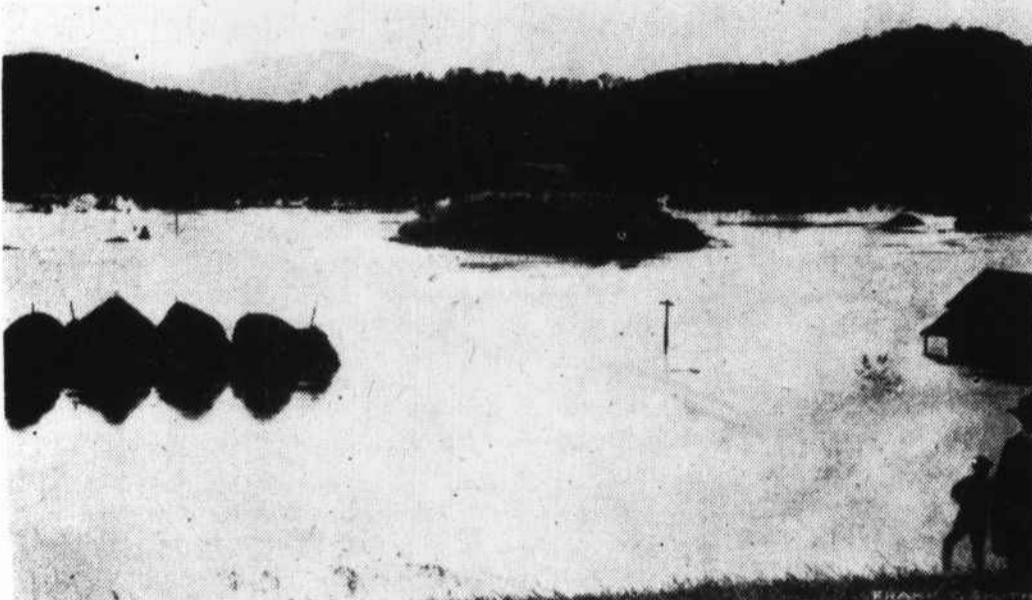


'Old Man River' On Rampage



In the pictures above and below, it's the Little Tennessee at Franklin on rampage. Since older people here can first remember, the river has occasionally flooded the lowlands. This photo is of what is said to have been the worst flood in the Little Tennessee's history, in the fall of 1898. (Picture above loaned by Mrs. Belle Liner).



Note the Indian Mound, almost covered, and telephone pole with only a few feet above the water. (Photo loaned by Miss Lassie Kelly).



The 85-year old Masonic Hall on Church Street is pictured above. The structure was completed in 1870 — 15 years after Franklin was incorporated as a town, and 19 years after the organization of Junaluskee Lodge. The building was put up jointly by the Masons and the local Sons of Temperance, to be used in two capacities — as a Female Academy and as a Masonic meeting place, according to G. L. Houk's history of the local lodge.

The building cost \$541.74, according to Mr. Houk. A second contract, for \$150, was let for seats, desks, and the building of a privy. But whereas the building itself was completed within a few months after the lot was acquired from W. M. Addington, it took two years' prodding to get the second contractor to build the young ladies' privy!

The hall, one of Franklin's older buildings, is to be replaced by a new Masonic Hall.

Out Of The Past... Today

(AN EDITORIAL)

THIS is not primarily a progress edition—though progress is implied by the contrast the recital of Franklin events and customs of 40, 50, 75, and 100 years ago suggests.

Nor is it history, in the usually accepted meaning of that term. It is not written like formal history—there is overlapping, and much of it is fragmentary; furthermore, with so many persons contributing, most of them from memory, it would be remarkable if there were not a few misstatements of minor fact, and remarkable indeed if there were no inaccuracies about the sequence of events.

What this edition seeks to do is to capture and get on paper, through text and picture, something of the way of life, the spirit, the flavor, of the Franklin of long ago.

* * *

This Franklin Centennial Edition of The Press was made possible by the cooperation and efforts of many persons, to all of whom the management of the newspaper is grateful.

We express appreciation, first of all, to those who entered the contest for the best articles on the way people lived here in the long ago, and even more to those, like Mr. James Robinson Daniels, who wrote voluntarily, not as contestants. Quite as important as the written word is the wealth of old pictures; we thank all who took the trouble to look up and bring us photographs of scenes and activities so unfamiliar today. While it was not possible to use all the articles submitted and all the pictures loaned, we are grateful for those unpublished, as well as for those that appear in these pages. We also thank those who offered suggestions and helped with verification of fact: the advertisers, who made this edition financially profitable; and, last but not least, members of The Press staff who worked, hard and effectively, on

the week-ends, after the regular issue of The Press had been published.

* * *

Whatever the achievements of any society, any community, any individual, they are possible because of achievement in the past — they grow out of the character and the faith and the labors of those who went before.

Which one of us, in the Franklin of 1955, can escape the consciousness that we owe a great debt to those courageous and dedicated men and women of the past whose vision and faith and work laid the sure foundations on which we build today? to those who dared the dangers and the hardships of an isolated wilderness? to the pioneering spirit that later gave us, in the face of what seemed impossible odds, the material improvements—a bank, roads, electricity, telephones, and a score of others—that make easy today's progress? and, most of all, to the character and intelligence and virile virtue that still are so potent in Franklin?

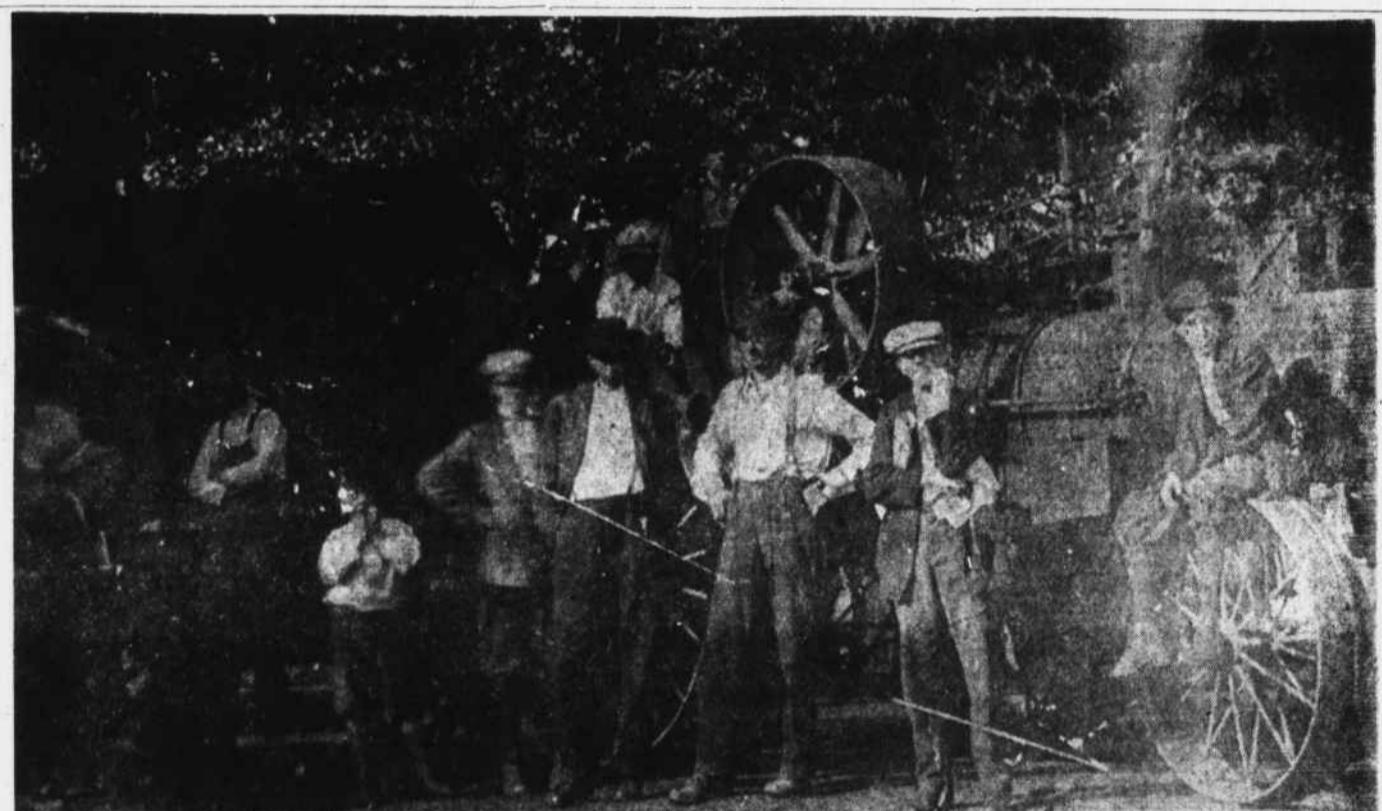
Among the first things the early settlers did were to build a courthouse, for the orderly conduct of the public business and the administration of justice, erect churches to minister to men's spirits, and organize schools for the enlightenment of the new generations.

But of all the things bequeathed to us by the old Franklin, the most important were intangible — a sense of honesty and of honor, the courage to face and overcome obstacles, and thirst for knowledge and respect for the free mind. From the very first, parents here have sent their sons and daughters to college. And always there have been among us those who questioned, those who refused to accept a thing just because somebody said it was true.

* * *

In travail, yesterday gave birth to today. And today is the parent of tomorrow.

The first of those truths inspires gratitude. The second carries with it responsibility.



This picture shows the removal, about 1907, of a boiler from a clay mine on Green Street to the railroad station to be shipped away. It was moved by a steam engine, loaned by Mr. Guerney, who was operating a clay mine elsewhere in the county. Among those in the photo, made in front of the courthouse, who are identifiable: Center, wearing white shirt, suspenders, and dark hat, George J. Conley (who loaned the picture); to the left of Mr. Conley is Frank Love; to his right, John S. Trotter (in white cap). Just back of Mr. Love is Jim Palmer, who was operating the engine, and his brother, Fred. Sitting on the wheel, at right, is Sam L. Rogers, Jr.



Travel by steer-drawn wagon once was the rule rather than the exception here. Mrs. Fred Wood, owner of this picture, places the date at about 1875. In the wagon are Mrs. Wood's father, M. P. Crisp, left, and Charlie Watkins.