcomerstown News, July 16, 1975)

#### LUMBER FROM ORANGE WAREHOUSE WAS USED TO BUILD THE MONTICELLO II

Visible objects which were once a part of the old Ohio and Erie Canal continue to disappear with each passing year, and soon will be forgotten in the march of time.

The storied warehouse building which stood by Orange was one of the latest to go.

Torn down by Marshall Jacobs in the late 1969 and early 1970, much of its timber was used by the widely known steeple jack and flagpole sitter in the building of the Monticello replica which seasonally plies a mile-long section of the old canal, now restored for posterity close to Coshocton Lake Park.

Jacobs, in an exchange of messages said, "The entire hull of the Monticello was built from the lumber that I got out of the Orange mill." And this Monticello II is a beauty to see with its live horse power, when it rides many vacationing passengers during the summers and Roscoe Village days.

Ernest Norris, a retired blacksmith who has lived his entire life in Orange, has many recollections of the old Canal and the buildings there.

He remembers the times when farmer's wagons would be lined-up from the warehouse to the Tuscarawas River bridge awaiting their turn to be unloaded of the newly threshed wheat. Among his keepsakes he has the large steelyard balance which was used in weighing the incoming wheat.

He tells also of the machine that was used in unloading the freight laden canal boats at the warehouse there. It was a simple hoisting winch, a revolving contrivance in which the center vertical barrel for coiling the rope was turned by a horse hitched to an attached long pole, and driven at a walking gait round and round the axis in clockwise manner.

Yes, the storied warehouse building which also held hides and wool at times, was changed by man into a replica of a remembered canal boat; a pleasure craft for the enjoyment of persons today. And the Monticello II, launched in 1971, as she glides along to the tug of horses directed by the "hoggee" upon the revived length of the old waterway, brings to many eyes and minds an educative and brightening reminder of the ever fading past.  
- (Newcomerstown News, January 16, 1974)

#### HERE AND THERE ALONG ITS COURSE

By the year 1906 the three to six foot deep old Ohio and Erie Canal was becoming weary and showing its age, although there were some signs of new activity in the neighboring vicinities along its way.

The repair of the lock at the south of Tuscarawas village was one of the major items completed that year. But this was not done without much criticism, and protests were heard concerning the excessive cost of same. True to prediction, a waste of money it turned out to be.

In 1907, a new swing bridge was constructed across the 40 foot wide channel near Orange, not far from the aqueduct over Evan's Run.

In Newcomerstown, three structures spanned the declining waterway. One on Bridge St., one on River St., and the railroad bridge which was a lift type.



Those carrying the streets were the turn kind, and their movement was effected by men-power using a long pole, a sort of walking beam with a center attachment which contained a square hole.

Another reminder of the canal era, the present storied building standing near Seventeen, shows little evidence that it was once a waterpowered mill and of service to the sundry boats which plied the long watercourse. (309 miles)

This footnote from the NEWS of more than 60 years ago:

"Albert Wohlwend of Gnadenhutten succeeds M. A. Anderson as miller at the Blair Mill". However his position did not last long, the mill was destroyed by fire in 1914.

We have been told this old flour mill was also known by a previous name, perhaps Emerson.

- (Newcomerstown News, January 22, 1975)

#### A BIT OF HISTORY

The big flood of 1913 was a disastrous blow to the old Ohio and Erie Canal in the vicinity of Newcomerstown. Its hand-dug channel was filled with silt in many places due to the heavy and extensive downpour, and the resulting washouts in its banks here and there fixed the fate of the watercourse that particular year.

Knowledgeable persons say the last boat to arrive with a payload in Newcomerstown before the canal's abandonment was one captained by Frank Lyons. This vessel carried a cargo of salt, which was frequently the commodity on the boats, and its mule power was directed by Dave Wigfield.

During the summers of 1907-1908, a state boat was operated out of Newcomerstown by Lem Wilson and his wife. She did the housekeeping on the craft which had sleeping quarters in one end and kitchen in the other. On these seasonal trips to upper ports the mid-section of the vessel occasionally contained a cargo of lumber, wheat or coal. Capt. Wilson died at his home in Otsego in 1923.

Locks east from Newcomerstown in consecutive order were: The Garfield, also called the Dougherty, not far distance from the turn-around basin which was along East Canal Street; The Hill, much of its stonework remains today; Bremer (presumably correct name) near the present location of Wickes Lumber and then Lock Seventeen (Wilson roller Mill).

This brief sketch is the outcome of a pleasant afternoon visit on Rural Route 1 with Floyd A. "Boat" Rogers and his brother-in-law. These kindly gentlemen had memorable associations with the old canal

in their young days. Rogers relates when a child how he often helped to load supplies upon the canal boats, from his father's store.

- ( Newcomerstown News, August 7, 1974)

#### FOOTNOTES

Although the Ohio and Erie Canal ditch had been dug with a depth ranging from three to six feet in the vicinity about, one of its shallow spots was in Newcomerstown at the end then of the present Goodrich St.

This particular place was one of the many "livestock" crossings the entire length of the canal. Here cattle, horses, asses, mules and their kind had no difficulty in wading the water's width of approximately 40 feet. And often too during the summer months their owners or keepers splashed their way across the old ditch, going after or searching for the beast.

The canal brought diversion and work to the Newcomerstown folk in a variety of ways: To the many anglers who caught bullheads, carp, sunfish and snapping turtles in the smooth waterway. To the sawyers and carpenters whose skill and acuteness turned wood from harvested tree trunks into finished lock gates for the chambers which were of necessity to the oncoming boats.

After its abandonment by the state, one of the last uses to which the old canal was put, was as the locale for wooden tub races during the town's well-planned summer street fairs. In those gleeful and soggy events, youngsters vied for prizes offered by a number of persons, by floating and paddling down the deteriorating waterway in their mothers' washtubs.

In retrospect, old timers living today say during their youth the Ohio and Erie Canal was truly a sight to behold and without a doubt served its purpose well.

- ( Newcomerstown News, September 17, 1975)

HAULING JOBS ASSOCIATED WITH THE OLD ERIE CANAL

Erwin C. Johns has many memories of the Ohio and Erie Canal. His recounting of them is an interesting part of local history.

He tells of the time when his father, "Lan" Leander Johns, was hired by three saloon keepers and four or five other men of Newcomerstown to transport themselves and their unlawful size seine by horse drawn vehicle to the Glasgow Basin, which lay to the north of Hill Lock No. 19.

The roundtrip was to be made under the cover of darkness. And its course followed local roads and upon some stretches of the old tow path.

"Lan's" passengers' aim was the taking of as many fish as possible from the old canal basin, without being caught in the act by any law man. They did a good job of seining and were returned to Newcomerstown with an abundance of fish before dawn came.

One very late fall wheat buyer, W. Miskimen, whose place of business was in the present Eureka Hardware building, hired Leander to haul his (Miskimen's) crop of corn from a field nearby and load it into the cargo space of a boat tied-up by his store.

This job was barely finished when winter weather with all of its elements set-in. The canal froze over and the freighter had to be moored for the season ahead.

Miskimen then hired "Lan" again and had him remove the corn crop from the canal boat, haul it to the railroad spur track at the Newcomerstown Produce place and load same in a freight car which had been set there.

Footnote: Canal boats were sometimes loaded at the Glasgow Basin with iron products from the Glasgow Blast Furnaces (1872-1880). It has been said hereabouts, "The iron produced by these furnaces was the best in Ohio".

- (Newcomerstown News, September 29, 1976)

'STATE HOUSE' AND OTHER ITEMS

Dan McConnell tells of the big barn which stood at the corner of College and Canal Sts. and was commonly called the "State House" by many persons of Newcomerstown.

It was the headquarters for the canal's maintenance boat which operated out of Newcomerstown, contained a stable for horses and ample space for storing supplies and other equipment needed in the upkeep of the canal.

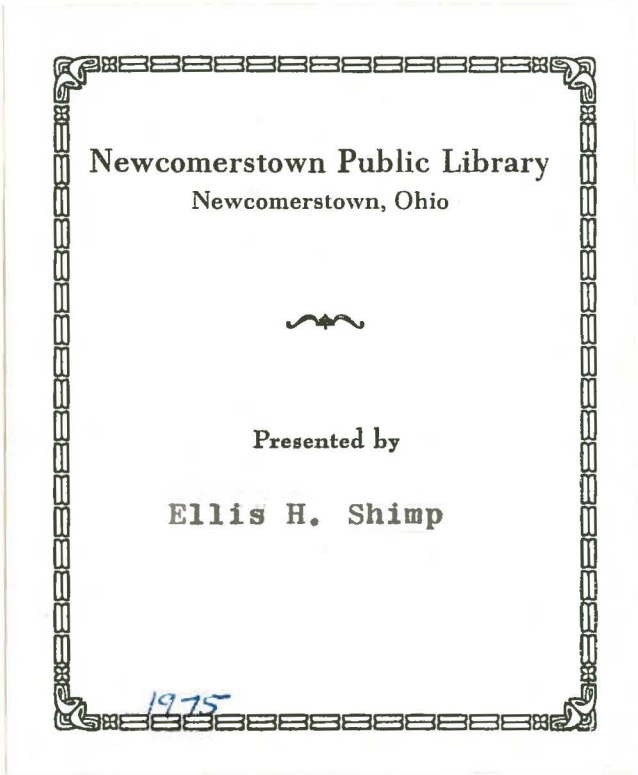
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Newcomerstown Public Library  
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NEWCOMERTOWN OHIO REGION

OF THE

BIRDS

## WILD BIRDS SIGHTED

In connection with observations for the United States Department of the Interior, Patuxent Wildlife Research Center and the National Audubon Society, we have compiled this list of wild birds which have been found over a five-year period in the Newcomerstown area.

Great Blue Heron, Green Heron, Yellow-Crowned Night Heron, Mallard, Black Duck, Wood Duck (noy), Turkey Vulture, Sharp-Shinned Hawk, Cooper's Hawk, Red-Tailed Hawk (noy), Red-Shouldered Hawk, Broad-Winged Hawk, Sparrow Hawk (noy), Ruffed Grouse (noy), Bobwhite (noy), Common Gallinule, American Coot, Killdeer (noy), Spotted Sandpiper (noy), Greater Yellowlegs.

Mourning Dove (noy), Yellow-Billed Cuckoo, Black-Billed Cuckoo (noy), Screech Owl, Great Horned Owl, Whip-Poor-Will, Common Night-Hawk, Chimney Swift (noy), Ruby-Throated Hummingbird, Belted Kingfisher, Yellow-Shafted Flicker (noy), Pileated Woodpecker, Red-Bellied Woodpecker (noy), Red-Headed Woodpecker, Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker, Hairy Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker.

Eastern Kingbird, Eastern Phoebe (noy), Yellow-Bellied Flycatcher, Least Flycatcher, Eastern Wood Pewee, Horned Lark (noy), Tree Swallow, Barn Swallow (noy), Purple Martin (noy), Blue Jay (noy), Common Crow (noy), Black-Capped Chickadee, Carolina Chickadee (noy), Tufted Titmouse, White-Breasted Nuthatch, Red-Breasted Nuthatch, Brown Creeper, House Wren (noy), Carolina Wren (noy), Short-Billed Marsh Wren.

Mockingbird, Catbird (noy), Brown Thrasher (noy), Robin (noy), Wood Thrush, Eastern Bluebird (noy), Cedar Waxwing, Starling (noy), Yellow Warbler (noy), Yellowthroat, Kentucky Warbler, Yellow-Breasted Chat, Wilson Warbler, House Sparrow (noy), Eastern Meadowlark (noy), Red-Winged Blackbird (noy), Baltimore Oriole (noy), Common Grackle (noy), Bobolink, Brown-Headed Cowbird.

Cardinal (noy), Summer Tanager, Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, Indigo Bunting (noy), Evening Grosbeak, Purple Finch, American Goldfinch (noy), Rufous-Sided Towhee, Vesper Sparrow, Slate-Colored Junco, Tree Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow (noy), Field Sparrow, White-Crowned Sparrow, White-Throated Sparrow, Song Sparrow (noy).

This listing of 93 birds is not to be considered an all-exclusive one as there are species we could have missed which occur hereabouts. However, this compilation is of added value to the ornithologist and the local historian as well.

You may be familiar with many of these birds. All those mentioned are numbered among the best of benefactors to mankind upon this earth. Protect them, please.

Those 37 species marked (noy) indicates the bird has been found nesting or feeding its young. (Newcomerstown News, Feb. 21, 1973)

#### UPDATING THE LIST

A gracious acquaintance who has done much field study on wild birds in the neighborhood of Little Buckhorn Creek, has offered valuable information which we are privileged to add to the compiled "List of Wild Birds Sighted in This Area" which appeared in the Newcomerstown News, Feb. 21, 1973.

Species which he has recognized hereabouts and not on our list include the Upland Plover or Bartramian Sandpiper, Cliff Swallow, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, Red-eyed Vireo, Northern Waterthrush and Orchard Oriole.

The first mentioned bird is found rarely in Ohio and has been duly recorded so in the past. He, too, has discovered the nest of the Cliff Swallow and the above-named Vireo, also the Orchard Oriole with its young; findings which have eluded our search to this date.

Species which we had observed in the region, without locating their nest include the Red-tailed Hawk, Great Horned Owl, Belted Kingfisher, Mockingbird and Common Yellowthroat.

Moreover, our good and noble friend has discovered the nest of the five just mentioned. And he has told of how the hawk and the owl would change from one wood patch to an adjacent one on alternate years for the rearing of their young, and at the same time using each other's old nest of the prior year.

This addition should be made also to the original list of Feb. 21, 1973. Insert Golden-crowned Kinglet between Eastern Bluebird (noy) and Cedar Waxwing. (Newcomerstown News, Mar. 13, 1974)

#### ORNITHOLOGIST

Part of the pleasures of bird watching is in the making of new friends and the fellowship of individuals who participate in this interesting sport.

Far and wide we have known ornithologist. And on several occasions in this vicinity we have visited with Earl Marlatt who has a broad knowledge of the avian life in the region around.

Earl has added 16 species to our original local list of 94 wild birds which was published first in the News of Feb. 21, 1973 and



that of March 13, 1974. This goodly number we had not found nor been lucky enough to observe.

Also on these lists he has marked 10 species for the (noy) category. This number includes also the Whip-poor-will, Cedar Wax-wing and Common Yellowthroat, three which had not been so recorded heretofore.

We are most grateful to Mr. Marlatt and we thank him for his assistance in helping to bring our records up-to-date on the bird-life of this vicinity.

Additional species which should be added to the original lists to make them potentially complete:

Common Loon, Canada Goose, Blue-winged Teal, Hooded Merganser, Osprey, Ring-necked Pheasant, Sora, Common Snipe, Rock Dove (noy), Barn Owl, Saw-whet Owl, Great-crested Flycatcher, Winter Wren, Black-and-white Warbler, Tennessee Warbler, Yellow-rumped (Myrtle) Warbler, Prairie Warbler, Connecticut Warbler and Scarlet Tanager.  
(Newcomerstown News, Oct. 8, 1975)

#### OPPORTUNE PICTURE

It is rather an unsavory event in the outdoor world to obtain with the naked eye a close-up view of the scavenger Turkey Vultures. We see them soaring high overhead, and field glasses or binoculars are needed for the distant intimate view.

Our party was treated to an opportune picture of two of these carrion-subsisting birds perched by the wayside where a meal was to be had.

While touring one of the secondary highways in the Tuscarawas River valley we chanced upon this pair at rest upon the topmost bar of an old rail fence. In the road near-by lay a big black snake long since in the state of death.

And as our vehicle passed near their perch the vultures winged slowly skywards and circled overhead, then returned readily to the selfsame rail.

Quickly parking the car so that all of our party could observe such raptorial birds close at hand, presently one of the members uttered softly, "Naked heads of carmine hue, whitish bills, eyes of brown, pinkish feet, and their very plumage shading from black to brown."

Putrefying snake, ravenous buzzards, and observing we. We have often pondered the materials for their appetite; but we are aware such scavengers are of great value to mankind for they were designed and allotted these duties by the Grand Architect of all the known Universe.  
(Newcomerstown News, Sept. 12, 1973)

