

The Henry Howler

Family News and Comentary



Brian Lee playing his forvorite soccer position, defense

Brian's Soccer Report

by Brian Lee

I like kicking things. It's fun because you can run a lot. I've seen a Crunch game. My favorite goalie in the Crunch games is PJ Jones.

I am playing indoor soccer. There are 4 teams in my league. My favorite position is defense. My coach said to me that I was the best defense on my team. I'm going to play on the travel team next spring. My shirt is blue and black.

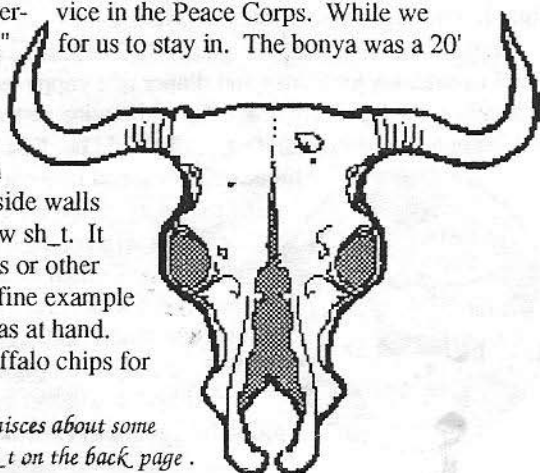
These are my cousins who play soccer: Matt, Tim, Elizabeth, Mike, Justin, Andy, Erin, and Adam.

In the Sh_t House

by Gene Henry

Jeanne and I visited Pat in the northwest part of Kenya near the border of Uganda during his service in the Peace Corps. While we were there, Pat rented a "bonya" for us to stay in. The bonya was a 20' diameter round hut with a thatched roof and what appeared to be mud walls. But the hard, shiny, brownish substance that covered the inside walls was not mud at all. It was cow sh_t. It didn't smell bad or attract flies or other insects or varmints. It was a fine example of using whatever material was at hand. The pioneers depended on buffalo chips for fuel.

The story continues as Gene reminisces about some boyhood experiences involving sh_t on the back page.



Landing the Big One

by Dan Henry

Anchorage- Robyn left Cumberland, Maryland on January 30, a rainy Thursday. At 7:30 PM that night, she was in Anchorage, Alaska preparing to interview the next day for a position at the University of Alaska Anchorage as Assistant Professor for the Center for Human Development. The job would involve developing and presenting a practitioner training program for field workers in the Alaska mental health system. She would be teaching specific skills in the field of psychiatric rehabilitation at UAA and traveling all over the state training practitioners.

Robyn checked into the Golden Lion Hotel with her briefcase, garment bag, wearing a new long dress coat, acid wash jeans, and hiking boots! (Is this the same person who usually travels with a backpack and duffle bag?)

After she decided which of the two queen size beds to sleep on, she watched a little cable and went to bed early.

The next morning Robyn (at least temporarily) broke away from "the natural look" she had cultivated for so long. She took out her Maybelline products, her Lady Shick, new bra, and a new skirt. She estimates that it has been at least 4 years since she had last crossed paths with such stuff. After putting on just the right facial blends and leaving enough hair in the tub to clog a city sewer, she got dressed. She had no trouble reacquainting herself with the panty hose, but found it difficult figuring out the snaps on a bra after all those years. As she worked on the final touches of her new look, she remembered the advice that she had so often given others, "just be yourself".

At the helm of her midsize rental car, she navigated the streets of Anchorage on her way to a 9 AM breakfast interview with 5 committee members - all men. After an hour and a half of "what would you do if..." type questions, the interview ended. She thought that it had gone very well. Her only regret was that the size 11 high heels she had bought, hoping they would stretch, never did. Her feet were killing her through most of the interview.

Later in the evening, she met with some of the committee members and the other 3 candidates for drinks and dinner at a yuppie establishment called Simon and Seaford. She politely ordered a white wine instead of a beer fearing that she would slug a beer down too fast. Robyn did her best to play the sophisticate. She found Janet's social influences and Fred's dinner manner drills useful as she charmed the crowd. Friday night

after it was all over, Robyn went to an establishment that was well suited to her needs. She slugged down a beer, (not wine) and kicked off her too small shoes to get the blood flowing in her feet again. She also called me about coming out Ouzinkie for a visit.

Although weather held things up a little, she finally did get out to Ouzinkie. We hiked in the woods a



Deer Peeper

by Scott Henry

I continuously hear stories about what great skill this Henry clan has when it comes to marksmanship. Shooting grouse on the wing and all... Come on! Who are we kidding! Jim and I work very hard putting out salt licks and various fruits and vegetables so that these deer feel comfortable hanging around on the Henry property. How tame to we have to make them before we can finally taste them?



This guy is about to rip off my refrigerator

little, and fished off the dock a little, and talked a lot. It was a great visit. She went back to Maryland with plans of calling her interviewers right away for their decision.

When she called, she was informed that she had been selected for the position. A week later, the UAA chancellor rubber stamped her paperwork making it official.

She should be moving up this way in the second week of March. Congratulations Robyn.

Taking Care of a Sick Friend

By Tim Martin

For the past month, I've been taking care of a sick friend. We've visited his doctor several times and he (the doctor) even had

me giving him shots for a couple days. He has had a respiratory problem and has been going for periods of time without eating.

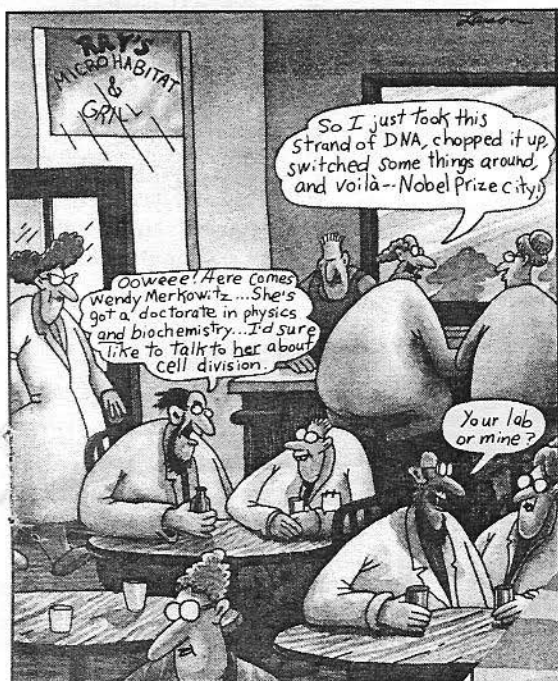
I decided to write about my friend because I think it's a rather interesting story. The problems with this guy started about 5 or 6 months ago when he disappeared for 2 weeks. It caused a lot of worry for me and other people who knew him. But he did return safely and things returned to normal.

Now by this time, if you know me, you probably know my friend. He's made several appearances at family parties and is very easy to get along with. One amazing thing about him is that he's been going for four month's without food. How you ask? Well him and his relatives don't need very much food and

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this is not considered unusual. Now if you haven't figured out my little secret about my friend, I guess I'd better tell you before you go crazy. My friend (Damion) is actually my Boa Constrictor.

Now who has heard of a snake with a cold? Well believe it or not, it happens. Damion got stuck with a humdinger. Believe me its not very becoming. Well, I'll get back to you later on his condition in a future *Henry Howler*.



Scientific meat markets



Henrys in March

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

People We All Know

Bergman	KC	&	Wayne	216-338-7945
170 Lakeview		S Russell	OH	44022
Bloomer	Pat			
1622 Filer Ave Apt A		Twin Falls	ID	83301
Bourdukofsky	Karen			(907) 562-5484
5530 Trena St.		Anchorage	AK	99507
Bourdukofsky	Kathy	&	Peter	907-562-5484
5530 Trena St		Anchorage	AK	99507
Cope	Betty			216-543-4296
7487 Fields Rd.		Chagrin Falls	OH	44022
Cregar	Heidi	&	Jim	216-338-5182
15 Paw Paw Lake		South Russell	OH	44022
Henry	Cori			216-321-1342
2186 Middlefield		Cleveland Hts	OH	44106
Henry	Holly			216-521-6786
16126 Clifton Blvd		Lakewood	OH	44107
Henry	Polly			216-247-4018
40 South Main		Chagrin Falls	OH	44022
Henry	Robyn			??? - ???-???
We'll		Let You	Know	Sometime
Henry	Linda	&	Chip	216-543-8228
16999 Ravenna Rd		Burton	OH	44021
Henry	Cindy	&	Dan	907-680-2247
P.O. Box 108		Ouzinkie	AK	99644
Henry	Dotty	&	Don	216-321-1342
2186 Middlefield		Cleveland Hts	OH	44106
Henry	Jeanne	&	Gene	216-543-6251
8266 West Hill Dr		Chagrin Falls	OH	44022

Henry	Sharon	&	George	216-255-6026
6475 Fairfax Dr		Mentor	OH	44060
Henry	Grace	&	Jim	216-543-1579
7589 Pettibone Rd		Chagrin Falls	OH	44022
Henry	Barb	&	John	716-769-7595
Box 213		Findley Lake	NY	14736
Henry	Pat	&	Lori Baker	907-789-5163
3060 Glacierwood Dr		Juneau	AK	99801
Henry			Mike	505-989-7462
Rt. 4, Box 48 A		Santa Fe	NM	87501
Henry	Laura	&	Rick	216-543-1661
8 Louise Rd		Chagrin Falls	OH	44022
Henry	Paula	&	Scott	216-543-9403
18908 Brewster Rd		Aurora	OH	44202
Henry	Lynn	&	Tim	216-834-0632
13969 Stanley Dr.		Burton	OH	44121
Lee	Dodie	&	Peter	216-834-0974
19121 Ravenna Rd		Mantua	OH	44255
Martin	Chris			216-9320749
3095 Lincoln Dr.		Cleveland Hts	OH	44118
Morrison	Ellen	&	Fritz	216-569-7312
12777 Abbott Rd		Hiram	OH	44234

Dear Dan, Please put "so and so" on the mailing list. This person is very close to me and I know they would greatly appreciate getting the *Henry Howler*

Name Address City State zip

Sincerely, Your (Circle one) Parent, Sibling, Cousin, Uncle, Aunt, relative.

Signature _____

Sh_t House Continued...

Back on the farm when I was a boy growing up in the "Big House" with Fred and John (Don came a bit later fortunately for him) the cow barn was on the west side of Geauga Lake Road about half way down a small hill. This was the same hill that the Vrabel's dog went over in the last issue. The day-pasture gate was across the road from the barn and the cows would quite often stop on or near the road to relieve themselves. Thus cow pies were created in abundance. Coincidentally, back in those days, fireworks such as cherry bombs and other explosives could be bought legally by juveniles without parental guidance. On at least two occasions I had firecrackers go off in my hand. Both times, a person lit a firecracker behind me making me momentarily forget about the lit firecracker in my hand. I wasn't very sharp back in those days. That's probably why I became an attorney. The tetanus shots hurt almost as much as the firecrackers, (or a BB shot in the rear end.)

By and by, the Tucek boys would come along with cousin Jim Rosenberger and Andy Messner. Together with my brothers, we devised a means of scattering the cow pies so they would practically disappear. We would post a look-out at the top of the hill. His job was to signal when a vehicle was approaching, which wasn't too often back in those days. Down below we had already primed the cow pies with firecrackers. After getting the signal from the lookout, we touch the fuse with a match and run like the dickens. With any kind of luck the "loaded

relief" would detonate as the vehicle was along side, frequently with open windows. A side effect was cow sh_t all over the side of the barn. This part of the whole affair particularly offended Dad. That might have been one of the reasons he decided to go to work for Hiram College full time. Fred being the oldest got most of the blame. Being the tallest, he also had to do most of the scraping of the side of the barn.

The moral of this epistle is that cow sh_t isn't all that bad. Its great for gardens. It even helps to keep your bare feet warm when you're out getting the cows on a chilly fall day.

But remember... Always watch your step when the chips are down!

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