

The Press

***WOMEN'S WEEK***

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**FREE SWING** for Heidi, youngest child in Fred's family, is provided by push from cousins Jimmy (left) and Chip, sons of Gene. They were among 40 campers last weekend.



**STIRRING THE STEW**, Janet Henry prepares camp dinner for her crew headed by husband Fred and their six children. Each family provides its own food.





UP A TREE to survey house the cousins are building are Karen (on ladder), Danny (left on limb), Eleanor and Jimmy. Karen is daughter of Fred, Danny and Jimmy are Gene's sons, and Eleanor is John's daughter.



# Relative-ly Speaking, Camp Is a Family Affair

By HELEN MACDONALD, *Press Women's Editor*

Plenty of families are camping these days but how many build a camp for a whole clan?

When the four Henry brothers, Gene, John, Don and Fred, assemble their broods, the campground looks more public than private.

## Talk about togetherness.

Last weekend there were 40 around the campfire—25 of them Henrys, the rest friends of the younger generation.

Teen-agers even brought their dates.

Great Grandpa Charles Henry couldn't have envisioned the scene when he acquired the land in Bainbridge Twp. back in Civil War days. He was more concerned with providing pasture land for his cows.

But he probably didn't work any harder clearing the land than the current generations of Henrys have this past year for a camp site.

Fathers manned the saws, kids whacked down the bushes, mothers raked until the jungle disappeared.

Even now, there's only one permanent structure . . . "small but gorgeous" reports Fred's wife Janet, who undoubtedly will write a poem about it for The Press women's pages.

Everything else is portable and close to nature.

The girls bed down in sleeping bags on the canvas floor of the big tent. The boys sack out in pup tents.

Meals of ragouts, boiled dinners and fancy soups are prepared in big iron kettles over an open fire. "No hamburgers, no weiners," reports Janet. "We get those at home."

The amazing thing to strangers is how well the families get along. "Some of our best friends are cousins," the kids say.

When they aren't on the camp grounds, the fathers pursue individual livelihoods: Gene is Geauga County prosecutor, John is a salesman for Thrifti-Check, Don is a banker at Cleveland Trust Co. and Fred is in direct mail with Cope Inc.

There is no set program but the adults run a tight ship. As long as their 17 offspring behave, each does as he pleases; the older ones swing on a rope over the ravine, the younger ones on a tire hung on a tree.

All ages rent horses from a nearby stable, go swimming in a neighbor's pond or work on the tree house now under construction.

There's always a checker or a horseshoe tournament in progress.

"And sometimes, someone even reads a book," Dottie (Mrs. Don Henry) giggles.

This goes on from Friday night to Sunday night and all have difficulty living through the week, they are so anxious for the next Friday to come.

"You should hear us sing," 17-year-old Chris Henry says. "Sort of like the King sisters only they get paid. We just have fun."