

HISTORY OF ENTERPRISE

September 27, 1981

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Back in 1893, George Smith said to his son Arthur, "I am going to start out to see if I can start anything". Certainly Mr. Smith had no idea then of how the Enterprise church would mushroom to become what it is today. For those of us on the Founder's Day Committee the same could be said about how this project of gathering information about the history of the Enterprise Church has grown and grown. We also asked people for their remembrances of the church, and we had no idea that all of this would produce such a volume of material. But we are exceedingly glad because this collection is sure to offer to you many moments of pleasurable reading for years to come.

Getting back to the history, the need for a new school house and church was felt by the community. The old Devault School had burned down, and both the rock from the chimney and the school funds from the Devault School were used in the building of Enterprise. The rock was used in laying a foundation while the money, which would have been spent for running the Devault School, was used to buy lumber. William B. (Buck) Milhorn gave a triangular one-half acre lot on which to build the school and church. It was agreed that all denominations were free to use the building for church services.

Eliza Akard donated some white oak timber to be used in making the sills which were hewed out by hand. The entire project was truly a community project as every one pitched in, providing materials and labor, to get the job done. The finishing touches were added with the hanging of the bell which cost twenty-four dollars. The bell was to be rung whenever there was a death in the community, and it wasn't long until it was ringing to remind the people that a friend had passed on. With the floor still knee deep in shavings from planing the walls and ceilings, the first service was held and it was a funeral service. Rev. R. B. Cross preached this first service in September of 1893.

The school opened the following fall, 1894, with the first teacher being Reece B. Cross (Lola's and R. B's father). About the same time revival services were held by Rev. J. W. W. Shuler who also was Enterprise's first pastor. He served for one year. Succeeding pastors are listed later on in this historical account.

The Enterprise church continued to grow for the next several years, but it became apparent that the school would soon be closed. Now the original deed stipulated that the property had to be used for a school and a church, or else it would revert to the Milhorn heirs. At this time in 1940 the heirs were Emma J. Combs, Reece B. Milhorn, the children of Flora White, and Letha Morrell. The church members got with the heirs and agreed to purchase their inheritance for twenty-five dollars each. This resolved one of the obstacles which stood in the way of the church's future. The school finally closed its doors in 1948.

The church was experiencing rapid growth during this time, and some temporary measures had to be taken to provide more space for Sunday school. This was during the pastorate of Rev. James Hankins (1949-1952). Rev. Hankins urged the people to go ahead with a three room addition on the back of the church which at that time consisted of the sanctuary and stage. This was what is presently the fellowship hall and kitchen. Under the lay leadership of Gene Cross and other members of the Young Adult Class, this addition was completed in 1950.

The church continued to grow on into the 1950's and it was during Rev. Sam Varnell's pastorate (1953-1960) that the dream of a new sanctuary was invisioned. Rev. Hankins had laid some of the foundation for this as he had already begun the Lord's Acre program. This was a money raising project which was built on the concept of putting an acre aside for the Lord, and, whatever its yield, was donated to be sold at an annual Lord's Acre sale. Rev. Varnell expanded this event to the point that revenue for a new addition was being accumulated. Also many members pledged a dollar a month to go toward this project. The Sunday School Superintendent, Afton Lindamood, came up with this idea.

Once again the congregation ran into a snag. They discovered that the church only owned the original one-half acre plot, and the area suited for the new building belonged to the Sullivan County School Board. Negotiations were long and drawn out so that it was not until the pastorate of Rev. James Walters (1961-1965) that the problem was resolved. Kyle Smith helped resolve the problem by purchasing the property and then he gave it back to the church. The construction began in 1963. This new addition would contain a larger sanctuary on the first floor with Sunday school rooms on ground floor. This project also included the bricking of the old part to match the new addition. The contract for this building was put up for bid and a bid of \$44,000.00 was accepted.

The actual construction was started in 1963 with the cornerstone being formally laid on July 21, 1963. The Formal opening was held on February 16, 1964. Even with all the funds that had been raised previously by various means, the congregation was left with a sizeable debt. After the death of H. Lee Cross, a long-time member of Enterprise, Rev. Walters was visiting with Mrs. Cross. She mentioned that she needed to make a will, but having no children she did not know what to do. He asked her if she had ever thought of leaving part of her estate to the church. She did, and this was an enormous help in erasing the indebtedness. On February 20, 1972, the new addition was dedicated to the glory of God by his faithful servants debt-free during the pastorate of Rev. Lee Hill.

Before bringing the history up to present some of the church's history as a member of a larger parish needs to be mentioned. From 1894 to 1948, Enterprise was a part of the Bluff City Circuit which was comprised of Bluff City, Rockholds, Rocky Springs, Elizabeth Chapel, Piney Flats, Edgefield, and Enterprise. In 1949, the charge was divided and Enterprise became a part of the Piney Flats Parish which included all the churches except Bluff City and Rockholds. Also, the Rocky Springs Methodist people formed the St. Paul congregation at this time. In 1961, the Piney Flats Parish lost one more church, Elizabeth Chapel, which became a station church.

That brings us to 1972 when the Enterprise-St. Paul circuit was formed. Rev. Ivan Misamore was the first pastor to serve this parish, and he undertook the awesome responsibility of leading the people into building a new parsonage. With the revenues of recent Lord's Acre sales and equity from the Piney Flats parsonage in hand, the people agreed to build a parsonage on a lot given by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Warren, members of the St. Paul Church. The contracted cost was to be \$51,868.00 with \$30,000 to be borrowed from conference funds.

This seemed to be such a large debt for two small congregations, but the two congregations had big-hearted people that worked hard. In a little over four years, spanning the pastorate of Rev. Lee Roy Snapp (the first pastor to live in the new parsonage), Rev. Thurman Littreal, and Rev. C. Mack Turner, Jr., the parsonage indebtedness was eliminated. The Dedication Service was held on August 29, 1980 as a beautiful house was dedicated to the glory of God as a worthy shelter for His pastoral servants.

As history seems to repeat itself, Enterprise has once again lived up to its name, as the members have undertaken another enterprising project. In April of 1980 a capital improvement project was initiated which included a roofing repair for the entire building, paving of the entire parking area, and the development of a recreational area which contains basketball and tennis courts. The cost figure for this project will finally come to an estimated \$25,000.00 with \$15,000 being the current indebtedness. The recreation area has since been designated the Keli Leonard Park. Keli's full name, Letha Keli Leonard, brings us back in touch with the church's historical beginning. She was the great-great grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. (Buck) Milhorn. Her great grandmother, Letha Milhorn Morrell, was mentioned above as one of the heirs of the property.

What a wonderful experience it has been to skim through such a marvelous history. But it has been a greater privilege to be a part of the colleague of ministers who along with willing lay people help shape that history. The following is a list of Pastors who have served the Enterprise Church from beginning to present: J. W. W. Shuler 1894; R. E. Smith 1895-1896; P. P. Kinsler 1897-1898; D. C. Clendennan 1899; N. R. Cartwright 1900-1902; D. H. Carr 1903; D. T. Miller 1904-1905; E. M. Pippin 1906-1907; L. M. Neal 1908-1909; W. M. Patty 1910-1911; J. D. Nave 1912-1914; R. A. Owen 1915-1916; E. W. Mort 1917-1919; H. S. Johnston 1920-1923; R. L. Osborne 1924; W. D. Farmer 1925-1928; E. K. Cox 1929-1931; T. N. Orr 1932-1935; Roy I. Reese 1936-1941; John K. Dean 1942; L. R. Hankins 1943-1948; James E. Hankins 1949-1952; Sam N. Varnell 1953-1960; John S. Deck (Associate) 1959-1960; James N. Walter 1961-1965; Alden W. Nichols 1966; Lee Hill 1967-1971; Ivan Misamore 1972-1974; Lee Roy Snapp 1975-1976; Thurman B. Littreal 1977; and C. Mack Turner, Jr. (the present pastor) came in September of 1978.

My first year at Enterprise school was 1921 and the teacher was Miss Ollie Smith. Other teachers from time to time were Misses Addie Hancher, Lola Cross, Ethel Beard, Dimple Minga, Georgia Mae Sanders. In my class were Arnold and Donald Crussell (twins), Haskell Smith, Olin Cross, Howard and Otis Lindamood, Virginia St. John, Vona Lindamood, R. B. Cross, and Jess Mottern.

I remember the old pot belly stove that heated the room which burned coal and wood. We had to gather cedar limbs to start the fire. Also, the "Ginnie shed" below the school house where the coal was kept and the lower part of shed was used to keep horse in that some teachers rode to and from school on. I remember the boys carrying drinking water from spring located near Rainbow Bridge. I walked to school with Miss Addie Hancher and sometimes with Charles and Frank Houston across the hill. And in the fall of the year we would gather hickory nuts - it was not unusual to have 2 or 3 bushels of hickory nuts for our winter use.

East of the school was a family of Malones - Walter, John, Arthur, Fred, Will, Porter, Molly - children of George and Sarah Ann Malone. And back of the Malones was the ball field.

I recall the incident when Gerald Seneker was about 7 or 8 years old and his grandfather had given him a dollar watch (so called). Jack Combs took the back off the watch and told Gerald there was a hair in the watch. Jack pulled the hair out which was the hair spring. The watch quit running.

Miss Georgia Mae Sanders was searching the desk of students after school one day to see if pupils took any books home. Arnold Crussell set a mousetrap in his desk and Miss Sanders got caught. Subjects taught were spelling, arithmetic, English, geography, history and writing. Spelling matches were popular in our day. At the close of school plays were sometimes given and always the school house was full. Ice cream cones or brick (flavors were vanilla, chocolate, strawberry) were 5¢ each; cake walks two persons 5¢. Hickory and dogwood switches were quite often used to discipline the students.

W. A. Mottern (Billie)

I have been a member of Enterprise Methodist Church for fifteen months. When asked to write my impressions of Enterprise Church, my first thoughts came to mind about the friendliness of the people. They made me feel at home which is very important to any one looking for a church home. Also where the Bible - God's Word is preached.

Bessie Poore

It has now been over fifty years ago that the members of your church accepted our family into your own church fellowship during the summer months of each year. You and your loved ones of the past will never know how much that Christian fellowship meant to us nor how much we enjoyed being there. We soon knew personally and became friends with practically every member and felt as if we were really one of you in reality although away so many months. You even permitted us to share in teaching in the Sunday School so we would feel even more "at home". We all grew spiritually during those years because you demonstrated over and over in so many ways your Faith in God and in His Word, and your love and interest in others.

During the last ten years of Burr's life he was not physically well enough for us to continue in the church there. Even though we love our church in Johnson City there was a responsive chord touched in Burr's heart by the church in Enterprise burning more brightly than was even attained by him in the church here.

We loved Enterprise Church throughout all the past years and our memories of so many things that occurred there are very precious. We repeated this phrase over and over again so many, many times: "God did not give to too many of His children the privilege of having two church homes but we are so grateful we were among those whom He honored so mercifully". We shall always be so humbly grateful for every blessing!

Mayme Harrison

My days at Enterprise began in the late forties when Enterprise was still a Union Church and Rev. L. R. Hankins was pastor.

A few years later, during Rev. James E. Hankins' ministry, I served as church treasurer for several years.

Harmon and I worked with the M. Y. F. for several years which was a great help to us. I'm sure we got as much from these sessions as did the youth, maybe more. The youth of that time are the parents of some of the youth which make up our M.Y.F. today.

I guess my fondest memories are having seen my children grow up and now my grandchildren.

One little grand daughter, Keli, has gone on to be with the Lord, but I thank God each day for the seven years she was with us. She touched the lives of many people, young and old, with

her love and her sweet smile. She was one of the greatest blessings of my life.

Ardith Morrell

I guess what I remember most about Enterprise was the fun we had as teenagers in the MYF. Mr. Charles Houston had to really get rough with a few of us - (You all know who?). But we won most of the soft ball games.

Wanda Morrell Leonard

My husband and I joined the members of Enterprise Church in 1939 under the postorate of Rev. Roy I. Reece. We had been active in our home church in Bristol, Anderson Street Methodist, and no time was lost in continuing this activity. I've been pianist and organist since that day and I've seen many positions that opened up for each of us to serve this church.

He was superintendent of the Sunday School, a trustee, a steward, treasurer of his Sunday School Class for more than twenty years until his illness, and held many offices on the Board. One of the lasting memorials he did for his church was the construction of the pulpit, lectern, and altar furniture for the sanctuary, the memorial desk - these he built to match the present sanctuary. The plans for the altar furniture was not included when bids for the sanctuary was placed. He asked the architecture to draw up the plans and he would build them. They match and enhance the beauty of our sanctuary. His talents and handiworks he freely gave.

We were counselors to the youth for many years - taking them on trips, picnics, hay rides, etc. Seeing them grow up and taking their place in the church as leaders has been very gratifying.

I have worked with the women of the church in helping to organize them in our missionary society and from time to time holding various offices in this organization. I am now the president of our United Methodist Women group and have lost count of the number of times I've held this office. I've taught in the Sunday School classes from the Juniors up since I was 13 years old. Not many years have I not had a class to teach or assist in teaching. I too have held many offices on the Administrative Board of the local church. But I think the construction and building of the new sanctuary and class rooms when I was chairman of the Building Committee was the most complicated yet rewarding experience that I will always remember. I have learned that hard work never killed anybody. That things work out even if it is not the way planned. That the church is the best place to use your talents. Freely give and you will freely receive blessings poured out immeasurably.

Margaret L. Vance

Remembering my parents, Arthur Wilson and Lydia Blalock Malone, my grandparents, George and Sarah Ann Cross Malone, and many other of God's people, Letha Morrell, who was close as a sister to my Mother and Daddy, Mrs. Pet Houston and other members of Enterprise. I know that God's spirit and love through these loved ones has helped make Enterprise Church what it is today. September 1981.

Willie B. Malone Johnson

My first memory of Enterprise was spending the winter with my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Malone. Attending my first school (1917), Miss Miller Smith and Mr. Toy King were teachers. The first preacher I can remember was Mr. H. S. Johnson of the church.

Irene (Malone) Hamilton

I consider it a great privilege that our Heavenly Father gave us the opportunity to worship with the people of Enterprise. At that time the building was a school house. The people were just one big happy family worshipping, loving and caring for each other. Kenneth and I loved the church - our family as they grew loved it too. We moved to the Holston Community in the Fall of 1940 but we visited Enterprise often. There are so many things of the church I remember: The Early Easter Morning Sacramental Service, the pastor and his family going to our home for lunch and a visit, the picnics and the moving pictures Mr. Afton Lindamood took of the group. Many enjoyable times we had watching the films.

My husband, K.D. (as every one called him) died in Jan. 1969. I will always cherish the times we were at Enterprise and fellowship with the people. God has blessed you with a beautiful church. May God's blessing remain with you always.

Mary F. (Mrs. J. K.) Keith

I REMEMBER

I have many memories of my church. Many I cannot put in writing. The church has always been a very important part of my life and will continue to be so.

Our church is rich in history. The original building was constructed for a public school and after serving the community as a school and church also, for many years, it became a Methodist church. I attended school there until I was in the third grade. I do not remember too much about it other than it was two and one-half miles from my home to the school, so that made us walk five miles every day to school and we thought nothing of it. When my older brother graduated from the eighth grade, we three children transferred to Mary Hughes School so Charles could go to high school. Frank and I were very sad, even though it meant we could ride in a car to school.

As time passed the membership in our church grew and we realized the need for a more adequate building. A fund was started for our dream church by all those who would give one dollar each month. The funds grew and interest grew for a new building. We received gifts from friends and also we began the Lord's Acre Sales. Also, a dear couple from our church gave their estate to our church. I am thankful that I grew up when I could have a part in making this dream come true and one of the happiest days of my life was when we dedicated our church.

One of my fondest memories of the church was when we had quarterly conference. It was really a big week-end - all day Saturday and then on Sunday. Instead of district superintendent we had presiding elders. We had lunch on Saturday and we really spread it on the ground. We were seven churches then.

Two early Sunday school teachers I remember were Mr. Dee Lindamood and Miss Lola Cross. Then I shall always remember the good times I had at the youth meetings, also the summer camp and the assembly at Emory and Henry College. And the joy Audra and I had when we were counselors for the M.Y.F.

I hope and pray that our present day church will still continue to grow in number and to serve the community and serve other parts of the world through missions and Christian witness.

Mary Frances Malone

"LOOKING BACK"

The history of Enterprise church goes back many years - for myself, I can "look back" only a few, in comparison. I married Gene Cross, Jr. in 1940 and came to Kingsport to live. In that year, I made my first trip to this community, visiting Gene's grandparents, Jim and Sally Mottern. Getting to the farm, we choked on dust from the road, opened one cattle gate after another and I was actually surprised when we arrived safely. I kept thinking, "Why would anyone want to settle and raise a family so far from town?" -- Less than ten years later we became a part of that community.

We moved here in 1948. The Cross and Mottern roots were deep but I couldn't help but wonder about adjusting to a completely different life. Now, in 1981, I wouldn't trade my years at Enterprise for all of the oil in Saudi Arabia. This is home, it will always be.

Over the years, I heard much of the history of Enterprise from Mayme (Mottern) and Gene Cross, Sr. I know how important both school and church were, in the life of each family. It was the hub of all educational, social and spiritual life, for young and old alike.

Even in the time I have known this church it has changed from a small, simple structure, to a beautiful modern building.

The early simplicity was nice tho - warms my heart to remember! Saturday nite was always set aside to polish shoes, lay out Sunday clothes and be sure shirt collars were starched. (We had to sprinkle and iron, then.) And of course, get out the Sunday hat! I remember how I looked forward to seeing all the new spring hats, especially on Easter Sunday - they were our "corsages". I can close my eyes now, and see one I once had - with a big bunch of red cherries on top! I honestly miss hats for ladies - they were just special in a way of their own. I remember too, the women sat on one side of the isle, the men always on the other. No particular reason, it just happened that way. It changed when the new sanctuary was built, we became more formal then.

One year, son Chris had a poem to recite for the Christmas program. We practiced at home until it was letter perfect. Then came the big night! He walked out on the stage, took one look at the audience, and froze stiff! ! He didn't utter a single word, even when his Sunday School teacher came up and guided him back to his seat.

Daughter Fleta joined the church at age nine. She later told me she was anxious to join so she could drink from one of the little communion glasses. Eleven more years passed and she was married in her church.

I will leave the early history and memories of Enterprise Church to those born and raised in the community. I can "look back" for only thirty-three short years. But, in those years there has been a life-time of my wonderful memories. Friends that could never be replaced, - concern, never to be forgotten, - kindness to heal the heart - and love - love from both man and God, that will stay with me always.

Dot Cross

"ENTERPRISE"

I am not a native of Enterprise Community but Buffalo. My family moved to the Enterprise community on Thanksgiving day 1928. It was a cold windy day with a little round blue snow coming down. There were three wagons - my father, Brent Malone, Sam Feathers and Uncle Jake Cross helping us move. We drove the cows in the "Big Road" as it was known then and was gravelled all the way to Thomas's Bridge and sparsely gravelled from Buffalo to the Old Rainbow Bridge. The road from Rainbow Bridge to where we live now passed by Dalton Crussells, which was owned then by Charlie Smith, then on by Jeters Mill, which was built by my great, great grandfather "Hawley" on my grandmothers side, on to the big oak tree and spring branch at the end of Droke's Bottom. This was strictly a dirt road. The mailman, Mr. A. D. Browder, carried the mail in a horse drawn hack or rode horseback when it got too bad to travel in a hack. Most of the places you went then was done on foot in the winter for there were very few cars then. Model T Fords mostly. And lost of time the road was impassable. My great Uncle Frank Malone passed away and we moved to take care of my great Aunt Sally Malone.

Enterprise then was a school building where all eight grades were taught. The teachers were Ethel Beard, Gypsie Millard, Dimple Minga. The church was a Union Church then or as I remember it. It was heated by Burnside Pot Bellied Stoves which got knocked over quite often. It was a standing rule that if the teachers said they weren't going to give treat at Christmas time, they would get locked out. I remember one time when the snow was almost knee deep the teachers got locked out and they were staying at Uncle Lee Crosses. They walked back home. If we could only turn back the pages of time, 53 years, the younger generation could not comprehend the changes in the church or surrounding environment that have taken place, dirt roads, coal and wood stoves, kerosine lamps, bib overalls and white shirts.

There were more Crosses than any others in this community. There were Crussells, Akards, Warrens, Morrells, Combs, Lindamoods, Drokes, Houstons, Motterns, Phillips, St. Johns, Senekers, Ringleys and some that I have gorgotten - oh yes Smiths, Johnsons. Well I wouldn't or couldn't remember all the preachers, teachers, that have passed or spent time at Enterprise. It would have been very interesting and worth while if we had kept some kind of a record of all the happenings at Enterprise, it would fill several volumes and would really be a treasure for us Senior Citizens.

Persey W. Malone

I recall a couple of incidents which happened in the 30's concerning Enterprise Church. About 1935, I was assigned a role in a play that was being presented at the church on a Saturday night. On Saturday evening, I picked up my two nieces, Audrey and Mary Virginia Miller, and as we topped a hill there was a car parked in the center of the road. I had no alternative but to miss the car and take the ditch. Our car overturned, but none of us were injured. A passer-by stopped and took us on to Enterprise in time for the play. I was invited to an Easter Sunrise Service by the Phelps but due to a snow on Saturday night I failed to meet them at the intersection of Beaver Creek Road and (now) Massengill Road. The Phelps attended the service which was held inside the church building at Enterprise. The Phelps children were Earl, Mabel, and Ruby (now Mrs. Dennis Lindamood).

Aldin M. Morrell

I REMEMBER

The following recollections were shared by Mrs. Irma Warren with her pastor. Mrs. Warren is a member of St. Paul Church, but remembers many years back of how she traveled to the quarterly meetings, some of which were held of course at Enterprise. The first thing which stood out was from the beginning at such an outing. The road then was a very rocky and winding one, much more so than today. Instead of going by the present parsonage and straight on to the church, it went on down toward the river and curved back about where Margaret Vance now lives. From there, it curved way on to Bud Filler's. Once again it curved back toward the lake which is presently called Summer Sound before coming back to the church. The long bumpy ride formed my first impression of what it was like to go to Enterprise.

I remember certain things about individual members of the church. Mrs. Crussell (Dalton's mother) would always bring a basket. When the covered dish meal was over, she would ask if any one would like to share some of their left overs with her family. She would say "I have alot of mouths to feed." And everyone was glad to share.

Jake Cross, Uncle Jake as they called him, was a member of Elizabeth Chapel. Mrs. Warren remembered how he would go to sleep during the quarterly meeting. He would wake up and thinking the presiding elder had passed over his report, he would immediately begin reporting on Elizabeth Chapel.

MEMORIES OF ENTERPRISE METHODIST CHURCH

Enterprise holds many memories for me and my family. I remember going to young peoples meeting before I was married. And so many good times I remember having with all the young people at Enterprise.

I think of Enterprise as the church where Aubrey and I were married; where our three daughters, Sharon, Susan and Sandra were christened as babies and later joined the church as young girls.

Enterprise means so much to me because it was Aubrey's home church and he loved it.

I will always remember Enterprise as the church where Sharon and Susan were married, although they did have to move away and cannot attend.

I remember our different pastors at Enterprise and what each one of them meant to me. I also remember things that have happened in our church that makes me sad and some things I don't cherish too much, but I have found Enterprise to be a church that can iron out all its problems large or small.

I think the one thing that means so much to me during my first days at Enterprise was the sanctuary which is our fellowship hall now. To me the songs were beautiful and we all seem so close together more so than now for now we don't have time to mix and mingle as we did in those days.

Although times pass and so many things have changed, Enterprise is the church I love and always look forward to church and Sunday School and seeing the friends I have known and loved so long. I remember so many of the dear ones who have passed away and what they meant to me, and how much they are missed.

I think God has blessed Enterprise Church in the past in so many ways and will continue to bless in growth and love.

Mary Lee Crussell

The first time I attended Enterprise Church was in the early part of 1940. The Phelps Quartet, of which I was a member, was invited and sponsored by the M.Y.F. to put on a gospel musical program and since then from time to time we were invited back on different occasions.

When my parents passed away, Mother in December 1964 Daddy in January 1965, I was the last one of five children at home so - I made my home with my sister Ruby and her husband Dennis Lindamood. During that time I attended services with them at Enterprise where they attended regularly.

I can look back now through the years that have passed and think of the many good times I have had telling the story of Jesus in gospel singing.

Elma Phelps Cotter

I REMEMBER

When I started school at Enterprise in the 1930's, my first teacher was Miss Lola Cross. I remember the day when the end of the school house looked like a "polka-dot shirt". One day when I was out of school helping Vernon Cleek cut corn, the boys that were in school decorated the outside of the building. In the end of the school house was a square hole and these boys had tried to throw black walnuts and hit the hole. So you can imagine what the end of the building looked like. I don't remember exactly what happened, but I believe the boys had to wash the stain off the building. If you have ever tried to wash off black walnut stain, you know what a job it is.

I started attending church at Enterprise in the 20's. We would walk to church and Sunday school. I didn't want to go but my mother, Letha, and my grandmother, Martha Ellen Morrell, said I was going and I went. I remember a Preacher Cox who rode a horse from Bluff City to Enterprise and would preach there on Sunday evenings.

In the 20's I was one of the young. In the 80's I am now one of the old.

R. W. Morrell

I remember these things of interest about Enterprise school. The girls played croquet and baseball. We made play houses by putting rocks around the rooms and then we would put moss on top of the rocks. We used cedar for sweeping the ground floor and sometimes some one would tear up the play houses after we left school in the afternoon. Some of the boys would "rock" Uncle Henry Hicks when he would pass Enterprise in his wagon. Miss Fannie Fickle rode a side saddle on her horse. We also had cake walks to raise money. At Christmas time, some of the students wouldn't let Miss Fannie in the school room until she promised "to treat them with Christmas goodies".

Inez Webb Morton

The first school or church I can remember going to was Enterprise. My mother and father both went to school at Enterprise and my father, Ben F. Cross, was a member of Enterprise Methodist Church, as was most all of my aunts and uncles at one time.

My father has told me that his father, Samuel L. Cross, helped build the school and church and he had gone along with him to hand his father planks, etc.

One funny story my father told me was concerning the first day he went to school. The teacher had told the beginners to ask their parents how old they were, and to tell her or him the next day. My father asked that evening how old he was, and my grandfather replied; "Son, you will be seven years old next corn planting time". (April 1st) The next day when his name was called he stood up very proud and repeated what his father had told him. Well, the whole school got a big laugh.

My Uncle Jerry Mottern was one of the first school teachers at Enterprise, as well as several cousins.

Verna Cross McKinney

Maggie Phillip's mother furnished the logs for the sills in the old part (Fellowship Hall) of this church. Paul and I had been going out to Enterprise for over 50 years. When our children came along, we walked through the woods and carried the children - Frances, Howard, and Harold - to church. Paul and I were in a play, the proceeds of which paid for the lumber for the floor of what was then the sanctuary. We joined the Epworth League and walked with the children to be a part of the fellowship.

The old part was a school which was attended by many of those who also came to the church. Frances, Howard, and Harold went to Enterprise to school until we sent Frances to Bluff City to take piano lessons.

All denominations worshiped together at this time. We had worship service every third Sunday. Paul's father and mother attended the church for a time. Around that time Afton Lindamood started a building fund and asked each one to give \$1.00 a month. Those who agreed to this signed a letter which has been framed since then and still hangs in the church's fellowship hall. At that time Uncle Norman Lindamood was the teacher of our Sunday School Class and Uncle Dee Lindamood was superintendent.

Gladys Phillips

I REMEMBER

I remember Enterprise as a neighborhood church when services used to be held in the present "Fellowship Hall", and the preacher stood on the stage when he preached. Sunday School classes were held in different sections of the room, while other classes were behind the stage in the old public school classrooms. The desks were too small for adults and tall people sat "side-ways" because they couldn't get their knees under the old desks.

I remember when the little children's class met on a long bench in front. The teacher tried to keep order and teach a lesson at the same time, a very difficult task, as they were being watched and "enjoyed" by other people nearby. I remember Mrs. Betty Lindamood remarking, "I do like to see the children on that front seat".

I remember Mrs. Letha Morrell bringing candy suckers to church for the babies. A smart mother carried along a wet washcloth to wipe the sticky little fingers. She was "Grandma Letha" to all the little ones.

I remember Mrs. Martha St. John teaching the Ladies Class. She always presented the lesson in a serious manner, and always was immaculately dressed.

I remember programs with guests who came to sing, a favorite group being "The Phelps Family", Earl, Mabel, Ruby, Elma, and Roy.

I remember when all the ladies wore hats and gloves to church. Some ladies are recognized in old group pictures by the hats rather than by the faces. Hats would probably be worn year after year. A lady didn't always get a new hat every season. I remember Mrs. Mamie Cross wore such pretty hats.

Miss Lola Cross was another teacher I remember. She sometimes told humorous stories about her public school students. A favorite story she told was about her brother, R. B. R. B. apparently wasn't too fond of having his sister for a teacher. One day Miss Lola wrote something on the blackboard and called on R. B. to read it aloud. R. B. kept insisting that he couldn't see the words. When Miss Lola turned around to see why, there sat R. B. with his eyes tightly shut. Said Miss Lola, "Always keep your eyes wide open. You might miss something really important".

Asenath Crussell

ENTERPRISE SCHOOL - I remember it as a one-room, one-teacher school - First thru Sixth grades. There were very few students in each class. Among the many enjoyable things I remember was to sit in the rocks near the road where we had made us a play house - Mary Frances Houston, Verna Bouton, Marjorie Cross, and Reba Combs. We had lots of fun. We had to get our drinking water from a spring near Rainbow Bridge. The teacher would let two of us go to the spring each day, bringing back a three-gallon bucket of water. We did take our time on the trips.

ENTERPRISE CHURCH - I have the fondest memories of all the dear folks and the nice times I had growing up attending Sunday School and the picnics. I shall always remember those friends from my young days.

Helen Lindamood Crenshaw

During my childhood I stayed during the summer months with my Aunt Pet Houston and her family. I have many wonderful memories of Enterprise Church and its people. The warmth, love and fellowship made me feel a part of the group.

I remember going on Sat. to help clean up the one room we had as our Sunday School room and having our Sunday School lesson many times under the trees. These were important events in the eyes of a child. Picnics at the home of Afton Lindamoods along the river, ice cream suppers, and plays all good things were enjoyed.

One play has always stuck in my mind. It was a comedy. I do not remember the title but the beloved Aubrey Crussell, who was so full of fun and love of his fellowman, played a maid. I will always remember him walking across the stage dressed as a woman in high heels he could hardly walk in, carrying a gold fish bowl with fish in it, and in his funny way saying, "Don't bother the fish". I laughed many times about this.

Enterprise was the school that my late beloved Mother Pansy Deakins Ellis attended and brings other memories to mind.

(Tooty Ellis) Ann E. Corrin

OUR YEARS AT ENTERPRISE

We started going to Enterprise Sunday School and Church in April 1936. In the adult department there were no mixed classes, the men being in one class and the women in another. In fact in church service the men sat on one side of the aisle and the women sat on the opposite side. This was just a custom that had developed over the years. While Afton knew most of the people, Thelma had met only a very few and she felt amongst strangers. Her ultimatum was that if she went to church again we would sit together, which is what we did. Soon after Dennis and Ruby were married and sat together and soon the separation of men and women on opposite sides of the aisle was discontinued.

We organized a youth group at Enterprise Church which became very active in youth activities. Soon other churches on the Bluff City Circuit became interested in organizing the youth of their church and we, along with the youth group at Enterprise, helped to organize the youth groups at several of the other churches. We were helped very much in these endeavors by having the help of the Youth Director, Rev. E. L. Crump, from the Inter-Board Council in Bristol.

The Women's Society was organized about this time in the church which became very active in the Enterprise Church, the other churches on the Bluff City Circuit and also the Abingdon District Women's Societies group.

Most of the activities were carried out through the Sunday School as Sunday School was held every Sunday while church services were only one Sunday each month.

One of the highlights of the activities of the Sunday School was the annual picnic. These picnics were held at different places, such as Davis Spring, The Laurels, Backbone Rock and other picnic places. Games, such as baseball, horseshoe pitching, tag and others were enjoyed by all. Of course the bounteous and delicious picnic dinner was the highlight of the day. Afton made movies of these events and during the war when it was impossible to get film, Charlie Houston always came up with enough film to make movies of the picnic. These movies were shown during the winter months and brought back the fond memories of these events.

The attendance was growing and it was apparent more Sunday School rooms were needed. Several of the young men of the Church and Sunday School were drafted into World War II and we came up with the idea that we could honor these men by starting a building fund in their names. A plaque was made with the names of all young men serving in the Armed Services. Members of the Sunday School and Church were asked to pledge a small amount to be paid each Sunday in honor of these men and the money put into a building fund. This fund later grew into a fund that was used to build the two Sunday School Rooms on back of Church.

Another event, which stands out, is when the person furnishing the Elements for the Lord's Supper blackberry wine was served. This was in the winter time and the intense heat from the old pot-bellied stove created a really heady aroma in the church.

Once, during the pastorate of Roy Reece, we were having a revival at Enterprise, and Rev. Kyle Tomlinson was the visiting preacher. As usual, various members were entertaining the preachers for supper and they were to come to our house as one of their stops. On the day before, Thelma went to Uncle Dee Lindamoods' and bought a hen, knowing the special place chicken has in the life of a Methodist Preacher. She put the hen in a coop for overnight and went out the next morning to get her, and somehow she managed to get loose. Thelma chased her all over the hill for about 30 minutes, until finally the old hen was so tired she sat down and layed 2 eggs. After that, Thelma didn't have the heart to kill her and called Afton to bring down a beef roast during his lunch hour, and one old Methodist hen was granted a reprieve from the preachers' supper table.

We moved away from the Enterprise Community in 1946 with many happy thoughts of our association with the Enterprise folks and these fond memories still remain with us.

Afton and Thelma Lindamood

September 27, 1981

MY FIRST VISIT TO ENTERPRISE CHURCH

Late in the summer of 1941, probably about Sept. 1 while living with my parents in Bristol, a friend down the street (a girl who was dating a male friend) mentioned one day that she had a girl friend she wanted me to meet. At that time I was interested in all girls but experience had shown that a little caution was advisable.

Some days later walking ahead of me on Sixth Street I saw this friend ahead of me going in the same direction. They didn't see me and I had a good opportunity to look over the very attractive girl with her. On a hunch I phoned my friend right away and determined that this was the girl she had referred to.

After seeing the girl she wanted me to meet, I wasn't about to waste time waiting for an opportunity to be introduced. I got all the facts including the phone number and called her up. Since she already had heard about me, with my best persuasive manner I was able to get her to agree to a date on the next Sunday evening. She told me that since I wasn't familiar with the area in which her home was located that I might have some problem locating it. So she suggested I follow the proper road and after I crossed a Rainbow bridge there would soon be a church on the right side. She was going to a Young Peoples meeting and she asked me to meet her there. I waited in my car (it wasn't dark yet) and soon from Enterprise Church exited that same good looking girl (Helen Lindamood) that I had seen on Sixth Street in Bristol. We said Hello, shook hands and I followed her car to her parents home. (I didn't have any trouble finding it after that).

We were married the next May. Apparently it's going to last. May, '81, will be 39 years, and it all started in front of Enterprise Church.

Robert L. Crenshaw

IN THE BEGINNING

The Pioneer Families of the Enterprise Community, who were of several different religious denominations, realized the need of a school for their children and a meeting place for worship.

Though they were from different denominations, this did not deter them from joining efforts to build the school to educate the children and have joint worship together.

These people were hardy, hard working, and God fearing, whose word was their bond, and had deep respect for one another. They were quick to respond to the needs of their fellow neighbors in times of trouble and trials.

I can remember being told how the men of the community joined together in building the first building, furnishing labor and materials according to their skills, means, and ability - none failing to meet their obligations.

I can not remember very many of the men's first names but some of the family names I do, and of course some I do not. Any one who does is more than welcome to add to these. There were Crosses, Lindamoods, Smiths, Drokes, Milhorns, Hicks, Crussells, Jeters, Mottorns, Cartwrights, Phillips, Houstons, Warrens, Morrells and Malones - also Akards.

If I am not mistaken Mr. Arthur Smith was at one time teacher at Enterprise School.

I certainly wish I had written down many years ago things that were told to me by folks who were many, many years my senior then. Over the years this information slips away from one unless you have a record written to review from time to time.

Some of the preachers I can remember hearing at Enterprise are Joe Johnston's father, also Truett Cox. Many of the preachers were circuit riders and had to ride horse back because the roads were not ones that were passable for automobiles, (if they had automobiles), in bad weather.

To me when a community loses a school, or church, it is tragic and the community is doomed if it loses both.

Hersey Malone

Enterprise has always been a part of my life, having went to school there and a life long member of Enterprise Church. Enterprise has been good to me and I will always remember the things I learned there, both in Church and School.

Things such as all the rocks on the school ground, the coal house, jenny stable, and cistern house; (I have the cistern house at my home now). The cistern wasn't used much as the boys wanted to go down to a spring on the river and carry drinking water back to the school. The teacher would tell us not to go swimming, but if it wasn't too cold we did anyway. When we came back the teacher would see our hair wet and she would know we went swimming and then she whipped us. The worst part of it was, she sent us to the woods to get the switches to whip us with. Most of us were pretty mean. During my last year in school, Miss Ethel Beard whipped me three (3) times in one day.

My Church life at Enterprise was just as interesting. We always had fun at picnics, ball games, horse shoe pitching, etc. I can remember parents would come and bring all the children and would seldom miss a Sunday. Afton Lindamood started making home movies of our events in 1937; then when he left Enterprise, I took them for 10 or 15 years.

We used to have a ball team. I was manager of my side and Shorty Morrell was manager of his side. Shorty and I really had some big arguments.

Two things that stand out most in my Church life was working with the M.Y.F. and being one of the Twelve(12) Lay Speakers when we had five (5) Churches on our circuit. It seemed more people took part in the activities of the Church and there was more togetherness then now.

We do have a fine Church and I enjoy it, and I am thankful that I had a chance to grow up in, and have a part in our Old Country Church at Enterprise.

Charles Houston

YOUTH MEMORIES

Sunday School Class Memories

One of my first memories of Enterprise is being in a Sunday School Class taught by Mrs. Toy Malone. The only members of the class besides myself were Linda Cross, Wayne Smith, and Chris Cross. We were probably 4 terrors in class!

Miss Ada Cross was our teacher one year. We made May baskets, and once she took us to a movie, Peter Pan.

Bible School Memories

I remember marching into the church for Bible School to the Music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and carrying an American flag. Bible School was really a lot of fun. At the end of the week program, each child was given an opportunity to sing, recite a poem, or tell a whole story if they wanted to.

MYF Memories

I remember always enjoying MYF - I went when I was tiny when my aunt and uncle, Audra and Mary Frances Malone, were adult leaders, and I was happy to go when I became old enough.

We usually didn't have a big group, but we had a good time and a good group. I appreciate the opportunities MYF gave me to meet people from other churches throughout the sub-district, the District, and the Conference. I served as District Officer and as sub-district President in 1959 - 1960.

We went to church camps, to retreats, to Youth Activity Weeks, on picnics, swimming parties, to Youth Assembly, Gatlinburg and anywhere else our dear and patient counselors would let us go. Wherever we went, we found that our folks at Enterprise had prepared us to do anything as well as or better than youth from other churches. We could pray just as long, sing just as loud, and excelled on the soft ball field. We won more than our share of games - (Daddy helped all he could by inviting the umpires to our after-the-game cookouts).

General Memories

I remember sitting in the front of the church when I was little, and as far back as my mother would let me when I grew up. I remember week night studies about John Wesley revivals when bugs fell out of the lights on hot summer nights. I remember wishing my favorite hymn "What A Friend We Have In Jesus" could be sung every Sunday. Poems recited by Aubrey Crussell and accompanied by Margaret Vances' majestic music. exciting Christmas and Easter dramas directed by Ruby Lindamood.

I remember how pretty the church looked in Christmas candlelight on the night of John's and my wedding - it was the first wedding in our present sanctuary. Another happy occasion for us was the baptism of our oldest daughter, Shannan. Flanked by 2 sets of grandparents and 2 great - grandmothers, Shannan had a very special Christening.

Most of all, I remember the smiles, the good hearts, the willingness to go the second mile for a friend. I've always been proud to know the folks who attend Enterprise Methodist Church. . . . And I'm still proud to call Enterprise Methodist Church my church "Home".

Patsy Houston Starnes

ENTERPRISE CHURCH

We come here today for this momentous event
This place called Enterprise where many hours we've spent.
Here we study God's Word and worship our Lord
In a christian assembly with harmonious accord.

Our forefathers started this church long ago
Now it's our duty to carry on the work so
That future generations may be inspired to do
The will of the Master by working for Him too.

In this life that we live if God's work we do
We'll not join the demolition gang, but the construction crew.
The structure we raise should be built with greatest care
For we know that our Lord sees everywhere.

We're building not for this earth alone
But making preparation for that eternal home.
We may only live in a little shack down here.
But mansions await if we trust and never fear.

We all have a copy of the architect's plan;
It's the Bible that we read and try to understand.
Sometimes the blueprint seems just a little dim,
But we see the lines more clearly when we trust in Him.

The foundation is God, the cornerstone, His son.
The Holy Spirit we know is for everyone
Who will accept the Lord and Master's plan,
Believe on Him - live the best that we can.

So, we have this reunion of folk from far and near
Who have come together to celebrate with us here
And think of another homecoming where there's joy and love,
When we meet our Lord and Savior in that home above.

Written by - Ruby V. Lindamood

I REMEMBER

My years at Enterprise Methodist Church were many. A total of 20 years.
They were happy ones and lots of memories are there for me.

Most of all, I can remember my Daddy, and his days at Enterprise. I
can remember how he loved to sing and I can still see him standing up front
leading the singing. His singing rubbed off considerably on his children
because I myself love to sing, as you know.

Another thing that stands out in my mind is the year the young people of
the church got to go to Gatlinburg. We had as many adults as we did children
and young people. We had such a good time together. I can remember our
Bible School each summer and all the things we would make and then the
program at the end of the week. I can remember our Bible School Picnics
at the Twin City Drive In and what fun we had.

I can remember Sunday's after church, Susan and I would always want to
go home with Patsy and Wanda, or Becky or Jane, or one of them was coming home
with us. We all enjoyed the delicious ice cream suppers and how everybody ate
and ate and ate. Then there was the Lord's Acre Sale that we had at Glen
Elsea's. Those were all day affairs. But everybody prepared for it the whole
year and not a person went home that day that wasn't worn out, but blessed
at the turn out and success.

I can remember so many things that has happen and things that so many of you have done to influence my life. It is because of my Mother and Daddy and Enterprise Methodist Church that I still attend Church today. You were my beginning and in many ways a guide. As you grow older and have children of your own, you learn to appreciate the church more and all the things it can do for you, and don't forget, you are the Church.

Sharon Crussell Pierce

I REMEMBER

I am grateful for the opportunity to express my appreciation to Enterprise United Methodist Church which helped provide the environment for my spiritual growth.

As a small child, I remember my family attending church and Sunday School regularly together. The early years in Sunday School class were, I believe, the most important steps in strengthening my Christian education. The memory of loyal, devoted Sunday School teachers has remained with me today. At the age of thirteen, I asked Jesus Christ to come into my life during the Christian Witness Team week held at our church. Our MYF was very important to me and our wonderful counselors who gave so much of their time to provide us with the kind of fellowship we needed. Memories of our soft ball team, youth trips to Gatlinburg, car washes, hot dog suppers, ice cream suppers, Christmas plays, vacation Bible School, caroling at Christmas time, the Lord's Acre Sale and many more are what made my memories of Enterprise so good. It was the love and genuine concern of our Church family that made growing up so memorable.

Now that I have grown and moved away from Enterprise, I realize even more how much I appreciate my wonderful Mother and Dad for provideing me with the best Church family there could be.

Susan Crussell Barker

During the years that we went to Enterprise, I taught a Sunday School class of about 20 - 25 young people. Paul Cross was the substitute teacher. He would give a New Testament to all those with a year's perfect attendance. We would sometimes take the class and go on all day or overnight trips to Riverside, Davidson Springs, Backbone Rock and such places. We would take food and do our own cooking. We never had any trouble with the boys on any of the trips. We got along so well and some of them came to me later and said, "I guess you kept us out of jail." We had wonderful times with one another.

The Church had a building fund, (our class contributed to that). Some of the young men are now dead and gone - and some are still around. Some are married and have grandchildren. When the Enterprise building was erected it was a community project and most every family donated labor or building materials. Everybody pitched in and helped. That was the old part of the present building.

I went to Enterprise about forty years. I believe a person should attend the church in their neighborhood and try to make the neighborhood better and create new friends in the Lord's house. I have some pleasant memories.

Raymond Bouton

When I think what Enterprise Church means to me, I immediately think of the people. How grateful I am for their friendship. Some of the ones who mean so much to me are gone now but their memories are still strong in my heart. I wanted to write my few lines about them and their contributions to our church.

The first person I remember leaving a memory was Aubrey Crussell. He was such a handsome man, and the perfect father. Still to this day when I see a picture of a family going to church, I always think of Aubrey, Mary Lee, and the girls. His death was great shock to all of us but we have pleasant memories of him still. He was an incentive to us as parents to try to live up to his standards in raising our own children.

Miss Lola Cross was another one of my pleasant memories. I never remembered hearing her say an unkind word. She was always pleasant. She always made a point to speak to me every Sunday and tell me how glad she was that we came. I shall always have pleasant memories of her warm welcomes.

Paul Phillips was sick quite often when we came to Enterprise, but I still remember him coming every Sunday that he was able. His cushion was always in the pew as if he was saying, "I may not be here today but I will be back when I am able." The cushion is gone now but the memory of Paul is still with me.

Mayme Cross was the type lady who gave the impression that she could command empires . . . That lovely regal stature and silvery hair always covered with a hat. Somehow I felt as if I must curtsy. But when I met her finally and talked to her, she turned out to have raised three boys and made the best brown sugar pies in the world, according to Bob Hall. She told John, my son, he was a good-looking boy so often, he began to believe it. He was so small he couldn't remember names very well, so he always called Mayme the lady with the pretty hats. I have lovely memories of Mayme and I am sure a lot of you do too.

Mr. Norman Lindamood, I always felt, knew more about the devotion I had picked out each Sunday than I did. Like he and God had a talk and he knew God's personal views on the matter. He never corrected you but you strove for perfection just to please him. I miss his saintly qualities very much, but the memory of him at Enterprise is still very vivid to me.

Paul Cross . . . the closest ones to you seem to be the hardest to write about. I remember when we first came to Enterprise that he was the Sunday School Superintendent, always sitting in the front and asking for announcements. When he got sick and couldn't come he always wanted to know who came that Sunday and what went on. The main thing I remember about him was how he took everything in stride. When it rained. I had to worry about his hay being down and getting wet because he would not worry himself. He always said, "The rain will do more good than we ever could." I loved him as a father and miss him terribly, but I have such sweet memories to cherish.

Ted Vance . . . oh, how we miss him! It seems that things tear up and stay that way a little more now that Ted is gone. When Ted was there, he saw the things that needed fixing and he fixed them. Not just his skills are missed but his very presence. I shall always remember him with respect and kindness.

Roy Smith was a very sweet person. He made us welcome in his home when we first came to Enterprise. He always teased me about smoking. He had a stroke, but even when his mind was no longer sharp, he could remember me. Even though he couldn't speak, he would always go for his pocket and offer me a Kool. He always liked to tease me about calling it chopping tobacco instead of cutting it. I had some really good times at his home and with his family.

Shorty Morrell . . . how can we ever sing "Amazing Grace" again in our lifetime and not think of Shorty saying, "Well, if nobody else has a favorite, I'd like to sing number 17 in the Upper Room Hymnal." He was a Santa Claus kind of a man always giving from the heart because he liked people. I miss him but remember him with fondness.

Keli Leonard . . . she was so precious to me and I love her dearly. To see her lovely smile on Sunday and a "Hi, Aunt Jo" always melted me into a good mood. What a personal loss, but as I told Emily, my daughter, what a tragedy it would have been never to have known her. She loved to sing "Jesus Loves Me" so very much. She waited on Emily every Sunday and was so excited about coming to Sunday School. The memory of Keli is a precious thing God gave me and I hold it and cherish it.

The last person that I am writing about is Letha Morrell. The only really personal memory I have of her is a tiny little one. It happened here at the church. I had John dressed in a red velvet outfit with short pants, knee socks, and white shoes wrapped up in three blankets. I thought he looked adorable. Well, Miss Letha's exact words to me were, "Lord love it's little heart, its mama's going to freeze it to death!" Although that is my only personal memory of her, I have heard her talked about so much that I feel that I have more memories. The same is true of so many more people who I'm sure all of you have more memories of them.

I want to thank all the people at Enterprise for making my family and me welcome. I know we differ on issues lots of times and I have seen more beautiful churches, but not one can compete with the genuine warmth of the people of Enterprise. That's why I feel sure Enterprise has an eventful future in store as well as an historical past.

Joan Burnett

I have many good memories and many sad memories of Enterprise Church. Shorty and I were married in 1938, by Rev. Roy I. Reese, at the Bluff City Parsonage. He was our pastor at the time, and that was the year that we started to Enterprise Church. They were having Church and Sunday School in the Old School House. I have seen many good pastors come and go. Many close friends have passed away. Shorty passed away on April 27th of this year, 1981.

We raised both of our children in Enterprise Church, Agnes and Earl (Buddy). Through a lot of giving and hard work, and by the grace of God, we now have a nice new church of which we are very proud.

Margaret Morrell

Memories of Enterprise Church, School and Community

By Harmon Morrell
September 20, 1981

Enterprise! Enterprise - Enterprise! The more you repeat the word the more difficult it is to say and you wonder just how or why our little Community Church was given that name to start with. My mother has told me that when the church and school was being built it was such a surprise to the people of the community that some of the women wanted to name it "Who'd - A - Thought It?"

I guess by now, though, that would sound as common as "Enterprise;" but wouldn't it sound funny if someone ask where you attended church and you'd grin and say, "I'm a member of The Who'd - A - Thought It United Methodist Church". I bet by now - the inflation-depression-or what ever we're in, the Bank would probably be charging an extra fee for the heading on the checks.

According to the World Book Dictionary, the word enterprise means, an important, a difficult or dangerous undertaking. But I'm proud of Enterprise Church and all the people of Enterprise Community, even if the building was difficult to build. The danger must have been the play ground, with all the big "hog back" limestone rocks; because I'll bet there's not a person that ever went to school at Enterprise that hasn't skinned a knee, broke a finger or fell over one of those rocks and knocked the breath out of themselves. I remember at the west end of the building, between the cistern house and the out house there was a steel pipe fastened between two cedar trees about five or six feet off the ground, we called that our "acting rod"; and one day while I was "acting" at the 2:30 P.M. recess; I overacted a little. I fell, struck my head on a big solid rock and woke up at home after five o'clock. I wonder if anyone remembers that.

Rather than being difficult and dangerous, I like the definition of enterprise being an important undertaking. Just how important, we will never know. Think of all the people who have learned to read and write there, the ones who have been saved, the ones who have had their wedding there, the babies that have been christened, and the ones who have left there to enter their final resting place. No place can be any more important than that.

Not long ago, I walked around to the entrance of the old church; as I stood there in silence, a thousand memories ran through my mind. I can hardly believe that I have lived well over a half century and can remember as well, as enjoy writing about things that happened fifty three or fifty four years ago.

I guess the first thing that came to mind was a picture of the Church School House like it was when I first started to school there in 1929. Miss Georgia Mae Sanders was my first teacher, and she taught us little ones through the fifth grade. Miss Ethel Beard taught the fifth through the eighth grade. I can remember Miss Ethel coming to our room and telling us, that we could go out and have some extra play time. We loved her for that! It just tickled us to death.

The building has been built in four different stages. To start with; I believe it was only a one room school and church combination. That would be our fellowship hall (lower part). The upper room, where our stage and kitchen is; was added later and has always been known as The Upper Room. I can remember when I was small; I would hear different preachers read in their service about Jesus and his disciples having supper in the Upper Room and I thought I was real important, going to school in the same room where Jesus and his disciples had eaten together.

The old church really was something to be proud of, with her white poplar weather boarding shining in the sun, nestled among the large cedar trees and the rough rock ledges somehow seemed to just hedge everything in and fit perfectly in place.

I remember, so well, the front porch and I can close my eyes and see it yet. There were steps at both ends of the porch, three at the upper end and I guess nine or ten at the high lower end. The floor was of rough oak lumber that had been worn slick by hundreds of foot steps and rope skipping. I always thought the support posts were so pretty, they were about six inches square at the bottom and top; they had been turned in round circle decorations on a turning lathe. About four feet from the floor, a two by four wooden banister was mortised through the lower square portion of the posts. That old wooden railing was ridden like a horse, used for acrobatics and about all the boys have whittled notches in it with their first knife or a new one they had gotten for Christmas. I bet most of you can remember the color of your knife handles. Mine was red.

Later when Edwin Hennessee and Luther Stengett, who at that time, owned The Twentieth Century Remodeling Co. on Edgemont Street in Bristol, installed celotex siding over the old church's white weatherboarding; they also closed in the porch. The ~~wooden~~ steps were torn away at the ends of the porch and I think, Arnold and Aubrey Crussell formed and poured the concrete steps that are still there. Later, Jim Smith and I formed and poured the concrete wall and steps at the front of the church and widened the front walk. Arnold Crussell installed the light posts in the concrete wall that are still working perfectly yet, after all those years.

When James Walter was pastor, R. W. Morrell, Lewis Hopkins and I installed new windows in the old church and brick veneered over the previous celotex siding, so it would blend and match with the new addition, including the sanctuary and class rooms, built by J. E. Greene Co. a few years before.

Yes, our old church has been covered and re-covered over the years, but beneath those new brick walls all of us who knew her fifty years ago have our own picture painted in our hearts and minds of what she once was. Behind her modern walls lie thousands of precious memories.

I would like to pause here and pay tribute to Raymond Bouton. Raymond taught the Young Men's Sunday School Class for several years. The three rooms at the rear of the Upper Room was constructed by members of his class. Raymond, I would personally like to say thank you for the inspiration you have given my life; not only as a teacher, but as a person I have looked up to and admired as a friend all my life. As we worked in the harvest fields, picked strawberries, dug potatoes, butchered hogs; and then we couldn't wait for hunting season to open, so you and Arnold and I could hunt grouse and quail; and between times we would go fishing or shoot skeet. Raymond, we just don't forget those parts of our life, do we? Thanks again for the memories and for the tables full of delicious food that Opal cooked for us time after time.

Getting back to the school house, I still have pleasant memories every time I go inside. The ceiling is made of six inch yellow poplar that was tongue-and-grooved and paneled by hand. The plane marks can still be seen if you look close. The floor is a rich pine that used to be treated with oil every year just before school started and all the kid's bare feet would be black with oil until cold weather came forcing us to wear shoes. That oiled floor was right much of a mess, so after the building was closed as a School and only served the community as a Union Church; Raymond "Shorty" Morrell sanded and finished the floor in the old sanctuary, as you see it now.

It has been mentioned that we put a new floor, walls and ceiling in the fellowship hall, but what about just letting it be-if only for the memories it holds for my generation, then when the younger generations no longer remember or when it doesn't hold any sentiment for them, then remodel it. Let's not cover up the inside walls now and destroy all those good old memories-not right now anyway.

Most of us never stop to think or to give proper credit to the teachers and people of our community who have been very effective in moulding and shaping our lives. They taught us to read and write; taught us the basics of mathematics and a simple understanding of all the countries of the world and all the great men who have made this United States of ours and the whole world as well as a respectable place to live.

Thanks to Christine Allison who taught me in the second grade at Enterprise - to Margaret Mahaffey(now Mrs. Hafford Rutherford) who taught me in the third and fourth grades. Ms. Mahaffey you were the only teacher that ever gave me a whipping in school and caused me to get another when I got home, but I don't hold that against you. I needed that. Do you remember what the whipping was for? Elmore Cross and I were playing in Uncle Dave Smith's field and I had brought some matches to school and I lit the dry grass and the whole field burned. It almost got the barn before it was put out.

I was a sophomore at Bluff City High School, Mr. Will Cross owned the county school bus and W. J. Jr. drove the route on his way to King College and later taught typing at Bluff City. Well, what I'm getting at is, one morning a little set of twins, Billy and Betty, got on the bus for the first time. I found these to be the children of Margaret and Hafford Rutherford. A few years back, I met Billy when he came to repair a hot water heater. What ever became of Betty?

Miss Hattie Arrants was my teacher in the fifth and sixth grade, we only had school in the upper room then because the lower large room was used mostly for church services. Miss Hattie saw to it that we children respected it as such, too. Miss Arrants brother, Sidney Arrants died in the Veterans Home at Johnson City some two or three years ago. I haven't heard of Miss Hattie for years. Miss Hattie, if you by any chance happen to read any of these writings please write to us. The address is still Piney Flats, Route 1.

I guess if I had kept time, I have spent more time with Bassil "Doc" Malone than any other person in school. I believe that Doc went to old Buffalo School through the second or third grade then come to Enterprise. After we finished the sixth grade at Enterprise, we then went to the new Buffalo School (Ruritan Building now) through the eighth grade. We graduated from the eighth grade when Lawrence Torbett was principal there and Miss Oeola Hilton taught the smaller grades. Ed Feathers was principal there when we were in the seventh grade and Miss Dimple Minga had the lower grades.

Doc and I went from Buffalo to Bluff City High. We rode Mr. Will's bus for four years, took the same subjects all four years and graduated in 1941, Mr. J. H. Pierce, Principal. We did a lot of waiting at Buffalo and Mr. Jim Kings Store, didn't we Doc? Remember the old pot bellied stoves at Enterprise, Buffalo, and Kings Store? Good old days, Huh? I think we made about a quarter a week for building the fires, because we were the first ones to arrive at school.

Well, we certainly owe a great deal of thanks to our school teachers, to the store keepers and parents of the community who gave us a good warm place to stay while we waited on the bus; and many times Mama and Papa King would open the back door of the store that led to the kitchen and ask us if we would come and eat breakfast.

Our Sunday School teachers cannot be praised enough and will never know how much good they plant in the minds of growing children. I never went to school to Miss Lola Cross or Mrs. Ada Cross Johnson, but both of them taught the Sunday School classes that I attended at Enterprise. I believe Miss Ada taught the Primary and Junior Class and Miss Lola taught us in the Senior Youth Group. Mr. D. Lindamood taught the youth class then, too, and I can remember when he would take us to play ball in his field at the end of Old Rainbow Bridge. That field has long been covered with water, backed up by the Boone Dam. Too bad!

One person at Enterprise that I looked up to as much as anyone I know was Roy Smith. I guess because I didn't remember my father, I kind of adopted Roy as my Dad and that is what he was to me all my life. Dallas, Roy and Lennie's oldest son, and I were almost the same age. I forget just how many months difference; but we were almost like brothers. When we were small I remember the times we would get ice from King Akard's pond and make home made ice cream, even in the winter time. We built houses from poles and put the roof on of brush and moss, then we would carry eggs, meat and potatoes and an old cast iron skillet and cook our meals over on open fire. We grew up to manhood together. Almost everywhere one of us went the other one went too. I know, if it had not been for Roy taking me with them to town, to Watauga to visit Lennie's sister, Tessie Shell and to Johnson City to visit her other sister Grace James, I wouldn't have gotten to go anywhere. Anytime there was money enough to buy an ice cream or pop, Roy and Lennie always shared with me, the same as their own. Even after I was grown, Roy and I farmed together.

We owned a team and farm machinery jointly. Anytime I needed a car, Roy would pitch me the keys and say, "All I ask you is just to be careful". That is the way it has been between our families for over fifty years and now Don and Kelly and Sam are like sons to me; always helping me and giving any way they possibly can. They sure took after their dad. It is kind of like reversing the whole thing and living it all over again. Maybe that's the way life should be.

I remember when Jewel Dean (Mrs. John Miller) was born, I was as happy as if it were my own baby sister. Jewel, I've rocked you to sleep a thousand times and pulled you in the little red wagon almost that many miles. LaWanda, our oldest daughter is named for you. You were the only Wanda I ever knew, so we just dropped the La - Is that French? Doris, I didn't leave you till last because you hold less memories than the others, you know the old saying, "Leave the best till last." You were a sweet little girl.

Another man that played a great part in my life was Paul Cross. I remember the many days we have worked together and the many problems I have discussed with him. He always told me right. I can see that now. I remember one Sunday night, I didn't hardly sleep at all because the next morning I was to plow corn for the first time. Paul had told me, "I'll hitch Dixie and Trixie, the big red and black mares, and you and I will run two cultivators, working the mares as a team. It didn't work too well. I couldn't hold my plow to the corn row, so I ended up working the old Mule, "Old Kate". Joe plowed "Kellie" the next oldest mule, Paul worked "Old Dixie" and Mr. Fillers, Bud's dad, worked "Old Red." There I learned to plow corn. That was in the field that Hopkins owns now, the one with the big silo on the hill. The rows were long, they reached all the way from Roy Smith's line (Don that is where you had your garden) to the lane that went in to George Cross' farm. The spring there where Hubert and Bertha Cox live now is where we would get our water to drink when we plowed to the end of the field. That is only one thing of the many that I can think of. I could write on and on if time and space would allow, about turned over wagons, run away mules, flooded fields, wet hay, sour milk, strong cheese, baby calves, young colts and everything else that could make one happy or cause you to lose your temper. Yes, I remember many things about Paul and Lillie. Lillie always baked the best chocolate cake I ever ate.

When I was small, I faintly remember an old Luthern preacher, by the name of Rev. Cronk. He was a funny looking man, he wore a little black tan on the back of his head. He was my Grandmother Morrell's pastor at Holston Grove Luthern Church (now a Baptist Church close to the farm of the late, Mr. Arthur Smith; a grand old member of Enterprise Church) but he would preach at Enterprise occasionally. Enterprise was a Union Church then, any denomination could hold services there. When I was about five or 6 years old I remember my grandmother sending word; I guess she mailed a one cent post card and had Rev. Cronk to come to the house. I stood in a chair and he baptised me there at home. I was afraid of him and I didn't understand him throwing water on a little guy like me, but I knew he must be doing something important, for I just knew that a man that I had heard preach in church would probably not harm me too bad. Mack, do you suppose that baptism is still good? I guess it was, because I was just a child and didn't understand, but I don't think he was very friendly like preachers now. No harm meant if Rev. Cronk has any relatives still around these parts. He must have had a bad throat or lung or something, because he would preach a few words, then he would suck on some kind of

a little sugar tit or something made out of celluloid and then smack his mouth like it was so good. I never could understand, why I couldn't have any of those things, but I just thought that only preachers sucked on those things and I was afraid to say anything or ask for one.

The first Methodist preacher I can remember was a red headed man that rode a little red mare, nearly the color of his hair. Rev. Cox would tie his horse to the cedar tree in the front church yard. I can remember how shiny the seat of his britches would be from riding in the saddle all the way from Rockholds through Bluff City, by Oakdale then on to Enterprise. His pants would almost shine in the seat; they were baggy and ballooned in the knees. Enterprise was still a union church then and remained a union church through the ministry of L.R. Hankins.

I made a profession of faith and joined the church at Enterprise as a Methodist in 1935. I was twelve years old then and Rev. T.N. Orr was our pastor and holding a revival at the time. I can remember that meeting more than any since. Mr. Orr would begin the services by standing and singing, "Revive Us Again" and then give the invitation as he closed by singing the same hymn.

One night Harold Jones and I joined the church together. Remember that Harold? Rev. Orr ran, was elected and served four years in office as County School Superintendent after his ministry on the Bluff City Circuit. The Circuit then consisted of seven churches. (Sounds like the book of Revelations, doesn't it? The Seven Churches of Asia?) The Bluff City Circuit included Bluff City Methodist, Rockholds, Elizabeth Chapel, Enterprise, Rocky Springs, Edgefield and Piney Flats. That was some horse-back ride, wasn't it? Older people talked about the Circuit Riders, studying their sermons, and reading their Bibles as they rode horse-back from church to church. You can't do that in a car can you Mack?

One day I was walking home from school at Buffalo and some guy drove up and stopped. He had such a pleasant smile I almost knew he was a good man, but I still doubted. He ask if I wanted a ride and where I lived. I answered his first question "no" and then told him where I lived. He ask why I would not ride and I told him that my mother told me never to get in a car with strangers that they might kidnap me. I never could understand why anyone would want me and I guess if they had they would have been sorry. Anyway that was shortly after or about the time the Charles Lindbergh baby was kidnapped and the papers were full of publicity, how Bruno Hauptmann had stolen and killed the baby. I guess that was the reason Mother told me not to ride with strangers.

But he just smiled and said "I'm not going to kidnap you. I'm your new preacher, I'm Roy I. Reece." He laughed and told about that in one of his sermons, how his smile had caused me to trust him. Mr. Reece, I know you'll read this and I just wonder if you will remember that I did ride home in your car.

I thought you always looked like Joe E. Brown, the Movie Actor-Comedian. I can't hardly wait to see you again, knowing you will speak to us again, on Founder's Day, Sept. 1981. That has been about forty-five years ago, because I remember that you came to the Bluff City Circuit after T.N. Orr. I saw Mr. Orr and his wife and all the other ministers except L.R. Hankins and made a picture of all of them at the annual conference in Knoxville, in 1967. That was all the preachers who had served Enterprise church, beginning with the ministry of Lee Hill. Several years, huh?

Well, due to the short time we have to get our copies in type for Founder's Day, I'll have to cut short the remainder of my writing. I will name the balance of the ministers who have served Enterprise Methodist Church in order as I remember them.

I remember Rev. John Dean who had a brother who was pastor at Blountville Methodist Church the same time John Dean was pastor here.

When L.R. Hankins preached his last sermon he made the statement that he would not tell who our new preacher would be for the next year but that we would have no trouble remembering his name. He was talking about Jim Hankins. Enterprise became a Methodist under Jim's leadership, through much work and untiring efforts in legal matters. I remember Jim Hankins, I guess, for the first sermon he preached, "I Saw God Wash The World Last Night."

If we were to refer to the progress of the church as farming, I think we could say that Jim Hankins plowed the ground. Sam Varnell worked it down with the help of John Deck. Jim Walter planted the seed. The crop has been cultivated through the years by other faithful ministers, Alden Nichols, Lee Hill, Ivan Missemore, Lee Roy Snapp, Thurman Littreal, and Mack Turner. In the future, I intend to write a chapter and have added to these writings, about each of those last pastors mentioned.

I just have to say this though, I consider Sam Varnell and Jane and their family as close as any friends I have ever known. Sam's ministry was a great stepping stone in many of our lives. I wish I could just take time now to recall the many things I experienced with Sam and Jane, but time will not permit.

Well I've attended school and studied under different school teachers. I can recall the ministry of fifteen preachers at Enterprise Church. I have lived through the administration of eleven United States Presidents and am now fifty-eight years old.

This writing is intended solely to honor my many loving friends and acquaintances, and in loving memory of the many loved ones who have passed on. May it be, that some time in the future, God will bless this writing and anyone who may chance to read it.

Signed:

Harmon Morrell

Sept. 20, 1981

This last page is written in loving memory of my mother, Mrs. Letha Morrell, who died in an automobile accident June 26, 1965 and in loving memory of Letha Keli Leonard, my little six year old granddaughter who was also killed in an automobile accident June 10, 1981.

I would also like to dedicate this memoir in honor of Mrs. ~~Pet~~ Houston, my mother's closest friend.

No words can ever be uttered;
No tongue can ever tell,
How much they meant to me,
They lived their lives so well.

Harmon Morrell
Sept. 20, 1981

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ENTERPRISE CHURCH AND SCHOOL

I have lived for most of my life in this community and have spent much time at Enterprise church and school. I have many happy memories of the years at Enterprise and would like to tell about some of the things I remember.

Back when I was young there was a friendly, loving feeling expressed by the people in this community. A feeling of caring and sharing. They shared their joys and their sorrows. When people in the community were sick, had a death in the family, or needed help in any way, their neighbors went in and did their farm chores and helped in every way possible.

There were preachers of different denominations who preached on alternate Sundays at Enterprise. The people of the community of different denominations attended these services regularly. For as long as I can remember my dad was an official of the Methodist Church. He and my mother took the whole family (including some cousins who lived with us) to church services whether it was a Methodist service or some other denomination. In 1924 when Rev. R. L. Osborne was the Methodist minister, he conducted the service one afternoon at Enterprise. He had started back home in an old Oakland Touring car and ran off the edge of a wooden cattle culvert near our home. His car was damaged and he spent the night with our family. The next day we helped to get his car back on the road and repaired it so that he could drive it back home.

When I started going to school in 1922 the closest school to our home was at Enterprise. It was on the other side of the South fork of the Holston River which bordered our farm. Since there was no bridge across the river it was necessary for us to cross over in a boat and then walk along the bluff through the woods to get to Enterprise. My dad and Uncle Norman Lindamood took turns taking us across the river in a boat each morning and afternoon until the Rainbow Bridge was built in 1922 and 1923. During the rainy seasons when the river raised and the water was swift we had to watch for large logs that rushed swiftly down the river. The water would sometimes be so swift that the current would carry our boat too far downstream.

Before the electric power lines came through this area there were not many modern conveniences. Oil lamps were used to light the homes, schools and churches. The lamps at Enterprise hung on the walls on a hinge-type on a pivot so that it could swing to one side. There was always the job of trimming the wicks and cleaning the lamp chimneys. When people walked and went places at night they carried an oil lantern.

People in the rural communities had little contact with the outside world. The first radios we had were battery operated. The first radio I can remember us having at home was one I bought with money I had earned by working and saving my money.

There were eight grades taught at Enterprise and two teachers taught all of them. One group of students was down in the larger part of the building and the other was up on the stage. The teacher called one class at a time to the front for their lesson. Several blackboards were around the walls. The school opened each morning with Bible reading and prayer.

I remember one day when the students were setting at their desks on the old stage. The children were taking a test. I had just about finished my paper when one of the students came up the aisle and poured a bottle of ink all over my test paper. I really got upset because I knew I would have to do it over.

One day at school our teacher sent Olin Cross and me outside to empty the trash and burn it. The fire got out of control and a cedar tree began to burn. When the teacher saw the tree burning she really got up-set with us.

When the children played ball, the bases were usually solid rocks. Many of the students fell on the rocks and got cut or bruised. Some of the larger solid rocks made good sliding boards. Some of the larger boys had lots of fun playing on an acting rod that had been put up between two trees. The boys would hook their thumbs at their sides in their overalls with the rod through

Avery, Harmon, and myself got into a water fight, and Miss Hattie Arrants came to settle it. Avery kicked her water hose off, and ran home. We three would let the air out of Miss Arrants' car and then would hide behind a tree. We would laugh at her because she would not be able to go home.

When we went to church at Enterprise, we would go on picnics at Limestone Cove. We would play ball, pitch horse shoes, and take moving pictures of different people doing different things, which would be interesting to see today. Mr. Dave Smith's sage grass field caught on fire, and the boys who were in school there went over to help put it out. The bell rang, and the fire wasn't out, so Mr Smith came out to help put it out. In doing so he caught his pants on fire. I feel sure that a lot of the boys who were there at the time would remember this incident.

Elmore Cross

Myrtle, Raymond (Shorty), and myself went to Enterprise school about two years. I remember one day somebody brought Robert Smith (one of the teachers) a pack of Chestnuts, and Shorty and I took them away from him. One day at school, one of the girls was going to her class and she lost her petticoat. It just dropped down, and she stepped out of it and went on as if nothing had happened.

We went to church at Enterprise, too. I joined in 1917. Raymond, Kenneth Keith, and I made our confession and joined the church the same day. The first preacher I can remember was Preacher Johnson. One of the preachers came down to our house for dinner. Papa took him in the "parlor". The preacher had a little black satchel like a doctor's bag. When Mamma called us into dinner, Raymond and I waited until the others were out of sight, and we opened that satchel to see what was in it. We just had to know what was in that black satchel. We were nosy.

In those days, we had to ford the river down below Aunt Mollie Morrell's place. We had old Kate and old Patsy as transportation. Papa was setting us across the river riding on Kate. Raymond and I were riding that old gray mare, Patsy. There was mush ice running in the river. The mare fell down and after we got off she followed Papa across the river and trotted back. We had to go back to the house and change clothes. We were wet all over. The two of us were always giving "Old Patsy" down the road.

One summer Papa gave us a cantaloupe patch to tend, and we were to get the money from what we could sell. The preacher came one day and praised Papa for giving us the patch. He prayed that we would have a good crop. They looked like they were going to be good, but then something happened to them. Of course it wasn't because of the preacher, but Raymond and I swore that he was the cause of it. The cantaloupes were flat on the bottom and round on top. That was old Preach Mort, and Raymond and I were just fun-loving boys.

Dyron Morrell

I remember going to school at Enterprise when Miss Lola Cross and Miss Attie Hancher were the teachers. We used to play football out back in what was called the Dimmon lot and the Frank Malone property. The first teacher which I can remember was Miss Fannie Fickle. She boarded with us for a while when she was just starting out. I can remember how mad R. W. Morrell would get when you called him by his first name, Rufus. It would make him fighting mad.

Gerald Seneker

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF ENTERPRISE CHURCH

BY: RUBY LINDAMOOD

During the fall of 1932, my family moved from Bristol to Thomas Bridge where we attended church at Elizabeth Chapel. My Dad taught the Adult Sunday School Class for quiet some time. Any my brother, sister and I attended the Youth Organization which was called The Epworth League. We had worship programs on Sunday evenings and sometimes had plays and other activities. At that time Elizabeth Chapel was one of seven churches of the Bluff City Charge. The other churches were Bluff City, Rock holds, Piney Flats, Edgefield, Rocky Springs and Enterprise. The pastors of these churches lived in the parsonage across the street from the Bluff City High School. Rev. T. N. Orr was the pastor in 1936, and performed the wedding ceremony when Dennis and I were married. After our marriage, I began to attend church at Enterprise.

The church building at Enterprise was a small country church, consisting of one main room and a smaller area that had been staged for the Enterprise School years earlier. This building is now the Fellowship Hall and the kitchen and a bathroom. The Sunday School teachers took their pupils into each corner of the room and also up on the old stage for their classes. The names of the classes were (1) Beginners (2) Primary (3) Junior (4) Young Ladies (5) Young Men (6) Women's Classes (7) Men's Classes. A few years later the Mens's and Women's classes combined; also the two youth classes.

Some of the Church Stewards in these days were W. J. Cross, H. Lee Cross, J. D. Lindamood and Mrs. George St. John, Communion Steward and D. M. (Moscow) Lindamood was a Steward a few years earlier.

Then on January 29, 1950, several of the Sunday School classes reorganized a new class called the Intermediates was organized with Mrs. Gene Cross as teacher. Mrs. Burr Harrison from Johnson City taught the Young Adult Class during the summer months. Mr. Harrison taught some of the classes. Miss Lola Cross was elected for the Young Peoples Class and Gene Cross, Jr. the Young Adult Class, Mrs. G. H. Vance, Assistant Teacher, President was Mrs. R. B. Cross and G. H. Vance was treasure. (This information was taken from the February, 1950 issue of the monthly church paper called The Parish Pioneer.

Soon after the Young Adult Class was organized, we decided to have a class meeting once a month. We were invited to other churches in the area to give programs and to encourage other young adults.

(2)

I remember one time when our class was invited to The First Methodist Church in Bristol, Dot and Gene Cross were driving a station wagon and ask us to ride with them.

Dennis and I were the counsellor's for the Enterprise Youth and worked with the sub-district youth for 15 years beginning in 1949. We worked with most of the children and youth of the community and with youth of the other churches of the Pioneer Subdistrict. The officers of the subdistrict met once a month to plan their programs. There were camping trips and youth retreats at Camp Ahistidi near Damascus, Virginia, and also Buffalo Mountain Camp. The MYF subdistrict were in charge of the Easter sunrise service and the watchnight services. We tried to plan a variety of things to keep the youth active and interested in church work. We had swimming parties, skating parties, weiner roasts, basketball, softball and baseball. Dennis strung electric wires out back of the church so there could be recreation out back after dark. The MYF hired a bulldozer to level up a recreation area. Our youth went to Hungry Mother Park and Warrior's State Park. Many years ago, the people in rural areas enjoyed having spelling bees. I remember our MYF had one in the early 50's after Dennis and I began working with the youth. After the spelling was finished, there were cake walks, and some boxes of home-made candy were auctioned. Our youth group often sponsored gospel quartets and other musical groups. Our youth group also gave some plays and skits to make some money.

Each summer our church had Bible School for the children of the community. The school lasted for 2 weeks and were held during the day. I helped with the Bible School for 30 years. We always had plenty of teachers and assistants. I remember when the new Rainbow Bridge was being constructed. The old bridge had been demolished, so our family had to walk to church or drive all the way around by Bluff City.

"The people of Enterprise are now adding the finishing touches to their complete remodeling job of their building" a quotation in the July 1951 issue of The Parish Pioneer. The floors were sanded and refinished and the women made new drapes for the stage. Then in June 1952, the Enterprise Board voted to purchase pews for the church and ask church families to help buy the pews. The cost of one pew complete with hymn book rack was \$48.79. In April of 1953, Enterprise, Elizabeth Chapel and St. Paul decided to start a Lord's Acre program. Edgefield Church had already been into this program for 2 years.

I have attended church at Enterprise for 45 years and have been happy here. I realize that this church is not perfect because a church is made up of human beings and we know that human beings are not perfect. We all have our faults and our failures. We

make mistakes, but we can ask for forgiveness. We must have the love of Christ in our hearts and a desire to live for him if we are to carry on his work. If we don't find our church to come up to the highest standard, then we need to improve our own lives. I think the following poem is very appropriate for this occasion.

The following poem expresses some of my views on the church.

PROBLEMS AT CHURCH

If you should find the perfect church
 Without one fault or smear,
 For goodness sakes! don't join that church;
 You'd spoil the atmosphere.
 If you should find the perfect church
 Where all anxieties cease,
 Just pass it by lest joining it
 You mar the masterpiece
 If you should find the perfect church
 Then don't you ever dare
 To tread upon such holy ground
 You'd be a misfit there
 But since no perfect church exist
 Made of imperfect men
 Then let's cease looking for that church
 And love the church we're in.
 Of course its not a perfect church
 That's simple to discern
 But you and I and all of us
 Could cause the tide to turn.
 What fools we are to flee our post
 In that unfruitful search
 To find at last where problems loom
 God proudly builds His church.
 So let's keep working in our church
 Until the resurrection
 And then we each will join God's church
 Without an imperfection.

EARLY DAYS AT ENTERPRISE

First the roads and mode of transportation. The roads were all dirt. There were no cars back in those days. The people either walked to church, rode horseback, or came in a buggy. Horses were tied around the church to trees. Those of us that lived across the river had to cross it in a flat bottom boat or forded the river. The ford was in front of our house. At one time the river was frozen over and we walked across on the ice. Once I remember a funeral procession came across on the ice.

The nearest bridge was four miles up the river at Bluff City. The "Rainbow Bridge" was built in the early 1920's. Then the roads were rocked.

The church was a two room school house where we children went to school. One room was built a little higher than the other with folding doors and was used for a stage for any social events. In winter it was heated by a "pot bellied" stove in each room. In summer it was cooled by opening the doors and windows. Hand fans were furnished usually by a business.

When opening exercises were over each class would assemble in different sections of the rooms. There were no partitions except between the two rooms. Sometimes a teacher or class would get a little loud and it would distract other classes. We children were always given a penny to put in Sunday School collection.

The church was a union church with more than one denomination as members. Many of the churches back then were union churches. The members did not squabble over denominations but everyone pulled together.

Church services were mostly held on the third Sunday of the month. Only one service each month as there were about eight churches on the circuit. The pastor was called a "Circuit Rider". Sunday School was held on Sunday morning except on the third Sunday.

The ladies always did their baking and cooking on Saturday so they could go to church on Sunday. They also believed you shouldn't work on Sunday.

There were no choirs back then but there was plenty of singers and singing with a song leader.

The pastors were not paid very much cash money because people didn't have much money but bartered. The money was raised each quarter by accessing dues.

I remember my dad was on the board and had to call on some of the members for their dues. On one occasion he was busy on the farm. He asked my mother to see some of the members for him. She went across the river to see one of the families. She told them they had been accessed 25¢ for the quarter. They told her they had not heard the pastor, therefore did not owe anything. Mother told them that the pastor was there and preached each third Sunday and if they didn't hear him it was their own fault. She came away with the 25¢.

Every year or when necessary the members would give the pastor a "Pounding" because they couldn't pay him enough money to live on. He would receive lots of potatoes, beans, canned goods, hams, side meat, flour, meal, and other things the members had grown. They were all farmers and were very generous.

The Quarterly Conference was held every three months and was rotated between the churches on the circuit. It was always an all day event with preaching and dinner on the ground with food left for many more.

The men of the church or neighborhood would go in the fall of the year to the home of a sick person or a widow and cut enough wood for the winter. Wood was the only heating fuel then.

The only lights were oil lamps both at home and at church.

Everyone seemed to have time to help each other. They also had plenty of time to visit and eat with each other.

Kermit Lindamood

Enterprise School And Church Has Long History

By Novella Miller

On Oct. 10, 1894 William B. Millhorn and wife Elizabeth Cross Millhorn deeded one-half acre to the school commissioners for the advancement of scholastic purposes with the school to be known as Enterprise.

The Millhorns along with other members of the community

joined in to help erect the school building which also served as a church. Rev. J.W. Shuler was pastor of the church with about forty-two charter members.

School continued there until 1948. Up until this time, various demonstrations used the building for worship services.

It is impossible to give an

accurate record of all school teachers having taught there, but here are some that comes to memory: Toy King, Ollie Smith, Robert Smith, Lola Cross, Gypses Millard, Fannie Fickle, Ethel Beard, Vara Harr, Paul Erwin, Jerry Mottern, Virginia St. John, Virginia Hancher, Dimple Minga, Margaret McHaffey, Georgia Sanders, Addie Hancher, Arthur Smith, King Akard, Hattie Arrants, Christene Allison.

In 1949 the Piney Flats parish was formed with the Rev. Jim Hankins being the pastor of the five churches which were Enterprise, Elizabeth Chapel, St. Paul, Edgefield, Piney Flats. At about this time, three Sunday School-rooms were built at the back of the school building.

In 1953 the Rev. Sam Varnell became the pastor and the church began to use the proceeds from the "Lords Acre" sales for a much needed sanctuary. In 1964 the formal opening of the new sanctuary was held with the Rev. James Watler being the pastor.

Pastors of the church were: J.W. Shuler, 1894; R.E. Smith, 1895; P.P. Kinser, 1897; D.C. Clendennan, 1899; N.R. Cartwright, 1900; D.C. Carr, 1903; D.F. Miller, 1904; E.M. Pepper, 1906; L.M. Neal, 1908; W.M. Patty, 1910; J.D. Nave, 1912; R.A. Owen, 1915; E.W. Mort, 1917; H.S. Johnston, 1920; R.L. Osborne, 1924; W.D. Farmer, 1925; E.K. Cox, 1929; T.N. Orr, 1932; Roy Reece, 1936; John K. Dean, 1942; I.R. Hankins, 1943; James Hankins, 1949; Sam Varnell, 1953; John Deck, 1959-60; James Walters, 1961; Aldine Nichols, 1966; Lee Hill, 1967-71; Ivan Missamars, 1972-74; Lee R. Snapp, 1975-76; Thurman Littrell, 1976-78; Rev. Mack Turner is the present pastor.

Enterprise will be observing Founders Day on Sunday, Sept. 27, beginning at 10 a.m. for Sunday School, followed by worship service at 11 a.m., lunch

served at 1 noon. Anyone who wishes is welcome to come bring a basket lunch and enjoy a day long to be remembered.

The following is a poem written by a member:

Enterprise

By Harmon Morrell

Here in Sullivan County
Just across the ridge.
Only a quarter mile
From the old Rainbow bridge.
Like a mighty ship
With sails lifted high.
Her spire like a finger
Points towards the sky.
As the church in the wildwood
That's told about in song.
She gives the same warm
welcome

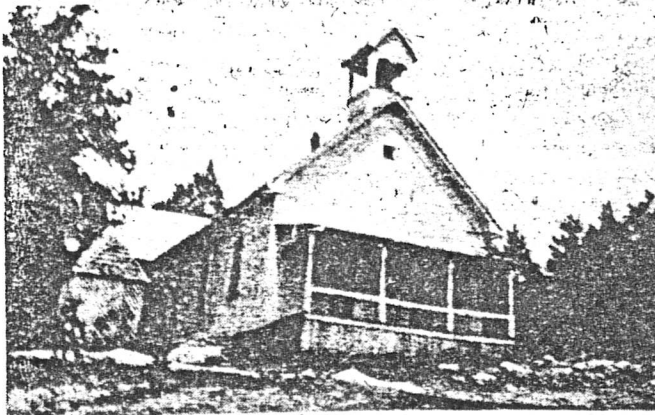
To all who pass along.
I know she'll stand forever
Built on a solid rock
Her doors will always open
For those who ask, seeks or
knock.

Untiring hands have built her
well
Hundreds have walked down
her isles

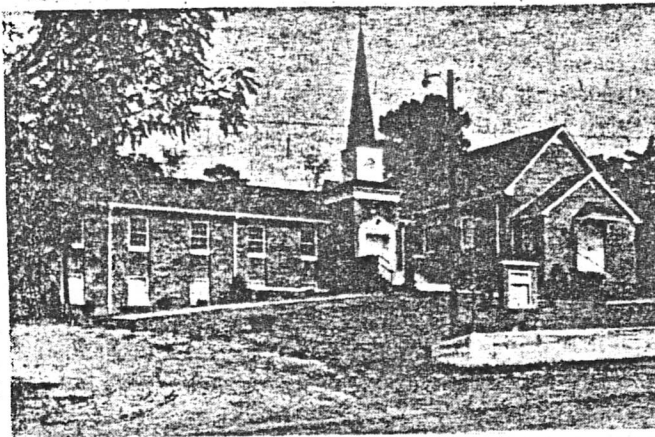
Those who filled her pulpit
Have made our lives worth-
while.

Standing proudly by the road
Like a bright sunrise
Our little friendly country
church

A Mighty Enterprise.



Old School And Church



Enterprise Church

I feel highly honored to be asked to give a few remarks about Enterprise School in which my father taught, before me and my sister soon after I was here.

Some of my father's students were: Bessie Mae, Phillips, Knisley Hancher, May Hancher, Billy Hancher, Addie Hancher, Belle Hancher, Kate Hancher, Fred Malone, Pansy Deakins, John Smith, Ed Cross, Opal Phillips, Peter Malone, Ruby Warren, Lenna Warren, Delmar Cross, Lula Hicks, George Cross, Mammie Mottern, Myrtle Cross, Austin Smith, Walter Phillips, Essie McKenry, Bayless Combs, Miller Smith and Ethel Cross. My father's student Belle Smith, acted as his assistant. My older brothers and sisters attended school at that time. Some are still alive. Mary Jeter Glover, her sister Sudie Jeter Shutle, Hugh Cross, Nannie Mottern, Cross and probably others.

I have today my father's note book showing attendance, head marks, Friday afternoon programs, etc. Sudie Morrell, Lola Crussell, Erma Akard, Corina Akard, Minnie Cross, Mary Cross, Ollie Smith, Mary D. Cross, Belle Smith, Dalton Crussell, Ruby Warren, Walter Cross, Frank Deakins, Clarence Warren, Earl Hicks, Herman Jeter and Enoch Cross.

Only ones living: Dalton Crussell, Austin Smith, Nannie Mottern, Mary Mottern, May Hancher, and Hugh Cross.

Some of my students were: Jack Combs, Pauline Combs, Dorothy Cross, Olin Cross, J. W. Cross, Ralph Cross, R. B. Cross, Martha Cross, Eston Jones, Arnold Crussell, Donald Crussell, Aubrey Crussell, Howard Crussell, Duarid Crussell, Jess Mottern, Margaret Mottern, Howard Lindamood, Otis Lindamood, Kermit Lindamood, Allen Lindamood, Kenneth Hichs, Haskell Smith, Charles Houston, Virginia St. John, and Louise St. John.

I am grateful for the many kind and wonderful folks of this neighborhood, many of whom have passed away.

I was here the winter of 1922 and 1923. I'll try to recall a few of the incidents that took place. Susie King was principal of our two room school. She was a resident of Enterprise for the year, but I walked a distance of three or four miles. In route I was joined by Charles Houston, a beginner who had a struggle to keep pace with me but he lived through the winter and progressed unusually well by finishing the primer and first grade. On our journey home we filled our lunch baskets with shelly bark hickory nuts from Cousin Willie Cross's woods. We also enjoyed wild grapes from the same place. These were very happy days.

I remember quite well our experience at Christmas time. In those days it was a custom to fasten teachers out and force them to promise a treat.

When I arrived no one was outside which was unusual. A horse was borrowed from a neighbor and Susie hopped on and fled just for fun.

The younger students were kept inside and were giving the older students trouble. They were kicking, biting, and crying; because I was fastened out.

I believe Eston Jones and Olin Cross led the fracas; however, they had plenty of help from my devoted students. After much bickering and fun I consented to treat. Susie soon arrived and had to make the same promise. This was fun. This practice has long since been discontinued.

Rainbow Bridge was built during this winter and Kate Cross and I with help of Uncle Dee and Aunt Bess Lindamood, met two handsome young engineers, Loudy McKenry and Neal Boring. Loudy taught in Johnson City for five years but I have no record of him now.

Neal was my one and only beau. He passed all the characteristics any girl would want; looks, personality, intellect and moral character. We remain friends until he passed away in Philadelphia the fall of 1925, while I was teaching in Benham, Kentucky. My life could have been very different from then. I realized the importance of living on alone and accepting what was best for me.

I have tried to give the best that I could give to my family and hundredths of children I have had a part in developing their lives. I do not have time to express all the many memories and still have for their scared spot.

Most all people around Enterprise are related to me. I acknowledge my cousins back to the tenth or twelfth cousins.

I recall one of my dear patrons who would walk to school for several afternoons. Mrs. Crussell would walk from her home in order to make her young son, Aubrey, a six year old who was not too happy in his first year at school. He soon became one of the little six year olds.

I recall most of the Methodist Ministers from early teen years until now. Probably the Ministry of Roy Reece, who had married a cousin of mine and spent much time in our home. He had Bluff City, Rockholds, Elizabeth Chapel, Piney Flats, Edgefield, Enterprise and Rocky Springs Methodist Churches and did wonderful work. He retired five years ago and lives in Knoxville with his wife Helen in the summer and in Leesburg, Florida in his winter home. Their son is married and lives in Atlanta.

Rev. Johnston served during late teens. His daughter, Clara, was in high school at Bluff City when I was. She lives in Virginia and has no family. Joe his son is very ill now. He married my cousin, Ada Cross. They had no family and Ada passed away five years ago.

L. R. Hankins and wife were both Ministers. I had the privilege of knowing them very well when I was a teacher at Bluff City High School. I acted as guide for Mrs. Hankins to Muddy Creek, and other places she did not know.

Polio hit this lovely family soon after they came to Bluff City. They lost a son and two more were stricken but recovered. James sat in my first period class and was too ill to be there. I asked him to go home which was just across the street from school. Rev. and Mrs. Hankins took his brother to the hospital that day and as I remember he died that night. High School was closed for one month, no other cases reported.

A daughter died of brain tumor soon after they left Bluff City. Mrs. Hankins was killed in an Auto accident and her body lies in Emory Virginia, do not know where.

A strong Methodist spirit still exists in this small lovely Community. I feel that I am a part of the Methodist Church since I have attended one in practically every Community in which I taught.

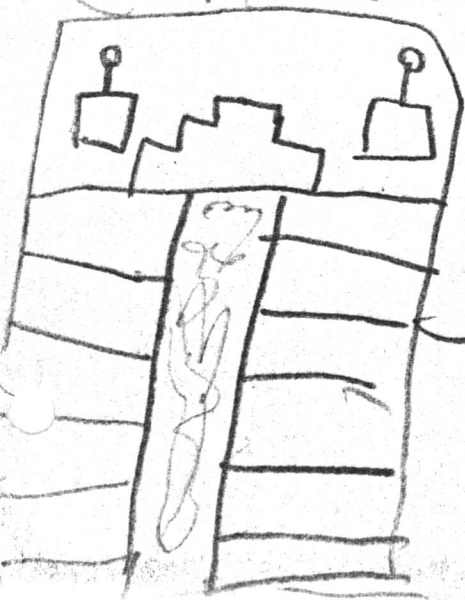
No other church according to my way of thinking has such a wonderful evangelical programs.

May God bless every one at this sacred place for your many kind deeds then and now.

God Bless and keep you in your dedicated faith.

Virginia Hancher

I think the church
is nice and I
think that it is good
to sit on my Mamaw's
lap and Chew Pollie's
chewing gum.



Jennifer
Starnes

I Really enjoyed

Bible School. We did

many crafts we learned
about the God and Jesus.

I really Like Mack

I Like the childrens

Synmen.

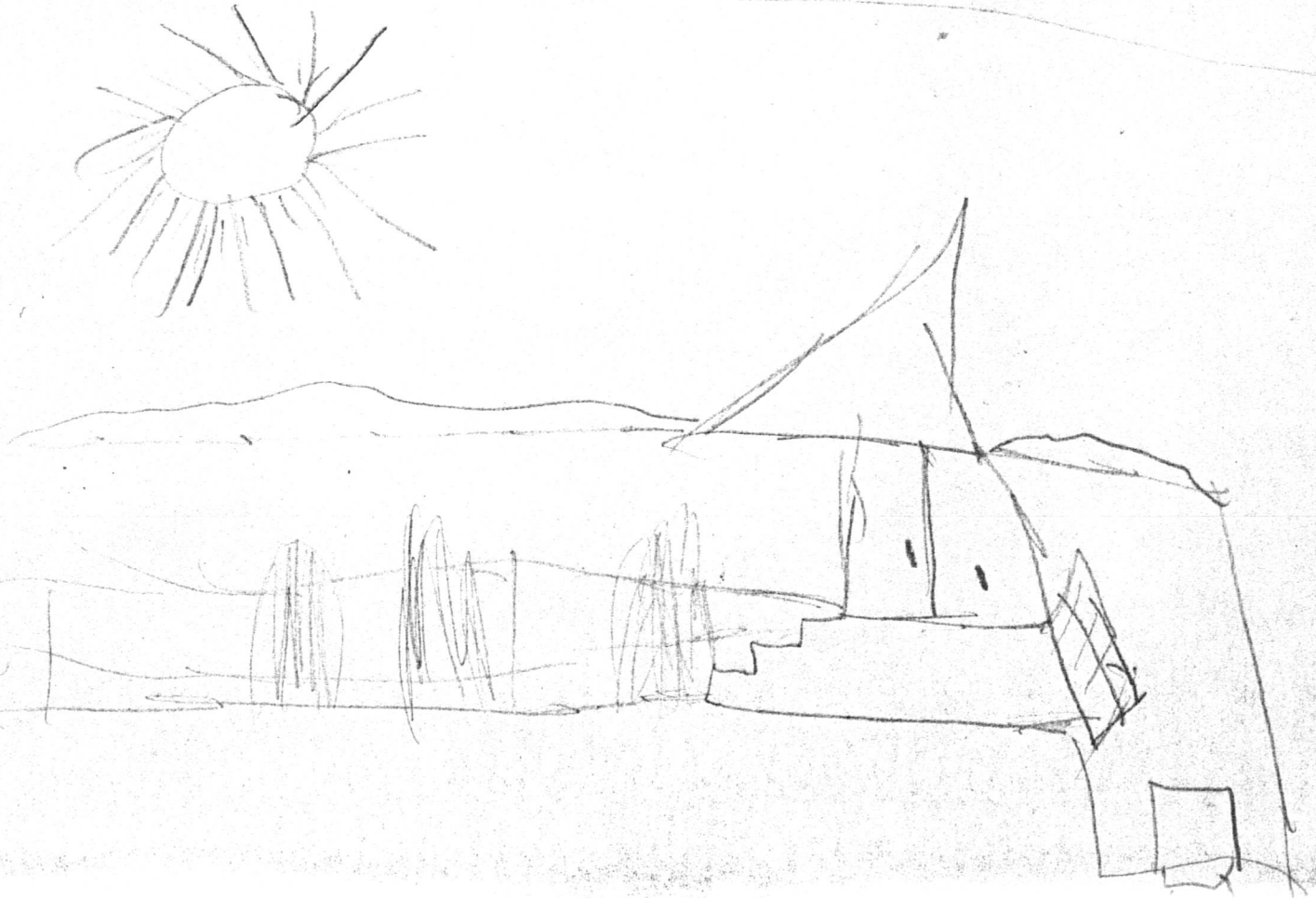
Emily

Barhett



I like to come to Enterprise church, I love
to visit my grand parents, Your church is
very nice. I like to come up in the
children's serman.

By Betsy
Starnes



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