

August 92

The Henry Howler

Family News and Comentary

Shed Cleanup Day

by Holly Henry

Saturday, June 20th was designated as work day at the shed, the theme was "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, off to work we go!" Thanks to the large turnout much was accomplished. In spite of efforts by Aunt Barbie to save everything. Using Jim Cregar's John Deer, we were able to fill Pete's dump truck twice with over 2 tons of junk. The shed has been relieved of many "heirlooms" and a new policy has been initiated calling for a \$500 fine for dumping old furniture. The men were so motivated they brought out their favorite toys, chain saws, and widened the driveway. Future plans and dreams were discussed including running water, hot water, Your ideas are welcome. Just drop a note in the suggestion box, and we'll get right on it. Incidentally, plans for a new outhouse have been tabled, sorry ladies. [Our apologies are additionally extended to our male readers who prefer sitting down]



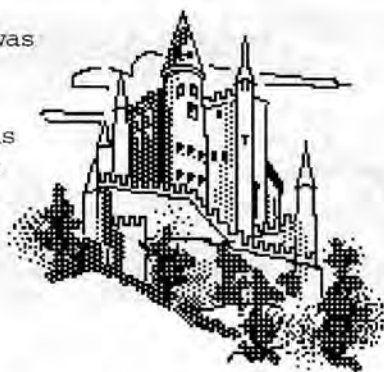
Here's a picture of what a nice, new out house at The Shed could look like.

To Lori: A Wedding Toast

So you're marrying a Henry, even taking on the name. Welcome to the family. Life will never be the same. Best wishes, lots of love — all the things that should be said. Oh I really, really wish, I was there to see you wed. Good luck with Patrick Henry, for the better, for the worse. If he hadn't been my cousin, I'd have gotten to him first.

Best wishes to you both. Love, Heidi

The following ballad was written last year as a fund raiser for the 91' - 92' Ouzinkie Year Book. It was presented as a slide show with students speaking the various parts. It is submitted here for your entertainment.



Bush Snow White: A Bedtime Story

By Dan's Ouzinkie High School Journalism Class

Narrator: A long time ago in the Kingdom of Ouzinkie, a little girl was born and she was very stinky. After Snow White was born, her father cried and choked. His darling wife, while giving birth, bled a lot and croaked. The king soon recovered and had his good wife buried. He met a pretty woman and soon they both were married. Losing her great beauty was the new queens biggest fear, so she often consulted with her wise and magic mirror.

Queen: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?"

Mirror: "On my belief, I firmly stand, you're the fairest in all the land."

Narrator: With time the baby blossomed, her smile was warm and true. But once in a while she'd throw a tantrum, and hold her breath till she turned blue. But as time went quickly past, Snow white grew up very fast.

Queen: "Mirror, mirror - I know I'm cute, but is there any greater beaut?"

Mirror: "Listen queen, here's the scoop, you're still the best looking chicken in all the coop."

Narrator: Snow White in her middle teens, blossomed into a beauty queen.

Queen: "Looking glass upon my wall, am I the fairest of them all?"

Mirror: "Beautiful queen, I'm here to say you were the best, but not today. In the land as of tonight, the most beautiful now is Snow White."

Narrator: The angry queen moaned and hissed. The mirror's news made her really.....mad.

Queen: "Second best will never do, beware Snow White cause I'll get you!"

Narrator: The evil queen sent for her man to help carry out a devilish plan. They schemed and plotted all afternoon, to lead Snow White to her doom. In the bowels of the forest dark, they'd tear Snow White to shreds like a shark. But when he witnessed Snow White's charm, he could not make her buy the farm. Instead of death by his own hand, the forest beasts would finish the plan. When he let her go, with joy she did dance, but the huntsman knew she had a snowball's chance. Within the shadows she grew afraid, as deeper into the woods she strayed. She cried as she ran with a snuffle and a cough, like a chicken in a pen with it's head cut off. She ran about in great despair, with cries and whines pulling out her hair. Her hair came out in small bloody clumps. One look at her told you she was down in the dumps. In a clearing that was very bright, there was a cottage the color of white.

The house was a mess, and no one was home, so she cleaned it up all by her lonesome. She decided to dust, and mop, and sweep, and when she was finally done, she fell asleep. When the collage owners came waddling in, their average height was three foot ten. They had lost their mine to a hibernating bear, and so had changed their occupation to styling hair. They through off their coats, and slammed shut the door. Cuttings of hair fell all over the floor. The commotion woke Snow White with a start, and that kind of surprise ain't good for your heart. Doc said,...

Doc: "Poor young girl your hair is a mess!"

Narrator: She reclined in their chair while they did their best. Each of the dwarfs, one at a time, introduced themselves with a cute little rhyme.

Sneezy: "Hi, I'm Sneezy. I'm glad to meet you. And might I just add, a... a... a... aaaachoo."

Sleepy: "Working all day makes me so sleepy, right now I think I could sleep in a teepee."

Grumpy: "Listen girly, get one thing straight, I might be called Grumpy, but how bout a date?"

Narrator: You could see Happy's grin all the way down the hall, and Bashful didn't say much at all. If ever there were opposites, it was Dopey and Doc. One studied nuclear physics and the other couldn't read a clock, Snow White and the dwarfs in the cottage all snug, were as happy and chipper as bugs in a rug. The evil queen thinking Snow White out of the picture, decided to visit her looking glass fixture.

Mirror: "Oh beautiful queen, saying this is a chore, though you have lots of beauty, Snow White still has more."

Narrator: "Knowing Snow White was alive, rattled the queen's cage, and she stomped through the castle in a hideous rage.

Queen: "Enough of letting others deal with Snow White, I'll get her myself, and I'll do it tonight."

Narrator: The queen thought an apple with poison shined bright. 'But something about that just didn't seem right. Finally she came up with the ultimate plan...

Queen: "I've got it! I'll turn Snow White into a man!"

Narrator: The queen thought her idea was completely superb.

Queen: "When I'm done with her, her name will be Herb."

Narrator: She consulted a witches book in her room, and brewed up some magic Fruit of the Looms. The enchanted boxers would change her sex, to give her a Y instead of an X. The trick of the plan was to think of a con, to get Snow White to put the boxer shorts on. She delivered the shorts dressed like an old hag, and said...

Queen: "There is a present for you in the bag. You might as well try them on for size, they might be a little too tight in the thighs. By the way, Honey, they go with your eyes."

Narrator: Snow White slipped them on right on the spot, and for men's boxer shorts, they really looked hot. What happened next was completely weird.

Snow White grew a moustache, not to mention a beard. With a baffled look, and not having much fun, in a low voice she yelled out,

Snow White: "What have you done?"

Narrator: The queen standing there, having shed her disguise, said...

Queen: "Congratulations, now your just one of the guys."

Narrator: Removing the briefs seemed to be just too tough. The dwarfs tried to help, but it wasn't enough. The future was more than Herb White could stand.

Snow White: "Must I really go through my life as a man?!"

Narrator: All of a sudden, from out of the west, came a handsome young man who was snappily dressed. Muscles a flexin' and ready to fight, he asked...

Prince: "What have you done with the precious Snow White?"

Narrator: Before poor Herb could open his mouth to explain, the prince said...

Prince: "You cad — prepare for some pain!"

Narrator: The evil queen smiled as she watched the men fight.

Queen: "I'll finally see the end of Snow White."

Narrator: The prince swung his sword, and hoped his aim true, but the swipe was too low, and off the shorts flew. Drawing back his great sword to finish the fight, the prince was astonished, Herb was Snow White. Seeing what had happened, the queen got red hot. The heat damaged her brain, and she fell dead on the spot. The prince and Snow White moved into a castle, and from that day on never had another hassle.

Moral: The moral of the story is never to be vain. Try not to look at mirrors too much, cause it can fry your brain.

The End



Coho! Chapter 1

by Mike Henry

I'm not real sure just how it came about, but I got to be the only "kid" on this fishing trip. If my memory serves me, the year was 1967 and I was fully in to my bad boy adolescence. My father took me along to keep me out of trouble. Frankly when you go fishing with uncle Fred and Gene and my dad it's just a different kind of trouble.

When we arrived we headed directly to the Big Manistee River, below the dam, where the coho had massed in numbers because of course they had no place to go. It was a bloody shooting gallery with guys standing 15 feet apart along the shore throwing out weighted hooks at least 4 inches

'Uncle Gene was standing with his arms crossed smoking a pipe, just sort of squinting through the smoke, studying this guy like any good prosecutor would...'

wide and just pulling them across the bottom with the intention of snagging the fish. Apparently when salmon are spawning they are basically only interested in getting to their egg laying grounds and little interested in eating along the way, so trying to use an appetizing lure is a waste of time.

When someone in the line up hooked a fish, he'd yell "Fish

On" and everybody around would pull in their lines for fear of tangling. With the kind of density we were working in it was impossible to stay out of everyone's way. Some times you would tangle with the guy on the other side of the river. To top it off, some enterprising wild man was scuba diving right down the middle of the river pulling up the lures and treble hooks that were lost to the rocks (and reselling them in the parking lot), so you had to be careful that you didn't hook him.

This wasn't fishing. At least it wasn't like anything we had experienced before. It was more like demolition derby! No finesse, no subtleties, you couldn't even tempt them with the delicacies of your tackle boy, or your knowledge of how to present them in a realistic manner. But you could see them gliding by, huge shadows within spitting distance, but not hungry. There was no way you were going to catch these boys in any typical way, but the massacre below the dam was a little too much for our taste.

Usually the first place a seasoned fisherman heads when faced with new water that he knows nothing about is the local bar. The Henrys are seasoned fisherman. The local boys were not stingy with their knowledge of where the fish were and before too long we had a couple of guys who were willing to drive us around a bit. So we loaded up a case of beer and got to it.

One of our escorts looked just like the guy in the WWII poster without any teeth and the moth eaten leather helmet. Thank God his friend was the designated driver because he was having trouble crawling let alone driving. Needless to say we didn't get much information from this guy. His friend on the other hand could hold his liquor and turned out to be well versed in the art of fishing around the parts.

He first took us to a weir, at the head of the Little Manistee River, which is a structure set in the river that catches all the fish trying to get up stream. The fish and game people take the spawn from the males and females, which are then sent to the hatchery. There they are raised to fingerlings and released in the very same river one year later. The females do not survive this ordeal, so there are 55 gallon drums of fish free for the taking. The local Indians would take the fish and smoke them to preserve them for the winter.

Our guide revealed that some of the fish did escape up stream — our next stop.

We followed the Little Manistee back to our new found friends favorite fishing holes. The places we visited were magic, cast in the glow of fall's vibrant colors, breathing cool dry air and seeing the best of the best through the eyes of someone who loved the woods and was becoming increasingly candid about where and how he caught the fish. This condition may have been the result of the comradeship he felt between us as fishermen, but more likely it was the belly full of beer. At any rate, he pulled out a terrible hook as big as my open hand and about 60 feet of a 100 lb. test fishing line and proceeded to describe a method of use which sounded more and more illegal by the minute. We were all standing around the truck and one glance around told me that everyone was as shocked as I was. Our friend read the faces as well and decided he would do one even better. He quickly rummaged around under the seat of his truck and emerged with a sawed off shotgun. "This", he said with a grin, "is how I catch fish. I just blow 'em out of the water."

Well, I'll never forget Uncle Gene's reaction to this. He was standing with his arms crossed smoking a pipe, just sort of squinting through the smoke studying this guy, like any good prosecutor would. Finally he grabbed his pipe, cleared his throat and said, "Ah.... what do you do for a living anyway, friend?" The guy looked at him and without missing a beat said, "I'm a park ranger."

I think the general unspoken consensus was, if this guy was supposed to serve and protect, there was no telling who we might have run into while in the woods, and it was starting to get dark! So without too much ceremony, we thanked our friend for his insight and the poaching equipment and beat it to the nearest bar. (lights and witnesses, you know).

More Chapters in the Howlers to come.

Bliss

by Dan Henry

It started for me at about 2 a.m. on July third. Cindy, David, Peter, and I arrived in Juneau after a 4 hour ferry ride from Haines. We pulled into Pat's driveway about 20 minutes later. We were

warmly welcomed by Lilly and her perpetual tongue. We found the spare room and a couch or two and settled in. Cindy and I rose early and shared a pot of coffee with Lori. Soon we were back on the road headed for the shrine of St. Teresa.

The shrine is an old Catholic church that sits on a short peninsula. Back on shore, a group of cabins, intended for Catholic retreaters, housed the bulk of the Henry/Baker Gang. (34 people)

We arrived at the shrine at about 9:00 a.m. Pat, Chip, and Jim were down swimming in the ocean. Pat greeted me with a hug and a slurred question, "Where the h_ll have you been?" He explained the effects of the bachelor party were still with him, though no explanation was necessary. As the effects of alcohol faded, the sunshine faded from Pat's smile, and he was back to reality.

I wish I could have been at the bachelor party. Summer classes combined with the ferry schedule defeated my intentions. But I hear it was a wild event. For some reason Chip's name is mentioned a lot in connection with this beer downing. I don't know exactly what happened, but Chip was quoted as saying, "You and what army?!" and "Hold me back boys, hold me back!" You know, with some guys it's like that- give them a few brewskies and they think they're Clint Eastwood.

The wedding was beautiful. It was held at the Chapel by the Lake. As I stood by Pat's side as the best man, I half listened to the minister's words and half watched the water skier on the lake. As Lori entered, Pat was "overcome". The emotions showed as he cracked through his vows. There wasn't a dry eye in the church. During the service, the minister explained that love was an acronym: designed to guide young couples into fulfilling unions: Letting go, Open, Value, E- ? The E was to be suggested by friends and family. Some suggestions were: Eternity, everything, ecstasy, eggnog, (guess who's?) and empty pockets. "Empty pockets" had an explanation in the form of a toast by the maid of honor's father,



Cori, seen here in Dan's Bro Hat. The Gene boys all got hats in Juneau.

Tom. "Empty pockets because, when I was single, my pockets did jingle." Everyone laughed except Tom's wife.

The reception was held at a fish hatchery. A person could go outside and watch salmon in the fish latter, or view the aquarium tanks inside. It was a great place. We danced to 50's music, ate grilled halibut, salmon pate', crab.... and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Things started to break up at about 11:00 P.M. only to start again on the beach for the 4th of July fireworks. Being 4 hours ahead and starting on the stroke of midnight, Juneau is the first to officially celebrate the 4th of July in North America. On the beach, we set fire to the wedding present I bought from Haines, a big box of fireworks. It was a perfect end, to a perfect day.

I didn't want to leave this out. When the main Henry clan arrived in Juneau, Gene and Jeanne rented a mini van. John and Barb did the same. Everyone piled into the two vans and drove down to Pat's house. After getting settled at Pat's, someone noticed John and Barb were missing. They had been left at the airport.

Cori and Holly surprised everyone toward the end of our stay with t-shirts which capture the Henry migration to Alaska. It states,

HENRY'S FOLLY: Seeking an appreciation for the great outdoors and a return to the simple life, one lone Henry ventured Northwest to Alaska. There he struck "gold" finding all he had yearned for and more. Henry's of all ages made the trek to this vast wilderness. They too found their "pot of gold".... marriage, offspring, jobs, friends, adventures and more. To this day the road is well traveled as they continue to maintain the OHIO/ALASKA connection.

Living Life

by Cori Henry

'Dan, Dan, oh what a man, he's the man of the 90's who's got a great plan. It's the plan called "Living Life", happy and free, all you have to do is visit Ouzinkie. It is here you will find that all good things will come, to those who relax and try to have fun. Dan's home is up North in the middle of the sea, where the goal in life is to live simply. There's no hustle and bustle, no rush hour or race, each person moves along at their own special pace. What more could you want than to have your basic needs met, such as eating fish from the sea, by pole or by net. You can pick berries galore, running wild and sweet, salmon and strawberries, they're all such a treat. And what about sleeping, that's a need many overlook,

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
Laura H					Linda H	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Jim + Heidi		Zack M Rick + Laura Peter H			Scott + Paula Heidi C	Peter L Todd H
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
			Keith L		Anna H	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
		Priz + Ellen George + Sharon				
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Gene + Jenne						
30	31					

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
Jim H	Labor Day	Winny C			Lori H	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		Elizabeth M				Jeanne H
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Pete + Dodie				Kathy B		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			



Top: Dan's bargain skiff that we towed from Anchorage. It brought us to Ouzinkie from Kodiak with it's 1965' 55 horse Homelite outboard. Side: Dan

there's plenty of time here, I'm already hooked! Yes, food and sleep

are in abundance, but of course there is more, life here with Dan is never a bore. There's fishing, hunting, and volleyball at the school gym, and sight-seeing on Dan's skiff, to see the dolphins. And if it's rainy and cold, you still can make do, Dan has a TV, VCR, and stereo too. Or if you like cooking,

Dan's kitchen is your scene, it's equipped with a bread and meat grinding machine. You can read while indoors, all the old classics and some new, Dan even has board games and computer games too. For those like to socialize, as I know many of you do, Dan has many kind friends for a good poker game or two! Could you ever believe such a place really exists? Start scratching off Hawaii, and all those vacation lists. The process is simple, start planning your trip, just ask any Gene Henry, they've got the best tips. All you must do is drop Dan a line, and ask him when would be the very best time, for you to come and visit and experience this life. But you better make sure, he checks with his wife.

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