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PAMPHLET FILE.....

THE CRANFILL FAMILY

A Brief Record of Hezekiah Cranfill,
The First Known American Cranfill and
All His Descendants That Are Known to the
Writer

By

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DALLAS, TEXAS



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By J. B. CRANFILL, Dallas, Texas.

The part of this Cranfill genealogy that relates to the original American Cranfills was compiled from the memoirs of Rev. Isom Cranfill, who was the younger brother of Jonathan Cranfill, my grandfather. Uncle Isom spent most of his life in Oregon. The more recent part of this story is my own. In the genealogy of John B. Cranfill, my first cousin, and his family, I am indebted to D. M. Cranfill, John's son, for the items concerning that branch of the family. I am also including at the end of this story a clipping from the Abilene Reporter of July 6, 1938, which gives an account of the Cranfill reunion held at Abilene Park near Buffalo Gap, Texas, July 3-4, 1938.

The first Cranfill of which there is a record was Hezekiah Cranfill, who was of English descent. He had two brothers, Isaiah and Moses. When they came to America, or what their father's name was, is not recorded in this record. However, through Miss Eva Cranfill, a teacher at Yadkinville, N. C., I became possessed of data from the deed records of Rowan County, N. C. This record shows that Hezekiah Cranfill became a land owner in 1794. There are various real estate transfers made by the Cranfills there. They paid in pounds and shillings instead of dollars. The name had various spelling, from Granfill to Cranfield, but after my grandfather reached Kentucky, somewhere about 1828, the name was spelled uniformly as we have it. My Uncle Tom told me there was a tradition in the Cranfill family that in England our name was originally spelled Granville and that thus we were descended from lords and ladies. Inasmuch as all the Cranfills were lords and ladies, even when American and Texas born, I did not pay much mind to the Granville tradition.

Hezekiah was Isom's grandfather. Isom was the younger brother of my grandfather, Jonathan Cranfill, who was born in North Carolina in 1800. Hezekiah Cranfill married a "woman of German-Dutch origin, named Needles." Miss Needles' mother was married three times—first to a man named Harris, by whom

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she had a son, Abram Harris, "who became an eminent physician." Her second husband, who was my ancestor, was named Needles, and was a man of "considerable wealth." By him she had three children, one of whom married Hezekiah Cranfill. Needles died soon after the third child was born, and his widow "married a man named Bullock, by whom she had one son, called Ezekiel. While Ezekiel was quite young his mother died in a singular way; a crack under her little toe made its appearance; it inflamed and finally, together with her foot, gangrened." Her doctor son proposed to cut off her leg, but she was not willing, so "death ensued."

A son of Hezekiah Cranfill and his wife, the former Miss Needles, was named Thomas Cranfill, who was the father of my grandfather. Great-grandfather Thomas Cranfill had three brothers—Juniah, William and Jonathan, (My grandfather was doubtless named for his Uncle Jonathan). And two sisters, Sarah and Hannah. No record is given of whom the others married, nor what the sisters' names were after marriage. My great-grandfather, Thomas Cranfill, married Sarah Eaton. "She was the great-granddaughter of a Baptist preacher who emigrated with his wife from England many years before the Revolutionary War. His son, John (who was born and raised in the Colonies) married a young lady who emigrated from Wales."

John Eaton was Sarah Eaton's grandfather; he and his wife had two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth, and four sons, Jonathan, Isaac, George and Daniel. George, Sarah Eaton's father, "married a Swedish girl named Catherine Tussa. They had two sons, John and David, and two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth."

Thomas Cranfill married Sarah Eaton, date not given, and they had seven children: (Must have been about 1797)

CATHERINE, who died at age two; born 1798;

JONATHAN, born in 1800; emigrated to Kentucky, where he died many years ago; born in Rowan Co., N. C.

GEORGE EATON CRANFILL, who came to Texas about 1850 and died here. (Cranfill's Gap was named for him). Also born in N. C., same location; born 1802;

MARTHA, died in Tennessee at age 22;

ISOM, author of these memoirs, born in Rowan Co., N. C., Nov. 27, 1807. Died in Oregon, 1877;

JUNIAH, died when 16 days old;

ZACHEUS, lived in Illinois; came to Texas, and died at the home of my Uncle Tom, at Calloway, Upshur Co., Dec. 23, 1870.

He was twice married. I know nothing of the children of his first wife, but knew intimately James Harvey Cranfill, a son by his second wife, who came to Gatesville, Texas, in 1885, and worked in my printing office. Later he went to St. Louis, where he had a profitable business in the manufacture of flavoring and coloring extracts. He died in St. Louis at about age 78 a few weeks ago.

Thomas Cranfill, my great-grandfather, father of all the above children, died of dropsy in the spring of 1828. In September of that same year, Uncle Isom and his mother, taking with them the youngest brother, Zacheus, and sister Martha, started to Middle Tennessee, settling on Mulberry Creek about Nov. 10, 1828.

His brother Jonathan, usually called "John," had married before then a Miss Galloway, and moved to Kentucky, going through Cumberland Gap, settling first at Murray, Ky., where father was born, from which point they moved to a farm near Paducah.

From the record mentioned, Thomas Cranfill, progenitor of Jonathan, Isom, et al., and his family, lived on a "branch of Dutchman's (or Dutchman's) Creek, a tributary of the North Yadkin River, in North Carolina. His residence was 10 miles from Huntsville and nine miles from Mocksville and 28 miles from Salisbury."

It must have been in this location that all the children were born. Our ancestor, Jonathan Cranfill and his wife, whose maiden name was Galloway, were married in North Carolina, I am sure, moving from there to Kentucky during his father's lifetime.

Just when Jonathan Cranfill moved to Kentucky, I do not know, nor do I know whether his eldest son,

Thomas, was born in North Carolina or Kentucky. The next son was Isaac W. Cranfill; then came my father, Eaton Cranfill, who was born at Murray, Kentucky, Sept. 26, 1829. Next was Isom Cranfill, the father of John B. Cranfill, of Abiience, who moved about the year 1850 to Parker County. Next was John, who was the best educated one of that family. He taught school in Upshur County, and his was the first school I attended. I was a very little chap, not more than 4, and soon there-

after he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was killed at the Battle of Mansfield, one of the last engagements of the war. He was a brilliant man, full of fun, and I recall that once when they were moving (those pioneers moved perennially) another itinerant whom he met, queried: "What is your name?" "My name is Cranfill." "Where are you from?" "We're from everywhere else but here, and we are trying to get away from here just as fast as we can!" He lived for a time in Parker County, but whether he migrated from Parker back to Upshur County with my father, I do not know. This move was made in my infancy. My mother told me that when I was a day old, Uncle John wanted to kill me. He said to my mother: "Martha, this is the homeliest specimen I have ever seen. If he lives his homeliness will disgrace the family—please let me kill him now." She replied: "John, no right young baby is beautiful. Give this boy a chance." And she did.

The youngest son was Charles J. Cranfill, who, when quite young, migrated to Illinois. When the Civil War came on, he enlisted in the Union Army, and was at the battle of Mansfield, where his brother John was killed. It is within the range of possibility that he fired the shot that killed his brother, but, if so, it was not an unusual event in that bloody and insane struggle.

Uncle Charley, in due course, received a pension from the Government. By some strange fortuity, he was enrolled on the roster as a Negro, and when he began receiving his pension this griped him terribly. In later life he came to Texas, and, finding that I was somewhat in the public eye, said to me: "Britton, I want this thing changed. It makes me mad every time I receive this check!" I told him that if he got his name off the roll he might never get it back on again—that

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everybody knew he was not a Negro and the money was just as good and as much as it would be if he had gotten on the roll correctly. I talked him out of it. He went to his grave with that embarrassment upon him.

There were two daughters of Grandfather Jonathan—Betty and Pattie. Betty married a man named Jackson, but I do not know the name of Pattie's husband. They lived and died in Kentucky, but Aunt Betty came to Texas in 1885, when Uncle Tom, my father, Uncle Isom and Uncle Charley all met at my Gatesville home. Uncle Isaac was still living, but was too far away to come to the meeting. His home was at Buffalo, Mo. A group picture of all five was taken, and appears in this chronicle.

George Eaton Cranfill, my grandfather's brother, moved from Illinois to Texas about 1850. He stopped one year at Lancaster, Dallas County, and then moved to Bosque County, where he remained until his death. Cranfill's Gap was named for him. He had three sons, all of whom in my youth I knew, Ross, Zacheus and Sam. Ross lived between Clifton and Valley Mills; Zach and Sam lived at Cranfill's Gap, and died there. Ross had two daughters, Ida and Laura, by his first marriage, and some sons whose names I do not know by his second marriage. Cousin Zach had a number of sons, the names of whom I do not know except 'Ras, the eldest son. Cousin Sam had several sons. Cousin Ross was a primitive Baptist. Cousin Zach was not a church member. Cousin Sam was a Methodist. Nearly all the old-time Cranfills were Baptists. In his early life, Uncle Charley joined the Presbyterians, but in later life came back to the old faith, and died a Baptist.

When I lived in Waco, Cousin Sam came to visit us. He was lame in one of his legs. My son, Tom, then about eight, was very curious to know how Cousin Sam got to be lame, so Tom told this yarn (and for its historicity I will not vouch). He said that Cousin Sam asked him one morning to take a walk with him. As they walked along, his curiosity got the better of him and he asked Cousin Sam what made him lame. This is the story he reported of Cousin Sam's explanation:

"Tommie, you know I was a young man at Cranfill's Gap. It was an Indian country then, and when I grew up I was captain of a company of Indian fighters. Upon

a time an Indian raid was made down into Bosque County, headed by a Comanche Chief. Several settlers were killed, but we cut the Indians off from their road back into Indian Territory, and headed them south. We followed them into Somervill County. We killed all of them but the chief, and my company left him to me. We were all riding good mounts, but when we got into the thick underbrush of Somervill County, the Indian jumped from his horse and tried to make his escape on foot. I jumped from my horse, and, with my tomahawk in hand, followed him. We soon reached the base of a mountain, and began circling around the mountain, going toward the top. He was an athlete, and so was I. I couldn't catch him, but he didn't get ahead of me any further than he was. We circled and circled until at last we reached the smooth ledge of rock at the top of the mountain. I rushed him and brained him with my tomahawk. Ever after that, Tommie, my inside leg was shorter than the other, and when I examined that Indian chief, as he lay there dead, I found that his inside leg had shortened, too. Since then, the mountain has been called 'Comanche Peak'."

In the North Carolina days, there was an intimate relationship between the Cranfills and Galloways. Never having seen any of my grandparents, I do not know the name of the Galloway girl who married Grandfather Jonathan Cranfill. I know something of the Galloways, however. My Grandmother Galloway had three brothers—William, Charles and Caleb Galloway. I knew Uncle William and Uncle Charles quite well. They migrated to Bastrop County, where I was reared, and Unce Caleb went to Upshur County, where he lived and died. He was a lawyer and reputedly one of the best. He had a son, C. C. Galloway, Jr., who recently died at El Paso. He was a lawyer, and a good one. I knew him personally, but do not remember having seen Uncle Caleb, though, doubtless, I did see him when I was a very small boy. Uncle "Bill," as we called him, was the eldest and became a doctor. He had a large family, who scattered over parts of Texas. Those Galloways were great for marrying cousins. One of Uncle Charley's sons married Uncle Bill's daughter, and one of Uncle Bill's sons, Caleb, married Uncle Charley's daughter. They were full first cousins. My father and mother were third cousins. My Grandmother Cranfill

was a Galloway, and my mother was a Galloway, the daughter of William Galloway, who was a first cousin of the other Wm. Galloway I have mentioned. My mother's father lived and died near Princeton, Ky. He was a fiddler, and I guess that's where I got the infection. My father and mother married quite young. Their eldest child was born and died in infancy in Kentucky. The next eldest, Amanda, was born in Kentucky, and they brought her with them to Texas when they came about the year 1850.



Facing the reader, top row at the right, is Thomas Cranfill, oldest member of that family; left, Charles J. Cranfill, the youngest. Seated, to the reader's left, Mrs. Betty Jackson, of Kentucky. Seated in the center, Dr. Eaton Cranfill; to the right, Isom Cranfill.

My son, Tom, who passed away March 6, 1934, delighted in any joke he could get on any of the family. He was full of fun and life, and a successful business man. Soon after he was married in 1902, as he told the story, I sent him to Big Spring on a business errand. I knew that 'Ras, Cousin Zach's oldest son, lived at Big Spring, so Tom said that when he returned he found the Baptist State Convention in session at Dallas. and got into the house as a dozen Baptist preachers and I, with my wife, were seated at the dinner-table. He went on to say that I greeted him, and queried: "Tom, did you see Cousin 'Ras while you were in Big Spring?" "Yes, I saw Cousin 'Ras." "Was he well?" "Yes, Papa. Cousin 'Ras was well." "How is he getting along out there, Tom?" "Papa, Cousin 'Ras seems to be doing very well." "Is he in business there, Tom?" "Yes, Papa, he's in business." "What is he doing, Tom?" "He's merchandising." "Selling dry goods, Tom?" "Well, no, Papa, I wouldn't just exactly say he was selling dry-goods." "Well, is he selling groceries?" "Well, Papa, I would hardly say that it's a grocery store that he had." "Well, Tom, what is Cousin 'Ras doing out there?" "Well, Papa, if I just have to tell the whole truth in the presence of the preacher brethren, Cousin 'Ras has the biggest saloon in Big Spring!"

I know little of Uncle Isaac's family, but do remember that his daughter married Rev. J. H. Stinecipher, a Baptist minister. So far as I know, he was never south of Buffalo, Mo. I spent a night there once, and went out next morning to his grave.

Uncle Tom had two sons, Albert and Luther, both of whom became doctors, and both are now dead, each leaving a family. Uncle John left no sons, but a daughter, Mrs. Mollie Kent, Loco, Okla. She is seventy-three years old, and a widow. Uncle Charley had a son, Henry, who married and soon thereafter died, leaving a son who is now, I think, living in Waco.

I never saw any of the generation of which our grandfather was a member. I had one brother, Dr. Thomas E. Cranfill, who died in Dallas in 1926. I had two sisters, both of whom are gone, and I have two half-sisters living in Los Angeles, Mrs. Lillian Lindsey and Mrs. Josephine Renfro. My brother left two sons, Britt E. Cranfill, now of Wichita Falls, and Truett

Cranfill, now of Dallas, and a daughter, Mrs. Travis Golay, who recently died. I have one daughter, Miss Mabel Cranfill. I had two sons, Tom E., born Aug. 23, 1881, died March 6, 1934, and a son, Carroll Britton, born Dec. 24, 1883, and died July 26, 1886. All of the members of my childhood family are gone. My father died at seventy-four, my mother at sixty-one, my brother at seventy-one, my oldest sister at sixty-nine, and Sister Carrie at seventy-nine.

The Galloways are a long-lived race. Uncle "Bill" Galloway lived to be ninety, and Uncle Charley lived to be ninety-two. The Galloways migrated to America before the American Revolution. They were contemporaneous with Daniel Boone in the Yadkin River country in North Carolina. So far as I know, they were all Baptists. The oldsters were Primitive Baptists. Uncle Charles, my grandmother's brother, was seventy years old when he joined the church. He was one of the best specimens of Kentucky manhood I ever saw. He sat a horse to perfection. He was clean in life, speech and conduct. He had become a Christian when a young man, but he called his hope in Christ "a little hope," and hence would not venture to come into the church. One night, when all of us were present at a Primitive Baptist meeting, in Bastrop County, where I was reared, and Abe Baker, the pastor, had preached a very warm sermon and had dismissed the crowd, Uncle Charles said: "Brother Baker, if you had opened the doors of the church tonight I would have joined." Brother Baker yelled: "Wait a minute! I call the church together in conference. Brother Charles Galloway has applied for membership." It was thus that Uncle Charles found himself applying for membership. He told his experience and was unanimously received. The next Sunday I witnessed his immersion in Peach Creek. He lived to be ninety-two, and would have lived longer but Aunt Miranda, his wife, was killed when the horses ran away with the wagon, dying at ninety, and the shock was so great that Uncle Charles could not survive it.

Two of Uncle Bill Galloway's sons, Caleb and Sam, were 6 ft. 7 inches tall.

My sister, Amanda, married W. B. Williams April 6, 1873. They had three children who lived to maturity—Letitia, Eaton and Enoch. Letitia died some years

ago. My second sister (Mrs. Sneed) was Elizabeth Caroline, born September 19, 1852. She died at Waco January 10, 1932. My only brother, Thomas Eaton Cranfill, was born in Upshur County. He was a doctor. While he was practicing medicine at Waco, John B. Cranfill, then quite a young man at Whitt, Parker County, fell ill with typhoid fever. John's father wired my brother to come to Whitt to see John, who was very ill. As soon as my brother reached his bedside, he told John that he wondered he had survived both the disease and the medicine. My brother took charge of John's case, threw away a lot of the drugs that had been prescribed for him and John got well. My brother was in some respects a remarkable man. While a doctor in Waco, he became a medical examiner for a life insurance company. The agent of the company soon found that my brother was getting more prospects for insurance than he could get. The result was that my brother was so successful in life insurance work that he gave up the practice of medicine and spent the remainder of his years as a life insurance man. He died in Dallas in April, 1926.

I have five grandchildren, all of Dallas. Mona Mai, my son Tom's oldest daughter, married Robert L. Clark. They have a son, Bobby, 4½ years old. Isabel, the second daughter, married Charles V. Campbell. They have two daughters, one, Mona Cranfill, two years old, and the other, Sarah Seay, six weeks old. Eleanor married Denman Schutt. Tom M. Cranfill, her twin brother, now 25, is not married. He is an A. B. of Texas University and an A. M. of Harvard. He is a teacher in Georgia Tech. Betty Burton, my youngest granddaughter, is now 16. My son Tom's widow, Mrs. Mai Cranfill, lives in Dallas and is one of the noblest women I know.

When I was at Abilene Park July 4, 1938, at the Cranfill reunion, I boasted to my cousin, John B. Cranfill, who was 80 years old January 25, 1938, that I had three great-grandchildren. He looked up at me triumphantly and said, "I have 17." John is the son of my father's younger brother, Isom Cranfill, who moved to Parker County, Texas, about 1850, and lived there until his death. Uncle Isom had four children. Jane, now living at Mineral Wells, married a man named Grable. She is now 84. Uncle Isom's second child, Linn Boyd

Cranfill, was born about the year 1855. He was killed within a half mile of his home by the Comanche Indians April 23, 1871. John B. Cranfill, whom I have already mentioned, was the next child, and Mary Elizabeth, who married D. C. Limbaugh, was the next child. She had a son and a daughter.

My father, Eaton Cranfill, was a self-made man. His cultural opportunities were meager. He was reared near Paducah, Ky. He was, however, an omnivorous reader, and through his studies and his native ability, he became a great doctor. During the eight years we lived in Bastrop County, (and we lived there longer than at any one place in my boyhood or youth) he had the largest medical practice of any doctor in that area. He had a large brain, wearing a $7\frac{3}{8}$ hat. He was a typical pioneer and the thriftiest man I ever knew. Quick-spoken, quick in movement, industrious, eager and full of pep and punch, he met the problems of life with courage and conquest. He died at Waco in November, 1903, having attained his 74th birthday September 26 of the same year.

My mother was a small woman, never weighing over 90 pounds. She was born near Princeton, Ky., February 4, 1829, hence was a few months older than my father. I could write a book about her. She was a devout Christian and smooth and sweet in her temper and disposition. She had better educational advantages than my father had. Both my parents were perennial students of the Bible. They were first Primitive Baptists, but my father never belonged to the Hardshell type of the Primitives. He always believed in what was known as a general atonement, and so did my mother. My father was very evangelistic, and later in life both of them joined the Missionary Baptists.

Uncle Isom Cranfill (not the one from whose memoirs I have quoted, but his nephew) came to Parker County when he was a young man and, as stated in the foregoing paragraph, lived there till his death. He was a splendid business man. He was the founder of the Cranfill Bank at Whitt and amassed what, in his day, was a small fortune. He was a member of the Church of the Disciples, or the Christian Church, and all his descendants, as far as I know, followed him in the matter of church life. His son, John B. Cranfill, of Abilene, is a

devout member of that fraternity. This Uncle Isom of mine visited us when I was 18. He asked me one morning to take a walk with him. On the walk he said to me: "Never sign your name to another man's note if it takes your name to make it good." That was a piece of profound business philosophy which, if I had heeded through life, I would be much better off financially than I am now.

My son, early in his business career, went into the oil business, and through his activities as an astute executive, he amassed a fortune of perhaps a million dollars. He was the first president of the Association of Texas Independent Oil Men and was very active in behalf of freedom from the domination of the major companies in the Texas oil fields. He was quick, alert and sensible. A man of high honor, whose word was as good as his bond, he stood high in the line of activity to which he gave his life and time. His untimely death was heartbreaking to all of us.

In a home-coming of Baylor University, his alma mater, some years ago, he was one of the principal speakers, his subject being Dr. Burleson's Botanical Garden. His speech was reported in shorthand. I did not have the privilege of hearing it, but I was told that during the 30 minutes assigned to his address he could only speak 15 minutes of the time, for the other 15 minutes was taken up by applause. He was one of the best story-tellers I ever knew. Here's one from the Ranger oil fields. I give it as he told it to me: "One morning, as I sat down to breakfast at the Scott cafe in Ranger, a kindly faced waitress came to my table, and quickly, as I always did, I looked up and asked, "Have you frog legs?" Somewhat embarrassed, she replied, 'No, Mister, it's rheumatism makes me walk that way.'" No man I ever knew enjoyed a good joke better than Tom did, and he came by that quality honestly, because I have always had the same complex. There must be a strain of Irish blood in the Cranfills, but I think perhaps it came around by way of the Galloways, who were Scotch-Irish. There is a district in Ireland called Galway, and while I do not know it to be a fact, my feeling is that this section of Ireland gave to us the name, Galloway. I judge that all the American Galloways sprang from the same stock. One of my good friends who wrote the introduction to my first book,

with the title, COURAGE & COMFORT, OR SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS, was Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who lived at Jackson, Miss. I visited him in his home and spent an evening with him once. He told me that the tradition in his branch of the Galloway family was that there were seven brothers of the original Galloway stock, all of whom came to the United States. They scattered, some going East, some North, some coming South and some going West. He was very sure that all of us were akin, but, of course, the kinship is difficult to trace.

Bishop Galloway was one of the ablest preachers I ever heard. He came to Dallas during the General Conference of the M. E. Church South many years ago, and while he was besieged to preach at the leading Methodist Church in Dallas, he shook his head and said, "No, send me to some humble place." That is where I heard him.

I am indebted to D. M. Cranfill, of Abilene, Texas, for the following data concerning the descendants of my first cousin there, John B. Cranfill. I will let D. M. tell the story in his own way, as follows:

"You know my father's father, Isom Cranfill, and his wife, and you know all of the children of Isom Cranfill; Mrs. Jane Grable, of Mineral Wells, 84, my father, 80, and Mrs. Mary Limbaugh of Fort Worth, 78. My father's only brother, Linn Boyd was killed by the Indians at the age of about 16, and I think you make mention of that in one of your books. My mother, who was Belle Kirby, is 73."

"My oldest brother, Patrick Wilford, died of pneumonia at the age of 37. He had married Agnes Handy. They had six children, Cletice (a son who died in 1920, one week after Pat's death, of appendicitis), Lorene, Aubra, Odell and Reta Bell (twins) and Wilford, a girl who was born after Pat's death."

"The next son, Silas, married Miley White. They had six sons — Homer, Odis, Tharon, Murrah, Grady and John B., who was drowned when a baby."

"The third son, Harry, married Etta Hooker. Their children are Dennis, Velma and Harry Gene."

“The fourth son, John Isom, married Lula Ashby. They have two sons, C. A. and Carlton, and a girl, Evelyn.”

“I am the fifth son and married Maude Denman. We have three sons, Milton, Jr., Donald and Cullen Earl. Torksey, our on’y daughter, married Eugene Wood. They have one son, Alvin, and a daughter, Betty Gene.”

“Leslie, the coach, the sixth child, married Thelma Kendall. They have one son, Niven, and two girls, Elyce and Mary Leslie.”

“The baby boy, one of the very finest, died at the age of 16 from diabetes, which was developed after a strenuous athletic contest. This was a terrible blow to my father and mother and was followed five months later by my oldest brother’s death.”

“Silas lives at Barstow, Harry on a farm at Loraine, John is in the laundry business at Fort Worth, I am a salesman for the Amicable Life Insurance Co., Torksey lives on a farm near Loraine and Leslie is athletic coach of the Temp’le, Texas, High School.”

“Several of the grandchildren have married and have children of their own, but I suppose this is as far as you wanted information.”

“My father and mother are very dear and they have made many sacrifices for their children. We have been wonderfully blessed in having them with us as long as we have. Their health is not so good now.”

The following is the clipping from the Abilene Reporter to which I have referred. It gives a splendid account of the Cranfill reunion held at Abilene Park July 3-4, 1938:

“Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cranfill, ages 80 and 73, were honored at a family reunion at the Abilene State Park July 3 and 4. One hundred and twenty-nine relatives and guests were present to honor the couple who celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary June 30. They have lived in Abilene for thirty years.

“Church services were held at 11 a. m. Sunday, followed by picnicking, picture taking, swimming, and the

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playing of games. A highlight of the reunion was furnished Monday by 79-year-old Dr. J. B. Cranfill, first cousin of the honored couple, from Dallas. First he delighted the crowd with several selections of the old time tunes on his fiddle, accompanied on the guitar by Douglas Fry. Following this he gave some of the history and traditions of the Cranfill family, dating back as far as 1740 when Hezekiah Cranfill came to America and first purchased land in North Carolina.

“Children present were: Mr. and Mrs. Silas Cranfill, Barstow; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cranfill, Loraine; Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Cranfill, Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cranfill, Abilene; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wood, Loraine; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Cranfill, Temple.

“Grandchildren and great-grandchildren: Mr. and Mrs. Aubra Cranfill and daughter, Wanda, Mr. Homer Cranfill, Coahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Odis Cranfill and sons, Kenneth and Garland, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Tharon Cranfill and daughter Helen Gail, Kermit; Mr. and Mrs. Murrah Cranfill and daughter, Murriel Ann, Mr. Grady Cranfill, Barstow; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Cranfill and daughter, Lora Lee, and Harry Gene Cranfill, Loraine; C. A. Cranfill, Carlton Cranfill and Evelyn Cranfill, Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. Milton Cranfill, Jr., Donald Cranfill and Cullen Earl Cranfill, Abilene; Alvin Wood and Betty Gene Wood, Loraine; Niven Cranfill, Ellyce Cranfill and Mary Leslie Cranfill, Temple.

“Representatives of other branches of the Cranfill family included: Dr. J. B. Cranfill, Dallas; J. I. Cranfill, Wilson; Will Cranfill and son, Martin, Levelland; Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cranfill, Hico; Mr. and Mrs. James Cranfill, Johnnie Hutchins, Iredell; Mr. and Mrs. Sid Cranfill and son, Sidney Jr., Mrs. Tennie Allen, Mrs. Chum Cathey, Wingate; Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cranfill, and Mrs. Ellen Smith, Cranfill's Gap; Mrs. Ritta Shepherd, Mrs. Mary Limbaugh and son, Denton, and Miss Margaret Brown, Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beights and children, Albert, Jr., Dean, and Isla Ruth Beights; Miss Ritta B. Cranfill, J. H. Ashby, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Beeman, Mrs. Lenn Bodine and Lenn Jr., Aleene, Edwin, and Truman Bodine, and Mrs. B. Dobbs, all of Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Shelbert Jean and daughter, Phanette, Loraine; Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Rothe, San Antonio; J. F. Grable and daughter, Billie John, and Katheryn Brown, Throck-

morton; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Grable and son, John Bob, Mrs. Earl Teague and daughters, De LaVergne and Geraldine, Merkel; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Howell and daughter, Vernell, and Mr. and Mrs. Dink Cramer, Coahoma; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Logsdon and daughters, Arlene and Maxine, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Fry, all from Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sanders and son Walter and daughter Lottie, Midland; Mildred Frances and Lora Lee Cook, J. B. Ashby and Bennie McGlothlin, Abilene; W. R. Ashby, Annapolis; Jim Ashby, Mineral Wells; Eugene Day, J. H. Jean, Sweetwater; Mr. and Mrs. George Cole, Temple; Douglas Fry, Levelland; Mollie D. Smith and Doris Eileen Smith, Wingate."

EPILOGUE.

I was married to Miss Ollivia Allen, of Crawford, Texas, September 1, 1878. She passed into rest October 31, 1937. My daughter, Mabel Cranfill, and I are carrying on the best we can, but it is a lonely life without her mother.

I have had many activities, but the main work of my life has been literature and Bible teaching. So far as I know, I am the only Cranfill that is the author of books. I have published five books: COURAGE AND COMFORT Or SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS, CRANFILL'S HEART TALKS, DR. J. B. CRANFILL'S CHRONICLE, A Story of Life in Texas, FROM NATURE TO GRACE and FROM MEMORY.

I have edited and directly or indirectly published many other books, among them being a 13 volume set with the title, CARROLL'S INTERPRETATION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. I have also published six others of B. H. Carroll's books, with another in the hands of the publisher, making 20 in all.

I was founder of the Baptist Standard, which is still the Baptist denominational paper of Texas. When I was a country doctor at Turnersville, Coryell County, I started a little paper with the title, "The Turnersville Effort," which the following year grew into a weekly county paper called "The Gatesville Advance."

I have been active in temperance and prohibition work, and in 1892 was the nominee of the National Prohibition Party for Vice-President of the United States. I considered myself the best man in the race.

I believe profoundly in the Bible and in the Old Time Religion.

A FINAL WORD ABOUT THE CRANFILLS.

As a rule each Cranfill has a head of his own. Even if it isn't a very big head, he still thinks and acts for himself. There is a strong and perennial strain of egotism in the Cranfills. It isn't much use to argue with one of them. I have known my father and his brother, Isom, to argue the differences between the Baptists and the Disciples all night long, and, as soon as they had breakfast, start off the day with more argument. It was always good-humored but never came to an end. When for some reason it had to be temporarily suspended, each man had exactly the same views he had when he entered the discussion. I think that is quite characteristic of the family. The Cranfills I have known have been honest, truthful, law-abiding citizens. They pay their debts and stand well in their respective communities. I do not know personally all those now living, but to each and every Cranfill to whom this story shall come I send my heart's best love. Let's keep the family escutcheon untarnished. Many of the family who read this story will be surprised at the number of us.

Some very splendid Cranfills live in Lexington, Ky. In 1929, when I visited that city, I spent an evening with a house full of them. The oldest one of them is John W. Cranfill. Mitt Cranfill, his near relative, is a traveling salesman. At Kansas City there is Evan Cranfill, who visited Dallas some years ago. I did not attempt to trace the genealogy of these Cranfills, but I know full well they were all descended from Hezekiah Cranfill of Rowan County, N. C.

