



NO. 54

www.harlanfamily.org

Spring 2019

MODEL T AND ME

Wish I knew all the history connected with this old Model T, but I'll throw in a few facts that we had together on its road of life.

I don't know if (brother) Lee (see Spring 2009 of The Harlan Record, also on Harlan website under "Stories of Harlans") ever told me the name of the man who owned it before Lee acquired it by trading to him an old 10 gauge shot gun. One thing I'm pretty sure of, he wasn't quite as proud of his end of the bargain as he was before he shot a few rounds, because that gun kicked like a government mule.

This sequence of events started in the summer of 1928. Lee's plan was to fix up the old T so I could drive it from the Texas Panhandle back for my senior year in high school, and, in turn, drive it back to Texas again for the next summer's school vacation, etc.

As the picture shows, it had no body on it and we never did put one on it. It had super air conditioning just the way it was. By the time I left my job and arrived at Lee and Wynelle's home in Perryton, TX, he had gone through the engine, filed the crankshaft bearing caps (that is how he tightened the crankshaft bearings), checked out and adjusted the ignition timer, coils, carburetor and fuel system, checked and reset valves, checked the semi-automatic shifting bands, and made final adjustments.

I'll say this much in tribute to Lee. I doubt if there was ever another farm boy in all the U.S.A. who learned the intricacies of the Model T any faster or as thoroughly as my brother, Lee Harlan. He could really make those Model T engines talk...a wizard!

With all the mechanics up to snuff, I helped mount a box frame over the rear gas tank on which

to mount a seat, which turned out to be a seat from a Hudson car that we got from a salvage yard, and with a couple of barn door hinges, fastened it to the frame over the gas tank. It had to be hinged in order to get to the filler hole of the gas tank...a fire hazard. They never moved gas tanks to the rear until insurance came along.



Brothers Dell and Bill Harlan on a stripped-down Model T

Then we mounted a large wooden box across the frame over the rear axle and removed two leaves from the cross mounted spring, and that old stripped-down T rode smooth as a limousine. Those Model T's burned kerosene, but you had to carry a can of gas with which to crank them, so in the box at the rear went my suit case with my clothes, a gallon

can of gas, a couple of quarts of oil, spare tire and a tool kit. I was on my way!

The weather was fine, engine performing great on kerosene, cruising at 40 to 45 mph, and leaving a trail of blue smoke coming from the tail pipe that caused folks to shout, “What are you burning in that thing...corn cobs?”

The first night (on my way back to Missouri), I slept in a grove of trees alongside Highway 54 on the west edge of Pratt, Kansas. The next night I bedded down in a school yard in Gardner, a few miles southwest of Kansas City.

The next morning, I pulled up to the curb and parked in front of Wayne and Elizabeth’s house. Wayne (oldest brother) came running down the steps and sidewalk before I could get off that iron horse and he asked, “Where did you get that thing?”

“In Texas!”

“You didn’t drive that all the way from Texas?” By that time Elizabeth and a few neighbors were headed our way. Wayne couldn’t believe I had come from Perryton, Texas, to Kansas City on just \$3.84 worth of kerosene. I think kerosene was selling for 8 or 9 cents per gallon.

I’m sure it was a long time before Wayne got over talking about seeing and hearing that air conditioned, see-through Tin Lizzie clatter up to the curb at their house. It sort of woke up the neighborhood!

The next summer, Dell (youngest brother) persuaded Dad and Mother to let him go along to Texas. But the weather wasn’t so perfect this time. We ran into rain in the middle of Kansas, and with no windshield, rain hitting one’s face at any speed above 10-15 mph felt like needles. We had to check into a motel at the next town to recuperate, dry out, and sleep like a couple of logs.

We came back for the school term at summer’s end, 1929, and I entered Missouri Valley College at Marshall, Missouri. I really don’t remember what happened to that 1923 Model T. I hope it is sitting in the front row of an automobile museum in Las Vegas or wherever...looking brand new, proud, and sharp as on day #1. It was a good friend. It made three trips across the southwest with no mechanical problems and no expense...a couple of flats...but that was no problem in our young lives.

In great respect for the Model T (my first car)—it never miss-fired once.

William M. Harlan
Tuesday, January 22, 1991

Editor’s Note: Bill sent his article and picture to the Ford Motor Co. in January of 1992. They forwarded it on to the Henry Ford Museum, Edison Institute Archives and Library for preservation, and sent Bill a twelve-month calendar of Fords through the years, and a special token of their appreciation, of which we have no record.

*Editor’s Note: Dell Harlan was my dad. This summer, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Dora Adams Harlan, the mother of Bill and Dell and 4 older children, are gathering to retrace the trail that Dora and her family made in September of 1899 from north central to very southern Missouri. It took my grandmother 11 days in a covered wagon, but the modern group expects to make it **in one day** in an air-conditioned chartered bus, and then will spend the rest of the weekend doing what Harlans do best—talking, eating, laughing, playing, and story-telling! ☺ Stay tuned for a report in the next newsletter.*
Dorothy Harlan Sperry

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.

“Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern but impossible to enslave.”

Lord Henry Brougham

“Growing old is no more than a bad habit that a busy person has not time to form.”

Andre´ Maurois

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TREASURER'S REPORT

CHECKING ACCOUNT BALANCE

(9/1/18) **\$ 6509.57**

INCOME

Donations \$ 3155.00

Royalty Book Sales \$ 56.00

TOTAL INCOME \$ 3,211.00

DISBURSEMENTS

Fall Newsletter \$1449.93

CHECKING ACCOUNT BALANCE

(3/1/19) **\$ 8,270.64**

CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT \$ 4,082.62

NET

WORTH (3/1/19) \$12,353.26

HARLAN RANCH: A CENTENNIAL FARM

(by Steve Harrison)

Dating back to the 1860s, Elisha Harlan and his descendants have been continuously farming and ranching near Riverdale in Fresno County, California. It is a proud heritage for Brad Harlan, and his wife Blair, who continue to farm there. Brad is the son of John "Jerome" Harlan Jr. (#7445-2); the grandson of John Jerome Harlan Sr. (#7445); and, the great-grandson of Elisha Harlan (#2995). In 1994, Brad and Blair submitted the first application for Centennial Farm status in Fresno County.

(cont. on page 9)

HARLAN-LINCOLN HOUSE PRINT



In appreciation for the Harlan Family in America's long-term support, Anna Villareal, the curator of the museum in Mt. Pleasant, IA, sent the organization a print of a painting by Susan Johnston, showing what the house looked like in the late 1880's.

The Harlan Family in America has been providing financial support to the Harlan-Lincoln House since the national reunion was held in Mt. Pleasant in 1997. The home, located across the street from Iowa Wesleyan College, was originally owned by U.S. Senator James Harlan, who was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, appointed to be Secretary of the Interior for Lincoln's second term, and was at the bedside of the dying president. Senator Harlan's daughter, Mary, married to Robert Todd Lincoln (Abraham Lincoln's only son to live to adulthood) in 1868, and they brought their three children often to visit their Harlan grandparents or to spend summers with them from 1876-1899. The house has been refurbished with period and original furnishings and mementos from both the Harlan and Lincoln families, and is a testament to the close relationship between Senator James Harlan's family and Abraham Lincoln's family. In 2009, the Harlan Family in America funded the restoration of the organ in the home, which was a gift from Robert Todd Lincoln to his wife Mary Eunice Harlan Lincoln and their children.

The Board plans to use the print as a raffle item at our 2022 reunion in Lexington, KY. See you there!

FOUR-LEGGED HARLAN ENTERS AQHA HALL OF FAME



Harlan, a buckskin stallion (1951-1973) has been chosen for the American Quarter Horse Association 2019 Hall of Fame class, the highest honor that an equine can earn. Harlan was trained as

a calf roper, but his greatest success came as a breeding stallion. Seventeen of his foals were AQHA champions and fifty-one earned Register of Merit as superior race horses. One owner of a great-great-granddaughter of Harlan stated, "My experience has been that not only are the Harlan horses easy to train, but they have more heart than any horses I have ever been around." Another owner stated, "I'm proud to have a barn-full of Harlan-bred geldings that I have confidence in that they can do any job that needs done and look good doing it." He was named after Harlan Beetch of Oklahoma, who bred the stallion at one time. (See the Spring 2008 newsletter for more information about Harlan).

THE HARLAN RECORD

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It is a permanent organization established to document the historical contributions made by Harlans in America. Submissions of articles are welcome and are subject to editing and may be held for future use. Send articles to the Editor--Dorothy Harlan Sperry at dorothysperry@mchsi.com or mail to 3230 Kingman Rd., Ames, IA 50014. **To add or change your address for *The Harlan Record***, or to request an electronic copy via email, send the new information to:

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

Editor's Note: As per the announcement in the last newsletter and on Facebook, etc., I wanted to devote this issue to first person accounts of events. I hope you will enjoy the next two articles.

A FEW MEMORIES

At 73-years of age and nearing the year 2000, I have decided that it would be good for me to make a few notes about some memories I have. As the years have passed, I have discovered that some of my memories may have disappeared, apparently, I failed to click on 'SAVE' in time.

My first Harlan ancestor in America was George Harland, who arrived in 1687 from Ireland. My grandfather, James Fletcher Harlan (#6945), was born in 1853 in Schuyler Co. MO. My father was Henry Morgan Harlan. He was born near Green City, MO in 1902, then moved to Oklahoma with his family. After moving back to Missouri, he lived the rest of his life in Pulaski Co. MO. I am a 9th generation American,

A large valley ran north from the Big Piney River and in some places had wide bottom fields. This valley came into our farm and joined another hollow that came in from the east. Both valleys had bottom fields, and this was about the only level place on the farm. It was in this side hollow from the east that my dad had built our house. It was a log house and had two stories and was located on a small level area about 100 ft. up on the side of the hill. The creek was across the field from the house and after we moved in, my dad built a log barn in the field nearer the creek. Our water supply was a spring upstream from the barn, the spring probably was 600 feet or more from the house.

My dad called the side hollow where our house was located Happy Holler. We lived there only about five or six years, but when I think of my childhood I usually think of Happy Holler—probably a good name for the place. During the Depression years on an Ozark hill farm, times were not always the best or easy. Looking back, I can see we were poor folks, sometimes very poor, and probably, at times, not very happy, but I didn't know it. In my memory they were happy times.

We did not have many of the things available that we now consider necessary. We did not have electricity, inside plumbing, central heat or telephone. Our lighting was from kerosene lamps

and lanterns. Heating and cooking were provided by woodburning stoves. The house was not well insulated, and it was difficult to keep the entire house warm during cold weather.

We settled into our new home and started to develop a routine. Big items in that routine were the chores--there were plenty of things to do, and I was getting old enough to become involved with these chores. Our heating and cooking required the year-round job of getting firewood. Early on, I may have been too young to do a lot of sawing or chopping wood, but I sure did my share of carrying the wood into the house. We had plenty of wood on the farm, it was just necessary to get it to the house.

Another major chore was getting a supply of water from the spring to the house. I wondered if my dad built the house so far from the spring just to keep me busy, but then I decided that he maybe was making the house safe from flooding. We required several gallons of water daily for drinking, cooking, dish washing, bathing and laundry. After carrying the water from the spring, the water bucket was placed on a table in the kitchen. A dipper was placed in the bucket and all the family drank from the same dipper. A wash-pan was kept nearby for washing hands. We always had a few milk cows on the farm.

With open range laws at the time, we had few fences. The cows ran loose and many times it was my job to find the cows and bring them back to the barn for milking. We always had a bell on at least one of the cows, so I would head out, walk a ways and then listen for a bell. I remember one time when my dad had just milked the cows and sent me to the house carrying the milk. It was almost dark, and when I was halfway to the house, a screech owl in a nearby tree decided to sound off. We had no milk for breakfast the next morning.

The spring upstream was also our icebox. Once ice was not available, we had no other means of keeping food cool. Dad built a box, put it in the spring branch, installed it so the water would run through the box and keep the items cool. We would keep milk, butter, eggs and other items in the box.

In the fall of 1932, it was time for Calvin, my brother, and me to go to school. Maze School sat on the bank of the Big Piney River about 2 1/2 miles from our house. There were no school buses, so the only way to get there was to walk—across our farm, on an old abandoned roadway, uphill to another road and on another mile to the school

building, a one-room white frame building. All eight grades met in one room with one teacher. Most years there were not more than 20 students. When the teacher wanted to work with a certain grade, they were called up to the front row. After their session with the teacher, they went back to their regular desks to work on their assignments. Our water supply was a spring near the school, and some of the older boys were assigned to carry water. The bucket was put on a table at the rear of the room, again with just one dipper in the bucket that everyone used to drink from. Our restrooms were two outhouses. Our heat came from a large wood-burning stove in the middle of the room. Going to school was a long walk in all kinds of weather, but I don't believe we missed many days. One teacher had a practice of giving all students with perfect attendance a silver dollar on the last day of school. I remember getting only one silver dollar.

Our meals were plain and country, but memory tells me we had some great eating. Beans were one of our common meals, usually with some type of pork and fried potatoes and cornbread. Fried chicken was our usual Sunday dinner. We normally had eggs for breakfast and many times biscuits and gravy- I will always remember my mother's cream pies, but if I were to pick my favorite meal, it would have to be chicken and dumplings.

(Written by James Norman Harlan (1926-2015) in 1999. Submitted by his wife Dorothy T. Harlan)

“IT’S NOT EASY BEING GREEN”

A nostalgic glance back to a childhood misadventure by Suzanne Harlan Andrews

My grandmother, Viola Ellen Harlan, had eight grandchildren. Three of us arrived within the first five months of 1935. I was born in February, Ruthie in March and Lorin in May. Lorin got a raw deal. Not only was he the lone boy, we two girls were older and back then actually bigger. He was a little runt of a kid. But he has gotten back at me in our later years. When my birthday rolls around, he often reminds me that he is younger than me and. always will be, darn it.

Our home town was a small village in southwestern Ohio. Waynesville is still small. Present day population is slightly over 3000.

However, it does have the distinction of hosting a Sauerkraut Festival each fall **and** being home to The White Brick Meeting House built in 1811. It is the oldest regularly attended Meeting House west of the Allegheny Mountains. Which brings me back to my grandmother. Grandma was the sweetest person I have **ever** known plus she was a Quaker. My tale involves Grandma and we three cousins.



Suzanne

Ruthie

Lorin

Since it happened a long time ago and my memory is not as sharp as it once was, I'll tell you right now that I may fudge a bit. It is not the most intriguing tale, but we still remember it with fondness and giggles (especially Ruthie and I.)

It was a warm summer day and Grandma had been given the unfortunate job of babysitting the cousins. We were gathered at Lorin's home farm just outside of Waynesville. The older kids had gone off doing older kid stuff, abandoning the three of us because we were the youngest then and, thus, the 'babies.' Who wanted to be held back by 'babies?' I think at the time we were five or six or maybe going on seven. There had been some talk among the older ones about a secret society or an exclusive club which made the rejection all the more painful. What fun! In the age of the Little Orphan Annie Secret Society and Captain Midnight and his Secret Squadron, clubs were the **THING!**

We were heart-broken (not really.) But youthful imagination prevailed. Dog-gone-it, not only would we have our own club, but a club house, to boot! Lorin's father had a tool shed. Originally, it had been a toll house, but when their home had been built many years ago, the toll house had been moved back from the road closer to the house. Although small it had an upper room, reached by a narrow curving stairway. It was perfect! I don't think it was

meant for living but may have been an office or place of retreat for the toll collector. First, we had to get rid of some of the junk, and then we made an attempt to sweep it clean. I can remember the dust we raised, but we did not stop there. Down in Uncle Kenneth's tool shop we discovered some paint brushes, and, yes, some paint! Bright green paint-- **John Deere tractor green paint**. Without hesitation, we opened the can and went to town. It was fun — for a while. But remember it was summer. We were kids and the heat and dust soon got to us. “Let's go into the house and ask Grandma for a cool drink!”

Poor Grandmother. She was horrified. What did she see? Three sweaty little kids covered with dust and green paint smears. Grandmother did not spank, and she rarely raised her voice. But we were ordered to strip down to our undies. Then she proceeded to bring a big pot of soapy water to boil. While she stirred our soiled clothing attempting to get rid of the dirt and paint, we were told to sit on the kitchen floor, backs against the wall within her sight.

Fortunately, memory fails as to what happened when our parents showed up to claim us. The image of that day has stayed with me through the years (not because of the punishment or even regret that we were, after all, naughty — although I am sorry that we caused our grandmother a lot of stress and unnecessary work.) I remember it with a certain joy, a moment of blissfully innocent childhood. Three little souls trying to do something great.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Since before the 1987 “Celebration 300” Harlan family reunion, Ruth Harlan Lamb has been highly involved in The Harlan Family in America. She is a board member emeritus who is always ready to give us guidance based upon the history of the organization. But she is now ready to step down and hand over her activities to others.

The Harlan Family Ninety-Plus Club has been her love and responsibility for several years. She edits the short biographies of members which are published in *The Harlan Record* and on our web site, and sends cards to the club members on their birthdays. Ruth always made beautiful birthday

cards for each person. What an amazing artist she is to have created new ones each year.

Ruth has also been the artist behind all but the first reunion logos for our organization. The first logo was designed by Roger Gould, a friend of Dan and Mary Ann Harlan, for Celebration 300, the 1987 reunion in Wilmington, DE, commemorating the 300th anniversary of the landing of Harlans in America. Ruth then revised the original logo to fit the theme of the next reunion held in Mt. Pleasant, IA in 1997, and for succeeding reunion logos. Other logos can be seen on our website.



The first logo designed by Roger Gould for the 1987 reunion in Wilmington, DE



Ruth's design for the 1997 reunion in Mt. Pleasant, IA

The strength of our board is shown by the fact that Peggy Harlan Hewitt (OH) has already volunteered to take over the duties of the Ninety-Plus Club.

The Board will be meeting in Lexington, KY on June 15th. I invite any of you to join us. You will enjoy spending time with “cousins”. We value input from you about the organization and would love some of you who live in the area to help with our planning of the next reunion.

Pat Fluetsch

BOURBON COUNTRY— WELCOME TO KENTUCKY

Kentucky is considered the birthplace of bourbon --96% of the world's bourbon is produced in Kentucky. Even if you are not a bourbon connoisseur, bourbon distilling and its history are fascinating. Each distillery has its own story.

Irish and Scottish immigrants brought over whiskey from Europe in the mid-1700's. Whiskey (or whisky) is distilled spirits made from grain, examples are scotch, rye, Irish whisky and Canadian

whiskey. Bourbon is a type of whiskey with corn as the main ingredient. Corn was abundant in Kentucky, so it was an easy way to use up the surplus. Originally, the whiskey was stored in jugs and earthenware, but then they began to store it in repurposed barrels that had been charred in order to sterilize them, and they noticed the flavor became mellower. Bourbon was thought to get its name after Bourbon County Virginia, which is now part of Kentucky.

So, what goes into making today's bourbon? First, all bourbon must be made in America. So, no big deal, they all taste the same? Actually, no, they don't. Small things can make a difference in every barrel.

The ingredients that go into bourbon are called the 'mash bill.' All bourbon must be made of 51% corn, and some go as high as 85% corn. The other ingredients are barley, and either rye or wheat. The ratio of the ingredients can create different flavors. Bourbons using wheat instead of rye are called wheated bourbons. Bourbons using more than 18% rye are high rye bourbons. The species, colors and location of the ingredients can influence the flavor of the bourbon. Some mash bills are closely guarded secrets while others are well known.

Bourbon must be distilled at no higher than 160 proof, put into the barrel at no higher than 125 proof and bottled at no less than 80 proof. Then the bourbon must be stored in **new** charred white oak barrels. The barrels may only be used one time. The **type of oak** can affect the eventual flavor of the bourbon, and so can the **char in the barrel**. The bourbon expands and penetrates the wood of the barrel and draws out the caramel and vanilla flavors appreciated in bourbon.

And lastly, **where the barrel is aged** can influence the flavor. High in the rickhouse (or warehouse) where the air is warmer, the bourbon moves in and out of the charred barrel at a faster rate. Lower in the rickhouse, the barometric pressure moves the bourbon. Below 45 degrees, the bourbon is dormant. The materials from which the rickhouse is constructed--stone, brick, wood or tin influences the flavor of the bourbon, and well as the location of the rickhouse. Also, the **time** bourbon spends in the barrel is important. Bourbon evaporates over time and bourbon that has been aged longer is therefore more concentrated and has absorbed more flavor from the barrel itself. So now you understand why those OLD bottles of bourbon cost so much. By the

time that bourbon is bottled there is not much left in the barrel, and taxes have been paid on the barrel every year it sat in the rickhouse.

Some terms to know about bourbon:
Mash bill - the grain ingredients that go into the spirit.
White dog - the fermented grain that goes into the barrels (it is clear in color).
Rickhouse - warehouse where bourbon is stored and aged.
Angel's share - the amount that evaporates out of the barrel as it ages.
Barrel proof - bottled at the proof it comes out of the barrel (typically much higher proof).
Single barrel bourbon - drawn from one barrel and not mixed with any other bourbon.
Small batch bourbon - made from select barrels that have matured to a specific style.

I hope while you are in Kentucky you will join us on a bourbon tour or strike out on your own to discover the many famous distilleries around Lexington. You should consider Buffalo Trace, Woodford Reserve or Four Roses. Wild Turkey is also nearby, but they close in July and a tour may not be available. All of these distilleries are an easy distance from Lexington, and we hope to offer some type of tour as an option for those attending the reunion in 2022. Maybe a future article about my Buffalo Trace tour will inspire you as well. But in the meantime, you might want to warm up to Kentucky with one of these beverages.

(by Nancy Gooding)

MINT JULEP

½ ounce superfine sugar
1-ounce hot water
8 mint leaves + 1 sprig
2 ounces bourbon

Dissolve the sugar in hot water in a julep cup. Add the mint leaves and press them lightly with a bar spoon or a muddler. Add the bourbon, fill the cup with crushed or cracked ice and stir. Place the mint sprig in the ice alongside the straw and enjoy!

MAN O'WAR COCKTAIL

2 ounces bourbon
1-ounce triple sec
½ ounce sweet vermouth
½ ounce fresh lemon juice

Add all the ingredients into a shaker with ice and shake. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with a skewered lemon and a brandied cherry.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NINETY-PLUS CLUB

Bernadine Harlan Jackson was born on May 11, 1927 in Canton, Stark Co., Ohio, the daughter of Ota Harlan. Her husband, Willard Jackson, previously of Phoenix, Maricopa Co., Arizona passed away in 2002. Children include Barbara Ann McClay of Battleground, Clark Co., Washington; Bradley Allen McClay, previously of Vancouver, Clark Co., Washington; and Milton Wayne Kimble of Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio.

Beatrice May Harlan Nelson of Carlsbad, CA was born in Calexico, CA on May 12, 1923. Her parents were George Albert Harlan (he also went by Albert George) and Georgia (Jirina Czech spelling) Antoinette (Jerabek) Harlan (1885-1963). Beatrice had two brothers, George Ceňek Harlan and Howard Vincent Harlan, and two sisters, Gladys Ellen (Harlan) Williges, and Shirley Joyce Harlan. Shirley passed away in February of 2017. Beatrice married Richard Leigh Nelson and they had four children: Jeffrey Leigh Nelson, Lauralee Ann (Nelson) Boone, Georgia Ann (Nelson) Gipner, Bradley Richard Nelson. Beatrice also has four grandchildren and two great grandchildren. She is a wonderful grandmother and is very loved.

Gene Harlan Sessamen, Sr. was born in Mantua, Gloucester County, NJ, on September 22, 1927. He descends from Henry Oscar Harlan (#4079), determined to be the eighth generation from Michael Harlan. Gene married Virginia Sargent in Vermont on June 25, 1950. He worked 30 years for the New Jersey Department of Labor and after retirement in 1991, he and Ginny traveled the United States extensively in their RV. They have two children, Gene, Jr., and Linda, plus three grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Gene loves to play cribbage and often plays at the Westminster Village in Bloomington, IL, where they live. He collects

cribbage boards and is looking forward to the next national Harlan Reunion.

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.

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

(cont. from page 3)

The Fresno County Historic Landmarks and Records Commission decided that it was important to identify and recognize farms in Fresno County that have been in existence for a hundred years or more. Their definition of a Centennial Farm was one which "has been owned by a member or members of the same family, related by blood or marriage, for substantially all of the hundred-year period" prior to an application being submitted.

To date, 14 farms have been designated as Centennial Farms. That number is rather amazing given the criteria, but Fresno County is in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, a rich agricultural area in California.

Brad and Blair continue to raise beef cattle on their land. They also grow newer crops of pistachios and walnuts, along with alfalfa hay rotated with wheat for flour.



Haying was a family effort at the Harlan Ranch in the early 1900s.

SPEAKING OF REUNIONS...

A reunion of two Ninety-Plus Club members took place on December 29, 2018. It was a wonderful surprise reunion of Amelia Catherine Harlan Vega (Spring '17 issue) born December 6, 1926 and her niece, Bernadine Harlan Jackson (this issue) born May 11, 1927, who hadn't seen each other in over 50 years. Less than a year apart in age, they grew up like sisters when they were young. The photos below are of them together in 1944 when they were 18 and 17 years old and now at age 92 and 91 respectively. It took two years of searching to find Bernadine, now living with her son Milton and his wife Liz. The reunion was very emotional, as you could imagine. The moment was shared by many immediate family members and Harlan cousins.

1944

2018



Amelia is on the left in both pictures, Bernadine is on the right.

the illness on November 12, 2018. He is survived by his wife, Fiona, and children Alexandra (26), Niall (24), Georgina (21), and Aidan (19), as well as his mother, Sally, sister Elizabeth Jerge, and many nieces.

Jonathan was born on September 29, 1963 in Jackson, TN to Sally and Grover Van Harlan. He received a BA from the University of Tennessee in 1987, during which time he also studied with a grant at the University of Pune in Maharastra, India. He completed a Master's degree in Comparative Religious Studies from Miami University of Ohio, and finished postgraduate work at the University of Virginia before returning to Jackson in 1993.

Jonathan was a visionary and an innovator. Recognizing the lack of internet access in West Tennessee, he founded and was CEO of Aeneas Internet Services in 1995, and expanded it to Aeneas Internet and Telephone in 1999. Today, Aeneas provides access to customers in every rural county of west Tennessee, as well as many parts of middle Tennessee and out of state. He was also a pioneer in downtown Jackson redevelopment. He was co-founder of the Lambuth Area Neighborhood Association, served as a Madison County Commissioner and on numerous educational and charity boards, and was a true patron of the arts. In 1996, he was named Jackson Jaycee's Young Man of the Year.

Jonathan loved literature, travel, and conversing with strangers and acquaintances alike. Personal hobbies included being an avid beekeeper, bread maker, cyclist, outdoors enthusiast, and dominos player. But what endeared him most to the Harlan Family organization was his generosity and vision for a Harlan website. In 1997, at the end of the national reunion in Mt. Pleasant, IA, he offered to sponsor the website and spoke of what it could do for the Harlan family. Aeneas Communications has sponsored the website ever since. Harlan board members have praised Jonathan, saying he was the nicest young man they ever came across, and he and his family were a delight. Jonathan attended every national Harlan reunion until his health would not permit it, and this writer remembers visiting with him

HARLAN FAMILY BOARD SUFFERS LOSS OF TWO BOARD MEMBERS



The Harlan Board was saddened recently to learn of the death of newer board member, **Jonathan Van Harlan** of Jackson, TN. Jonathan joined the board in the spring of 2015, but before he was able to attend his first board meeting, he was diagnosed with

cancer. He fought a valiant battle but succumbed to

and his lovely family at the 'next table over' at the banquet at the San Antonio 2012 reunion. Jonathan was always very willing to help promote the Harlan family and to do anything that he thought would benefit the website. He will be fondly remembered and sorely missed by all those who knew him and all Harlan family members who had the pleasure to know him.



Long-time board member **Rebecca D. Hines** passed away, at the age of 75 on February 28, 2019 in Sarasota, FL, surrounded by family. She was born on October 11, 1943 in New Castle,

Indiana. Rebecca graduated from Hagerstown (IN) High School in 1961 and from Indiana University Bloomington in 1965 with a major in social work. She worked for the State of Indiana with Family and Children's Services and dedicated herself to improving the well-being of others. She also worked as a psychiatric social worker at Richmond State Hospital until retiring in 1999.

As an avid historian and genealogy buff, she was active in the Civil War Round Table, the Harlan Family in America, and ASALH (Association for the Study of African American Life and History). She was adventurous and loved traveling internationally and throughout the U.S., also attending plays and cultural performances, reading, and learning. She maintained many strong friendships and family connections throughout her life.

Becky felt very lucky to grow up in a family where family and family history were important, and in 2007 she joined the Board of the Harlan Family in America. She attended all but one of the national Harlan Family Reunions, traveled on most of the Harlan trips, and was active in planning the Indiana Harlan family reunions. Former board member Liz Sly remembers her, "She was always ready for a new experience, an adventure or just a visit with a

friend." Becky was always friendly and helpful, volunteered readily with any board job that needed done, and was loved and appreciated by all the board members.

Rebecca was preceded in death by her parents Charles and Virginia (Harlan) Atkinson and brother David Atkinson of Hagerstown, IN. She is survived by her daughters, Debbie Hines of Redondo Beach, CA and Stephanie (Tom Dayton) Hines of Hanford, CA, sister, Cynthia (Randall) Rhoades of Hagerstown, IN, and extended family.

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Side Note to “Home on the Range” (Fall 2018 newsletter): The cabin where that song was written is now a historical site, located 8 miles north of Athol, Kansas on Kansas Highway 8. When my husband was a little boy, the cabin was used for a chicken house and he would gather eggs for the couple who owned the property. In turn they would give him a box of Cracker Jacks. So, we have had a connection with the cabin and the song for a long time. It was just a few years ago at the dedication of the cabin as a historical site, that I discovered that the husband of one of my distant cousins had written the music for “Home on the Range”. I was pleased to meet some of Eulalia (Harlan) Kelley’s descendants at the dedication.

Karlea (Rohmeyer) Landman