



AN UNSUNG WWI HARLAN HERO

(This is an excerpt from an article that appeared in the Uvalde Leader-News, Uvalde, Texas on Sunday, October 17, 1965)

“On October 6 (1918), before daybreak, we began moving to the front to relieve the men there. This was the Meuse-Argonne Woods. We saw dead German soldiers most of the day and sometimes a bunch of crosses, which were put up over the American boys’ graves. The Germans had been dead several days for our men couldn’t get to them at the time.”

“As we moved to the front, we met Marines, teams, equipment, everything, coming back. We were relieving the brigade of the Second Division, but I don’t know which one. The Division was made up of the 9th and 23rd Infantry of the old U. S. Regulars and the 5th and 6th Marines. Ours was the 71st Brigade of the 36th Division.”

“On the night of October 7, the Germans laid a barrage on us that leveled all the pine trees to the ground. They shelled us so hard, we had to dig in. I remember that Josh Ashby was in the same hole with me that night. We lost about 35 of our men that time, I was told later. My buddy, named Miller, was killed within forty feet of me. He was from Taylor, Texas.”

“At the first ray of dawn, we started over the top, but they laid another barrage about 150 yards in front of us. I hadn’t gone over 100 yards when a piece of shrapnel hit me in the chest, but I stayed with the Company till we ran into the rear guard of the Germans and they had machine guns and began to mow us down. They were falling on each side of me, so I began to look for a shell hole and discovered that I was standing in three or four feet of a hole made by a one-pound shell. I jumped into the hole that was about three feet across the top and about 2½ feet deep. It was sleeting and snowing all

day and I soon found out that the enemy had me spotted. I couldn’t raise my head that they didn’t splatter bullets all around me. I had to lie on my right side and pull my knees up, against my chest.”

“Once in a while, if I tried to see how to make a run for a larger shell hole, I’d hear someone in front of me say, ‘You better get your head down before you get it shot off,’ It was Steve Harlan. He was in a hole you could bury a car in, and I decided to try to get to that hole with him where I could sit up, at least. When I got to my knees to make the leap, a machine gun bullet got me in the right shoulder and knocked me down. I decided that my own shell hole was good enough for the time being. I could hear the zing-zing of bullets passing over my head, and every once in a while a sprinkle of rain, then some sleet. Every time I looked Steve’s way, he had his head above the top of the shell hole but he was always telling someone, ‘Better get your head down; you’ll get it shot off!’ Don’t know why he didn’t get his own head blown off.”

“When it began to get dark, I called to him and he answered me. I asked him if he could come to me when it got dark and he said he surely would. I had lost so much blood by the time it began getting dark, my jacket was soaked through.”

“When it got pretty dark, I kept waiting for him. I knew he was helping others, but I knew, too, he was raised in the mountains and he would find me some way. About midnight I heard him calling, ‘Mac!’ He was within fifteen feet of me, and when I answered him, he came to me. He said. ‘Mac, there are so many boys wounded, our stretchers are all in use, and it may be daylight before we can get one to you.’ I surely hated to wait till daylight and told him

I wasn't shot in the legs and if he could help me, I was sure I could walk to the first aid station. It was about 2½ miles back. I was bleeding bad, so he and Sgt. Mosier got me out of the hole, and they helped me by one being on each side of me. We had gone about a half mile when Mosier asked if I could make it with just Steve helping me, so he could go back and help some of the other boys. I told him I thought I could, so he went back and Steve and I started on again."

"We must have gone a quarter of a mile when Steve said, 'What if we are turned around, and headed toward the German lines!' We stopped, but it was so cloudy and dark we had to wait for the clouds to drift to where we could see the sky, and in a little while, we saw the Seven Stars and sure enough, we were headed toward the German lines. All that walking lost!"

To The Dug-Out

"I walked more like a drunk man, for we had to fall flat on the ground every time a shell burst to keep shrapnel from hitting us, which was every four or five minutes. The farther I walked, the hotter I got, and the hotter I got, the sicker. I was too sick to walk, and it was all Steve could do to hold me up and guide me, but we staggered along a few yards at a time till we found the First Aid Station about midnight."

"Steve took me down inside the dug-out, where they were giving the boys first aid, but I no sooner got down there till I began to faint and felt like everything was closing in on me. I told him I had to get back on top. The doctor told him to take me back up and he would call for me when they were ready. He said it was the loss of blood that was making me faint."

"Steve took me back up and stayed with me till they called for me, but I thought I would die down there before I could get back on top. Steve took me back on top quick as they gave me first aid, and stayed with me till the ambulance came after us. Shells were bursting all around us while we waited. He helped put me in the ambulance and I never saw him any more till we got back home to the States."

(Submitted by Gordon Harlan)

Editor's Note: This event took place in the Meuse-Argonne Forrest in WWI. Steve Harlan in this article, was actually William Steve Harlan, the grandfather of Gordon Harlan, who submitted this article. He went by just Steve Harlan, and was born

February 13, 1893 in Uvalde County, TX in the Texas hill country, not too far from where Gordon lives now (by Texas standards). He was a gentle man, a church-going Baptist. Gordon says, "I was 7 when he (his grandfather Steve) died and it was the first time my heart was broken. For some reason he called me "wart". My dad said that it was because I was like a worry-wart."

Steve Harlan was a Texas T-Patcher in the 36th Infantry Division. His personal T-Patch is on display at the Texas Military Museum at Camp Mabry in Austin. He was just a soldier, before that he was a cowboy and a teamster. He moved his wife and their 8 kids to Austin in the 1930s. He died in Austin in 1967, about 2 years after the article was published. Gordon believes his great-grandfather, George Washington Harlan, son of James Madison Harlan, both of Alabama before going to Texas in the mid-1800s, was the last in their line named in the Alpheus Harlan book. To the best of Gordon's knowledge, his grandfather Steve was never awarded an award or medal for his actions in the war.

Presenting Steve Harlan's original T-Patch with the summary of the newspaper account to the General at the 36th Infantry Division museum at Camp Mabry in Austin (TX).

Steve (L), Bill Pierce (his cousin) in his uniform, the General (R). About 2003.



VETERANS DAY? ARMISTICE DAY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

By the time you receive this, regrettably, Veteran's Day will be over. I hope all Harlans commemorated the day and remembered all the veterans that sacrificed for our country. But did you know that until 1954, when President Dwight D. Eisenhower officially changed the name to Veterans Day, to honor veterans of all wars, that Nov. 11th of each

year was called Armistice Day? Armistice Day was first observed on Nov. 11, 1919, one year after the end of World War I. WWI lasted from 1914-1918, with the U.S. entering the war on April 16, 1917. During those years, 8.5 million soldiers died of battlefield injuries or disease during what was called the “The Great War”. The armistice was not a surrender by the Germans, but rather an agreement by weary nations for a temporary suspension of hostilities. Signed at 5:12 a.m. on Nov. 11, 1918, the armistice declared the “cessation of hostilities by land and in the air six hours after signing.” Yet in those six hours before peace took effect, at 11:00 a.m., an estimated 11,000 further casualties occurred. The permanent peace treaty, the Treaty of Versailles, was not signed until seven months later.

Are red poppies still sold in your area for Memorial Day? Armistice Day has also been called Poppy Day, with the first one held on Armistice Day, Nov. 11 of 1921. Though actually classified as weeds, in early spring of 1915, the hardy red flowers began peeking through a scarred battlefield in Belgium. Lt. Col. John McCrae, a Canadian field surgeon who had witnessed the horror of battle and wounded bodies on that field, wrote his now famous poem in May of 1915 while in the midst of the battle of Ypres in Belgium during WWI. Seeing those blood red flowers, McCrae channeled the voices of the fallen soldiers in his poem, “In Flanders Fields.” One of history’s most famous wartime poems, it was published in December of 2015.

GENEALOGY HUMOR

I think my ancestors had several “bad heir” days.

FLOOR: The place for storing your priceless genealogy records.

Isn't genealogy fun? The answer to one problem leads to two more!

I'm always late. MY ancestors arrived on the JUNEflower.

A new cousin a day keeps the boredom away.

Only a Genealogist regards a step backwards as progress.



PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

Hello All!

It was hard to imagine in the Spring that we would all still be suffering even more greatly from the COVID-19 pandemic. I hope everyone reading this has been able to stay healthy. You have my deepest sympathy if the illness has stricken you or a loved one.

I know everyone is spending more time at home. It is my hope that you will choose to look more closely at our family website <http://www.harlanfamily.org/index.htm>. You will find all of our genealogy data, photos of historic sites, information on our 90+ Club members and much more. Two areas which I have found especially interesting to read are “Who’s Who of Harlans” -- <http://www.harlanfamily.org/who.htm>, and “Stories of Harlans” -- <http://www.harlanfamily.org/stories.htm>. After you have read the posted articles, perhaps it will bring to mind a person you could write about or a story you could share. You will find a contact link on each page.

This quote from the Dalai Lama speaks to me during this challenging time in our nation and the world:

“It is under the greatest adversity that there exists the greatest potential for doing good, both for oneself and others.”

Pat Fluetsch

THE HARLAN RECORD

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P.O. Box 333

Pleasant Unity, PA 15676

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Current and previous issues of *The Harlan Record* are also available online at www.harlanfamily.org

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ROBERT C. WALTERS NEW BOARD MEMBER

The Harlan Family Board has grown by one new member. Robert C. Walters (Bob), was elected to the board in June of this year. Bob's mother, Louise Myers Harlan, descendant of Michael Harlan, was born in Stanton, DE, not far from where George and Michael originally settled in the Colonies. Although Louise was aware of the history of the Harlans in the U.S., she never had the opportunity to attend a national reunion. Unfortunate, because she would have loved to meet and come to know her many Harlan cousins.

Bob attended the 2002 reunion in Wilmington, DE with his family, which motivated him to learn more of the family history. He had grown up not



knowing any Harlan cousins, and the only ones he knew were through the national reunions and the Harlan Family Association. But he and his wife Denise

joined the Harlan Heritage Tour in May of 2018. Several of the board members got to know them well during our two weeks together, and Bob and Denise count their time in England and Northern Ireland with Harlan cousins as among their best and most memorable trips. They followed up by attending both our Board meeting in Lexington in 2019 and the Zoom board meeting in June of this year. Bob's interest in his heritage and in helping us to continue improving our organization is evident, and the board is very happy to welcome him as our newest board member.

Bob and Denise reside in Blue Bell, PA, a suburb of Philadelphia. Bob worked for IQVIA, formerly IMS Health, Denise works as a Data Base Administrator for Cerner. They have two grown children, Amy and Peter, who live quite close. Bob and Denise are heavily involved in their church and volunteer for several other local non-profits. They enjoy traveling, hiking, museums, and especially, spending time with children and other family.

LEXINGTON REUNION 2022 TO BE, OR NOT TO BE...

As many of you know, the Harlan Family in America board meets annually in the city hosting the next reunion. For our next reunion we have chosen a very central location – Lexington, Kentucky. I know many consider it a “southern” state, but if you look at it on the map it is a short drive from our “Midwestern” states. As a matter of fact--7 states share a border with Kentucky – Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Tennessee.

Before I offered to co-chair the 2022 reunion, I made a trip to Lexington with a dear friend whose daughter was at UK in Lexington. I fell in love. I became very excited about the reunion and looked forward to sharing it with the board. We have had several meetings in Lexington, and several people from Kentucky have come forward to express an interest in helping with the reunion. In fact, one of our newest board members, Mike Harlan, is from Louisville, Kentucky.

Lexington is in the heart of Horse Country (it is the “Horse Capital of the World”) as well as in the heart of Bourbon Country. There are so many neat

things to do and we are so excited to put together plans for tours, etc. There are horse farm tours, Thoroughbred Park, racetrack tours, the Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill, distillery tours, Ark Encounter, nearby Berea has the Kentucky Folk Art center, Fort Boonesborough (Daniel Boone), Blue Licks State Park (where the Battle of Blue Licks was fought and Silas Harlan lost his life), a very active art scene and absolutely wonderful food. Lots of interesting things are within walking distance of the downtown hotels. We could have the next two reunions there and not be able to explore all there is to do in the area. We were full steam ahead with planning. Then COVID-19 happened.

Our most recent board meeting was held virtually by Zoom and plans were halted in order to see what was going to happen with the virus. A lot remains to be seen as to what things will look like in the future. Everyone is tired of masks, no social life, not seeing family and friends and an uncertain future.

The Board certainly hopes things will be settled by July 2022, but we wanted to reach out to the family and get some feedback from you. Will you and your family be interested in a reunion in 2022? Or is 2023 more appealing? What things concern you the most about a reunion or large gathering? I know this will change. We need to consider all of these things as we move forward in our planning.

Please contact me at one of the following addresses and share your thoughts, ideas and concerns. We want our next reunion to be a time of family, joy and, above all, safety.

ngoodingrn@gmail.com

OR

Nancy Gooding
4478 Tea Olive Drive
Evans, GA 30809

ANOTHER KENTUCKY RECIPE

I am a big fan of regional foods, beverages and recipes. I heard about the Kentucky Hot Brown and did a little research. This recipe was created by Fred K. Schmidt, the chef at the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1926. After dancing and

partying, this was an alternative to ham and eggs for late night customers. It includes 2 thick, crustless pieces of bread, sliced turkey breast, Mornay sauce, and sliced tomatoes. This is all plated and placed under a broiler and then topped with bacon and served as an open-faced hot sandwich.

I discovered there are lots of variations to this sandwich, but this original Kentucky Hot Brown is the one that really appealed to me. The nutmeg is a key ingredient so don't leave that out. Hopefully, when we have the reunion, we can all find a place to sample the sandwich and vote for which establishment serves the **best** Kentucky Hot Brown.

Kentucky Hot Brown

(This is the original recipe from the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky.)

*Makes two Hot Browns

- ¼ c. butter
- ½ c. all-purpose flour
- 8 oz. heavy cream
- 8 oz. whole milk
- ½ c. freshly grated Pecorino Romano cheese, plus 1 tbsp. for garnish
- Pinch of ground nutmeg
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 14 oz. sliced roasted turkey breast, sliced thick
- 4 slices Texas toast (crusts trimmed)
- 4 slices of crisp bacon
- 2 Roma tomatoes, sliced in half
- Paprika
- Parsley

In a two-quart saucepan, melt butter and slowly whisk in flour until combined and forms a thick paste (roux). Continue to cook roux for two minutes over medium-low heat, stirring frequently. Whisk heavy cream and whole milk into the roux and cook over medium heat until the cream begins to simmer, about 2-3 minutes. Remove sauce from heat and slowly whisk in Pecorino Romano cheese until the Mornay sauce is smooth. Add nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste.

For **each** Hot Brown, place **two** slices of crustless toast in an oven safe dish – one slice is cut in half corner to corner to make two triangles, and

the other slice is left in a square shape; then cover with 7 ounces of turkey. Take the two halves of Roma tomato and two toast points and set them alongside the base of the turkey and toast. Next, pour one half of the Mornay sauce to completely cover the dish. Sprinkle with additional Pecorino Romano cheese. Place the entire dish in the oven. Suggested bake time is 20 minutes at 350°. When the cheese begins to brown and bubble, remove from oven, cross two pieces of crispy bacon on top, sprinkle with paprika and parsley, and serve immediately.

Submitted by Nancy Gooding

Editor's Note: This recipe is also credited from originating at the old Stirrup Cup Restaurant in Lexington (called "Stirrup Cup Hot Brown" by them). Either way, it is rich and delicious, and is a good way to use leftover Thanksgiving turkey. For a little simpler version, check the recipe out on page 127 of Harlan Family Recipes—San Antonio 2012 ed.

TREASURER'S REPORT

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| Checking Account Balance | |
| (4/15/20) | \$ 9,012.19 |
| INCOME | |
| Donations | \$ 1,225.00 |
| TOTAL INCOME | \$ 1,225.00 |
| DISBURSEMENTS | |
| Chester Co Historical Society | \$ 125.00 |
| Harlan-Lincoln House | \$ 500.00 |
| Website | \$ 100.00 |
| Spring Newsletter | \$1,407.00 |
| TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS | \$ 2,132.00 |
| CHECKING ACCOUNT BALANCE | |
| (9/30/20) | \$ 8,105.10 |
| CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT | \$4,197.54 |
| NET WORTH (9/30/20) | \$12,302.73 |

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HARLAN FAMILY IN AMERICA

(Donations received since 4/15/20)

AZ Howard Harlan
CA Joel Geldermann
CT David Feron
IL Ellen L. Davis
IN Kenneth Harlan
MD Mary B. Amoss
NC Steven Harrison
TN Robert Hughes
WA Mary Ann Williams

REMEMBERANCE FUND

(In honor/memory of)

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by Ruth Meahl (FL)
Dr. James R. Comer
by Chad Comer (KY)
Harlan H. Giese
by Harlan H. Giese, Jr. (VA)
James N. Harlan
by Dorothy T. Harlan (MO)
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Mary Margaret Harlan Olney
by Robert Harlan (PA)
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Sarah Surratt (GA)
Frances Ward Pollick
by Linda Shorb (CA)

JOIN THE HARLAN FAMILY ON SOCIAL MEDIA

Are you searching for a long-lost cousin?
Perhaps you just want to learn about
the history of the Harlan Family. Did
you know you can contact The Harlan
Family in America via
social media? In addition
to our website,
www.harlanfamily.org,
we also have a Facebook account and Twitter
account. To become part of our closed Facebook, go
to:



<https://www.facebook.com/groups/270599586289425/> or enter [The Harlan Family in America](#) in Search Facebook window. To follow us on Twitter, go to <https://twitter.com/theharlanfamily> or type '@theharlanfamily' into Twitter search.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

The Harlan Family in America has received a request from Tracy Bhalla, the owner of the Harlan Log House in Chadd's Ford, PA. Those of you who were able to attend the national reunion in Philadelphia in 2017 likely took the bus tour and got to tour the old house, which Tracy graciously opened up to the Harlans. Tracy writes that there used to be an old barn on the property, of which only the stone foundations remain. She and her husband would like to rebuild the barn at some point, and would like to get it as close as possible to the original design and appearance. So she is asking if anyone in the family might have any photos of the original barn on the property for them to refer to. These would likely be older photos, taken by Harlans who might have visited the property some time ago when the barn was still standing. If you have any photos or information that might help Tracy, please contact her directly at tvbhalla@gmail.com, or photos/items could be sent to her in care of The Harlan Family in America, P.O. Box 333, Pleasant Unity, PA 15676.

GENEALOGY CORNER: TRUSTWORTHY DOCUMENTATION

Quite some time ago I read about an ancestor that served in the Revolutionary War. I decided to do more research on the man. According to family history the man had served under George Washington. But what family hasn't had a similar claim? However, proving family legend is another story. I found one resource that gave that information, but it wasn't a source I knew to be an "acceptable" one. Acceptable sources are publications that are for the most part accurate.

The [History and Genealogy of the Harlan Family](#) reported George Harlan #3 was one of the provincial

governors of the “three lower counties”, now the state of Delaware. George did serve in several other state offices that have been documented but further proof that he served as a provincial governor has never been found to my knowledge. This is used as an example of what family history says but has not been proven by other research. It would be wonderful if Alpheus Harlan had been able to confirm his source.

This leads us to how to know whether the resource is accurate or not. And that can be a bit difficult. Not only are there books that are inaccurate, but some information available on the Internet is also incorrect. That is where documentation is the key. Don't use a book, database or website to document lineage unless the source of the information is given. And, when the source is given it pays to investigate the reliability of the source before you accept it as fact. Consider the publication date. Do the dates and places of events make sense? Check to see if reprints have been made as new editions often have corrections. The Harlan Family website does have corrections online so that's one place to check. In one correction I submitted many years ago, I used the actual tombstone as my resource to submit a correction!

Thanks to the Internet we now have access to original records and resources that were not readily available previously. We also enjoy published volumes of genealogical material like the Harlan Family History. But again, accept the information with caution. When we are documenting our lineage, we need to use the best documentation available to be sure the coming generations will benefit from our careful research.

Cynthia Rhoades, Genealogy Director

ANOTHER FAMOUS HARLAN DESCENDANT

Former President of the United States, Gerald R. Ford, was named Leslie Lynch King Jr. at birth on July 14, 1913. He was the child of Dorothy Ayer Gardner and Leslie Lynch King Sr., a wool trader. Leslie Sr. was the son of Charles Henry King and Martha Alicia King. Gardner and King divorced in December 1913, and she gained full custody of her son. Ford's paternal grandfather Charles Henry King paid child support until shortly before his death in 1930.^[3]

Gardner then married Gerald Rudolff Ford on February 1, 1917. They now called her son Gerald Rudolff Ford Jr. The future president was never formally adopted and did not legally change his name until December 3, 1935.

President Ford descends from George #3, Moses #7, Rebecca Harlan Blackburn #35, Margaret Blackburn Shepherd #157, Joseph Shepherd #588, Thomas Shepherd, Rebecca Shepherd King whose son was Charles Henry King, grandfather of Gerald. The History and Genealogy of the Harlan Family does not have any further information on the family line after listing the birth of Joseph. Although no actual link was determined between Joseph and Thomas, the next generations are documented with census, birth, Quaker and other records. No doubt further research would find the link between Joseph and Thomas.

Cynthia Rhoades

If you have genealogy questions or comments, please contact the **Director of Genealogy, Cynthia Rhoades**, at cr.rhoades@comcast.net

Please put "Harlan" in the subject line when sending emails. Visit the family website www.harlanfamily.org

WELCOME TO THE 90+ CLUB

Mary Ann Austin Harlan was born in Tacoma Park, MD in 1930. When she was 19, she married Daniel Dunaway Harlan, who was the instigator and principal organizer of the first Harlan Reunion in New Castle, DE in 1987. She has four children and four grandchildren. She is a graduate of the University of Maine and spent many years teaching in public schools in Maine, New Mexico, and Alaska. Her association with Harlan reunions continued to 2012 when a memorial service was held for her husband Dan, who had died that March. She now resides in Bangor, Maine.

For membership in the Ninety-Plus Club, names, addresses, dates of birth and short bios should be sent to Peggy Hewitt at hewittgang@sbcglobal.net. Address changes for Ninety-Plus Club members should also be sent to Peggy via **The Harlan Family in America**, P.O. Box 333, Pleasant Unity, PA 15676. Updated information helps us maintain our records and is greatly appreciated.

HARLAN-LINCOLN HOUSE



601 N. Main St., Mt. Pleasant, IA 52641

Anna Mullen Villareal, Director of the Harlan-Lincoln House in Mt. Pleasant, IA writes: “Thank you to **all** of the members of The Harlan Family in America organization. Your more than a decade of support for the museum is so appreciated. This is an update on what donations are going to cover the next fiscal year. We feel very lucky to focus on the porch and exterior of the museum this year.”

Through May 2021, fundraising efforts for the Harlan-Lincoln House have been focused on the “Our Front Porch” campaign, to stabilize the porch posts, add a non-slip sealant to the floorboards, and refresh the paint. But on July 19, a summer storm brought down a big maple tree on the west lawn onto the museum and damaged the porch further. So now the storm damage needs to be repaired as well, and the entire home and porch will be repainted to the historically accurate yellow hue. If anyone of the Harlan family wishes to contribute to the project, please direct your donation to the address above, and be sure to mention you’re a Harlan!

In Memory of ...

Mary Margaret Harlan Olney (2/2/1948-6/12/2020) was born and raised in Clarinda, IA, the daughter of William and Helen Hardy Harlan. She graduated from Tarkio College, Tarkio, MO with a Bachelor of Science Degree and laboratory technologist certification, and also met her husband Peter there. They had three daughters and a son and spent most of their married years in the Pacific Northwest. Margy loved to giggle, harmonize, write family poems, and remember good times. She was the heart of her family, and her deep faith was an inspiration to all. After a long battle with ovarian cancer, Margy was called home to her



Father on June 12, 2020. She is survived by her husband, three daughters, a son, a son-in-law, two grandchildren, a sister and family, and eleven Harlan first cousins who cherish her memory.

Dr. Curtis Chester Harlin, Jr. (10/26/1920-9/5/2020) was born in Plainview, TX to Curtis Chester Harlin Sr. and Bertha May Dodd Harlin. He was a WWII veteran, serving in the Army Ordnance Corp, and later the Infantry and served in the European theater. After the war he graduated with a B.S. and an M.S. in civil engineering from Texas A&M, and then earned a Sc. D in



environmental engineering from Washington University in St. Louis. He worked professionally as a municipal engineer, was a professor at the U of Alabama and the U of Wisconsin. In 1999 he retired from the Environmental Protection Agency after 35 years of federal civil service. He lived in Lexington, KY at the time of his death, and he and his wife Judy attended the Harlan Family Board meeting in June of 2019 as potential volunteers for the 2022 reunion.

THE GREATEST MYSTERY

I went to a funeral the other day;
One of my neighbors had passed away.
As I sat in the Chapel my thoughts did stray.
What does it mean? My question that day.

The 23rd Psalm the preacher read.
Fear not, I will provide for you, it said.
A better place He will prepare.
For God will be with us over there.

The muffled weeping of the mourners was heard.
The prayer of the preacher a comforting word.
But nothing could dispel the loss in their heart,
In minutes the loved one would leave, depart.

So I sat, no answers were found,
But still in my mind questions abound.
Before I was leaving I said under my breath—
The greatest mystery in life is death.

Curtis Harlin

DONATIONS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

The cost of printing and mailing each issue of *The Harlan Record* is nearly \$1500, two times a year. Membership dues have never been charged by the Harlan Family in America organization, but we **do** have expenses. If you would change your method of receiving the newsletter to either receiving it by email, or reading it on the Harlan Family website, that would be a savings to the organization (pictures in the newsletter online or by email are in **color**.) Or please consider a regular monthly donation to the Harlan Family in America to help cover the cost of your printed and mailed newsletter, and to help defray other expenses, especially as we look forward to another national reunion. We sincerely appreciate anything you can give!

ROBIN'S WINTER SAGA

(Everyone needs a little humor during these long and secluded days of the COVID-19 pandemic. If you live in a warm climate, you might have a little trouble identifying with Robin's plight, but we northerners know all too well the joys of winter!)

I had a day off work on January 13 for various appointments, including some maintenance on my Subaru Forester (2002). It happened to be a frigid day, snowing on top of hard packed snow and probably about 3 degrees with a wind chill of minus a thousand or so. I was having brake pads replaced and knew it would take a couple of hoursI had been LOOKING at the new Subies online and had even ventured onto the showroom floor a few months earlier, but vowed I would not do so on that day.....so I was a good girl and sat in the waiting room reading my book (The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks, which everyone should read, by the way).

But, I had to go to the girls' room and just happened to run into the friendly salesperson on my way out.....we'd met before and so we chit chatted before he headed back to his office saying "Give me a call when you're ready to trade....." I said "Well, I'd rather just tell you EXACTLY what I want, and if you get it in, YOU call ME....." So I proceeded to tell him I wanted a 2010 Outback with less than 10,000 miles on it, 4 cylinder CVT for optimum gas

mileage, premium trim level heated seats, but cloth, **not** leather, no moon roof, but definitely alloy wheels, all weather package, blah blah blah, oh and it had to be blue or gray, NOT black, white, green, silver, red, brown, gold, yada yada yada (I had really been researching this vehicle!).....and wouldn't you know he says he thinks he has one that meets all my criteria, and goes and checks and confirms that he does, a dark gray 2010 with everything I wanted and nothing I didn't, and with 7700 miles.....had been a dealer's demo.....so I ask if I could drive it while they're working on my car.....NOT to buy it today, of course, but just see how it drove. Well, sure, says the salesman, "WE'LL LET YOU DRIVE IT".....(They're so nice about letting you drive their merchandise.)

Thirty minutes later, after he's battled frostbite from cleaning six inches of snow and then scraping the ice from the car, I watch him carry out some device to charge the dead battery.....and by this point I'm kind of out of the mood.....but he finally gets it pulled up to the door and off we go.....it drives pretty nice and I ask if I can take it home to see how it fits in the garage.....well of course he'll let me do that too.....so we head out on the highway and he tells me when I get home to grab my iPod and he'll show me how to play it in the car.....so I turn off the ignition, run inside for my iPod, come right back out and find a Subaru salesman smiling through his clenched teeth as he's trying to turn over the ignition on the car with a dead (again) battery, and explains that he forgot to tell me not to shut off the engine.....apparently it should have run for 30 minutes after being recharged with his fancy little gizmo, which he happened to have left at the dealership ten miles away.....

No worries, I'll run to a neighbor's and get them to jump us. First neighbor has a car but no jumper cables.....BUT I DO! Except, wait, they're in my Forester which is having its brakes worked on.....2nd neighbor, Harry, has a big old honkin' pickup truck and HE should be able to help.....so I run further down the block (through about 8 inches of snow), hurriedly explain that I have a stranger freezing to death in my garage and a new car with a dead battery, and SURE, Harry will be glad to help.....after he locates his keys, and then finds his gloves, and then goes back in the house to answer the phone, and then forgets where he put his keys, but finally makes it to the garage, and HE CAN'T GET HIS HOOD UP! He is clearly

mystified, and I'm trying to think what other neighbor I can call on, and after ten minutes of helping Harry find "OPEN HOOD" in his owner's manual and reading the directions to him as he monkey with the hood, I give up and run back to my house to tell the salesman what's going on, and he traipses down the snow-laden sidewalk in his loafers to try to assist Harry in opening his hood, while I run the other way looking for someone else who has both jumper cables and a hood they know how to open. Keep in mind, it is MAYBE 3 degrees outside.....

Before I find anyone home I hear Harry's truck roaring up the block, and so we all meet back in my frozen garage, and of course have a good laugh about the fact that Harry was pulling his brake release instead of the hood release.....hardee har har.....so now the truck and the Outback are in my garage, with about 6 inches between them, and the two men are in the front of the vehicles having a discussion about how the jumper cables work. I sure don't know, so I climb in the Outback via the passenger door which is the only available access, hauling myself and my giant down-filled coat over the console into the driver's seat, and watch as they GET OUT THE INSTRUCTIONS for the jumper cables.....neither of them are Harlans, obviously, but they were both men and I had no idea that 2 out of 2 men trapped in an arctic garage with a crazy menopausal woman would NOT KNOW HOW TO USE JUMPER CABLES, but after THREE WRONG attempts they finally hooked them up correctly and the engine fired!

As we head back to the dealership, I realize this salesman has been out in the cold for the better part of an hour and a half, so that I can test drive a car he KNOWS I have no intention of buying, and he can probably not remember a worse day in his car-selling career. His pretty little loafers are likely ruined from his walk through my neighborhood's snow drifts, his hands have lost all feeling (no gloves, duh, that part's not MY fault), and because his cell phone died and mine is in my Forester with my jumper cables, we are now wondering if his co-workers think I have taken him out somewhere and killed him (who takes an hour long test drive in near blizzard conditions?), and of course he's probably wishing that's all that had happened to him.

When we got back, I decided to make his day a little better by actually buying the car. IF they would give me "excellent" Blue Book value for mine, plus

comp the brake work (\$250) on the Forester, AND take another \$1000 off the Internet posted price of the Outback (since it after all has an abused battery), and he's quite agreeable to all this, frankly I think to get me out of his sight.....so I bought the car and he even helped me unload the contents (considerable) of my Forester, again out in the frigid cold.....

I went back to the dealer the next day to drop off my Forester's title, on another zero-temp day, and locked the keys in the Outback right in their parking lot. It took an employee about 15 minutes to break in.

I have not been back, but I am sure they are eager to see me again.

(As told by Robin Hess, daughter of Virginia Harlan Hess, via email on February 10, 2011)

MORE INTERESTING ARTICLES NEEDED

Do you like reading about interesting Harlan families and figures? I'll bet your family has had some interesting figures over the years, too. An explorer? A settler of the West? A soldier or a sailor or a decorated veteran? A survivor of the Spanish flu epidemic of 1918, or of the Dust Bowl in the 30's, or of the current corona virus pandemic? A successful business owner? A professional well known in his/her field? A great philanthropist? Every family has stories to tell! Please send stories about your family line to me at: <dorothysperry49@gmail.com>, or direct mail to me at "The Harlan Family in America, P.O. Box 333, Pleasant Unity, PA 15676", or phone at 515-231- 6927. As your editor, I would be glad to develop your story and even write the article, with information provided by you. Just get in touch with me. Remember, history is being made every day, somewhere, by a Harlan descendant! And the rest of us would like to know about it!

Dorothy Sperry, Editor

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

I'm sorry this issue of the Record is so late in coming. I got a late start on it, and then a mild case of COVID-19 had me down most of November. But all is well now, and The Harlan Family in America wishes everyone Happy Holidays!

THE HARLAN FAMILY IN AMERICA

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