

Memorandum

This writes finis to the file which I have had for so many years with my beloved cousin, Joseph Harris Franklin. He died at 9: P.M., Saturday, October 30, 1937, of coronary thrombosis.

I was in Baltimore and Washington on business last week and set aside Saturday, the 30th instant, to go down in the country with Harris Franklin to visit our farms. I have two farms, Anti-Lebanus and Essex and he has a very fine estate, Oakland. We left Washington at 9:30 A.M. in beautiful sunshine and had a delightful day. I drove the car on the going trip but he insisted on driving on the return. He had been suffering with this heart ailment since last February and, necessarily, was very careful in his movements. He walked very little and was feeling especially well all day. <sup>On our return</sup> we stopped by the Army & Navy Club where I was staying and I left him to join my brother, Richard, who was waiting for me there. He drove on to his residence, 1729 19th Street, Northwest, in Washington, put his car away and had dinner, I understand, feeling about as usual. A little after 8: o'clock he had a severe attack, something like the original attack last winter. His wife, who was alone with him, summoned Doctor Claytor, a heart specialist, who had attended him before. Doctor Claytor arrived about 8:30 P.M. but Harris passed into a coma and died about 9: o'clock.

The funeral was held on Monday, the first of November, at the residence, at 2: P.M. and the interment was in the Quaker

Burial Ground near Galesville, on West River, Maryland, at approximately 4: o'clock. He was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Burial Ground Association.

The pallbearers were, William H. Murray, William Hall, C. Forbes Colhoun, of West River, Frank Strunk, his insurance partner, John Brewer, Mr. Knox, Hal Clagett, his wife's cousin, of Washington, and myself.

His many friends sent a beautiful array of flowers and there was a large attendance, both at the residence and at the Burial Ground. The Reverend Bland Tucker, Rector of St. Johns Church, Georgetown, officiated, and the Reverend Lyle Barnett, of Christ Church, West River, assisted at the Burial Ground.

Harris Franklin had no enemies. He was universally beloved by all who knew him. He was unusually bright and almost vivacious in manner, with spirited<sup>dark</sup> eyes and an animated expression. He was a handsome, vigorous man of high breeding, appearance and charming manner. He had a very wide circle of friends, both socially and in a business way and took great delight in all social activities. He was essentially gregarious, that is, he liked people. Since his serious illness of last winter he fretted because of physical inactivity imposed upon him.

He leaves a wife, Carol Wilson Franklin and a daughter, Carol Yates Franklin who is fifteen years old. He was a good man. The world is better for his living and the worse for his death.

He has upheld the highest traditions of his name and of his race  
and lived up to a standard which could well be emulated.

May his soul rest in peace.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John S. ...". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the text "May his soul rest in peace."

Houston, Texas  
November 4, 1937