

## **Presentation Wesley Chapel Church**

July 14, 2007

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I am extremely fortunate to have been raised in Hubbard's Cove Community and the Wesley's Chapel Methodist Church. When I was four years old, my parents moved from New Market, Alabama to the Sain Farm, in Hubbard's Cove. In making this trip, the only paved road was two blocks of city street in Winchester, Tennessee. We got stuck in a mud hole on a hill west of Fred Lusk's house. The trip was made in December of 1927 in a Dodge touring car that had to be hand cranked, had curtains instead of windows, had a hand cranked windshield wiper and an engine that had to be choked by hand to start, and antifreeze had not been discovered-only used water in radiator-there were no heaters. We stayed warm by using heavy blankets. The lights had bulbs that would dim when the engine died or at low speed.

Each Sunday we took a bath and got ready to go to Wesley Chapel for Sunday School and about once each month we had preaching. Each summer we had a revival for a week. Services were at about ten o'clock each morning and then at about seven o'clock each night. A family took the preacher for dinner each day. The services lasted between one hour and one and one-half hours. During these services it was very hot and the only air conditioning was with hand held funeral home fans. The preacher, at times, got his shirt very wet with sweat while delivering the sermon. Most sermons were based on Old Testament with hell fire and brimstone as the basis. At night the church was lit with Aladdin lamps burning coal oil. Needless to say, the funeral home fans were in good use.

Each Sunday people came to church in different manners, which included walking, by automobile, by horse and buggy or by horse. It was beautiful to see Mr. & Mrs. Ed Winton and Mr. & Mrs. Walter Garrettson coming to Wesley Chapel in their buggies. The horses were beautiful.

During several summers Evangelists came to the neighborhood and held revivals in a bush arbor near Wesley Chapel. These were held in Louis Cunningham's woods at the intersection of Garrettson Road, the road to Highway 108 and Old Wesley Chapel Road. This was woods at that time. The under bush was cut and placed on limbs that had been placed in forks of larger trees. Planks supported by large pieces of logs sawed to correct height for seats, the stage, and pulpit was furnished by the Evangelist. The organ was played usually by the Evangelist's wife, and had to be pumped by some young man from the audience. There were usually several conversions, which were referred to local churches.

Across the road from Wesley Chapel Church was Wesley Chapel Grammar School. In one room grades one through eight were taught. We sat in double desks

with another person to do our studying. These desks had an inkwell into which an ink pen was dipped to use for writing. Excess ink was wiped from the point before writing. Most of the paper to write on was rag paper, which was not good to write on with ink. Slick or paper that was easy to use with ink was not in ample supply. Wooden pencils were used when available. The pencil sharpener had not been invented so pencils were sharpened with a knife. The floor was oiled with a mixture of motor oil and sawdust to keep down dust. This oil mixture was furnished by the County Board of Education. The room was heated with a coal burning potbelly stove. We never missed a day of school because of weather. In the summer large windows were raised with everyone sweating but not thinking anything about it. No electricity served the area so no fans were available. Each grade went up front and sat on a long bench to recite the lesson. We sat off stage but in front of the stage with our backs to those sitting at desks. My first teacher at Wesley Chapel was Miss Irene Goodman from Tracy City. She taught me fourth grade. During my first three years in school, I skipped second grade while attending Viola Grammar School. My teacher was Mrs. Virginia Ramsey and she was excellent. I stayed with "Pappy" Johnathon Sain and "Mammy" Sallie-my paternal grandparents. They got electricity my last year, third grade, which consisted of one light bulb in the center of the room. The best thing was a refrigerator which had a large coil on the top.

I walked from "Pappy's" house to Viola Grammar School which was about a mile up McMinnville Road. I saw my first airplane on the ground in the field across from Sam Ramsey's house. It was a single engine double wing airplane. For seven dollars you could get an air ride. From grades five through eight at Wesley Chapel, my teacher was Mrs. Clarence (Julie Mai) Wooten. She was brought to school and picked up after school each day by her husband, Clarence, in a model A Ford car. Dorreen Wooten rode to school with them and I was picked up at Fred Lusk Road. This saved me almost two miles of walking.

The school put on two plays each year, one in Fall and the other in Spring. The stage was a raised portion in front of the room. Curtains were loaned white bed sheets pinned on a wire with safety pins so as to open and close. Lights were, again, from Aladdin lamps. Participating in those plays or presentations made me want to be a member of the Players at Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee. The first movie I ever saw was at Wesley Chapel School. This movie was a silent (non-talking) movie featuring Tom Mix as a cowboy. Sitting in front of me was a large woman that read every line on the movie screen out loud because her husband could not read. I remember Mr. Wiley Sissom, our deputy Sheriff, arresting a man at this movie because he was drunk. The cost to attend the movie was ten cents. Wesley Chapel schoolhouse was used for other meetings or functions. One was 4-H Club meeting held by Gruudy County Agricultural Agent. These meetings were well attended and very interesting. He taught us how to be better farmers. The meetings were held at night.

Other functions included performers from The Grand Ole Opry. Cost was about ten cents and was very crowded. If held in the summer after schoolhouse filled up then people outside stood and looked through windows. I remember several presentations and particularly Uncle Dave Mason and Roy Acuff.

I always enjoyed the Grundy County Superintendent of Schools visiting and talking to us. He always told a very interesting story such as how Andrew Jackson avoided being shot during a duel with Hamilton. The Grundy County Health nurse visited periodically. She gave us typhoid and small pox vaccinations. On one visit she gave each pupil a new toothbrush and a tube of Ipano toothpaste. This was the first factory made toothbrush I ever saw and most definitely the first toothpaste. She demonstrated how to brush your teeth. On the way home as I walked across the cultivated fields I tasted the Ipano toothpaste. It was so good I ate the entire tube before getting home. I had to use baking soda to brush my teeth which was not often. Most of the time I used a twig from a willow tree as toothbrush. As a result I now have ten implants and bridges in my mouth at a cost equal to a big Cadillac car.

Each morning the Teacher rang the school bell which meant come inside so classes could start. After coming inside, we always started school by saying the Lord's Prayer and singing a patriotic song. We had three recesses during the day. At noon we ate lunch, in the middle of the morning we had play period, and in the middle of the afternoon we had a play period. One of the games we played was "Drop-the Handkerchief" which consisted of a boy and his girlfriend running around every other boy and girl arranged in a circle. A handkerchief was dropped behind a boy without him looking but everyone on opposite sides of him could see. If the handkerchief was not picked up before the couple that dropped it came back around, then the other couple had to go inside of the circle until replaced by a couple that did the same thing.

The school's drinking water was from a cistern on the north side of the building near back of building. Water from the roof was piped into the cistern. We pumped water from cistern by turning a crank that turned a wheel. On the wheel was a chain with rubber washers about two inches in diameter spaced about every three feet. These rubber washers went to the bottom of cistern and filled space with water between washers. We all drank from the same bucket with a dipper. Paper cups had not been invented. A few students had collapsible metal cups but used the dipper to pour water into their expanded cup. I don't know of any student that got sick because we all drank out of the same dipper.

During periods of dry weather the cistern would run out of water. Then two boys were given permission by the Teacher to go to the spring near Louis Cunningham's house on Hickory Creek and get a bucket of water. The bucket was put on a stick and each boy picked up an end of the stick to carry the bucket of water to the schoolhouse. It was an honor for any boy to be picked for drinking water detail.

Dress for school was no shoes, go barefooted in warm weather, boys wore overalls with no underwear and girls wore dresses. Everyone brought their lunch in a lunch box with no thermos bottles because they had not been invented at this time. Lunch usually consisted of biscuits with fried sweet potatoes, sausage or other meats but usually no chicken. Chickens were sold for cash money. Hams were sold and not eaten.

School always turned out for a funeral. The first funeral I remember was "L" Winton who was killed while using a wrecker to winch a car that had wrecked. Something broke and hit him. John High with High Funeral Home in McMinnville was very good in making a short talk at a funeral. He usually recited "Crossing the Bar."

Crossing The Bar  
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate."

Not all funerals were conducted by a funeral home. The preacher conducted funerals and arranged for pallbearers. Many times leather lines used to work a team of mules was used to lower the casket into the grave. All burials were with person facing East because of biblical passages. The grave was dug four feet wide until four foot in depth. Then, the width was diminished by six inches on each side. This made a shelf of six inches on each side. The casket was lowered into the grave then planks of wood were placed on shelves spanning grave. This kept any dirt from getting on casket. Vault's had not been built and were not available. When planks are used, after considerable time, they would decay and let the grave fall in. That is when a depression is observed over a grave.

Communication as to deaths and burials were started by a tolling bell in the church steeple. That was the signal a grave needed to be dug. Farmers close to the church then told their neighbors farther away. In about three or four hours there was plenty of help to dig graves with picks and hand shovels. The nearest telephone was at Bill Emerson's house immediately north of the church. Telephones were not available in Hubbard's Cove. The Emerson's were good about relaying messages in an emergency.

Transportation was primarily by wagon and mules. Wheat was hauled to Morrison to flour mills. We usually took two wagons each time and it took about three trips to haul our wheat to mill. I drove one wagon with my father driving the front wagon. I started driving a team of mules and wagon at about eight years old. Going

down steep hills was very dangerous. We solved by chaining a rear wheel and making it slide.

For meal to make cornbread, I would shuck and shell a sack of corn and fill the sack about one-half to two-thirds full. I would put the sack on a horse then sit on top of the sack and go to the mill in Viola. Coming back home the horse would sweat under the sack and get some meal wet but that did not keep us from making cornbread.

There were very few trucks. At that time heavy trucks had solid tires and was chain driven. No truck could be bought that had a cab or a seat. Doyle Christian had a truck that hauled logs to sawmill, across the road from Pappy Sain's house in Viola. Doyle also hauled lumber to the market from the mill. He had no cab on his truck, no windshield, and his seat to drive was a box. During cold weather he put on heavy clothes. Buford Anthony had first school bus transporting students to Tracy City High School. He built body on a truck chassis. Students rode on three benches, one on each side with one in the middle. Girls did not straddle the middle bench. Thirty miles per hour speed was extremely fast. Tires on cars had tubes and to not have a flat tire in twenty to fifty miles was extremely good. Tubes were patched using a cold patch with glue. At speeds these patches melted off and tire went flat. Later on a hot patch was available with good results to withstand heat at speeds of 30 miles per hour. The hardest part of any flat tire was pumping the tire up with a hand pump. One of the best improvements to the area was service stations obtaining an air compressor to pump up tires. The service stations advertised free air.

I have been taught that the three predominant items necessary for any community to grow and succeed is education, communication, and transportation. If we look at Wesley Chapel community before and after construction of Highway 108 a strong case is built for transportation to be of tremendous help in growth. No trucks could serve our community due to roads not being adequate. It was difficult to get anything to market.

It is proper that we examine how roads were made during early times. The Indians usually followed animal trails or a stream. The Nickajack Trail, north prong, branched off the main line of Cisca-St. Augustine Trail at the head of Hickory Creek in Grundy County. This prong of trail went by Viola and Verville and near Smartt Station. This trail went by a big spring near Smartt. This trail joined the main Cisca-St Augustine Trail at old Fort Nash. The road from Hillsboro to Viola was known as Old Stage Road. I have read several deeds referenced to this road.

Most of the old roads in the Wesley Chapel area were located using a committee appointed by the County Court. Reason for roads to be straight is that property owners gave the right-of-way provided a road was alongside of a property line. A ninety-degree turn was not a problem because a mule drawn wagon or a horse and buggy did not experience any problem to make this turn. There was no speed limit.

Houses and stores were built adjacent to traveled way. Store porches were built wagon height so items could be loaded and unloaded with ease. Women wore long dresses and could get from wagon or buggy with ease to the porch.

I distinctly and vividly remember the construction of Highway 108. I walked from Wesley Chapel to the road leading to our house on Highway 108 during the construction. The men building the timber bridge near Wesley Chapel teased me about walking over their road. Several construction people lived in housing on our farm. Meals were prepared and served in a store building not being used as a store on Sain Farm. Many years went by before Highway 108 was paved. All travel was done on a crushed stone surface. We were so proud to have a road.

No roads were paved including Highway 108. No streets were paved in Viola and only the main street in McMinnville . During periods of dry weather roads were very dusty and it was hard to pass another car. It was hard to control a team of mules and wagon as a car passed. The County did not start maintaining roads until late 1930's or early 1940's. Maintenance of roads before Highway 108 was done by local men. Every district had a maintenance overseer, a local farmer, appointed by the County Court. The only tools furnished were crowbars and sledgehammers. Every farmer picked up rocks from his fields near the mountain and put them into small piles during wet periods when no cultivating work could be done. Then each year during slow periods all farmers and their hired hands got together to maintain roads. Rocks were picked up from stacks in the fields and hauled to mud holes in roads. Beds on wagons were made with 2 x 4's on edge and with a 1 x 10 as sideboards. When wagons drove to mud holes, a sideboard was removed then 2 x 4's were removed one at a time letting rocks fall into the mud hole. Then rocks were placed in the mud hole by hand and beat into the mud with sledgehammers. This was hard work.

Work on the farm was from sun up until sun down. The workweek consisted of six days. All work was done with mules and the only time for us to eat dinner was while the mules were eating. In the fall we started plowing fields in which wheat was to be planted. On Saturdays, during school time, I helped plow with three mules pulling plow. I plowed between Tom Hall's three-mule team and Aubrey Winton's three-mule team. In the spring we plowed fields for corn. When corn came up we replanted corn rows because not all grains of corn would come up. This was done with a hoe by hand using grains of corn from our pocket. Next cultivation was with a double-shovel plow pulled by one mule. This plow had a fender that drug the ground next to young corn plants and prevented dirt from covering these plants. We plowed corn crops twice then the third time we busted the middle of row with double shovels then used Gee-whiz implement. Afterwards Daddy had me, Tom and Aubrey to chop weeds from corn rows with corn stalks above our heads. This was during the hottest time of the year and with corn keeping any breeze from being felt-sweat resulted.

Threshing wheat was a community effort. Now wheat is harvested with combines without use of a wheat binder. Prior to the combines we cut wheat with a wheat binder pulled by three mules and operated by one person. Wheat was cut by a sliding back and forth mowing blade with a rotating circular device that pushed wheat to fall on a canvas belt taking to an elevating belt then to a device that tied wheat in a bundle. Bundles were carried on a binder until three bundles were accumulated then they were dumped in rows. Tom Hall and myself picked up bundles and put them in shocks and put about two bundles spread out on top to protect the shock from rain. Wheat stayed in shock until threshed.

Usually the threshing machine started at Garrettson's then Winton's, then Lusk's, then Sain's, and then Rogers'. Every farmer, as a minimum, furnished a team of mules and wagon to help get wheat out of the field to the threshing machine. Straw from the thresher was either blown into a stack on the ground or into a barn. Thresher was pulled from one place to another by a steel wheeled tractor then powered by a belt from the tractor to thresh wheat. We took wheat sacks to a wheat house where we further cleaned by running through a hand operated device using a fan to blow undesired items out of the wheat. We also threshed rye and oats.

Hay cutting time was very busy. Types of hay were soy beans or millet. First, hay was cut using a mowing machine pulled by two mules and allowed to lay in the field for about one day and cure. Then the hay was raked into rows then shocked using a rake that was pulled by two mules. Hauling to barns was done by wagons on which hay racks had been installed. Tom Hall and myself pitched hay from shocks onto a wagon for wagon drivers to stack on the wagon and take to barns. Hay was taken off the wagon with a hay fork specially designed for that use. Hay was put into the barn using farm people-one to drive mule in back of barn to pull hay up to carriage in roof and then along carriage timber until two men in hay loft hollered to stop. Once load had been tripped by the man on the wagon, he pulled hay fork back to wagon and repeated until wagon was unloaded. Worrying time was to get hay into barn without getting wet from the rain. We had no radio to get weather reports and determine when to avoid rain to harvest hay.

Wesley Chapel was a true community. If a barn burned the community shared lumber to build back and livestock feed to keep from having to dispose of the livestock. It was very common for one farmer to help his neighbor return the favor in some manner. Everyone shared in good times and then helped each other in bad times. During deaths with no undertaker or mortician, it was common practice to put the body in a casket, sometimes home made, and a group would sit up all night in the home. Next morning or next day funeral was held. When funeral was conducted by a funeral home the hearse was very ornate and pulled by two beautiful horses. The family was transported in a surrey that could seat at least four people. Some surrey's would seat six people and be pulled by two beautiful horses. Beautiful motorized hearses rapidly replaced horse drawn vehicles.

One of the saddest incidents of my life was meeting Tom Hall and his wife, Florence, in one of my father's wagons as I walked home from Wesley Chapel School. In back of the wagon was a box. Tom stopped the wagon and told me little Tommy did not make it. They were on the way to Viola to bury little Tommy who was in a home made casket in back of the wagon. That morning my mother had gone up to Tom and Florence's house to see about their sick child. She came back to the house and informed us that little Tommy probably would not make it. It was sad to see Tom and Florence having to bury their son without help or support of anyone else.

During the depression we had plenty to eat because we grew our food. I distinctly remember men coming by our house regularly and asking for work. They offered to work for room and board. We always offered them food and I do not recall anyone refusing to eat. Everything was purchased on the barter system. Our house was serviced by a Peddler, later known as a Rolling Store, in a covered wagon pulled by a team of horses. Shelves to hold goods were inside wagon with chicken coops tied to the outside of the wagon. Usually there was a general merchandise store almost every two and one-half to three miles apart. When we heard the Peddler coming, bells on the wagon would be ringing. Mother would tell us to catch three or four chickens to sell to the Peddler. We ran chicken down then took to the Peddler. Upon weighing, Mother would ask who owed, if Peddler said she owed, then we had to run down and catch more chickens. We always got a candy sucker. Primarily mother bought salt, pepper, baking powder and baking soda. Sometimes she purchased thread and cloth to make someone clothes.

In the late summer we usually went to the fairs. I showed a calf at Grundy County Fair about five years consecutively. I won second place twice and won best trained calf three times. I put in a lot of time feeding and caring for my calf. It was hard to witness my calf going to the market

The other fairs were in McMinnville and Manchester. We usually went in late morning and came home in late afternoon. We took a picnic lunch because a fifteen cents hamburger was too expensive. I received twenty-five cents to spend. Tent shows or carnival shows were five cents. We toured all exhibits and livestock shows.

It is with pride I pay respect to my mother and father. They are interred in this cemetery. I can visualize their actions if I told them that on the way from Birmingham I paid \$1.30 for a small bottle of water and \$3.35 per gallon for gasoline.

While I was at home they owned three automobiles-a 1927 Dodge Touring Car; an A-Model Ford and a 1936 Ford Sedan. The A-model was the first car with a electric starter. The button on which foot pressed to engage starter was behind brake pedal and required turning foot to side to engage. The A-Model coupe was the car of choice when equipped with a rumble seat. By opening the back of car a seat was created for

two people. A convertible with a rumble seat was desired by all young people. The 1936 Ford Sedan had the first heaters, self-powered windshield wipers, hydraulic brakes and automatic choke. I remember Herman Stubblefield in Viola Garage wanting \$1.50 to reline brakes on the A-Model. Daddy refused to pay because that was too much.

Good memories of Wesley Chapel's picnic will always be with me. I was always given twenty-five cents to spend with a coke costing five cents. After a few years we could drink an R C, Orange Crush, Grapette, Double Cola or Dr. Pepper. Having dinner on the ground meant food was free. That was the most enjoyable event of the day. I still remember the people that came to the picnic for the best meal of their life. I have vivid memories of helping a woman to her car with three huge plates of food. She had two children in the car. My thoughts were that Memorial day and dinner on the ground was a good community effort. I could not help but think Christ died for that woman, the same as he did for me.

Wesley Chapel has made excellent progress in recognition of our forefathers & mothers and our cemetery. It has been ordinary people performing in an extraordinary manner.