
THE HENRY HOWLER

December 91 / January 92



Polly's first salmon. She caught it when she visited Pat and Lori this past summer.

Shootin the Breeze

Gene Henry

I think one topic that might be interesting reading would have to do with shooting incidents, some humorous, some painful, some tragic or near tragic, some unbelievable.

Fred, John and I got BB guns and later 22s at a relatively young age. We would generally earn our own money with newspaper routes, magazine routes and caddyng at the Aurora Golf Course. Then we'd carry double for 36 holes and make about \$3 tip. I remember paying \$3.45 for a single shot bolt action 22.

One winter when I was about age 11 or 12, I was

bringing the traps home at the end of the trapping season. I went to our basement in the "Big House". I had the 22 between my knees as I was setting the traps down. The 22 slipped to the floor and the impact made it fire (apparently the safety was off). The bullet went in and out of my stomach, hit my breastbone and went out instead of in, and went past my left shoulder missing my chin. I ran upstairs yelling that I had been shot. My mother took me to the doctor where it was determined that there wasn't much damage and I went to school that afternoon proudly showing off my wound. I still have the shirt with the holes and blood.

Another time Fred and I were out in the pasture (down below the second well) bringing the cows in for milking. Fred had his BB gun along and was walking behind me. All of a sudden I felt a terrific pain in my rear end, Fred had shot me there to see if it would hurt. I offered to shoot him back so he would get a more first hand idea of how much it hurt but he decided by my immediate reaction that it wasn't necessary. Incidentally Fred was a crack shot (not necessarily because he was able to shoot me in the rear end at close range) but because he shot a grouse on the wing with his 22.

We had a dog named "Red" that was part Chow and part German Police. He was a great dog among many that we had over the years. He and Vrabels' dog (a big black dog) used to constantly fight whenever they ran into each other. They were real knock down drag out fights. The trouble was that Red was older and there came a time when Red could not hold his own. At this point Vrabels' dog

would go after Red on his own back porch and practically kill. John and I decided Red needed a little help. Vrabels' dog started it again. John and I each grabbed our 22s and one of us went to the porch and the other to the upstairs window. By this time V's dog was about 300 yards away headed for home lickety split. We each shot at the same time just to scare him and he went on over the hill without apparent effort. That afternoon the Chamber boys came over to play and said there was a dead black dog in the ditch on the other side of the hill. Red didn't need any more help... He died a natural death not much later.

(To be continued)

Roommates

Dear Dan,

It was enjoyable to see a little segment in the Henry Howler regarding Polly's place: However, I think you left out some important details about her roommates!

Jenny Snyder is 24 years old, a Florida State Graduate, and currently is employed by Physicians Staffing, Inc. as a physician recruiter.

Marilyn McKinnie, being 27 years old, is the oldest and wisest of the threesome on South Main. I am a Miami University Graduate and work at Hamlet Retirement Community as the Marketing Director.

The funniest prank in the house was instigated by Polly last week. I ordered two sweaters from Avon Fashions and was eagerly waiting for them to arrive in the mail. When they finally came, I tore into the package and pulled out the two sweaters. One of them was beautiful, the other looked old and ragged! The collar and cuffs

were torn up and discolored a bit. It took a while after my shock wore off to realize Polly and Jenny had intercepted the package in the mail and replaced one of the sweaters with Polly's old, dingy, tattered sweater! They got me good!

Now that Polly is part of our family on South Main, Jenny and I look forward the next Henry Howler.

Cordially,

Marilyn McKinnie

FLASH... This just in.... Jenny has decided to move out on her own so now it's just Polly and Marilyn. Good luck Marilyn.

Wax On, Wax Off

It's a problem that many women struggle with every year, unsightly hair. You look into the mirror and see that one long eye brow that extends clear across your forehead. Polly decided to do something about her epidermal problem. She went to Donna at Tanglewood Hair Dressers. Polly got a perm and then asked how she could thin the over grown field of hair between her eyes and hair line. Donna suggested wax. Lots of hot wax. The delicate procedure involves exposing the unwanted hair to a strip of warmed wax. When the wax cools, it is removed with a single rip. All that remains is slightly red, hairless skin.

Polly has completely recovered after her experience with the procedure. The process is relatively inexpensive at a total cost of \$6.00. For those on a budget, the expense could be spread out if you do one eye brow this week for \$3.00, and the other eye the following week.

Research is now being done to determine if the hairy

wax strips removed from patrons might be recycled as artificial sideburns, or mustaches. For more information

WRITE:

Hairy Eyeball

Box 2

Hairoffberg, OH 246810

OR CALL Toll Free 1-800-NO HAIRS

Christmas Minutes

By Cori Henry

On Friday, January 3, 1992, the descendents and in-laws of Charles A. and Blanche H. Henry celebrated the annual Henry Christmas. The total number present was 52.5 people, representing blood relatives, spouses, and friends. The surviving members of Chuck and Blanche are the following:

- *3 sons
- *3 daughters-in-law
- *18 grandchildren-in-laws
- *30.5 great-grandchildren
- *2 adopted family friends

69.5 total

Fifty-two and a half of the total were present, making a better than average 76%. This is definitely a good representation of the close Henry clan we are, but I hope to see a rise in these numbers by next year. Plan ahead everyone and make sure you are a part of the festivities!

In summary, the family gathering had the traditional Henry Christmas customs: pork and saurkraut, gift exchange, TV sports (men only, of course), entertainment.

January 1992

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			Happy New Year	Chris M Sharon H		
			1	2	3	4
		Janet B				Vaughn H
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	JB Henry		Don + Dotty		Kim H	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
			Barb H			Robyn W
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Scott H Wayne B				Dan H		
26	27	28	29	30	31	

February 1992

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
Groundhog's Day						
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
			Lincoln's Birthday		Valentine's Day	Tim + Lynn
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
			Alex B			Washington's Birthday
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	Dodie L					
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

The entertainment was provided by the women, both young and old. The youngest women being Janet, Elizabeth, Bobby, Katie, Erin, and even Maggie (standing for at least one verse) singing, "We are the Henry Girls". Knowing no shame, Heidi, Robyn, Polly, Holly, and Cori decided it was time for a new version entitled, "We are the OLD Henry Girls". Claiming to "no longer wear our father's shirts and only wearing our mothers skirts" are a few of the new verses. For those who were not fortunate enough to view the lovely and talented Henry women, don't despair, but feel free to contact Jeanne for the video.

Watching TV sports was not the traditional football believe it or not, but watching the Cleveland Cavaliers dunk a victory. Fortunately, there were no Rose bowl, Orange bowls, etc. to captivate the men for the entire evening and most were found mingling among the crowd.

Our gift exchange came off with great success. The gifts ranged from a beautifully hand painted horse on a sweatshirt (Erin's gift to Janet), to a Moonie Doll which pulls down it'sno explanation needed (Robyn's gift to Don). Needless to say, the gift exchange was a wonderful. Full of the joy of giving and receiving.

There isn't any real need to comment on the pork and saurkraut. It was, well..... pork and saurkraut. How can one go wrong with meat and cabbage?

Aside from the normal customs, a new event was added to this family affair. The first Henry Time Capsule was put together, full with 1991 memorabilia such as, magazines, cassettes, Gulf War items, toys, pictures and personal predictions of the year 2007. The best contribution came from John Henry, disposing his last pack of cigarettes. Way to go Uncle John!! He and Uncle Gene

received a standing ovation from the family in support of giving up smoking.

On the first Sunday in March, the time capsule will be buried at the property. For those of you who have not contributed to this time capsule, make sure your items are present at the property on this day. Feel free to be creative about what you want to put in: personal letter, fashionable item of clothing, work-related items, etc. A formal agreement will be drawn up and signed by everyone involved, stipulating that this capsule will not be opened under any circumstances for another fifteen years. Oh what a celebration we will have on this day! This is a great incentive for you older Henrys to stay healthy and make sure you're around.

In summary, this year's Henry Christmas carried on the tradition of keeping the Henry spirit alive. Those who were not present were missed, but never forgotten. Those who were there can hold on to the wonderful memories. Happy New Year to everyone!

Cori

Dear Henry's,

This is a

Henry Christmas Story **that must be told.**

By Polly Henry

It was the Christmas season once again, and the streets and stores were buzzing with motion. There was an energy in the air that can only be detected when the Christmas lights are twinkling.

The Henrys were full of the Christmas spirit. They

frantically flake around doing their own things. Life is rough at this time. Men must take time to do their deer hunting, sitting in the woods hour after hour. Uncle Don's deer was the only prize, the rest watched the deer season end with no rewards. Jim Henry, of course, has his own deer story. He didn't have to shoot his deer.

The drivers, be it truck or station wagon, in route to school, Columbus, work, or Christmas shopping, tolerated the busy holiday traffic. Just about the only vehicles not on the road were those school busses, thank God.

The season brings its own frustrations to the many teachers of the Henry family. The children are full of energy... Unfortunately this energy is far from academic. The little lovelies are full of two things: anticipation for the upcoming visit from Mr. Claus, and unspeakable amounts of sugar. The teachers spend most of their time and energy on maintaining a certain amount of structure and wondering why administrators decide to use this time of the year to formally observe these zoos (classrooms). On the other hand, the students spend their time wondering when their strung out teachers are going to blow.

All of a sudden something magical happens. The Henrys begin to pull together. With Christmas, comes family gatherings. As we come together we feed off of each other's warmth and love. We, the magnificent Henrys, are a unique breed. We try to explain it to friends, but there is no explanation. The only way to understand the love of our family is to witness it. A first experience with the clan often proves to be quite scary--overwhelming--but, it's the only way to understand the fantastic love.

The gatherings never stop. When you're with the family you feel that nothing could hurt you. You're safe

from all impurities. The grand finale happens on January 3. The energy is at its peak, and time stops. Work, school, and any other frustrations or sadnesses do not exist. Our love is unconquerable.

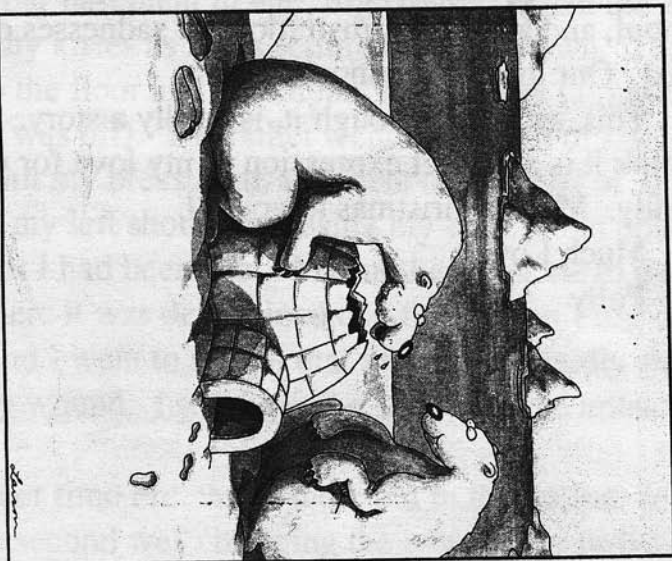
This, as I read through it, is hardly a story. However, I think it is a perfect expression of my love for you, my family. Merry Christmas to you all.

Much Love,
Polly

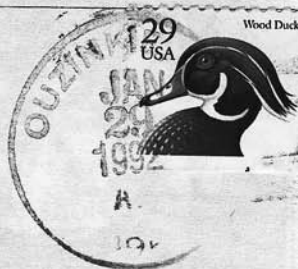


A filler photo of some cute kids (some of which I personally begot) from my exhaustive home-sick for Ohio photo archive.

"Oh, hey! I just love these things! . . . Crunchy on the outside and a chewy center!"



Dan Henry
P.O. Box 108
Ouzinkie, Alaska
99644



Gene & Jeanne Henry
8266 West Hill Dr
Chagrin Falls OH
44022

*Henry
Howler*