**BELLE VUE - Arbuckle Stories**

**Chapter 2 *The Quaker – By Jim Arbuckle***

It was a warm summer morning on Belle Vue farm in 1965 as I was helping my granddad Alex and Uncle Lockhart preparing the truck with fence supplies to fix a section of fence in the south part of the Creamery field. The creamery is a large field across Arbuckle Lane, and directly in front of the Belle Vue house. The field once housed an ice house used for making butter. This was way before my day, and I am not even sure where the old ice house stood. But the creamery field is an especially pretty field with a little stream winding through the green pasture land.

My cousin, Johnson Lewis arrived just in time as we hopped in the back of the pick-up truck with our granddad, as Lockhart drove bumpy d bump down through the creamery field. I had wanted to ride my horse, Tony, but Dat (our granddad) told me to leave him at the barn. Dat pointed to the site where a little sheep barn used to stand. It was struck by lightning in the early 1960’s, but I remember climbing up the hat loft when I was younger. All that is left is a low stone foundation, buried in the tall grass.

Once we reached the site, Johnson and I helped Dat and Lockhart pull the old fence down, roll it up, and unload the new wire. Of course, Dat and Lockhart fussed at Johnson and me for laughing and talking more that we were working.

But as Dat poured us water in tin cups out of an old tin can, he told us that a man named Isaac Sherwood was coming to dinner that evening. Johnson said that he now knew why his mother and sister Jane would be helping our grandmother (Nana) with dinner. As soon as I asked Dat who Isaac Sherwood was, Lockhart told me to stop talking and go back to work, and that I would find out tonight.

We worked most of the morning and afternoon. Since Johnson and I did not work as fast as our granddad or drive fence staples to suit our uncle, most of our time was spent talking and drinking water.

The fence was finished, and we arrived back at the barn at 4 p.m. Johnson was happy to see his mother, Virginia; sister Jane, and little brother Alex down at the house. They were helping Nana with the evening dinner. As soon as Dat began calling the milk cows, little Alex was running to the barn to be with everyone. As little Alex was talking to Johnson, Dat sent the Border collie Kate to bring the three milk cows to the barn.

My two cousins and I climbed in the hay mal, as Dat and Lockhart milked the cows. As the cows were turned back out to pasture, we saw Cary Lewis pull in with his truck. Johnson and Alex ran eagerly to greet their dad. As I walked down to the house, my dad, mother, brother Davis and my granddad Sharp arrived in our green 1964 Chevrolet Impala.

As our grandmother Carrie (Nana), and my Aunt Virginia Lewis and cousin Jane Lewis were busy in the kitchen preparing for the big evening meal, our granddad Dat and Lockhart brought the milk from the barn. As Dat came in and greeted everyone, he headed to his bedroom to change clothes, as Lockhart separated the milk on the separator porch. The Arbuckle and Lewis family gathered in the Hall and talked until someone knocked at the door.

Alex hearing the knock came running as he greeted Mr. Isaac Sherwood. Both men were glad to see each other, and soon Alex was introducing Mr. Sherwood to the entire family.

Once Carrie announced dinner, all gathered around the large table in the dining room, as our granddad Alex said Grace. As Mr. Sherwood helped himself with roast beef and vegetables, the family began to ask him questions about his life, family and farm.

He informed them that he was born in New Jersey in the late 1800’s, and was a Quaker, and had been a farmer all of his life. His son Robert (Bob), farmed with him, and when high taxes forced them out of the Garden State, Mr. Sherwood, Bob, and Bob’s wife Carol, children Russell and Billy moved to West Virginia, and purchased the Raymond Flack farm, seven miles north of Lewisburg. It was a good farm, as well as a beautiful farm, and Mr. Sherwood and his family were happy there.

Thomas Alex noted, and thanked Mr. Sherwood for purchasing his Allis-Chalmers and New Holland machinery from him for his farm.

Carrie asked him since he was a Quaker, did he and his family say “thee” when talking.

Mr. Sherwood laughed, and said while many older Quakers used the word “thee” when speaking, he and his family had broken away from that verbal custom.

Lockhart told him he looked forward in working with him and Bob, and would help him in any way that he could.

And Virginia also offered her help and welcomed them to the community.

Carrie informed that she realized that he was Quaker, and there being no Quaker church in the area, he was welcome to attend their church, Clifton Presbyterian Church, just a mile and a half south of his farm. Mr. Sherwood laughed and thanked her, but said that he would leave that up to his son Bob and daughter-in-law Carol.

After Carrie, Virginia and Jane served delicious lemon pie for desert, Alex took Mr. Sherwood to the parlor, where all the men joined and talked until 9:00 pm.

Everyone said their goodbyes to Mr. Sherwood in the dining room. Before he left, he had a prayer and thanked all for the hospitality.

A few minutes later, Alex walked out with Isaac, as both looked at the clear night sky and predicted a good hay day for tomorrow. As Alex told him goodbye, luck to him, and to come back soon, Isaac smiled and said, “May God bless thee.”

Alex Arbuckle and Isaac Sherwood remained long time friends until their death.

*This family story was written by Jim Arbuckle in 1981. Please scroll down.*

FAMILY MEMBERS

Alex W. Arbuckle- Owner of Belle Vue Farm  
 Carrie Arbuckle – Wife

Children – Thomas Alex, Virginia Lewis, and Lockhart.

Grandchildren – Jimmy and Davis Arbuckle. Johnson, Jane and Alex Lewis.

Son-in-law – Cary Lewis Daughter-in-law – Louise Arbuckle

Come with me in combined Chapters 3 and 4 for a look and a horseback ride in a field on Belle Vue Farm, plus a visit from Cousin May Arbuckle in Chapter 4.

**To see a picture of Isaac Sherwood and Alex Arbuckle, go to *Photo*s. “The Quaker.”**