

# HUTH

## TALL OAKS GOOD NEWS LETTER

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### From the Very Beginning

Joseph and Barbara (Keller) Huth's baby Henry was very active, alert, and determined with one hell of a powerful set of lungs. Within seconds of his birth Henry discovered his talent of attracting attention with vocal expression, so he didn't go hungry as a baby. As a matter of fact, he suffered very little discomfort, for at the first sign that things weren't going his way he would let someone know, and sometimes, that would be everyone for miles around. So his needs and desires were well attended and this talent which he perfected at a very early age served him well for a lifetime.

Henry grew to be an exceptionally handsome and healthy little boy with clear blue eyes, curly hair, and a captivating smile! He was noticed by all the adults that he came into contact with and this delighted Henry as it would any child. This very intelligent, quick witted, creative and clever little boy developed an irresistible charm that warmed the hearts of grown ups and made the little girls giggle and freed him from tight spots that he had a way of getting into, he

was showered with attention which was well deserved and just as he intended it to be.

He was a bundle of energy, quick as lightening and fast as a deer. From sunrise until late at night he was in perpetual motion - up and down, in and out, over there and everywhere, now you see him, now you don't, back and forth, now where did he go, what's he doing. JESUS KAY-RISTE-he can't be normal. He walked faster than most kids ran, cussed better than a sailor and his temper was quick as a shot. He was restless, impatient, high strung and emotional but his moves were quickly thought out, well calculated, deliberate and his actions were swift and final.

As time passed, Henry's God given gifts became even more evident. He had the body of an Athlete, the mind of a Scholar, the cunning of a Diplomat, the poise of a Statesman, and the persuasion of a Salesman. He talked a blue streak in five different languages. He was agile as a cat, as fearless as a lion, as loud as thunder, yet at times, quiet as a mouse. He was as strong as a bull, with muscles as hard as a rock-that's why they called him "Rocky."

He loved the ladies and made them happy even though

they knew that he soon would leave and then they would be sad to see him go. They didn't know why or what made him so, but they knew for sure the day would come when he'd be gone. He had to sing and dance, to play it out and to see it through to run with the wind and fulfill his desires in every way, to go full tilt, to fight it out and never look back, to have his way on every day and never give it a second thought.

In several counties Henry was known for being wild as a stallion. But he was also known to work with the same intensity, and so it was that Michael Keller, a farmer in Hartville, petitioned Henry to come work for him.

Michael was an unfriendly, hardheaded German with a personality that left a lot to be desired.

Who knows why but Henry did agree to work on condition that the work was temporary, would be done his own way and that the quality and quantity of meals would be satisfactory to him. In those days the farmer provided meals for their farm hands. After a few days Michael declared that young Henry ate as much as two men, which was true, but that he did the work of three men, which was also true.

Michael's wife Mary, was a petite, attractive, warm, and wonderful woman with more than a fair share of grace and charm. Her father a wealthy German, was the first settler in Hartville. He gave each of his ten children 100 acres of rich farm land-probably as a wedding gift. At any rate, one can only

speculate how Mary, who was such a beautiful and sophisticated lady came to have a husband who resembled an angry 3-legged pit bull that carried an oversized cane.

Perhaps it was a quirk of fate, or Divine direction or just something that happened, but just about the time young Henry was growing impatient with the situation and began to hear the call of the wild and feel the tug of adventure, and to see the excitement in the dawn of a new day in a new place Mary became ill and was unable to prepare the meals. Her duties became the responsibility of her young daughter Laura.

Although Laura was only 14 years old, she was a mature, well trained, confident young lady with all her mother's qualities and then some. The very first afternoon, Laura did her job well-the menu was just right, the food preparation excellent and the table service was perfect.

As Laura was serving, young Henry bolted into the room and as he approached his chair he caught sight of Laura and he was stopped dead in his tracks. His head began spinning, bells started ringing and angels were singing-he wanted to run but his legs were so weak that he could barely get to his chair. His blood went rushing, first to his head and then to his feet. His face became flushed, then pale as a ghost and he was warm all over yet chilled to the bone, his spine did quiver and he couldn't speak. His mouth hung open in disbelief that this was

happening, that he was had, that he'd met his match, that he was helpless and couldn't take his eyes off of her. He had never seen so much beauty all in one place and all at the same time. And as Laura finished her duties and was leaving the room, she knew for sure that he was hers. They were married on January 29, 1913 at a Wedding Mass held in St. Joseph's church. Laura was sixteen years old.

### A CLOSER LOOK

PAULINE MARY was born in a farmhouse located somewhere between Kent and Tallmadge, Ohio. It was July 9, 1914. Her parents Henry and Laura (Keller) Huth were very proud of their pretty little 10 lb. baby girl. They were so pleased with her and she was such a joy that after a few days they decided to have 10 or 12 more just like her. Perhaps it was a coincidence, but it is significant to note that in 1914, the year that Laura gave birth to Pauline and became a mother, President Woodrow Wilson signed a joint resolution of Congress, recognizing Mother's Day to be an annual national holiday.

Pauline was baptized on August 18, 1914 at St. Joseph's Church in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. She continued to grow strong and healthy and soon began to reveal physical and emotional characteristics of both her parents, with no indication of any particular dominating influence from either.

Henry was overjoyed when Laura gave birth to a baby boy and Pauline was thrilled to

have a baby brother named Gilbert. Everything was going well for this proud young family when, just a few days before her second birthday, Pauline somehow managed to get a kernel of dried corn lodged in her windpipe. Laura frantically hitched up a horse and buggy and together with Pauline and Gilbert raced out to the fields to get help from Henry. Henry took Pauline by horseback to the country doctor who regretfully informed Henry that there was nothing that could be done, that there was no hope. The doctor advised Henry to take the child home to die in the comfort of her loving mother's arms.

A patient waiting to be seen when Henry arrived at the doctor's home could not avoid becoming involved in this emergency situation and suggested that perhaps something could be done at St. Luke's Hospital in Cleveland. She said that a train was scheduled to leave shortly and if Henry was willing she would make the necessary arrangements with her husband who was the station master.

Henry and Pauline were soon on a train bound for Cleveland. Upon their arrival in Cleveland, the conductor led Henry to a waiting horse drawn coach and with a mounted police escort they were rushed to St. Luke's hospital.

Pauline was immediately examined and Henry was informed that there was no one at the hospital who could help. However, they were attempting to contact a surgeon in New York who was known to be

outstanding. The doctors, the nurses and especially the sisters did everything possible to relieve the tension and make Henry comfortable while they attended to his little girl.

For nearly 2 long weeks, the poor child gasped for air, struggled for oxygen and fought hard for survival. All the while Henry's heart was aching for there was nothing he could do but hope, pray and be courageous.

The surgeon finally arrived, fashioned an instrument and after several unsuccessful attempts was somehow able to remove the blockage and the baby and Henry both could breathe easy.

That was the first time this little girl was separated from her mother

( to be continued...)

### WHAT'S NEW

Of course it's not new for someone to fall down on the job-it's happened before. You can expect performance but the performer is loafing on the job. You find him sleeping in the noon day sun, or sittin' on the dock of the bay just watchin' the boats come in or fishin the whole day thru. He's out at night making faces at the man in the moon, dreaming day dreams all night and night dreams all day. Acting like Ol' man River with nothin' to do or Old Mister Sun just rollin' round Heaven all day, reading Dick Tracy comic books and talking

to the wind, not making any plans but wondering what happened to the time. He'll probably blame it on the moon but we know better don't we?

Perhaps he'll do better in the future and we can get caught up on all the good news happenings.

Should we give him another chance???

### BIRTHDAYS

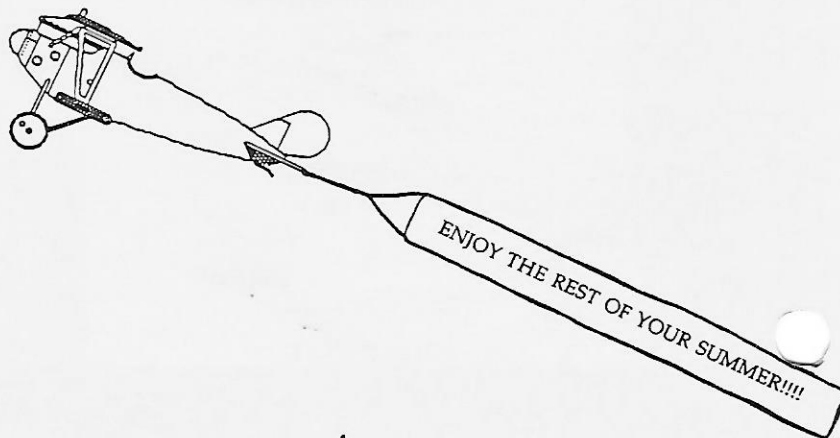
Birthdays are great and it's terrible for them to come and go unreported.

Yes let's give him another chance.

### THE HUTH REUNION

With a little luck you will have this Good News Letter by July 29th, 1990, which by the way is the big day. The event takes place at the old homestead, 344 Wirth Ave.

**SEE YOU THEN!!**



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