

The Harlan Record

NO. 43

www.harlanfamily.org

FALL 2013

The Harlan House and the Mason-Dixon Line

By Michele Lassaux-Harlan

In August, the annual [Surveyors Rendezvous](#) was held in Philadelphia. Sponsored by the Surveyors Historical Society, it was inspired by the frontiersmen of the 1800s. They came down from the Rockies every spring to trade furs for supplies at gatherings in the river valleys. They called it *Rendezvous*.

This year's *Rendezvous* event included a day trip to the [Star Gazer's Stone](#), a stone placed by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon in 1764, marking the spot where they determined latitude and longitude from the stars and established their famed line between Maryland and Pennsylvania – the [Mason-Dixon Line](#).

The Star Gazer's Stone, located on Star Gazer Farm near Embreeville, Pennsylvania, is about 700 feet north of the **Harlan House** where Mason and Dixon set up their base of operations during their four-and-a-half-year-long survey.

The story of the Harlan House begins with George and Michael Harlan. Born in Durham, England, these Quaker brothers immigrated to Pennsylvania around 1687 from County Down, Ireland.



Sandra Harland sits on the new Star Gazer's Stone historical marker in front of the Harlan house. Her late husband's family descends from another set of Harlands than the George, Michael, and Thomas brothers. She hopes to attend our next reunion.

The Harlan House, which is still standing, was built by Michael's son, George, in 1724, near the forks of the Brandywine. That same year, George's son, Joel, was most likely born in this house.

The Harlan House was probably the first house built in Newlin Township. The Harlan family lived in the house until 1956, preserving the location of the stone through the generations.

Tax assessments in the township were first made in 1739, and until 1760, Joel's older brother, John Harlan, paid the taxes on the house and farm. Sometime between 1758 and 1760, Joel returned to Newlin Township after living in other locations in Chester County. He took ownership of the farm and built an addition to the house. Both John's and Joel's families apparently lived in the same house. John Harlan died by drowning in the Brandywine in 1768.

The original house was two stories and made of stone. The addition was also made of stone. A small frame addition was built in the nineteenth century.

In 1908, the Chester County Historical Society dug up the Star Gazer's Stone, set it in concrete, built a low stone wall around it, and placed a plaque on the new wall. Henry K. Harlan spoke at the dedication. He said that each generation of the family was taught that the Star Gazer's Stone had an important place in American history and should not be moved. The Natural Lands Trust, the region's foremost land conservation organization, now owns the stone as part of its ChesLen Preserve.

The Star Gazer farm, including the house and stone, were listed on the National Register of Historic Places on May 9, 1985.

Also listed on the National Register of Historic Places is a log cabin known as the Harlan Log House. It was built by Joshua Harlan, son of the immigrant George Harlan, in 1715. It's about 12 miles south in Kennett Township.

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a permanent organization established to document the historical contributions made by Harlans in America. Submissions of articles are welcome. They are subject to editing and may be held until a future issue. Email to: C. J. King, Editor, joking@sover.net Ken Harlan, Layout, krharlan14@gmail.com.

To change your address for *The Harlan Record*, or to request an electronic copy via email send the new information to The Harlan Family in America P.O. Box 284, Lionville, PA 19353 or email: k.harlan@comcast.net. Current and previous issues of *The Harlan Record* are also available online at www.harlanfamily.org

Remembrance Fund

in memory of . . .

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Your financial support is greatly appreciated.

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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 Web www.harlanfamily.org

Treasurer's Report:

Checking Account Balance (2/1/13)	\$8,195.77
Income	
Contributions since 2/1/13	\$2,185.00
Cookbook sales	\$676.59
Total Income	\$2,861.59
Disbursements	
Newsletter printing/mailling	\$1,453.48
Board meeting expenses	\$1,022.60
Cookbook expenses	\$69.27
Harlan-Lincoln House	\$500.00
Chester Co. Historical Society	\$125.00
Petty Cash	\$50.00
Total Disbursements	\$3,220.35
Checking Account Balance (9/20/13)	\$7,837.01
Certificate of Deposit	\$10,033.69
Net Worth 9/20/13	\$17,870.70

Harlan Board Spring 2013 Meeting

By Becky Hines

The annual board meeting of the Harlan Family in America was held April 20, 2013 in Dallas, TX. There were 17 board members and guests present.

This was a significant transitional meeting, as our president for the past 14 years, Bob Harlan (CA), who has overseen 3 Harlan reunions, turned over the gavel to our new president, Pat Harrison Fluetsch (CA). Also stepping down was Junior Harlan, who has been our vice president for the past 14 years. Our new vice president is Mary Harlan Murphy (PA). Pat and Mary were introduced in the Spring 2013 *Harlan Record*.

We are pleased to announce that our webmaster, Ken Harlan (IN), has agreed to become a member of the Board. The board accepted the resignation of William Harlan (CA). Fred Harlan (PA) is now our new website coordinator as Junior Harlan resigned that position.

Reports on the very successful Harlan Reunion held in San Antonio in July 2012 were presented. Several suggestions were made regarding improving the next reunion. They included increasing the number of volunteers, setting aside special interest areas, and possibly appointing a historian to handle the displays and the increasing amount of Harlan memorabilia.

One of the major issues requiring discussion was the location of the next Harlan reunion, to be held in 2017. The Board preferences point to a return to a site near to our original roots of Philadelphia and Delaware. A close 2nd choice was Lexington, KY;

however, contact persons would be needed for that site. Both sites will be investigated further.

Other topics discussed were possible tax deductible status for our organization, a replacement of our *Harlan Record* editor, C.J. King, and the possibility of Ken Harlan (IN) assisting Ruth Harlan Lamb (MO) with the layout of the newsletter.

We will continue our annual gifting to the Harlan-Lincoln House and the Chester County Historical Society.

The 2014 Board Meeting will be held the weekend of April 4-5, 2014 in the area selected for the 2017 Harlan Reunion. Visitors are very welcome to attend the meeting.



First Row: La Rena Hannon, CA, wife of Joe; Susie Harlan, wife of Kurt; Junior Harlan, AZ; Kurt Harlan, OR; Becky Hines, FL;

Dorothy Harlan, wife of Junior

Second Row: Pat Fluetsch, CA; Fred Harlan, PA; Dorothy Sperry, IA; Mary Harlan Murphy, PA; Katherine Harlan, PA; Gerry Lundgren, IA

Third Row: Joe Hannon, CA; Robert "Bob" Harlan, CA; Ken Harlan, IN; Mike Fluetsch, CA, husband of Pat; Robert "Bob" Harlan, PA

President's Message

By Pat Harrison Fluetsch

I am challenging each of you to learn more about our family and help make our organization stronger in three ways:

1. Encourage your extended family members to sign up for our mailing list so they can receive the *Harlan Record*
2. Visit our web site www.harlanfamily.org
3. Ask to join our Harlan Family in America Group on Facebook

I became involved in the family organization just before the 2007 reunion in Reno. My life has been enriched by all of my *cousins* who I have met since then. Learning about the Harlan Family in America and our contributions to American History continues to fascinate me.

A Call for Articles

By Pat Fluetsch

Every family has stories to tell. Show us the author in you. We are always looking for interesting articles about the family for the *Harlan Record*.

Is there someone in your Harlan family contributing to the community in an interesting way? Do you have a relative who has excelled in their profession? What is the story behind your multi-generational family business? Was a family member decorated for outstanding service in the military? The list of possibilities is endless.

Talk to your family and see if you can come up with an article that will tell us all about your branch of the Harlan Family. C. J. King, our editor, is always ready to help you develop your idea and proofread and edit your article.

Remember History is being made every day!

It's Not Too Early to Start Your Christmas Shopping!

The Harlan Cookbook Volume II makes a wonderful gift for family members, friends, neighbors, or anyone who enjoys good reading and GREAT food. Even non-family members will find the information on our Harlan history both fun and interesting, and the 625 recipes that have been contributed are the best from Harlan cooks from all over the country.

For those who have PC's (rather than Apple), there's even a CD included that contains ALL the recipes--handy for those who have their computer or laptop always near them, even in the kitchen! Modestly priced at only \$15.00 (plus \$5.00 for shipping and handling), these gifts won't break the bank when you are Christmas shopping this year.

Books may be ordered from: Dorothy Harlan Sperry, 3230 Kingman Rd., Ames, IA 50014. Phone: [515-292-8456](tel:515-292-8456), Email: dorothysperry@mchsi.com.

Checks only, please, made out to "The Harlan Family in America."



Crab Boat Harlan's Amazing Tale of Survival

By C.J. King

If ever there was a harrowing tale of survival, it's the one about crab boat captain Joe Harlan and his near-fatal shipwreck, recounted by Spike Walker in his book *Nights of Ice: True Stories of Disaster and Survival on Alaska's High Seas*.

Joe Harlan grew up in Michigan, Missouri and California. He made his living for 25 years fishing for crabs in Alaska. At times, this could be a very good living. On a frigid winter night in 1989, Joe's boat was carrying more than 40,000 pounds of tanner crab back to port. In two weeks' time, he and his crew had collected so many crabs off Sitkalidak Island that they'd decided to call it quits early, before the season had ended.

The weather also figured in to their decision. According to Walker, that two weeks included the "single-worst extended cold spell ever recorded in the Kodiak weather books," including "wild northwest winds packing chill-factor temperatures of minus fifty." It was a dangerous season. One crab boat had already gone down, with four casualties. On another boat, a deckhand lost three toes to frostbite. One of Joe's crewmen had to be rushed back to port to avoid a similar fate.

Joe's boat, Tidings, was cruising back to port, loaded with crabs, when a perilous amount of ice began accumulating on the vessel. Joe sent the crew out to chop away at the ten-inch thick layer while he checked the engine room. There, he discovered a rising tide of seawater, probably leaking in from the crab tank.

Suddenly, the boat leaned to the left. He yelled a warning to his crew, just before the boat began to roll. In the last few seconds before the ship lost power, he grabbed the CB radio microphone and yelled, "Mayday!" He gave the ship's name and location, and everything went dark.

The Tidings's bow sank first. As this happened, he heard crashes all around him – batteries, pots and pans, toasters, rifles, even the ship's refrigerator, all came loose from their mounts and tumbled. Joe was knocked down into the dark inside of the bow. A rush of water pushed him to the galley. Treading water, he gasped for air in the small space still left above water.

See Crab Boat page 7

Harlan Story from War of 1812

By Fred Harlan

Editor's Note: The Harlan Record has published the stories of Harlan soldiers from more recent wars, but this is the first submission from 1812. Fred Harlan presents this story of his Harlan ancestor in first person, a fictional technique, but the story is all based on actual facts.

The surviving American sailors and soldiers from the Battle of Lake Erie picked up my body and dropped me overboard into Lake Erie.

I am Marine Private Jesse Harlan, and this is my story.

I was born 1790 in Chester Co., Pa., not far from where my great-great-grandfather George lived near the Brandywine River.

My mother died when I was born but my older sister Abigail, named for my mother, and older brother Caleb helped. They were several years older than me, being born just before the Revolutionary War.

The whole area where we lived was caught up in war, with a lot of action not far away. My father Jonathan, even though of Quaker beliefs, was part of the war effort, being a member of the Pennsylvania Militia. He drove a wagon.

As a result of his war service my father received donation land as pay. The land was in western Pennsylvania, nearly 300 miles away from where we lived.

After my mother died in 1790, my father remarried and decided to move west with many of our relatives. So in 1793 we packed up, along with grandma and moved to western Pennsylvania.

The trek across the Allegheny Mountains was tough, but the path was well worn as people had been moving west for many years. A Quaker settlement in Washington Co., Pa., was where many Harlans gathered.

Most of our relatives who came west eventually got on a boat and traveled the Monongahela River to Pittsburgh and then down the Ohio River to places farther west like southern Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky.

My father liked western Pennsylvania, and besides he had land waiting for him northwest of Pittsburgh.

While we lived in Washington Co. there was more military action, as western Pennsylvania farmers protested and stood up to the new Federal government about a new tax levied on them. The

insurrection became known as the Whiskey Rebellion and thousands of Federal troops were sent toward Pittsburgh to quell the uprising. We lived not far from where the protesters burned General Braddock's house, precipitating the sending of federal troops.

Not long afterwards, my father met a Doctor from Pittsburgh named Peter Mowry. They put together a venture to start a village on 400 acres of donation land in what is now Lawrence Co., Pa. My father went there, secured the land, laid out a town, and put up a mill, the beginnings of Harlansburg, Pa, a small village on the Slippery Rock Creek north of Pittsburgh. The family soon followed in 1797, with some of my brothers and sisters being born there.

My story now jumps quickly to 1812. Now I'm in my early twenties and working on the family farm in Harlansburg.

As the new kid on the world block, the United States was having a problem being taken seriously. England was at war with Napoleon of France and kept stopping American merchant ships and forcing sailors to join the Royal Navy to fight for England. That and other trade issues influenced the Congress of the United States to declare war on England. The War of 1812 is called by some the Second War for Independence.

The War of 1812 hadn't affected many around Harlansburg, other than some men had gone to fight and the Pennsylvania Militia had been put at the ready.

The Great Lakes were a major concern during the War of 1812. Canada was British territory and the lakes were a buffer between us.

People in the capital city of Washington believed that an invasion and occupation of Canada would be an easy accomplishment and was high on the agenda. The British, however, had much better military resources and more trained troops, and numerous times during the war invasion attempts by the U.S. were thwarted.

The Great Lakes, especially Erie and Ontario, were solidly in British hands as they had ships patrolling each. Early in the war, losses by the Americans at Fort Mackinac, at the top of Michigan, and Fort Detroit gave England even more strength in the region.

See War page 8

John Stanley Harlan (1937-2012)

Musician, Eagle Scout, Rocket Engineer

John Stanley Harlan, of Lake Oswego, Oregon, died peacefully on December 4, 2012, after a short battle with cancer. He was 75.

John loved vocal and instrumental music, earned the Eagle Scout rank, and was avid about architecture, G-scale model trains, and classic cars. His most unique claim to fame was his role as test engineer for two engines that powered Saturn rockets to the moon.



Born in Compton, California in 1937, he was the son of Marion Charles Harlan and Clara Cates Harlan. He had an older brother, Richard, and an older sister, Carol Harlan.

John majored in engineering at Compton Junior College, where he was a proud member of the Compton Junior College Marching Band, which jokingly called itself “The Stumbling Thirty”.

He graduated from Cal Poly San Luis Obispo in 1961 with a physical sciences degree. During college, he spent a summer working in Hawaii, tracking satellites for Lockheed. Upon graduation, he worked for Rocketdyne as a test engineer, working on the F1 and J2 engines that powered the Saturn rocket to the moon in 1969. He also served eight years in the United States Navy Reserve.

He joined the Van Nuys, CA, First Methodist Church and sang baritone in its choir, where he met Sarah, his wife, who sang alto. Their first date was to a choir party. They married in 1967 in that church. The entire choir sang at their wedding. After the wedding, John adopted Sarah’s daughter Debbie.

Federal aerospace funding diminished after the successful moon landing in 1969, and many engineers in Southern CA were laid off, including John. After a short stint with Litton Industries, working with gyroscopes, John enrolled in graduate school at California State University Northridge, earning high school teaching credential for algebra, physics and chemistry.

The family moved to Oregon in 1973. He taught at Benson Polytechnic High School in

Portland for 25 years, and was Science Department Chair for the last 10 years. His science teams twice won State-level Olympics of the Mind competitions, and went with him to the National Competitions in Ohio and Maryland. During the Maryland trip, they also toured Washington DC, where they visited the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, and John gave them a personal tour of the Saturn Rocket display.

John also loved to design residential floor plans, a hobby that he began as a teenager. He always wanted a house with a spiral staircase. In 1983 he and Sarah bought an ocean-front lot on the Oregon Coast, west of Tillamook, and John designed his beach house with a spiral staircase. He hired an architect and a registered engineer to critique his plans, and no changes were needed. He contracted the concrete foundation, framing, plumbing and electricity, and built the rest of the house himself.

John also designed train tracks for his G-scale train collection. He laid the tracks on the living room and dining room floors of his house. Visitors had to step carefully, but since they liked John, they did so.

John retired from teaching in 1998 and was busier than ever. A few years after he retired, Sarah found him in the garage doing calculus problems and asked him why. John said he wanted to see if he could still do so. Visitors would remark on the huge wooden slide rule hanging from chains in his garage, and he would remind them that Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin each took a small slide rule to the moon.

John enjoyed racquetball, squash and gym workouts. He climbed Mt. Whitney, enjoyed downhill skiing, went white water rafting and canoeing, and took several cruises with Sarah – to Alaska, the Panama Canal, and New Zealand/Australia. They also attended at least one Harlan reunion.

“We wore our Harlan Family Crest baseball hats and zipper-front hooded sweatshirts everywhere,” says Sarah.

John is survived by Sarah, his daughter Debbie (Greg), two granddaughters, and several nephews and nieces. Sarah is unsure of the exact family line, but John’s father Marion was born in a sod house in Nebraska and had two brothers, Hugh and Wayne, and a sister, Hazel. Their mother, Clara Mildred Cates, was also from Nebraska.

Information submitted by Sarah Harlan

Crab Boat (continued from page 4)

He considered that this was his end, but still his mind kept casting about for possibilities. And amazingly, even though he knew that no lights were on, with his adrenaline flowing, he could see everything clearly even through the water. He dove down and tried to break out the window behind the gallery's sink, but it wouldn't budge.

He thought of his wife and one-year-old daughter, Chelsea. He thought about their life together and all the things he still wanted to do. And in a blind rage over the unfairness of it all, he rammed into the window again. No luck. Then suddenly, when the boat finished filling with water, the windows popped open on their own. Seeing his way out, he imagined that he was a sea otter and raced for the surface.

The lurching boat had pitched the other crew members overboard into the icy sea. Somehow they found each other in the dark, but their skipper was nowhere in sight. They knew he was inside the boat when it began to sink, and they assumed he was lost. Then suddenly, he popped up alongside them. But that was hardly the end of their ordeal. They were floating in an icy sea with no life raft and with hypothermia a distinct possibility.

In another moment of luck, suddenly the canister holding the life raft burst to the surface. They pulled and pulled and pulled. It seemed that there was no end to the cord that discharged the CO2 cartridges to inflate the raft. Finally, they were successful. They wearily crawled on board.

Now, there was nothing to do but wait, wondering fearfully – had anyone heard their Mayday cry? Joe tried to reassure them. He gave them tasks to keep them busy, like tying the flaps of the cover to keep out the wind, and looking through the survival kit for useful supplies. How frustrating when they discovered that the instructions for the flares were written in French!

The Tidings crew was practically unconscious when they saw the lights of an approaching boat! Their rescuers pulled them on board the Polar Star. "Throughout the entire ordeal, Harlan knew that it was the love of his wife and daughter and home that had kept him going," writes Walker. At home, he had a tearful reunion.

The boat was lost after many years of service, but what was important remained. The boat had

helped bring Joe and his wife together in the first place. Mary Ellen Nugent grew up in Grand Rapids, MI, just 2 miles from Joe, but they didn't meet until they both were in Alaska. He hired her as a crewman for the Tidings. When Mary Ellen became pregnant, her fishing career ended. Eventually, though, daughter Chelsea would sometimes accompany her dad during the summer salmon season.

Sadly, Joe died of cancer in 2005. Mary Ellen and Chelsea moved to Montana, where Chelsea recently graduated from pharmacy school. Now Chelsea is back in Alaska, working at a Safeway Grocery Store pharmacy in Homer. Mary Ellen divides her time between Montana and Michigan.

Joe was uncertain about his Harlan family line. He did hear some family stories passed down. His great-grandfather was James W. Harlan (possibly #10360, or the first son of John Talbot Harlan #8424). Or perhaps his line does not appear in the book. If you can add to this information, contact the *Harlan Record* editors (see page 2).

Michael Fluetsch (1945 - 2013)

This August, we said goodbye to a beloved member of our family, Mike Fluetsch. Although Mike married into the Harlan family, his contributions to our association have been many. Working with wife Pat, who is now President of the Harlan Family in America Association, Mike helped organize reunions and conducted workshops. He also served as an advisor to board meetings. He did anything he could to support his wife and her Harlan cousins. He was truly an honorary Harlan.



Mike was also active in his community. He was a founding member of the Merced County Courthouse Museum. He was President of the Yosemite Region Porsche Club and the Stockton Civic Theater. He served as both Council President and Regional President for the Boy Scouts of America. Mike was also a devoted family man. He loved his entire family and made it a point to spend a lot of one-on-one time with his kids and grandkids.

Mike is survived by his wife Pat, his children Chris Fluetsch (Erika Kegel) and Sarah Gehrke (Edward) and four grandchildren.

War (continued from page 5)

Recognizing the desperate need to secure the northern border, in 1812 the Americans began an effort to place naval fleets on both Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

In the fall of 1812, then-Commander Oliver Hazard Perry was given the assignment of building a fleet and defeating the British on Lake Erie.

Perry at the time had been on duty in Newport, R.I., and marched across New York with a contingent of sailors to Erie.

A group of men had already been hard at work cutting trees, making boards and working on the ships when Perry arrived. Building the ships continued through the difficult winter, but in the spring a different problem appeared; British ships were sailing just off shore at Erie.

The harbor at Erie was blocked by a sand bar so the British ships could not enter it and fire cannons at the American ships, but putting soldiers ashore to attack and burn the ships was a fear.

To offer protection during the building of the fleet, the Pennsylvania Militia was called up from across the state to go to Erie.

In late July, more troops were needed, so the 134th Regiment Pennsylvania Militia was called for duty for a period from July 24 to August 12. So off to Erie I went as part of the Pennsylvania Militia. Erie is about 90 miles from Harlansburg.

The work of building the ships was extraordinary. Men came from shipyards as far as New York and Philadelphia. Many locals were hired to cut and haul trees and other supplies. Much of the hardware for the ships came from or through Pittsburgh, with Commodore Perry himself traveling to Pittsburgh to enter into deals and acquire items.

When the ships were nearly finished, the job of manning them was addressed.

Perry had relentlessly tried to get sailors sent to Erie but had received only a small part of what he needed.

U.S. Marines were also part of the ships' complement and the number of Marines available at Erie was not nearly enough.

So both the Navy and the Marines began recruiting men from the Pennsylvania Militia. I joined the U.S. Marines on July 31, 1813.

The British were constantly offshore within sight of the harbor at Erie. Getting the newly-built

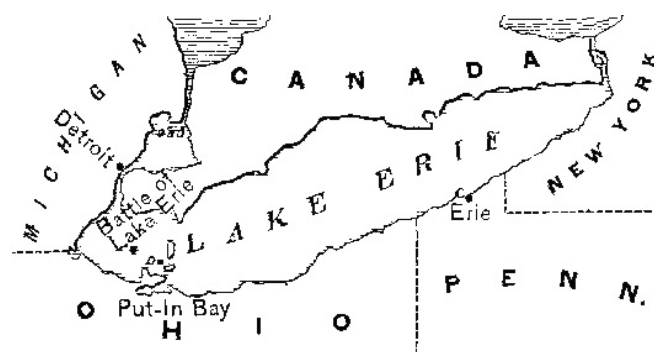
ships across the sand bar was going to be a difficult job, and during that time, the ships would be vulnerable to attack.

Inexplicably, on July 29, 1813, the British left, and we spent the next two days lifting the ships over the sand bar. The two largest ships, the Niagara and the Lawrence, were the toughest, as special equipment had to be built to raise them in the water and then manual labor used to drag them across the sand.

The Lawrence was Perry's flagship and was named for Perry's good friend John Lawrence, who had died in a naval battle and had spoken the words that became Perry's motto, "Don't give up the ship."

I received the plum assignment of being assigned to the Lawrence.

On September 10, we left Put-In-Bay on South Bass Island only to see the British coming towards us.



The number of experienced seaman was not what Perry would have liked, but he had trained the men for hours and hours during the last five weeks to be ready for battle.

We had a fleet of nine ships, while the British had seven. We had many more cannons and more powerful ones, but they had ones that could fire from longer range.

Up to this time in history, the U.S. Navy had won individual ship-to-ship battles but had never won a fleet naval battle.

We had sailors who had been in naval battles before and had described to the rest of us the carnage that was about to take place, but we never imagined it would be so bad.

We the Marines had our positions and assignments. We would be shooting with firearms at the men on the British ships. A few of the Marines were stationed way up on the masts and sails and

would shoot from there. And if need be, we would help man the carronades.

The wind was very light, and our fleets were sailing towards each other slowly. At one point, still over a mile apart, both fleets turned to get the wind behind them and were lining up parallel to each other. Each of our ships had a British ship as a designated battle partner, and the tension grew as the fleets grew closer.

The British fired first as they had the longer range cannons. The first few shots fell short until they got the range and soon a cannon ball crashed into the Lawrence and a man on our ship was killed.

We endured what seemed like endless pounding until we were close enough to fire. The battle raged with two of the large British ships taking aim at the Lawrence. Cannonballs hit the ship killing many and sending wood splinters flying, killing or injuring many more. The Lawrence was quickly decimated, with cannons knocking down her sails and masts, setting her adrift and killing or wounding 80% of the men on board.

Commodore Perry left the Lawrence, moving his flag to the Niagara and continuing the battle. The fighting to this point had also done great damage to the British, and their casualties had included many of their experienced officers, leaving them vulnerable. The British fleet was soon disabled and surrendered.

In just over three hours, the battle was a decisive and needed victory for the United States. Commodore sent a message with his famous words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

That's when the surviving American sailors and soldiers picked up the bodies of their dead and dropped them overboard.

Later, the *New Castle News* of November 1875 included an interview with Richard Johnson, a man from New Castle who fought beside me on the Lawrence. He recalled my demise during the battle, saying that my head was taken off by a cannonball.

I was buried at sea in western Lake Erie.

(September 2013 marked the 200th anniversary of this battle.)

Our Special 90-Plus Club

By Ruth Harlan Lamb

The Ninety-Plus Club for Harlan kin was established several years ago by Larry Harlan of MN for those who have reached the magic age of 90. Larry sent birthday greetings to members of the Club.

After Larry retired, Ruth Harlan Lamb assumed the task of sending cards and posting the members' names and short bios on the Harlan Web site.

For proposing new members to this exclusive club, send names, addresses, dates of birth and short bios to Ruth at harlamb@aol.com.

Updated information and any changes of address are requested so birthday cards will be able to reach the Ninety-Plus Club members, and the roster will be accurate.

Beatitudes of a Family Genealogist

Contributed by Darlene Cobb (AZ)

Blessed are the great-grandmothers, who hoarded newspaper clippings and old letters,
For they tell the story of their time.

Blessed are all grandfathers who filed every legal document,
For this provides proof.

Blessed are grandmothers who preserved family Bibles and diaries,
For this is our heritage.

Blessed are fathers who elect officials that answer letters of inquiry,
For some they are the only link to the past.

Blessed are mothers who relate family traditions and legends to the family,
For one of her children will surely remember.

Blessed are the relatives who fill in family sheets with extra data,
For to them we owe the family history.

Blessed is any family whose members strive for the preservation of records,
For theirs is a labor of love.

Blessed are the children who will never say,
"Grandma, you have told that old story twice today."

Source: *Prairieland Pioneer*, *Prairieland Genealogical Society*, Southwest Historical Center Room 141, Southwest State Univ. Marshall, MN 56258 - Summer 1995 Edition; *St Louis Genealogy Society*; *SWNGS Ancestors Unlimited*; *Duluth Gen. Soc. Branching Out*; *Ottertail County Gen. Soc.*

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