

Feb 1991

The Henry Howler

In Her Memory Christy's Message

Blanche Moore Hawley was born September 11, 1892 and grew up in West Rupert, Vermont on the New York Border. Her Scotch-Irish and English ancestors were among the original colonists in our country, and she maintained a strong attachment to New England.

Blanch graduated from high school in nearby Granville, N.Y.. She was determined to go to college. In order to raise money to go she got a job as an elementary teacher for \$36 a month, and walked the 2 mile distance there and back each day. The following year, she entered Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio. Her uncle, a minister, worked there,

and offered to have Blanche live with him and his family.

At Heidelberg she took a chinapainting class, bought herself a small kiln, and taught chinapainting to her friends to earn money.

In 1916 Blanch transferred to Hiram College in Hiram, Ohio, where several of her church members, her uncle, and her father had attended school. Since her last name was Hawley, she was often seated next to a tall, handsome young man whose last name was Henry. A romance blossomed.

As did many college boys, Chuck Henry enlisted in the service when America entered World War I. While he was stationed in Baltimore, Maryland, Blanche finished her senior year at Hiram. They were mar-

ried the day after her graduation in June, 1918, in his Aunt Marcia's garden at Hiram.

They lived in Baltimore until the war ended. Chuck finished his schooling through Ohio State University, then they moved back to Bainbridge, Ohio into the massive colonial house that Chuck's father had built. Chuck farmed for 10 years, then took a job at Hiram College which he held until his death in 1982.

During that Time Blanche and Chuck had four sons over seventeen years - Fred, John, Gene and Don. When Don was born, Blanche was 43 years old. Much later, Blanche said that having a baby at 43 wasn't so bad, but she didn't know he would still be with her when she was 70!

Blanche was a homemaker in the true sense of the word. She fed field hands and entertained college administrators. She mothered her four lively sons and crated lovely china paintings, watercolors, and needlework. She was very involved in her community and church, and was always on top of

news, whether it was from the world or from the family. Years later she said her only complaint about those times was that there was "much to much PTA." Blanche wholeheartedly supported Fred, John, and Gene when they served in World War II, and later Don when he served in the Army.

She delighted to finally have daughters as each son married, and became a close friend and supporter of Janet, Barbara, Jeanne, and Dottie. The family network grew and became extremely close. Eventually there were 18 grandchildren, and Blanche loved to visit with and talk about each of them. For the first time in many years, all 18 grandchildren are here today [Jan 14, 1991]. I'm sure I can speak for all of them when I say I have many, many warm memories of holidays, overnights, and family gatherings with Grandma and Grandpa at the big house, and later at Brewster Rd.

Blanch was a tiny lady. But she was very big on independence, patience, perseverance, stamina, and sensitivity. She was philosophical and very matter-of-fact. You could always count on an honest, insightful and wise opinion from her on most any

subject. She had a wonderful sense of humor, and a delightful giggle that sometimes ran away with her.

She always looked terrific, and never appeared to be as old as she was. She was always color coordinated and fashionably up to date. She was bright and aware to the end. She never meddled, but even at 98 years old, any of us could go to Grandma and get the latest news on any family member. She had 30 great grandchildren, and right to the end she was sending them each a card and a \$5 bill on their birthdays. In deed and in conversation she made each of us feel like we were her favorite.

She was asked recently what she had done in her life. She said, "What have I done? I guess I've sort of held things together." And that she did. In her own quiet way she was the glue, the home fire to come home to, the anchor that has held over 70 of us in place.

An era had passed. Through Chuck and Blanche we have learned to value family. We've had something very special in our lives, a very unique closeness that most families don't have. In the last several years and weeks we have become even larger, stron-

ger and closer. Geographical distance has not interfered with our close ties. We've had lots of ups and downs, but somehow we are able to laugh as easily as we cry, and we've learned that love and support of this family is rock solid and never failing no matter where you are or what's happening in your life.

I saw Grandma in the hospital just before she died. She knew the end was near. I said "I love you, Grandma!" Her tiny hand squeezed mine and tears fell down her face, and she said, "I love you all so much!"

Betty Cope

The flowers at the alter this afternoon are typical of the type of personal touches synonymous with the Henry Clan. The four son, 18 grand children and 30 great grand children. [Each of the three arrangements holding a number of flowers corresponding to the number in each generation] The filler material is me, and perhaps, and the rest of you who also were fortunate enough to be Blanche Henry's friend.

It is difficult to lose someone you love. People of sense

and maturity should be prepared and accepting of the inevitable at four score and 18. Yet, the level of grief attending the death of Blanche Hawley Henry was intense and persistent. As I thought on that and this friendship lost, I came to realize that, yes, it is difficult to lose someone who loves you. That active love is the loss so many share today. Whether you called her Mom, Grandma, GG or friend, she had so many ways to let you know she cared.

The first five men in her life as a Henry escorted her through two World Wars, the hazards of the hunt, the foibles of football fields and halls of Hiram. Her pride in her four sons, Fred, John, Gene and Don, and her patience with their macho manners paid off as one by one the brought her everything she had longed for in a daughter. Janet, Barbie, Jeannie and Dottie followed her lead, enhancing and perpetuating the Henry heritage again and again and again.

Chris, the first born, followed Blanche's footsteps to Hiram. There would be 17 more

grandchildren and they were to stretch her world into the Peace Corp. [Africa] and the rigors of Alaska. With prides she would speak of teachers Jim, K-C, Ellen, Dan, Patrick and Polly, lawyers, Dodie and State Senator Chip, architect Mike and oh, how she delighted when George and Tim moved back within visiting distance. She faced soldiering again with Rick in Vietnam, and was enormously proud of Robyn and Cori's pursuit of advanced degrees in psychology. She was comforted by the watchful eye of Heidi, pleased by the loving grace of her namesake Holly Blanche and somewhat nonplused by Scott who, on his last visit sought her out in the beauty parlor at Hamlet, coaxed her out from under a dryer to tell her she looked cute in curlers. At times like that I would tell her that Scott was more Hawley than Henry. She used to giggle that wonderful giggle.

True is, and you can tell by this recitation, there's a bit of Blanche in all of them. She was a role model and an activist before such qualities wore labels. She loved music and bridge and crafts and teaching and reading and politics. She was a sandwich generation before we called it

that. I think that had those demands not been so extensive, she'd had been a suffragette. [?] Given the right, she quickly registered to vote and, despite growing up and marrying into a hotbed of Republicans, she voted for F.D.R. in '32. She told me that she never told Chuck. I registered surprise. "Well," she said, "I never fed him liver, either. Some things aren't to be argued about."

Role model? Oh, my yes. The last great example came in her years of aging. She had a knee replacement at 85 which meant that two years later she could take a ride on Gene's motorcycle. At 82 she gave up her orange bathing suit, stating she was too old for such things. She bought a blue one. She enjoyed eating. She loved gourmet food and game to try anything. She outlived a husband, a great grandson and her first born. She struggled mightily with the irony and she prevailed. Independent and stubborn as she could be, she knew how to let you help her and she made it your pleasure. She aged with pride and in anticipation of life and her next visitor. And you, dear family, never let her down. Your visits were happy and constant

...even my little white dog found his way to her front door... She didn't need his profusion of kisses, but he loved her and he made her laugh that wonderful laugh... It is stilled now, but as time numbs the grief, the warmth of her love will prevail. God Bless.

Dan and Cindy Expecting

We weren't sure at first. All the signs were there, but we still didn't know for sure. Now we were very sure. Her stomach is already getting big. We not sure when the big event will happen, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was soon. Hopefully we'll be able to get rid of all the kittens.

We took this cat in over Christmas after she was abandoned. The boys named her Miagi after the "Karate Kid" movie. She is a nice calico.

Professor Dan

I was involved with a program at the University of Alaska Fairbanks last summer called the Alaska Science Consortium. It was a three week intensive science training program. Each Alaska district is allowed to send to representatives to be trained in science methods.

Another goal of the program is to create a network support group for science teachers within Alaska. This is accomplished by using computer telecommunications. Through the phone lines, teachers can send long documents, lesson plans, juicy gossip, or whatever. Last summer was a big success. The program is conducted by two UAF Ed. department staff people and two Alaskan teachers. I submitted an application to be one of the master teachers for this summer's consortium with low expectation. To my delight, I was selected. As a part of the deal, the consortium will be sending me to

Houston Texas for a science teachers convention around Easter. What a blast that will be. After the three week consortium, I'll probably start a masters program at the university. All that should leave time for an end of the summer trip to OH.

Robyn Returns

Robyn has a very tentative plan to return to Alaska this summer to recreate the magic of four years ago. Polly and Cori are thinking about going along. Who knows, with a little planning, a whole gang could caravan up the Alcan highway. What a blast that would be. Remember the Nike commercials, and "Just Do It".

Pat & Lori's House

Pat predicts that he and Lori will be moved into their "New House" by the end of this month. They are waiting for their loan to be approved. The house is on a 8500 Square foot lot with a big forested area behind it. It has three bed rooms, a sunken living

room, central vac., a wood stove, 2 car garage, a big well light kitchen, and much, much more! When I spoke to Pat he seemed very excited about it all, although all the paper work and bank visits were getting a bit monotonous.

As of March 15, Pat may no longer be employed with Delta Air Lines. He has been working for them about ten hours a week to be eligible for the great travel benefits. With the recession looming, Delta is partially pulling out of Juneau leaving only the ticket agents and a few other required employees. There is a slim chance Pat can get on as a ticket agent, but he says its doubtful.

Mom and Dad are tentatively planning to take advantage of their status as Delta benefit beneficiaries during the middle of March. They would stay with Cindy and I for a while, and then stop in Juneau on the way back to OH.

Principle Stitches

I spoke to Jim and Grace on the phone and the first thing Grace asked was, "Are you

putting every thing we say in the paper?" (That last quote should answer your question Grace.) Jim has started his principal practicum this school semester. At the end of this school year, he will be certified to be a principle anywhere in Ohio. This doesn't he will be a principal next year. It's just one more option that he may or may not pursue.

Now for the 'stitches' part of the title. Poor Erin did a double back flip with a three quarters spin off the basement swing in her house. She didn't land squarely on the dismount and broke the fall with her chin. After a trip to the doctor, she was left with 6 stitches. I hope this setback doesn't spoil her Olympic dreams.

David's Story

Once upon a time, there was a Jetson, and his little son. They were tying up some video games. They were taking them to outer space. A bear bag guy with six feet cutted down their house. They go-ed to another house where someone was staying and stayed with them. The bad guy go-ed out

February 1991

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2 Groundhog's Day
3	4	Tim & Lynn's Anni 	5	6	7	8
10	11	Lincoln's Birthday 	12	13	Valentine's Day 	14
17	18 Washington's Birthday observed	19	20	21	Washington's Birthday 	22
Dodie Lee 2/24/55 	24	25	26	27	28	23

March 1991

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
Katie						
 3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	Tim  15	16
Saint Patrick's Bobby Stinmatz	17	18	19	20	21	Gene 3/23/25  22
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Rolodex Additions

Robyn Henry
P.O. Box 601
Cumberland, MD
21502

Betty Cope
7487 Fields Rd.
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
44022

Tim Henry
13969 Stanley Dr.
Burton, Ohio
44121

The Martins
3095 Lincoln Blvd.
Cleveland Hts, Ohio
44106

Scott Henry
18908 Brewster Rd.
Auruaara, Ohio
44202

Heidi and Jim Cregar
15 Paw Paw Lake
South Russell, OH
44022

Rick and Laura Henry
8 Louise Rd.
Chagrin Falls, OH
44022

Don and Dotty Henry
2186 Middlefield
Cleveland Heights, OH
44106

Holly Henry
16126 Clifton Blvd.
Lake wood, OH
44107

Cori Henry
119 N. Congress
Athens, OH
45701

George Henry
6475 Fairfax Dr.
Mentor, OH
44060

John and Barb Henry
Box 213 Findley Lake, OH
14736

Ellen H. Morrison
12777 Abbott Rd.
Hiram, Ohio 44234

Mike Henry
414 Old Taos HWY
Santa Fe, N.M.
87501

Dan and Cindy Henry
PO 2546
Kodiak, AK 99615

Pat Henry / Lori Baker
10420 Dock St. #8
Juneau, AK 99801

Jim and Grace Henry
7589 Pettibone Rd.
Chagrin Falls, OH 44022

David's Story Continued from page 7

of outer space and turned into a real bear with four feet. The jetson boy played with the other little boy. Then, they were happily ever after. A Ninja turtle disappeared in their house. The turtle was teaching them how to fight bad guys. When the turtle reappeared, he was cutting down the bad guy's home. Dad, that's the end of my story.

Polly Henry
14160 Ensign
Burton, OH 44021

Chip and Linda Henry
16999 Ravenna Rd.
Burton, OH 44021

Dodie and Peter lee
19121 Ravenna Rd.
Mantua, OH 44255



Todd Fisher Henry
4 yrs. old
Methodist Preschool

Hind sight

Do you get the humor in this title, this being the back page and all? Anyway, expect a call from me sometime looking for Howler news. Keep in mind, we don't discriminate against gossip in this publication. We need more school pictures from the kids. In one of these issues, I'll print everyone's phone #. I don't have them all yet.



Erin Henry
6 years old
first grade

Dan Henry
P.O Box 2546
Kodiak, AK
99615



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CHAGRIN FALLS, OH
44022