

Here's the old Bank of Franklin building. Built about 1907 for the Citizens Bank (later merged with the Bank of Franklin), it burned in 1940. It was on the site of the present bank building.

All of the bank's business wasn't transacted inside the building; any late afternoon in summer would find Lee Crawford, the president, seated in the ledge of one of the windows (lower left), talking to one or more persons — learning what was going on in various sections of the county, who was doing well financially and who wasn't likely to be such a good loan risk.

But all the conversation there wasn't serious. Many a good story was told, and when there was an exceptionally good one, everybody in town knew about it, because Mr. Crawford's laugh could be heard — and recognized — from one end of Main Street to the other. (Photo loaned by Miss Lassie Kelly.)

Tells Of First Trip To Franklin; Walks 3 Miles To Ride Train 4

Not a hundred years ago, but a good many . . .

There was a teen-age girl lived in the country about seven miles from Franklin, and she longed to know what a train ride would be like, and the nearest station was Prentiss. On this particular day, the father was going to Franklin in his two-horse wagon, perhaps to bring in supplies; with the dirt road as it was, it just about took the day to go and come.

The mother, bless her heart, took every advantage of giving her daughter the few experiences that she could, so she cooperated this

day. Of course the three-mile walk was nothing for a strong, healthy teen-ager, who was wanting to ride the train to Franklin from Prentiss. (Walking three miles to get to ride about four).

It so happened that this was the day a teen-age boy, (school mate) had to carry his mother's eggs to a Prentiss store, so, since the girl was doing such an exciting thing as riding the train, he decided he would go, too. No, it wasn't "cut and dried"; just a coincidence. They weren't sweethearts, but did enjoy the ride together on that big T. F.

Gee! when arriving at Franklin Depot, it was miles, it seemed

then, to the city. There must have been only one or two taxis then, and the one offering his service to them was graciously accepted, for a ride in an automobile was rare, too.

Really, it seems there were more dry good stores then than now, but the only shopping the girl needed to do was to buy three or four yards of wide waist ribbon—big bow behind, with streamers. Of course she wanted to buy more, but after that train ticket and taxi fare, not much money left.

Now the next question: When was the father going to be ready to come along in the wagon, for

the girl to ride home with him? She also wondered what she was going to do while waiting, hating street walkers then as now; and she didn't know anyone in Franklin.

At the old hotel that stood above J. B. Pendergrass's store, there were always lots of chairs on the big porch, so taking it for granted that no one would care, they occupied a couple of those chairs and talked. It wasn't long till the girl's father came along, loaded with groceries, which he was taking to his little country store to resell; but there was still room for two, and they lived in the same direction, the friend rode in the wagon to his home. The daughter had to do a lot of explaining to Dad as to why the boy was with her, then had to do a lot more when the real sweetheart would happen along, riding a big gray horse. But it was all settled with all concerned.

By the following 4th of July, this girl had begun dating, and with this real sweetheart, the man she was happily married to in later years. This 4th of July he hired a big fine horse (Prince) and a new rubber tired buggy from Mr. Tom Angel's livery stable; so did three other couples in the same community. So on their way to the big 4th. Good old horse and buggy days!

They all started early, to allow for time and not miss the big parade. The dusty streets and white suits didn't go together very well, but they managed to keep on the plank sidewalk as much as possible. After the parade, they didn't waste much time on the street.

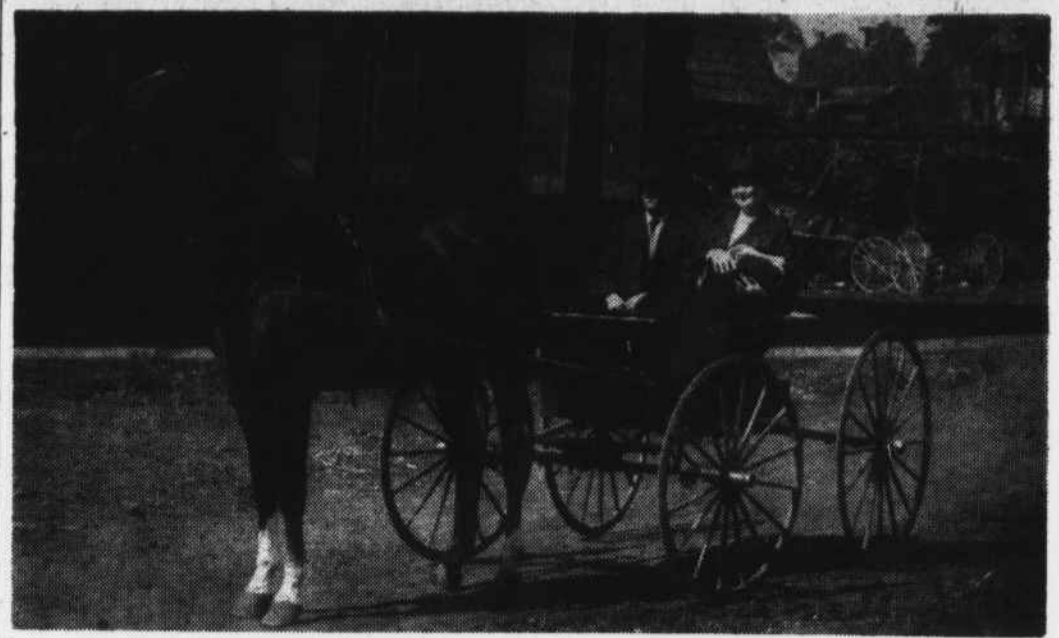
The four couples had lunch at the Penland House on Palmer Street. The Penlands ran the best boarding house in town then, a big long table filled with every thing good to eat.

Some pictures were taken in the afternoon. The studio was on the east side of the street, on the second floor, but buildings have changed and I can't recall just where it was, or who was the photographer. We then enjoyed my first movie. It was time to start home, as Father told us when we left that, when the sun began to go behind the western hills, he had better hear my footsteps. So he did, for I knew to do what he said, so did my friend.

I felt refreshed the next day, after having a day off, which I so seldom had. The ground happened to be dry, so the corn field was waiting for me. In those days girls worked in the fields as the boys did, plus helping with the housework, picking berries, drying apples and beans, putting up sour kraut and pickled beans by the tub full; never a dull moment.

We seldom had to buy much from the store, for most everything was grown at home. We worked hard all summer, looking forward to the harvesting, and the good old corn shuckings and bean shellings. That was real fun, when most all in the community would gather at one big pile of corn.

Speaking of berry picking, which was a usual thing with everybody. I am reminded of a story that I heard told on a boy (better not mention his name). He brought all the berries he could carry to town to sell and no one would give him his price, so he said before he would take what he was offered for them he would make a pie right on the dirt street. So he poured gallons of berries out right on the street and jumped into them with



This was the very latest in transportation — back about 1906. Buggies, of course, were not new in that day, but solid rubber tires on the wheels were really sporty. In the vehicle, which is standing just to the east of the courthouse (note the blinds), are Mr. and Mrs. John S. Trotter. The photographer was looking north. In the right background is the Masonic Temple; to the left of it is the F. S. Johnston home, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Houk. In the foreground, near where the A & P Store is now, is Mrs. Alice Robinson's wood-yard, to the rear of her home, "Dixie Hall". (Photo loaned by Mrs. George J. Conley.)

his bare feet and really made a pie, using dirt for pastry.

I have heard my grandmother tell how she picked berries in the mountains, balance two containers on either side of her horse then hop in the side saddle, and away to town; she sold them for about 10 cents a gallon, but look what that 10 cents would buy—two yards of calico, which was just about the only means to get a store-bought dress.

It was mostly home made linsey on the old loom. They raised their sheep, sheared the wool off, then carded it and spun on the old spinning wheel to make the yarn to be used on the loom; beautiful patterns, for clothes, bedding and rugs. It's hard for people today to understand how they could have so much strength to do so much, but it seems that lives were longer then than they are now. My grandmother was 85 when she died and my grandfather lived to 88 even though he lost a leg in the Civil War.

The Civil War brought about

a lot of the hard times, but people were contented with what they had; and most everybody was in the same boat.

Now I have said all that, to say this! There are so many more advantages today than years ago, with the help of our farm agents and home demonstratiin agents. The rural people are the leading people of our county. There are improvements in farms and homes; and with them, a good bit of the old fashioned way is coming back, such as weaving, knitting, etc.

There were no electrical appliances, of course, in the old days; the only refrigeration was the old spring box.

For the distance that it one time took two hours to travel, 10 to 15 minutes is plenty now.

Now for education, there were many older people who had a fair education, but it was gotten the hard way. The old Blue Back Speller was a main study then.

I do not know the exact years we have had a high school in

Franklin, but however long, those of us living in the country had to board in town, also pay tuition to attend high school. Therefore, not all were able to afford it, and thus were not fortunate enough to get a high school education. They had a three or four month grammar school a year, and back then one could teach school on a county second grade certificate, which didn't require more than seventh grade education.

Today there isn't an excuse for any child not going through high school. Busses going right to their door to carry them to one of the best, where music, athletics, and everything is being taught.

The music of old times was a tune fork; of course, a little later organs. My father used his tune fork as long as he lived. He would set it on the right key, then strike his thumb, so it gave him the tune and the right pitch. Great crowds would gather at homes and sing until midnight. The refreshments would be gingerbread and apple cider.

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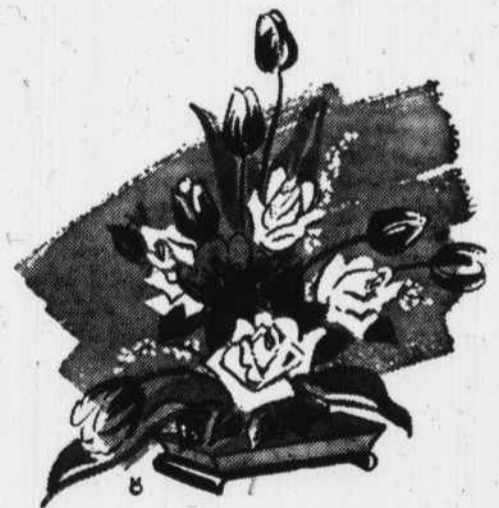
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