



DR. JOHN "Cuff" AVORY GRIMES
1845 - 1936

He was a Confederate Veteran, having served in Company D, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Roy S. Cluke's Regiment, under General John Hunt Morgan.

During the Civil War, a neighborhood man persuaded a group of 16 year old boys to join the Confederate Army so he could become their commander. Very early one Sunday morning, before daylight, John Avory went out to his father's barn; bridled and saddled the best horse his father had; and rode off to join the army without telling anyone he was going.

John Avory Grimes was a physician, practicing medicine in Kentucky. In 1904 he was a doctor in East St. Louis, Illinois. He lived the last 34 years of his life in the Confederate Veterans Home in Higginsville, Missouri; assisting the resident physician there. He died at the age of 90 and is buried in the Confederate Cemetery in Higginsville, Missouri.

While he was in the Confederate Home, his nieces and nephews began the habit of visiting him once a year, taking a basket dinner to eat under the trees in the yard. The first visit occurred about 1930 or 1931. The family referred to him as "Uncle Cuff".

"Uncle Cuff" is SCWRT member Dean Becraft's Great Great Uncle.

The following is the story of one day in the life of the brother of Dean Becraft's Great Grandmother, during the Civil War.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAPTURE OF THE SMALLEST YANK

by

Dr. John Avory Grimes

#1356.6 Company D 8th Kentucky Calvary
Roy S. Cluke's Regimen; John Hunt Morgan Command

When I was on the raid with General John H. Morgan through Indiana and Ohio we had gotten near the Border of Ohio and Indiana my Company was ordered to go to the front to feel of the enemy and see what was in front of us. So we came to a small river and a small town on the eastern banks of this river and there was a company of Yanks there so they had come across the river to the west side of the river into the hills and was cutting down large trees and was letting them fall across the road to block the road so we could not pass. While they were doing this we came upon them and surprised them and at once we went to shooting at each other and they fell back across the river and we soon scaled around these large trees and took after them. When the Yanks got to this small town they formed a line of battle, just a few hundred yards east of the town so we formed our lines and charged them. Just at this time a woman with a babe was seen right between us and the Yankies and as we fired at them she let the baby fall to the ground and ran for a thicket that was south of the line of battle so as we charged, the babe was in a straight line before me so I reigned my horse up and got off and picked up the little fellow that was laying flat on his back, kicking up his heels and yelling good fashion so I got him alright and I went back to the town and just as I got to town who should ride in but General John Morgan, and said "what have you there Grimes?" and I said "a Yankie" and "where did you get him?" and I said "on the Battle Field". So he said "what are you going to do with him?" I said I did not know what to do with him, so he said you guard the stores here and see that none of the men enter them, so I sat there for about one hour and a nice cottage was west of one of the stores and I saw a woman come out the Gate in front of this cottage and she seemed to be in trouble, so every time I looked that way she would run back into the house. So I rode down to the house and asked if that was not her Babie and she choked up, but finally said "Yes Sir" and I said "come get him, I don't want him" and when I said that I wish you could have seen her expression, her face brightened up like an Angel and she was so happy. So I said Madam can you give me something to eat, so she said, Come in. and she took me through the rooms to a Poarch on the east side of the house and in the rear and went to a ice box and got some milk Peach preserves some butter and a loaf of as fine Bread as I ever eat, now maybe you think I didn't eat; I ate until my Stomach was like a drowned puppy. So while I was eating I talked to her and asked her if she ever heard of the Blue Grass Region in Kentucky. She said yes.

Well I told her all these men are raised there and are Perfect Gentlemen and you need not be afraid of them and if any of them come here and ask you for something to eat you tell them yes and give them whatever you can and they will like and protect you and Army will only be passing here for a few hours and I hope you will be a Rebel after this and I bid her and the little Boy Babe Good By and I loped ahead and got with my company and Command. So here is the History of the Capture of the Smallest Yank
by Dr. John A. Grimes.

**Note: This is copied as he wrote it, using the same spelling to make it interesting.