

SHEEHY FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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ISSUE 5

Introduction

Welcome to the fifth edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter. As usual, we have a section on family history, a section on the current generation, and a section on family news and recent events. We are grateful to have both new and returning authors who share their knowledge and experiences with us.

I would like to remind readers that past editions of the Sheehy Family Newsletter are available at [The Sheehy Family Newsletter](https://www.sheehyfamily.org) (<https://www.sheehyfamily.org>). There you can read previous editions as well as this current edition by clicking on the date of the edition you wish to read. Please see the June 2022 edition article titled “Family Website” to learn more about the website and how to provide feedback or post additional information to the website. Also, please share the website address with family members or those interested who are not on our email list so they can access current and past newsletters. Of course, we would like to have email addresses of anyone who would like to be added to our email list to receive future newsletters as well as family news (such as family reunion information).

Another development we are excited about is the placement of active links in the electronic version of this edition of the newsletter that will take you to original sources for information related to the article containing the link. An example of this is above where you see the link to the sheehyfamily.org website. Click on these links when they appear in the newsletter content to take you to a connected resource for your review. This is especially exciting for those who wish to hear the recordings of Grandmother Sheehy that make up the article “Helen Merritt Sheehy: In Her Own Words.” Look for the link to the recordings in the article provided by Tony Heriza.

We would like to thank our newsletter crew for the time, energy, and dedication they have invested in our newsletter over the years. A big thank you also to our contributors, who share their knowledge, stories, research, adventures, and talents with us. These folks make this newsletter possible. See the Acknowledgements section for details of our newsletter staff and contributing authors.

If you have an idea for an article, a family history story to tell, a recipe to contribute, or news of family events please let us know so we can include it in an upcoming edition of our newsletter. And all you family history buffs who are reading this: Search On! And, let us know what you find so that we can include your information in a future newsletter. Contact Robert (Robert.sheehy@yahoo.com) or Jim (sheehyjs@eoni.com) with your story ideas and drafts, recipes, family news and events so that we can help you get it ready for publication. Our next newsletter is planned for June of 2024.

We look forward to seeing those who are able to attend the family reunion in just a few weeks. It will be held on June 23-24, 2023 at the Sheehy Party Barn in High Valley—Union, Oregon.

~ By Jim Sheehy, Son of Robert Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy

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FAMILY HISTORY

Part 2—Living in Montana

The following is the second of two articles comprised of edited excerpts from the unpublished autobiographical notes of Etta Gillogly (1864-1933), which were written shortly before her death in June 1933. The first article, which covered material in the notes on her move to Montana, was included in the previous family newsletter. Explanatory notes have been added in the footnotes.

In the spring of 1882, I went to visit some friends at St. Peter's (Editor's note: St. Peter's Mission, Cascade, Montana). There was a schoolgirl living here, and she was going to be married and wanted me to stand up with her. So, Frank and I stood up with them.¹ There was a big dance, and at the dance I met my future husband [Philip Andrew Manix (1844-1898)]. He wanted me to have supper, but I had refused two more, so I did not. Later, he came with some ladies to my friend's, but I had gone to my sister's² and the next day, we went back home. Not long after, I met Phil again at another of my friend's near Fort Shaw, and he took me to Mass. There I met another chum that was a boarder at the academy. She wanted us to have dinner with her and her mother at their house, so we did. He then took me to my friend's.

Phil had been discharged from the Army on July 4, 1867. He was a Second Lieutenant, Company F, and First Hartford Connecticut. He came with soldiers to the Fort, and then went to clerk for J. H. McKnight. The old Fort was lively then. There was a theatre building, and we used to go to Band Concerts every evening. Phil went into the store business in Sun River with Milot, and then, he and Mulcht went in the cattle business when they furnished meat for the Fort.



Philip Andrew Manix

1844-1898



Wedding of Phil and Etta - 1882

I had been thinking of going back East and did not want to go back to my sister's. But the old Missouri River was so high that it would not even let a Ferry run, so I decided to get married. Phil and I were married on July 23, 1882, and lived in Sun River in a house he had bought for his brother's family to live in when they came from Connecticut the spring before. We lived there until the next spring when his contract to furnish beef to the Fort was ended.

We next moved up to Augusta, Montana. Mr. Walrath located here and got land and built a store. Before he built, he had a little cabin on this side of the river where he used to live until they could build. In the meantime, he rented the ranch of John Drew, and we lived in the cabin. We used to cross on an old tree that had fallen down. One night, I went over and very near fell in the river.

Phil had my sister come and stay with me until my first baby came. Then, Mr. Drew sold his ranch to Mr. Thomas. We moved into a little cabin until after the baby came. He lived only ten days.

By then, they had the store built and finished three rooms, and we moved upstairs. That was in October 1883. Everything went along fine. Phil had three or four six-horse teams on the road all the time bringing goods and groceries from Helena, Montana. He took up a homestead, but one of his men jumped the land.

¹St. Peter's Mission near Cascade, Montana, was a Catholic boarding school/academy and the Motherhouse of the Ursuline Sisters of the West. The reference to Frank is probably to Etta's cousin, Hugh Francis Galen Jr., who was known as Frank. He was the son of Etta's aunt, Matilda Gillogly Galen (1837-1891), the younger sister of our great-great-grandfather, Hugh Francis Gillogly.

²Etta had been living with her sister, our great-grandmother, Rose Anna (Gillogly) Sheehy.



Manix General Store and Post Office
(around 1883)



The next spring, some men working for Mr. Hogan were plowing in the garden and picked some parsnips. Tim, by name, ate more than the rest. That day when we were eating dinner, I looked out of the window and saw a man fall from his horse, and it was Tim. The men ran over, and one went after the doctor. Another man fainted and then another. There were four of them. They did not know but thought the Chinaman had poisoned them. They had the same at dinner that Mrs. Hogan and her baby had, so they brought her up to our house in the wagon the men were using that morning. They picked a piece of parsnip up in the wagon, and their mother threw it away. One man came to enough to tell them about eating the wild parsnips. They arrested the poor Chinaman. Some wanted to hang him, but Mrs. Nerube got that parsnip, and they fed it to the cat in milk, and it died right away. Mr. Hogan was away, so the Chinaman got free.

That was in the year 1884. The next spring, baby and I were sitting on the floor when her father went down to the store. A man was looking at a gun, and it went off. Phil ran upstairs afraid that the shot had struck us, but it had landed in a big pile of woolen stock and started to burn, and they soon got the fire out.

In the summer of 1885, we went east to New York and went to my husband's old home in Hartford, Connecticut. We saw his cousin, the only one of his family left, and then went down to Boston, Massachusetts, and Bangor, Maine, to see my Aunties and sisters. We went to Chicago. Phil's cousin and his wife went with us. We were carrying the baby, but she wanted down, so we let her down for a few moments. We had hold of her hands, but she pulled away and got in the crowd, and we had a scare for a few moments. We did not let her down again.

In 1888, we visited my Aunty Matilda in Helena, Montana³ and got back home in January. On the sixteenth of March, there was a big dance in the place I now live. My husband's nieces were at the dance, and my baby boy was born. We named him Joseph Clarence after Father Damian. He used to come over from St. Peter's Mission (in Cascade, Montana). We used to go over there a great deal as we had friends there.

My husband was made Postmaster, and he and Mr. Hogan named the town Augusta, Montana. Mrs. Hogan's name was Augusta and Augusta was the Capital of Maine, the state where I was born. In August 1890, my husband was in Helena. He had Joseph Clarence with him, and it was late when they came home, and our baby John had just been born. Clarence said if I knew that there was a baby, I would have brought him a doll.

The next spring, my daughter Mabel started school. Phil brought the first sisters, Mother Amadeus and three other Ursuline nuns, to St. Peter's Mission, where she went to school, and she sure learned everything that was of use to her. She has been able to teach music to all who wished to take piano and violin. She is married now and has two girls, a teacher and a nurse, and one boy who is a clerk in his Uncle Clarence's store in Boulder City, Nevada. The youngest of her children, Phil, is in High School.

In the spring, we went to Helena to see Aunty. Our nieces came for the Fourth, as well as my friend, Minnie Reifenrath, who was superintendent at the time, and another teacher. We had a big picnic and had a good time. Minnie wrote me a year ago and asked me if I remembered it was forty years ago, and she sure has seen lots since. Aunty died in December 1890, and in May, my other little girl was born. We named her Matilda Margaret after Aunty and my sister who is now living with us.



Phil and Etta, Special Occasion

³Matilda Gillogly Galen was married to Hugh Francis Galen. Their daughter Ellen, known as Nellie, married Thomas Henry Carter, who later was a US Congressman (1889-91) and a US Senator (1895-1901) from Montana.

In the spring of 1892, there was a big flood. They could not get the casket of a man who had died over, and they had to bury him at the ranch until that summer when they brought him to Helena. My husband took Clarence over to the ranch, and they were singing sacred songs, but he knew what they were and told me when he came back. He was quite musical, so are all my family. My sister, Matilda, stayed with me until July, when her husband came after her. My son John did not want her to go, and we had quite a time to keep him from jumping over the porch.

We lived over the store. The bank in Helena failed, and of course with all the money that was owed us and that big canal owing us too. Phil had to sell out, so we moved to the hall he had built which was being used for a church, a skating rink, and everything. We were going to Kalispell, Montana, where the town was just starting. Phil went over there and I stayed with my sister and her family in Great Falls. He was gone six weeks.

The snow was so deep over there, and I said I did not want to go so far from all I knew, so we came back. We started home, and when we were about five miles out of Kalispell, a spring broke on the wagon. My husband walked to the nearest phone and called the livery stable man to come and get us. So, we went back to my sister's in Great Falls. The boys did not want us to leave, and they said they hoped we would break down again. Sure enough, a spring in the seat broke, but we did not go back but thought we could get it fixed at Sun River. We couldn't get it fixed, and we came on as it was until about fifteen miles from home, the buggy broke, and we had to get a big wagon to get us home. The snow was as high as the fences and no bridges. When we got about six miles from home, the wagon got in a ditch and I started and walked to the next ranch for help. The horses were not safe for me to hold.

I was carrying my baby girl. I told the girl that was working for me to stay with my husband, but she came following me. Every step we took, we went down to our knees in snow. The men at the ranch took shovels and dug the wagon out. We stayed there until we got dry, and then we had to climb a big hill, and the girl and I thought we could walk a ways. When we got in again, we got cold for we did not put our big fur coats on. We finally got home, but as there was no bakery like nowadays, a preacher's wife that I had helped brought us some bread and butter.

We decided to run a first-class saloon in the hall and live in the back until we could have a place built. After a building was erected, we fixed this hall for a home. So many people owed us and paid us in vegetables, butter and eggs and what they had. The poor did better in paying their debts.

In the spring of 1894, we had another little girl born the fourteenth of February. The night before she was born, I could see the Blessed Virgin standing on Mount Loretta and I was going to call her that name, but my sister wanted her named after her and my second name. So, we called her Rosetta, but I was never satisfied. I had her dedicated to the Blessed Virgin at St. Peter's. We went there every month or two for I could drive and had a nice buggy and span of horses. I was very proud of them and could go alone with the children. One day, I drove down to Fort Shaw, and two officers asked me what I would sell the horses for. I told them money could not buy them, then he said have you more like that, and I said not me.

In 1896, another little girl came and we named her Mary Ursula. My youngest daughter was born in February 1897, and we named her Helen Isabel. She only weighed two pounds. She was only a year old when her father died, and it was a very stormy time. My sister's husband had died in 1892, and she came and made her home with us.⁴ Phil dearly loved my sister, and the day he died, he wanted some of Auntie's pie, and he ate a great big piece. A man by the name of William Cook was running the place for us, and he married my sister and lived with me until my oldest girl (Mabel) graduated from St. Peter's.

The next year I took Mabel and my oldest son (Joseph Clarence) and the baby and went to my old home to see my sisters in Maine. They thought Montana was a wilderness until my girl played the piano and violin. One of my Aunties went with us down to Berry Island on the coast to my other Auntie's summer home. On the way coming home, I will never forget, we were sitting on the deck talking when my youngest girl, a little over two, ran over and pointed to the sky and said, "Mamma a nice paint for Mabel." Aunty said what does she mean, and I said she meant it would be nice for Mabel to paint. Mabel used to paint and can now as well as everything else.

⁴Matilda F. Gillogly Madden Cook (1855-1934)



The next week, the battleships were coming up the Penobscot, and there was an excursion, but it was on Sunday. A young girl was in Saturday evening and sang while Mabel played. She wanted Mabel to go with her and her cousin, but if they went, we would have to miss Mass, so I said no she could not miss Mass. She can go with me on Wednesday. We went to Mass Sunday, and while Mass was going on, they sent word for all the doctors and nurses in Bangor to go to the rescue. The ship went down, and all on it were drowned. This girl was killed, her cousin had her back broken, so that night, she died, and others dying were brought home to Bangor. We were glad we did not go. I will never forget neighbours crying for their folks and trying to console them.

We came home after a little visit. Mabel graduated the next year, and then, my sister and her husband had their own home and went to live there. I stayed at home until my children were through school. The boys went to St. Peter's and then to Gonzaga in Spokane. When J. Clarence finished school, he went to work for Mrs. McKendrick, then bought her out and has been running a store in Augusta⁵ and now another store in Boulder City, Nevada. He has two sons and a daughter. His oldest son has just graduated from high school. He got a scholarship to Carroll College. He won some high jumps and vaulting.

John has five children, three girls and two boys. Two have had calves in the state fair for two years and done well. They live on a ranch. His oldest girl is married and his second girl was married recently.

My youngest daughter, Helen, is living with me. She is working in the dry goods department, and the boys come for the goods for both stores. My sister, Matilda, and my brother, Chris, live with me in the old house that was formerly the town hall.

My daughter, Matilda, married Walter McManus, who was in the war in France and is now in the Post Office in Augusta. They have twin boys, ten years old, and a girl, six. They have their home in Augusta. Rosetta has five boys and one girl. They go to school yet and live in Augusta.

My daughter, Ursula, is married and living in Glendale, California. She is the only one away from home. She is married, and I go down to see her often. She and I went to visit in Maine about 1918 before she went to California.

Many of us recently went down to the Bear Paw Mountains to my nephew's ranch for the birthday of his father, Thomas J. Sheehy. Three carloads. Some of us stayed a week. My sister stayed a month, then they brought her home yesterday. It is now 1932 and just fifty years ago, on the twenty third of July, I was married to Phil A. Manix, by Father Imodo of St. Peter's Mission, and in 1909, I married J. C. Furman who died in 1919. We had a good time. His first family, two boys and wife, were drowned in Simms Creek in 1902. I am not very well but happy. My children are all so kind, I would not change places with the richest living.



⁵The Manix store in Augusta was established in 1902 and is still in operation as an old-fashioned country general store. It is known today as Allen's Manix Trading Post, and has been owned and operated by the Allen family since they bought it from the Manix family in 1974.

Manix Store Today



Dewitt Clinton "D.C." Holbrook Jr.

Dewitt Clinton "D.C." Holbrook Jr. (1851-1925) is my great grandfather. He is the father of my grandmother, Helen Merritt Holbrook Sheehy.

D.C. Holbrook Jr.'s ancestors came to America in 1622, settling in what is now Massachusetts.¹ His great grandfather Aaron Holbrook was a lieutenant of militia in the Revolutionary War. Aaron's son Benajah was a major in the War of 1812, "although he never saw battle, he was constantly fighting for Andrew Jackson." He later settled at Riga Center, Monroe County, New York, where he was a blacksmith. Benajah's son, D.C. Holbrook Sr., was born there in 1819.

In 1832, at age 13, D.C. Holbrook Sr. ran away from his home in New York and made his way to Michigan where he eventually became a popular and busy lawyer.² After running away "he turned up in Plymouth, Michigan, where an older brother kept a general store".³ He was given the job of clerk in the store, "although some of the customers said he was too sassy. But he was faithful and honest, and the women folk liked him." In 1836, he came to Detroit, "alone and unaided."

According to Helen Sheehy Langley, he reportedly had no shoes at this time, "and Detroit had severe winter weather...To make it a bit more bearable in the snow, DeWitt heated a board by the fireplace and carried it with him. When his feet got unbearably cold, he would stand on the warm board for a few minutes to relieve the pain. Then he would pick up the board and run on."

After working as a teller in the Detroit City Bank, as a clerk in the post office, and as a student in A. D. Fraser's law office, "he was admitted to the bar in 1843. He made money fast, and ambitious of becoming a large landholder, he purchased 640 acres, much of which is now a part of the city of Detroit." He married Mary Ann (May) Berdan on the 26th of October 1850. After a forty year career as a very successful lawyer, "he died on March 13, 1892, aged 73 years in the house of his son-in-law, Franklin H. Walker."

"Mr. Holbrook was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighed 160 pounds and was always dressed in good taste. His head was very long, but not wide...He was excellently equipped with legal knowledge, devoted to the interests of his clients, and was earnest, indefatigable and energetic. In the 1860's, Mr. Holbrook was the busiest lawyer in Detroit, and had more cases on the dockets of the various courts than any other two lawyers in the city."

The D.C. Holbrook Memorial Fund and Fellowship was established in his name at the University of Michigan Law School and is still "actively supporting legal training and education and conducting outreach and training to communities served by the Detroit Center for Family Advocacy."

Holbrook Elementary School, a part of Hamtramck Public Schools is "named after the Dewitt C. Holbrook family who lived on one the nearby farms." Holbrook Avenue in the Hamtramck section of Detroit is also named after him.



D.C. Holbrook, Sr.

¹The date of 1622 is taken from D.C. Jr.'s obituary in the Obituary Record of Yale Graduates (see last paragraph of this article), but we have not been able to verify it elsewhere. The immigration date of Thomas Holbrook, the first Holbrook to come to America, was 1635.

²Unless otherwise noted, this description of the events in D.C. Sr.'s life is taken largely from The Early Bench and Bar of Detroit from 1805 to the End of 1850, by Robert Budd Ross, University of Michigan Library, 1907.

³Two of D.C. Sr.'s older brothers [Benajah Holbrook Jr. (1805-1850) and Henry Badger Holbrook (1807-1881)] were already resident in Plymouth at this time.



D.C. Holbrook, Jr.

D.C. Holbrook, Jr., our great grandfather, graduated from Yale College (now Yale University) in 1874, then returned to Detroit, Michigan to work in his father's law office. After six months, he traveled west to Montana Territory. During the next ten years, he participated in and managed several drives of livestock from Washington Territory and Oregon State to the Sun River valley in central Montana. He owned 160 acres several miles north of what is now Touchet, Washington, and also a ranch in the Sun River Valley. He met and married a farmer's daughter, Mary Josephine Wellman, and began raising a family.

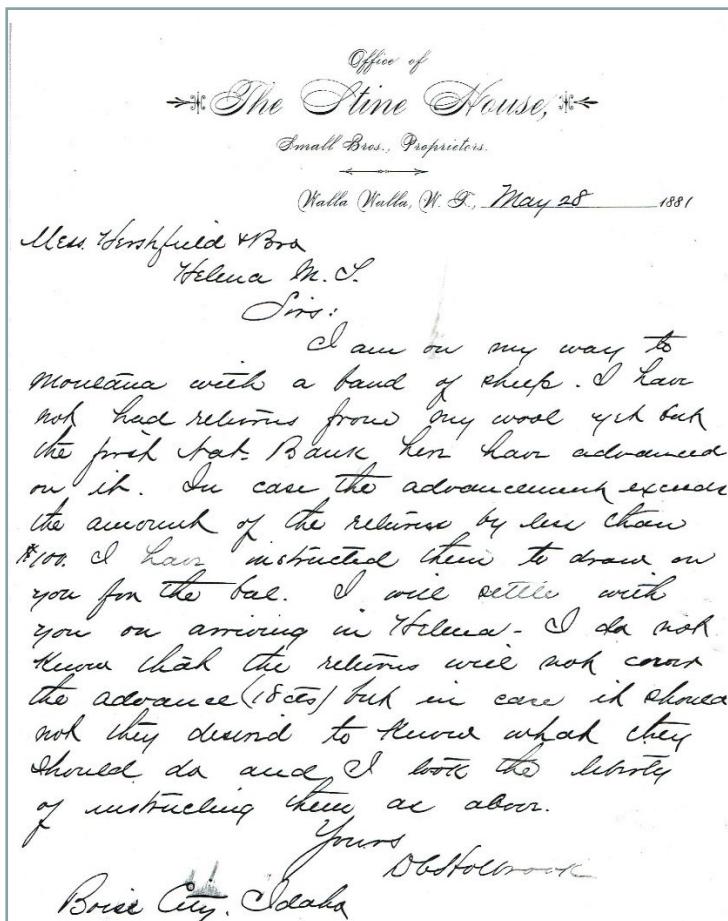
In 1875, when our great grandfather came to Montana Territory, it was starting to roar. Mining was booming and the thousands of miners pouring into what was to be known as the "treasure state" needed food and supplies. Some miners were recognizing that owning livestock was a surer way to get rich than mining. They started taking up land in the rich grass-covered valleys with the aim of extracting a different kind of treasure. They needed grazing animals to change the grass to gold.

At the same time, the hills of eastern Washington and Oregon were covered with fat livestock that had no market. A few enterprising settlers realized they could profit by trailing their livestock to the growing market east of the Rocky Mountains, and for ten years, the trails from the Palouse, Columbia River Plain, and the hills and valleys of Eastern Oregon were thick with the dust of sheep, cattle and horses, and the mounted men who drove them.

The Helena Weekly Herald of June 30, 1881, mentions that "90,000 cattle and 75,000 sheep were sold from Eastern Oregon and Washington last year." The Dillon Montana Tribune claimed on August 5, 1882 "There are now 100,000 cattle and 200,000 sheep being driven from Idaho, Oregon and Nevada. Again, on September 18, 1880 "1200 hundred sheep from the Grande Ronde Valley" have arrived to the Beaverhead Valley near Dillon. Then, on Oct 29, 1880 the Benton Weekly Record records that "D.C. Holbrook, prominent woolgrower of Chouteau County, has gone to Washington Territory for the purpose of purchasing sheep."

In May of 1881, he mailed a letter from Boise City to Hershfield Bros. Bank in Helena, Montana Territory, saying he was on the trail and would settle with them when he arrived in Montana. The Fort Benton River Press of June 13, 1883, states that "D.H. Weston and D.C. Holbrook have purchased 4000 head of Oregon sheep of a superior grade. They are now on their way, and are to be delivered at their sheep farm by September first. They sheared this spring from seven to nine pounds." Daniel H. Weston was later the Territorial Treasurer of the future state of Montana.

On one of his sheep-buying forays around Walla Walla, D.C., Jr. met Marcus Wellman, who was the son of Alfred C. Wellman, a local farmer. Helen Sheehy Langley tells the story of how her grandparents met, as told to her by their daughter, Helen Holbrook Sheehy. "Much to his delight Dewitt also met Mark's sister—a pretty, red-cheeked miss, Mary Josephine, who was just sixteen years old at the time. Mary had had little formal education, so DeWitt sent her to St. Paul's Academy, a school in Walla Walla, for a year before they were married.





The young couple... settled near Augusta, Montana where they lived on a sheep ranch DeWitt owned." The Helena Weekly Herald of November 8, 1883, put it this way: "D.C. Holbrook, the partner of D.H. Weston in the sheep business, who but a short time ago brought a large drive from Oregon went back the other day for one of the lambs whom he has made Mrs. Holbrook." The Seattle Daily Post Intelligencer issue of November 15, 1883, has two listings in the "Married" column. "Holbrook-Wellman, In Garfield County October 30, D.C. Holbrook and Mary Wellman." Also, in the same column, "Kelly-Wellman, In Garfield County October 30, W.A. Kelly and Alice C. Wellman." Alice was Mary Josephine's sister, seven years older than Mary.

By this time, D.C. had also acquired property in the Horse Heaven Hills of southeastern Washington. He had filed on the northeast quarter of section 30, Township 12, Range 36 E., 160 acres. This would have been an ideal place to gather and hold sheep and shear them before starting on the trail.

D. C. had a bright future ahead. He had property at both ends of what was then called the Oregon Cattle Trail. He had friends who would play a large part in the government of the future state of Montana, only four years away. He was a charter member of the University Club of Great Falls and had the proper social connections. In the Montana Territory of 1885, the time was right for an ambitious young man who could plan, take calculated risks, and was willing to work. D.C. was ready. But hard times were lingering around his cabin door.

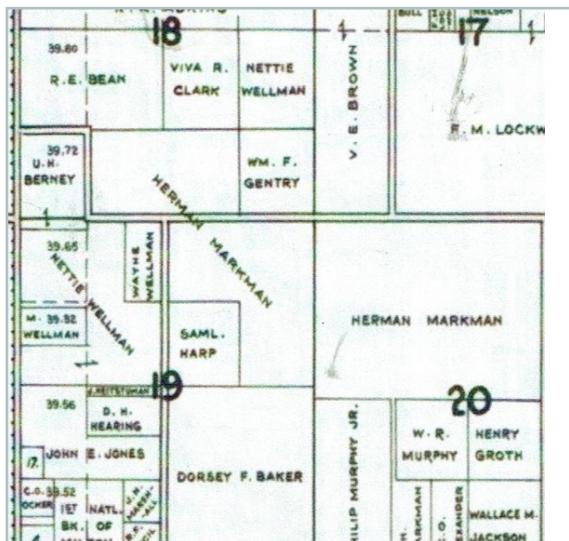
At age 34, he suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered, so he sold his sheep ranches and moved his family to Great Falls. He worked there collecting tolls on the wagon bridge over the Missouri River and became inspector of Weights and Measures. He spent the rest of his life partially paralyzed but continued working as much as he could until his death on Christmas day 1925.

This appeared in the Helena Weekly Herald of August 2 1885: "D.C. Holbrook of Cecil, one of the prominent woolgrowers on the north fork of Sun River who was partially paralyzed a few weeks ago, is now in the hospital at Fort Shaw, and his recovery will probably be slow. Mr. Holbrook is one of the pioneer woolgrowers of northern Montana; he is a graduate of Yale College of the class of 1873 or 1874."

Helen Sheehy Langley wrote about D.C.'s paralysis. "DeWitt became paralyzed on the entire left side of his body... DeWitt was forced to leave the ranch and find other means of support for his wife and two small children, Wellman and Helen." The Great Falls Tribune on June 21, 1888, had a short note: "D.C. Holbrook, the Augusta woolgrower, has sold out his sheep and ranches and will become a citizen of Great Falls. Mr. Holbrook is now in the city making arrangements to bring his family and reside here permanently."

D.C. had probably hoped that he might eventually recover from his disability from March of 1885, but he never did. He was for a short time toll collector on the bridge across the Missouri at Great Falls, and later Inspector of Weights and Measures for the city of Great Falls. Helen Sheehy Langley writes that her mother, Helen Holbrook Sheehy, often helped her father, saying that when he built their chicken coops, D.C.'s daughter Helen would steady the boards, and hold "the nails where they needed to be while he hammered them into the boards. Mother also went fishing with her father and would bait the hook, and kill the fish they caught."

17	Northern Pacific Railroad 1895	
18	PILE Daniel 1889 PILE Daniel 1889 PILE Daniel 1889 REIDORD, Robert R. 1901	HARRISON Albert L 1894
19	BUFFUM Clinton F 1903 BUFFUM Charles S 1891	BUFFUM Charles S 1891
20	STROUD William 1889	DENNY Milton A 1889
29	BARSTOW Marquis D L 1884	PAINTER Jean M Heirs Of 1892
30	HOLBROOK DeWitt C 1883	
31	WELLMAN Richard H 1885 WELLMAN Charles V 1887	WELLMAN Charles V 1887
32	LASATER Tabitha 1891	
33	KELLING Henry	





Helen Sheehy Langley also remembers that "in 1904 the Holbrooks moved to Freewater, Oregon. DeWitt's sister, Hiram Walker's daughter-in-law, had died and left DeWitt enough money to buy a small farm. Mary's family, the Wellmans, still lived near by, and the lower altitude was better for DeWitt, so they came to Eastern Oregon and purchased a... prune orchard near Freewater." A 1932 map of Umatilla County, Oregon shows this as twenty acres in Township 6 N, Range 35 E, in the northwest quarter of section 19. It was surrounded on three sides by the property of Nettie Wellman. Nettie was the wife of Mary's older brother Richard.



Grandma Holbrook family: Grandma Holbrook far right; Grandpa Holbrook in window behind her; mother (Helen) next to Grandma; far left Grandma's brother Dick Wellman; Louise (mother's sister) in dark dress at left; Wellman Holbrook (mother's brother) pulling Louise's hair.

The Obituary Record of Yale Graduates who died previous to July 1, 1926 has this statement: "DeWitt Clinton Holbrook, B.A. 1874. Born May 25, 1851, in Detroit Michigan. Father, DeWitt Clinton Holbrook, a lawyer in Detroit; son of Benajah and Judith [Badger] Holbrook; ancestors came from England to America in 1622. Mother, Mary Ann [May] Holbrook; daughter of Thomas Parsons May, of London, England...Studied law in his father's office for six months after graduation from Yale; went to Fort Benton, Mont., in 1875 and was engaged in stock farming and quartz mining until 1888, during which time he was also occupied in sheep raising in Walla Walla, Wash...Death due to influenza, after an illness of over forty years...Buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Walla Walla. Survived by wife, children, ten grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. John Hazen White, of Syracuse, Ind."

The 1920 census of Baker County shows "Hugh Shehee" as head of household of a property in the Durkee district. Listed under his name are household members DeWitt and Mary Holbrook, father-in-law and mother-in-law. They had come to help Hugh and Helen "prove up" on some additional property and had a "homestead house" near the Sheehy place on Swazy Creek. The Yale College Biographical Record Part Fifth records D.C.'s biography to 1919. "Holbrook is a fruit grower in Freewater, Oregon. Owing to a stroke of paralysis, which crippled him for life, he was obliged to retire from active business...and is at present "holding down" 640 acres of land at Durkee, Baker County, Oregon, and when after three years residence he gets the title will return to Freewater." Oral family history is that he never got the chance to return home, and died at his homestead house on Christmas Day, 1925.⁴



Grandpa Holbrook

⁴D.C. Jr.'s death certificate indicates that he died at his home in Freewater, and that his doctor cared for him there from October 13, 1925 until his death on Christmas Day. He may therefore have been taken home for the last few weeks of his life.

~ By John Sheehy, Son of Robert Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy



The Missing Brother

As reported in the first Sheehy Family Newsletter (September 2020, available at [The Sheehy Family Newsletter](https://www.sheehyfamily.org) (<https://www.sheehyfamily.org>)), significant genealogical detective work over many years by Jim Sheehy and other brothers enabled identification of the origin of our Sheehy family in Ireland as the town of Newcastle West in County Limerick. We were subsequently able to locate the baptismal records there of our great grandfather Thomas James Sheehy and five of his siblings (John Francis, Daniel, Dennis C., Catherine, and Richard). With this information, we engaged the services of a Limerick genealogist, who located records for an older brother (Michael) born in 1818, and was also able to identify the exact plot of land where the family lived in the township of Dromin Beesom near Newcastle West.

The record for Michael indicates that he was baptised on Sunday, 6th September 1818, in the parish of Knockaderry near Newcastle West and that his parents were Patrick Sheehy and Maria (Mary) Collins Sheehy. The genealogist who discovered his record believes that he is definitely a sibling of our great grandfather, but unfortunately, was unable to find any other County Limerick records (marriage, death, land ownership, etc.) that could definitively be linked to this Michael Sheehy.¹ The conclusion is either that the records are incomplete, which was often possible at that time, or that Michael emigrated to another country.

If Michael emigrated from Ireland, the most likely destination would have been the United States, where the rest of his family relocated and where the parents and five of the younger siblings (Daniel, Dennis, Catherine, Richard and Thomas) are recorded in the 1850 US Census for Buffalo, New York.² A search of US Census records for other locations in that year turned up a Michael Sheehy of the correct age, who was living with his family in Burlington, Vermont. There was also a John Sheehy living as a boarder three doors away, who may well have been his younger brother.

The 1850 US Census for Burlington listed Michael as living with his wife, Mary C. Sheehy, and five children: John (age 8, born in Ireland), James T. (age 6, born in Vermont), Ellen (age 4), Michael (age 2), and William (age 1). The family appears again in the 1860 Census for Burlington, without Michael and with the addition of another son, George (born 1851). By 1870, the children were all living on their own, and Mary C. Sheehy was boarding with another family named Casey. Mary C. Sheehy died in 1894, and her death certificate indicates that she was the daughter of Daniel and Mary Casey. Her maiden name was the same as that of the family where she was boarding in 1870, implying that they were likely her relatives.



Downtown Knockaderry Today

¹The original genealogy report was completed in 2014. We have continued to monitor new County Limerick data becoming available online since then, but have not found anything that can definitively be linked to our Michael Sheehy.

²Two other brothers, John Francis and Patrick, appear in Wisconsin with all of the family except Michael in the 1860 US Census. Patrick appears to have come to the US from Ireland via Canada in 1850, while John Francis may have been in the US even earlier.



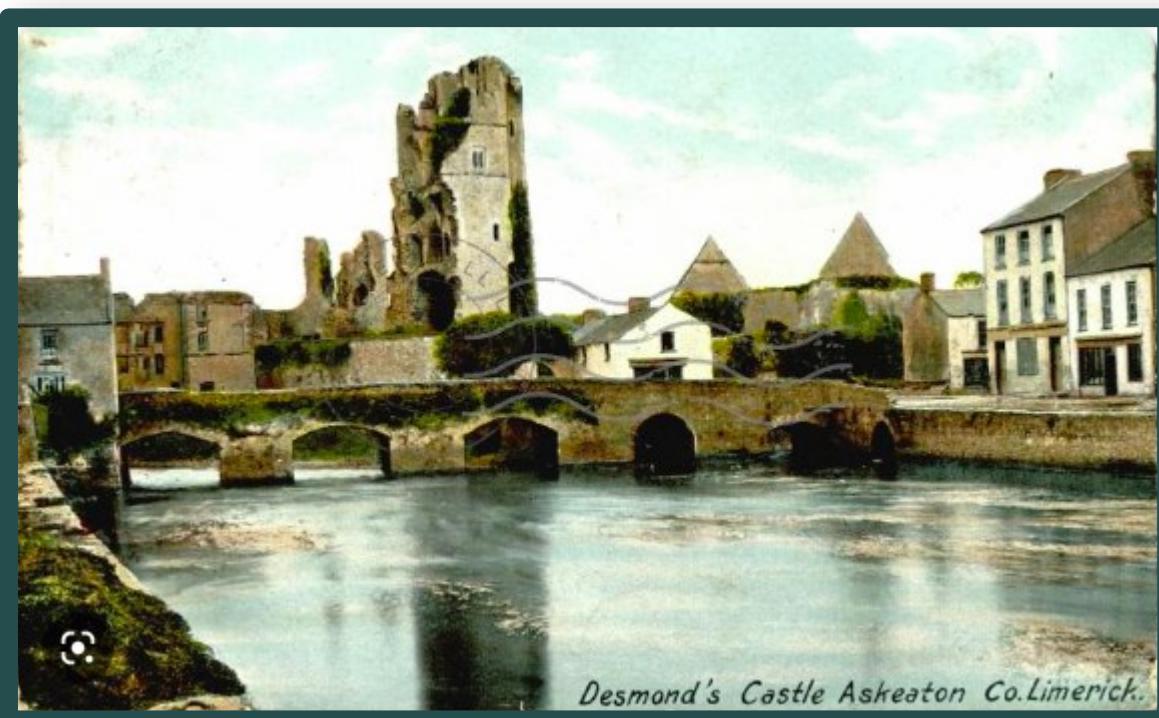
With this information, we were able to identify the family in Irish historical records for the town of Askeaton in County Limerick, which is only about 12 miles from the ancestral Sheehy home in Dromin Beesom. Michael Sheehy and Mary C. Casey were married in Askeaton in August 1840, and their oldest son, John, was born there in August 1841. Because their second son, James, was born in Vermont in October 1844, we can deduce that they emigrated to the US sometime around 1842-1843. At this point in our research, we were increasingly confident that we had located Michael, the missing Sheehy brother, but still needed further confirmation.

The next challenge was to trace the children of the family forward to the present time to see if we could identify any currently living descendants. We had only limited success. We were unable to find subsequent records for the oldest son, John, the daughter, Ellen, or the youngest son, George. The second son, James, married, moved to New Haven, Connecticut, and had six children. All of them were unmarried or married late in life, and only one had a child, who died unmarried. The third son, Michael Jr., was killed at age 16 in the battle of Petersburg, Virginia, during the Civil War, and the fourth son, William, married late and had no children. We are therefore unaware of any current descendants of Michael Sheehy and Mary C. Casey. We also have not identified any current DNA matches that could be related to their family.

The Civil War pension records for Michael Jr. include the information that his father died in a drowning accident near Burlington in early 1851. As the family at that point included six children that were less than ten years old, their life must have become quite difficult, which may have contributed to the late marriages of several of the siblings.

One question that arises is why our Sheehy family oral history does not include any mention of Michael, his family, or particularly the manner of his death, which was quite unusual. It is possible that the rest of the family was no longer in touch with him or his family, or that the information was never passed along. However, it is also possible, especially given the lack of other corroborating records, that this Michael Sheehy is not our Michael, and that the missing Sheehy brother is still missing. The search continues.

~ By Robert Sheehy, Son of Robert Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy



Desmond Castle ruins, Askeaton



Grandmother Helen Merritt Sheehy: In Her Own Words

Foreword

In the summer of 1974, and again in the summer of 1977, I sat down with Grandmother Helen Merritt Sheehy and recorded her stories of our ancestors, her childhood, and her life as a young wife and mother. She was 88 for the first conversation, 91 for the second, and her memory and story-telling ability were razor sharp, as was her wit. From the three hours of recorded material, I've begun to combine the stories into an edited narrative. This is the first installment, extending through her early childhood. If you'd like to hear the stories in her unforgettable voice, you can listen [here](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1E7BEIAzrrfw7Sk4MD8FA4oURARDemxrv/view?usp=share_link) (https://drive.google.com/file/d/1E7BEIAzrrfw7Sk4MD8FA4oURARDemxrv/view?usp=share_link). I hope you enjoy them. – Tony Heriza



Grandmother Sheehy, 1980; photo by Clare Heriza

And he told me that he was almost sure that Custer had his dogs with him when he made his last stand <laughs>. He left them with a friend...and they let Custer out one year for some misdemeanor and he went back home to Detroit. And the dogs, Dad didn't have any place for them. Anyway, [Custer had these dogs](#). So...

(Mary Heriza: I wonder if the Indians took them or if they got killed?)

Well, they were never sure what happened to them.

A brush with Custer

My father [Dewitt Clinton Holbrook] was raised in the city – in Detroit, but his father had become well off and gave him all kinds of boats and dogs to hunt with and he got to be a great outdoors man. He graduated from Yale in '74 and graduated law. Then he went in with his dad then and practiced law for a year, though he didn't take to it that very kindly <laughs>.

So then the next spring, he decided to come out west and came out as far as Fort Benton. See that was the head of navigation. Then they had to pack the rest of the way, wherever they wanted to go. And he got a job as camp tender. He wanted to go the sheep business. He did that for one or two summers, I think. And he was in Helena when the news came about the Custer battle, 76.



D.C. Holbrook, Jr.

Walla Walla and romance

Then he went to Walla Walla and bought a band of sheep and he wintered them in the Walla Walla country and kept them until the grass was green in the mountains. Then he and his partner started out with the sheep in the spring and they sheared and lambed on the way, and took the sheep into Helena, Montana and just sold the whole outfit. Then they went back again and bought sheep and did the same thing. I don't know how many years, but I imagine maybe possibly three or four. And it was one of the winters over there that Dad had the pasture right near where Grandma Wellman lived. And I think the pasture belonged to them maybe. And so Dad was there with his sheep, wintering them and Mother's brother went by with her in a cutter. Do you know what a cutter is?

That's a real light one-seated sleigh
<laughs> And there must have been snow on the ground. So Dad knew him, so he said, "Who was that pretty girl you had with you when you came home from church last Sunday?" "Oh," he said, "that was my sister." "Well," Dad said, "I think I'll go over to your house to see if your mother doesn't have some eggs to spare <laughs>." So in that way they got acquainted.

(TH: What were the social conventions at the time? How would he go about wooing her?)

Well, he was there in the wintertime. He probably would go and call on her and spend the evening maybe, a time or two. And then he'd probably ask her to go for a sleigh ride. And I imagine they probably went to dances once in a while, out in that country. The Wellmans were acquainted with all the neighbors around there. So then he wasn't coming back the next year because he bought this ranch. So he sent her to a stylish Episcopal School in Walla Walla—St. Paul's School—for a year, paid her way. They were engaged, you see. He said he was going to look after her, keep her from...<laughs>

(Mary Heriza: ...from meeting anybody else <laughs>)

She was young, too young to get married anyway. She was 17. She was only past 18 when they got married the next year. They were married in '83 then in Walla Walla. They had a double wedding. Her sister was married at the same time. And then Mother and Dad moved on the sheep ranch about 10 miles out of Augusta [Montana].

Tragedy strikes

My brother was born when they'd been married about a year and Mother had a friend at Augusta, so she brought her baby up to the ranch one Sunday. Dad was going to take them on a picnic up in the mountains. And he, in the meantime, had been to Helena. That was the only big town around there. The only way to go there was with a team or horseback. And his eyelid just twitched a little bit. So he thought as long as he was in town why he'd have the doctor look at it. So he went down to the doctor's office and, and he wasn't there. They said he was down in the saloon playing cards. So Dad went down there and he just put his cards down and turned around and looked at him and wrote out a prescription for him.



Cutter - 1910



And so he took it home with him and, and took it as often as he said for him to take it. And he had just finished taking it about at the time they were going on this picnic. And so he came in and asked Mother and this Aunt Etta [Etta Gillogly], the friend, if they were ready. And she said, well, we just finished undressing the babies. And he said, well, he didn't feel very well. He guessed he'd lie down a few minutes then while he was waiting for them.

And he called Mother and she went in there and he was paralyzed on one side. This was the 26th of June that he was paralyzed and I was born the following August. So then he tried to run this ranch for a couple years, but he couldn't, it was too hard for him to do it. And so then he sold the ranch -- or rather his partner sold it and didn't pay the debts. He took his half and gave Dad half to pay the debts with. That was kind of a sad ending all around--financially and with his health. So Mother, when she was less than 20, or just about 20...that was quite a lot!

Life at the toll bridge

So then they were building a new toll bridge in Great Falls and the company was to build this real good bridge across there. And charged a toll until it was paid for and then turned it over to the city. So somebody had to live at the

end of the bridge. So they built a nice little house over there and so Dad and Mother lived there.



Iron Bridge at Great Falls—Toll Bridge

And then after about two years his brother-in-law had him come back to Detroit and he took him to a hospital in Indianapolis, considered one the best there was. They straightened his leg so that he could walk with a cane. And he always said that if he'd had treatments, osteopath treatments, that he would've been all right. One of his old neighbors used to stop by while he was still on the ranch and rub him—and he said that if he had had those treatments that he thought he'd be all right.

He never could use his hand, but he got along pretty well. And I used to sit on the boards while he sawed them. He'd make chicken coops for Mother. And then I held the nails, while he'd.... <laughs> you know.

Wellman is a year older, but Wellman was gone playing with the boys most of the time. So I had to be there.

I think I was two when they went there, then they left when I was six. So taking care of the toll bridge was quite interesting, if nothing more. They charged 25 cents, I think for one horse and 50 cents for a two-horse team. I remember when they drove cattle by there, they'd come and ask how much it cost to cross them on the bridge. And then most of them didn't try to cross because they had so many. Sometime there must have been about 1,000 of them there, you see. They'd have had to have gotten them onto the bridge and then turned them loose in the town again. So Dad would show them where to cross and where they were supposed to land, of course, and they'd ford. Wellman and I used to always hope that they wouldn't pay because we just loved to see them cross. And the water was so deep they had to swim part of the way. And they had to keep them from getting too far down because the Great Falls that Great Falls is named for was below there, you see, and they never could get them out.

DeWitt Holbrook, of the Teton, having recovered from his late illness, has started for Walla Walla to buy more sheep.

The Benton Weekly Record, October 27, 1881

D. C. Holbrook, the Augnsta wool-grower, has sold out his sheep and ranches and will become a citizen of Great Falls. Mr. Holbrook is now in the city making arrangements to bring his family and reside here permanently.

Great Falls Weekly Tribune, January 21, 1888



Iron Bridge at Great Falls - Toll Bridge - 1895

Encounters with Indians

They let the Indians go back and forth anytime they wanted to. They never tried to collect from them because they didn't have any money. They didn't have any way to make money, excepting they used to polish up the buffalo horns. They did a high polish on them, put them together and then fastened them. And then those horns would stick out so you could hang things on them. And the skins that they had, they would...they tanned them by chewing them, I guess. We had some, but whatever happened to them...

But they'd come down and camp about half a mile below the house where we were and camp on the river, where they could get water and fish in there and stay quite a while sometimes. But Wellman and I never could get close enough to really see what was going on because they always had so many dogs. The dogs would come out and bark at us and we were afraid of the dogs. But they camped there and they went back and forth over to town. And they seemed to be very fond of fruit. And I think the stores gave them fruit and other things to eat. We never had any trouble with them stealing. I can remember Mother telling us to put the hatchets and something else away that they could just pick up.

Well, the Indians had camp below there and Dad had gone back to Indianapolis. And then they had a woman hired to stay with Mother and help her keep the toll bridge. Anyway, this old Indian came by -- and they'd just walk right in the house. We never paid any attention to them, we weren't afraid of them. They'd come in, but they never sat on a chair, but they'd squat down and lean against the wall.

Well, when dad was back there that Christmas, why his sister, they had gotten well off by that time, she sent us, oh, I don't know how big a box of Christmas things. She sent pounds of dried raisins and candy and nuts. And then gifts. And among the gifts, for me, was a box of watercolor paints. Well, nobody had ever seen one out west then, by that time. So I was very careful of that. And Louise was just able to reach up on the table to get things. And so this Indian was sitting there and I painted a while and Wellman was outside. So I thought I'd go out and see what he was doing. So I put the paint carefully in the middle of the table, back so Louise couldn't reach it. And the Indian was still sitting there when I went out. And then I went out to play with Wellman and I came back in a little while and the paints were gone and so was the Indian. <laughs> I never will forget how I missed those paints. Then afterwards, I thought of all the pleasure those Indians must have gotten from all that good paint <laughs>.

Decapitating Santa

Well it's in this Christmas box, we got this Santa Claus filled with candy. And they sent us 25 pounds of raisins, I remember, that were still on the stem and that many nuts and probably that much candy.

And well then, the Santa Claus, as I remember him, was about this high and Mother filled him with candy at night. And she didn't want us to know that she had all this candy. So we thought, or she told us, I suppose we just thought that he went over town and got that candy and it lasted for a long, long time. We just put him on the window sill and in morning he'd be full of candy. So finally he didn't have any in there, been emptied clear out, I guess. Instead of Mother telling us what she did, she didn't hear us threatening, I guess. So we took him out and Wellman chopped his head off.

Gunslinging Mother

And one night somebody tried to get in, bound he was going to come in. And Dad was in the hospital in Indianapolis then, and she was there by herself. And they had quite a lot of money there, you see, they wouldn't come after it very often. And so Mother was waving a gun around... I don't know whether she would have shot. There was a policeman that had a homestead across the river and when he went home in the middle of the night, he always walked around there. If there were any drunks asleep or anybody bothering, why he'd take them away. Well he came along that night when that fellow was just insisting on coming in...

Trimming the chicken's toenails

Well, they were giving us our bath and cut our toenails and put us to bed. And the next day we went out and we saw an old hen that had long toenails and so we decided that we ought cut her toenails. So we went to house and got the scissors and held her. I don't know whether I did the cutting or the holding. And we just tried to cut her toe nails like

Mother did us. But they began to bleed pretty soon. We saw they were bleeding. Well we knew Mother would be after us, so we decided to just throw her in the river and Mother would never miss her. We didn't get her out far enough. She got out... <laughs> but she was all right. I can't remember her getting after us for it.

The barking dog

This Indian was one that had lived up near Augusta and I think he worked for the folks sometimes. And he didn't like to be called an Indian. But whenever he came to town though, he knew where Dad lived and he'd always stop there to eat. So when we saw him coming, why we ran in and told Mother, so she got something ready to eat. And she said, "Now don't you say anything to him about being an Indian." We said, "No, we wouldn't." And so he poured his tea out in his saucer and drank it, I remember that. <laughs> We must have just stood there, and watched him all the time. Mother gave him plenty to eat and he was about through eating and then the dog began to bark. And he said, "Why dog bark?" And Wellman said, "Well, I guess he thinks you're an Indian. <laughs>

Scarlet fever

Wellman and Dad went up to Augusta to visit and the children there got scarlet fever and the country doctor told Dad, "Now you watch this boy that's with you, because he's exposed and he might get it." So after he'd been home a little while, why he came down with it. In two or three days he was sick and two or three days afterwards I got it. So there was a doctor—a horse doctor, he had been—that was taking up a homestead across the river. So when he came by, Mother told him to come in and see us and if we had scarlet fever. Of course, she didn't know what it looked like. And so he came in. He said, "No, nobody had scarlet fever in the summertime." So that night we got worse and it was hard for Dad, you see, to go out when it was dark, being crippled. So Mother walked across the bridge and over about seven or eight blocks to where the doctor lived. Asked the doctor for us and then he brought her home on his horse and buggy. But we were awfully sick and I never could hear after that so well. It was supposed to affect my heart—but it seems to be taking a long break! <laughs>

Economic lessons

And then he was inspector of weights and measures in Great Falls. They had to weigh all their coal, hay, wood, seed, wheat and everything. And he had a little office and they drove up in front of there.

(Mary Heriza: Wasn't that the office where he had his money in the muffin tin?)

Yes. Well, Wellman went over town with Dad one day and he came home with a nice little flat iron, toy flat iron for me. And I took it out and there was a nice clean place on edge of the chicken house. And I put something down there and I was just ironing my doll clothes. Mother then came out, and said, "Where did you get that iron?" "Well," I said, "Wellman got it for me over at the store. Wellman went over with Dad and he saw that iron and he just brought it home." So Dad had to go back over with him, leave the flat iron. They told him he'd have to pay for what he got.

He said, "Well, Dad doesn't pay for it." And so they explained how that man wrote it down on the book for him and anything he got he had to have written on the book and he had the money. So then Dad had this tray, like a muffin pan, with nickels and quarters and dimes and 2 cent pieces. So the next time Wellman went he just took a handful money to pay for what he got. So Mother had to send him back again. They had quite a time teaching us to be honest.

The City Scales.

The city scales, located at the corner of Second avenue south and Fourth street, have been in operation since the 10th of the month. They weigh to a half pound anything up to ten tons. The fee for weighing is 25 cents; no extra charge for weighing the empty wagon. The hours are from 7 to 12 a. m. and from 1 to 6 p. m. daily, except on Sundays.

D. C. HOLBROOK,
Inspector Weights and Measures.

Inspector of weights and measures, GFT 1892



A new house and paid work

Dad's father died and left him some money, so we had the nicest home in that part of town. And so we were getting along fairly well. We had two lots and Mother raised a big garden, kept a cow and chickens. And that was how I happened to pick those 7,500 potato bugs to celebrate the fourth with. Did you ever see potato bugs on potatoes underneath the leaves of them? Well, see you could put the Paris Green on them and kill them. But Mother was afraid the cow might get out. They had a pure-bred Jersey cow and sometimes she could lift the latch on the board gate and come out. So that was why she wanted us to pick potato bugs off. And she gave a cent for each 100 of them you caught. So then I took my 75 cents and just bought firecrackers with it. But I've never been so patriotic since <laughs>.

(To be continued...)

~ By Tony Heriza, Son of Louis Heriza and Mary Sheehy Heriza



The Holbrook Family

CURRENT GENERATION

Sheehy Filmmaking

Dear family! I was asked to write a short note about my experiences as a documentary filmmaker for the family newsletter. The timing is great, because a documentary I directed about the first genetically designed babies, which were created secretly in China, was just released on Dec 13, 2022, on Apple, Prime and elsewhere. It's called Make People Better, which are the three words of advice that were given by James Watson, who discovered the structure of DNA, when he was asked if such an experiment should be done.

Dr. Jiankui He, a Chinese scientist, edited the DNA of human embryos to be enhanced in a way that they would be immune to the HIV virus. The experiment was to modify the DNA of human embryos in a way that a certain gene, called CCR5, no longer functions. This form of genetic modification will result in the edited embryo growing into a full human being that has an immune system that functions a little bit differently than normal. This change will make it impossible for the HIV virus to infect them. It has also been linked to increases in intelligence, but that science is much less clear. Dr. He was primarily motivated by the desire to do a grand experiment that would result in a medical breakthrough. He imagined becoming very wealthy and someday winning the Nobel Prize for his work.

After modification of the genes, Dr. He then fertilized the embryos with sperm and re-implanted the embryos into the mothers so that they would grow into babies and be born as the first genetically enhanced people. This is considered the "moon landing" of genetic engineering. We have been making genetic modifications to plants and animals, but never humans.

Dr. He had deep support in his work from top U.S. scientists and the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) in China, but even so, the experiment on the twin girls, Lulu and Nana, crossed many ethical boundaries. My team played a role in discovering the experiment and breaking the international story, which soon became a scandal for China. The scientist disappeared, but the New York Times discovered the location where he was being held by 12 undercover policemen. Later, he was sentenced, fined and sent to prison for three years for illegal practice of medicine.

Needless to say, it was an amazing experience to be part of an international story, but even more importantly, to be on the frontline of an issue that will affect us all even though only a few people are following it closely as of yet. The genomic revolution, a technology change that will eventually allow us to modify living organisms to do and be all kinds of things, is just getting started now. The new wave of genetic editing technologies being built today will transform how we have children, how we manufacture chemicals, how we produce food, how we manage ecosystems in nature and much much more. It will touch everything in profound ways and have long ranging impacts to human society that may exceed those of the agricultural, industrial, or information revolutions.

This is my first feature that is on the national stage, and it has been a long road, one that I could not have been imagined when I set out on it 20 years ago. As the world spins faster, it is probably one that couldn't be duplicated today. It was punctuated with key moments of help from my family and mentors, who always believed in me.

I didn't start out in film school. Instead, I studied science at Oregon State University (OSU). Coming from the small town of Wallowa, Oregon, I had big dreams, but not a deep sense of how the world worked or how to accomplish them. Luckily, I also had a deep drive to always be creating something story-related and stumbled onto a passion for video. Even though my studies and job experiences were leading me towards a career in ecology, my passion for story telling kept getting in the way.



Make People Better cover



My first documentaries were about my father (Dennis Sheehy) and his travels in Mongolia. Also, I think most of the credit goes to my cousin, Tony Heriza, who earlier was the associate producer of a very successful documentary about my father, "The Cowboy in Mongolia."¹ Seeing that process as a kid must have set the hook!

Later, I was able to get a communications job at the University of California, Davis, and I started telling stories about other scientists. All of that was possible because of my Dad's connections in academia, and it opened the first door. I was on a research station in California and a Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) crew was supposed to show up to do some filming about "space cows," or research cows with GPS tracking collars. The producer came, but no cameraman. I always had a decent camera with me, and luckily, I had the courage to step up that day. The producer knew I had a lot to learn, but over the next several years, he kept finding ways to involve me, and eventually, I started shooting and producing PBS documentaries about natural resource issues in California.



Cody and Jatta Sheehy



Cody and a friend

Eventually, I took a job at the University of Arizona and started a documentary unit there called Landmark Stories, which is still going strong. The stories we told were about wildfire in the West, the water crisis in the Southwest, a greenhouse being developed for NASA's moon base, one on entomologists called Insecta, and many other things. It was a crucial step to further develop professionally, both as a manager and also as a team member for a large organization. I was finally starting to get a sense of how the world works.

Then one day, a genetic engineer called my office, looking for me. She believed that the public needed to know what was happening in her field and thought a film might be the right thing to do.² Luckily, I again had the courage to step up. The process took five years. We interviewed more than 20 scientists, traveled to many countries, and eventually uncovered the designer baby story. Then it took several years to connect with Hollywood folks, get funding, build out a professional team, finish the film, enter into film festivals, sell the film, and we are now deep into the promotional aspects following the launch! Phew!

So, what is next for me? I won't be going to China for a while.... Well, I guess I could go, but I'm not sure if I would be allowed to come home! But all these adventures have set the hook for more. Right now as I write this article, I'm on a sailboat in the Gulf of California with my wife and seven-month-old son...I've got my camera with me.

My next film is about a man who develops a 20 year friendship with a giant manta ray.

Anyone interested in Make People Better can learn more at [Make People Better Film](https://makepeoplebetterfilm.com/) (<https://makepeoplebetterfilm.com/>). We have also just finished a [7-part podcast series](#) associated with the film, which can be found at (<https://makepeoplebetterpodcast.buzzsprout.com/share>).

¹"[The Cowboy in Mongolia](#)" documentary film was made in cooperation with OSU and is available on their website at https://media.oregonstate.edu/media/t/1_qpht3auh/2947392.

²The consequences for the scientist were not good for her career, as a journalist at the meeting ended up publishing the story before the scientist was ready.

~ By Cody Sheehy, Grandson of Thomas Wellman Sheehy and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy

Editor's note: A [fascinating article](#) by Emma Marris about how Cody Sheehy, the author of this note, became lost overnight in the mountains at the age of six and walked out to safety by himself the next day was published in 2018 in Outside magazine. See <https://www.outsideonline.com/culture/active-families/boy-lost-woods-oregon/>.



Irish Cop

I was born in 1958 into a long line of Irish men and women, the son of Barrie "Bud" Gassett (1930-2011) and Kathleen Sheehy (1934), the daughter of Hugh Francis Sheehy Jr. (1908-1934) and Beth Critchlow (1912-1982). My Great Grandfather was Hugh Francis "Totty" Sheehy Sr. (1883-1944), the son of my 2x Great Grandfather Thomas James Sheehy (1843-1934) [born in County Limerick, Ireland] and Rose Anna Gillogly (1858-1923) [born in County Fermanagh, Northern Ireland].

With a strong Irish background, and in line with Irish stereotyping, it was my destiny to seek out a career in law enforcement. For me, that lifelong plan began coming together when I was young, from watching Dick Tracy, The Lone Ranger, Adam 12, Kojak, Columbo, and a plethora of westerns depicting town marshals and government agents protecting the townsfolk against bandits and the evil side of life. I was hooked. That career choice brings with it an opportunity to do good as well as dangerous circumstances that could quickly turn your life, or that of other fellow officers and their families, down a very dark road.

I was lucky enough to attend Washington State University (WSU) and study within the Criminal Justice Department. The focus was understanding the value of community-based law enforcement with a leadership emphasis. While there, I was involved in numerous program related positions, including the Pullman Crisis Center, the Whitman County Juvenile Offender Program, and Loss Prevention at the WSU Student Book Store. I was a dormitory Resident Advisor for three years and Professor's Assistant within the Department, concentrating on education and training. Each of these positions opened doors and insight into my law enforcement career.

While a senior at WSU, a non-student was harassing his college ex-girlfriend in our dorm and traveled across the state to the campus to confront her. Over the course of 24 hours, he made his way into the dorm and threatened her. Early the next day, he carried a bomb into the dorm and blew it up on her floor, killing himself, injuring two police officers and several students, and decimating the student residence floor. I helped give aid to one of those officers and removed injured students from the dorm. This event reaffirmed to me that I chose the right career.

Following graduation from WSU in February 1980, I was hired by the Washington State Gambling Commission as a Gambling Investigator. As a part of that position, I was required to attend and pass a training course of the Washington State Basic Law Enforcement Academy, at their Spokane, Washington facility. The course was a nearly five-month endeavor, including 720 hours of instruction and practical exercises. Before graduation from the academy, I was offered a job as a police officer with the city of Spokane but turned it down. I was a Gambling Investigator for nearly five years, with responsibility for every licensed establishment in ten counties, before moving into Federal law enforcement.



Deke Gassett, DEA



Deke about 1962

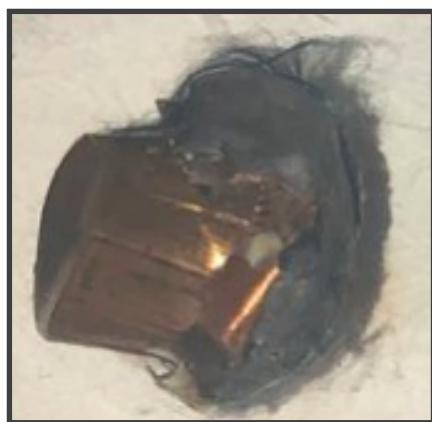
Back in the day, before the internet and the ability to apply for jobs on-line, when organizations advertised their open positions in the newspaper to find applicants, it took a dedicated effort to land the next opportunity. In my case, I entered the Spokane Federal Building, started on the top floor, knocking on every agency door to determine if they were hiring. Those discussions with Special Agents and other law enforcement personnel were eye-opening and allowed me to focus my efforts. That led to testing with the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). The first job offer, which I accepted, came from the DEA.



Eight months later, following a background check by the FBI, I was hired by the DEA as a Special Agent in November 1985. The position required an extensive 16-week training at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, on how to enforce Federal drug laws. Agents learn to conduct complex investigations, spend hours upon hours of surveillance, and practice working undercover purchasing controlled substances such as heroin, cocaine, methamphetamine, marijuana and other drugs from seasoned agents. They also learn to conduct both domestic and international investigations, undergo daily physical training, practice close combat skills and are trained in the use of firearms (firing in excess of 50,000 rounds with numerous firearms). DEA investigations come with an inherent risk of danger as most criminals carry firearms and are willing to use them to intimidate, threaten, rob, kill you, or escape arrest. DEA training teaches you to evaluate and determine risk, to survive being shot, or to engage in shootouts to save yourself, other officers, or members of the public. Within the DEA two agents out of a graduating class of 40 would either fire their weapons or be shot during their 20+ year career. Little did I know, I would meet that statistic on both ends.

During my first year, I purchased cocaine from a drug trafficker living near Leavenworth, WA, in the nearby community of Valley Hi. I bought cocaine from him on a couple of occasions, until he was comfortable selling me one kilogram of cocaine. His source was a Mexican national living in a rural area near Wenatchee, WA. On one occasion while buying cocaine, we did the deal at a campsite several miles out of town in the national forest. To do so is quite dangerous, and we were told (in training) not to do anything in the woods...“bad things happen in the woods.” That was sound advice I should have heeded, but I went ahead with the deal, and it all turned out fine for me. However, after his arrest, the suspect said it was his intention to kill me that day, except that I was negotiating for a larger deal the following week, and he decided to wait. His greed saved my life.

In November 1986, we arrested several organization members, including the suspect that had contemplated killing me. At that time, the supervisor asked (rather than assigned) who wanted to be the first through the door to make arrests. Of course, I volunteered and was assigned the lead position on the entry team of five people, including a uniformed officer from the Chelan County Sheriff's Office. We made entry and the target was asleep on the couch in the small A-frame home. I was giving direction to him and another man on the floor. The man on the floor complied, but the primary target did not. He was ordered off the couch and stated that he had arthritis and could not move. I told the other officer that something was wrong because I knew he could move as I had been buying cocaine from him. At that time, the target began firing a gun from beneath a pillow on the couch. He shot the other officer once, striking him in the gun belt (heavy leather) holding his ammunition clips. The officer fired his .45 weapon and struck the counter of the kitchen. A second round fired by the officer struck a steel fireplace support behind the target and ricocheted across the room, imbedding in the floor next to the head of the man lying there.



The Paperweight

The target then fired four rounds at me. One struck me in the upper right chest, lodging in my ballistic vest. One round went under my right arm and through a refrigerator behind me. One round struck a 2x4 support for the kitchen counter in front of my groin area and lodged there. The final round entered the stove in front of me. I fired four rounds at the suspect. The first struck a police scanner on a shelf next to his head. It exited out a plate glass window and above the head of an agent outside covering the front of the house. One round hit the target in the shoulder and traveled along his shoulder blade, striking but not breaking his spine. One round hit him in the hand holding the gun, in the top of the thumb, filleting the thumb all the way down to the butt of the gun, stopping him from firing another round. The final shot hit him in the upper thigh and exited the back of the thigh, entering and stopping in his calf muscle. The other officer and I took cover below the kitchen counter and reloaded our weapons.

The suspect then started yelling that he was giving up and would not shoot any longer. Although bleeding profusely, he placed his hands above his body, was handcuffed, and moved into the kitchen area of the home. The second suspect was handcuffed and removed from the home. Other officers made entry and one stood over the wounded man. A third suspect was removed from a loft above the living room. I looked for but could not find the weapon. I saw that the



target was moving about on the floor in the kitchen, attempting to reach his handcuffed arms to the area near his knees. I yelled that he still had the gun and the other officer over him grabbed him by the hair and yanked him outside the house. The gun, with one remaining live round, fell from between his knees.

When he was tried in Federal court, he told the judge that he would have shot me in the head had he known I was an agent. The judge told the defendant that he was a “coward, and a blanket shooter;” and in Texas (where the judge was from) “blanket shooters never get out of jail, ever.” The defendant was sentenced to 38 years in prison. He died during that first year due to complications from his injuries and other medical issues. I was allowed to retain that bullet from evidence and had it turned into a paper weight, imbedded with pieces of my DEA windbreaker and bullet proof vest. That bullet had my “name on it” and now I know where it is! I also had the gun melted down so it could never be used against another officer. I was awarded the DEA Purple Heart, the International Chiefs of Police - Dupont - Kevlar Survivors Award, and the International Chiefs of Police Medal of Valor, as a result of this incident.



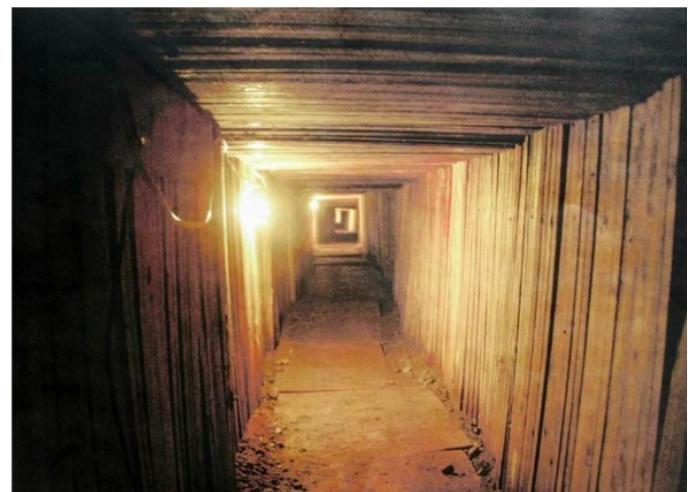
A few other notable investigations I worked on included:

- ◆ While in my first office at Spokane, I recruited a person wanting to inform on drug traffickers. He turned out to be the son of a DEA supervisor from another region of the country. I arranged a meeting with him, detained him, and his father was notified. The young man had stolen information concerning drug traffickers from his father's briefcase and then sought to use it to set up drug deals and get paid for it. He was placed on an aircraft back home to meet up with his father to put him back on the straight and narrow.
- ◆ While assigned to the Seattle Field Division Office, I targeted a Bellevue exotic auto dealer. Another agent had a case on him as well. Once he was arrested on Federal charges on that case, I was introduced to traffickers that knew him, and I negotiated a kilogram cocaine deal with him, as a visitor within the Pierce County Jail. On our second meeting at the jail, he arranged for one of his organization members to meet me in the parking lot. I was “fronted” (to be paid for during a subsequent deal) a significant amount of cocaine and developed the case against him and his associates, including a Colombian trafficker. He and several others were arrested while on trial on the first case. While undercover in this case, I met with numerous people in an apartment in Lakewood where I negotiated a small drug deal. The suspects were all paranoid, many of them armed. I negotiated in the bathroom with my gun out and the trafficker armed as well. In another separate deal, a suspect utilized her four-year-old child to bring cocaine to me in her home.
- ◆ In Seattle I targeted a group of young men selling kilograms of cocaine. One was in drug rehab with my informant. We spoke on the phone several times and they set up a kilogram transaction, conducted at a hotel in Tacoma. The deal took place with the arrest of five suspects, including the original targets setting up the deal. Everyone had their own firearms, and while I was outgunned, none of the bandits decided to pull their weapons.

- ◆ We were called out to assist the Seattle Police Department on a search warrant. I was on the team to make entry at the rear of the house, along with Seattle officers. We had not been to the house and relied on the Seattle Police Department intelligence on the location. As we advanced up the steep rear stairwell, we were tripped up by barbwire strung on the stairs, causing the front officers to fall as they went up. The target heard this and shot a shotgun round through the back door, narrowly missing the lead officers. It was winter and I remember how cold it was in my subsequent position near a tree in the front yard. It took quite a while for SWAT to arrive, and they found the target asleep on the couch as he was apparently too tired to wait for us to enter the house.
- ◆ I targeted a cocaine distribution cell run by a local Seattle restaurant owner. Seattle Police were also working a case against him but had not been successful in their undercover buys. I purchased a kilogram of cocaine from a man within his organization, living near the University of Washington. He was selling cocaine supplied by the target, and cancer medication (taken from his mother) to any buyer. The primary targets were arrested. The restaurant owner was arrested while serving our agents hamburgers inside his business.
- ◆ I targeted a group of men from Kent and Auburn trafficking cocaine. The primary target was a previously convicted drug trafficker from Gig Harbor, Washington. During one of the undercover meetings, I met with his associates in an apartment complex at Kent, Washington. They wanted \$40,000 buy money “fronted” before the drugs were delivered, and I refused to do so. I spoke with my boss, and he approved the fronting of half the money. I did so and the \$20,000 was taken into an apartment. One of the agents on surveillance observed a person climbing out the window of the apartment and took no action, as it was a rip off. We knew who took it but not where he was. Later we had the local police call his parents and tell them their son was the suspected “Green River Killer” (a serial killer in the region at the time). The parents called their son to be interviewed by the Green River Task Force. He was arrested for the theft of government funds. I worked this case well over a year and conducted a wiretap, only the second ever conducted in the Division. The primary target delivered a kilogram of cocaine to an undercover agent. Through that wiretap, we identified over 80 people buying cocaine and seized several kilograms of cocaine, along with over a million dollars in criminal assets.
- ◆ I was subsequently transferred to South Korea, where I was the Assistant Country Attaché representing the DEA. I managed and reported on approximately 15-20 cases a year, most of which were developed by the South Korean police. While in that office, I also assisted the FBI with an investigation and provided support they needed. The FBI Director issued a letter thanking me for my support to their investigation. It was uncommon to receive such recognition in cases worked jointly with the FBI or US Customs. There was too much competition between the agencies, which I always tried to overcome. One of the more significant investigations I oversaw was the seizure of one-half ton of heroin from Thailand concealed inside a carpet rolling machine being transshipped via South Korea (where it was seized) to California. I traveled with the drugs in the machine via a Korean Airlines cargo plane to Los Angeles. I worked with the Los Angeles DEA office for over a month at an airport storage facility before the trafficker took delivery in San Diego, and he and others were arrested. I had left my wife Keri in South Korea during monsoon season, along with our son Ryan and twin daughters Anneka and Melissa. Not my best decision!
- ◆ While stationed in South Korea, DEA HQ directed me to a temporary duty assignment in Japan. My focus concerned the terrorist group Aum Shinrikyo, which had conducted multiple sarin gas attacks within the Tokyo subway system on March 20, 1995. The nerve gas attacks killed 13 people and injured over 1,000 commuters. I was the DEA point of contact and liaison to the National Police Agency of Japan in sharing intelligence related to the terrorist organization’s involvement in drug trafficking and facilitating intelligence sharing from the police back to the US Embassy and DEA HQ.¹ This organization had also facilitated prior attacks against US military bases in Japan and against Japanese government leaders. Ultimately, in July 2018, Japanese authorities executed Aum Shinrikyo leadership officials and key participants in the attacks.

¹Meeting with Ambassador Walter Mondale (prior US Vice President) was a highlight of the assignment.

- ◆ I was then assigned to Colorado Springs, Colorado, where I set up an airport group to target the movement of money and drugs through that transportation hub. On one occasion, I seized \$20,000 inside checked luggage from traffickers and counted the money. Per policy, I then handed the money to a Task Force Officer and did not tell him my count, only asking him to count it as well (for confirmation). His count was short, and I knew my count was correct. I reported that suspected theft to my supervisor, documented it in my report, and he reported it to the officer's agency, the El Paso County Sheriff's Office. They then set up a sting operation with the officer being told to search a hotel room for money on his own, with funds the agency placed inside. He did so and attempted to steal several hundred dollars. He should have been prosecuted but was only terminated.
- ◆ After six months, I was promoted into a Group Supervisor position at the Denver State & Local Drug Task Force. I developed a relationship with the Colorado State Patrol (CSP) for their drug interdictions. I found a lot of resistance from within our team of 20 Task Force Officers, none of whom were with the CSP. I asked for calls from the CSP, no matter the time, on any seizure of a kilogram or more, for which we then orchestrated controlled deliveries. The first call came in at about 3:00 am the very next day. We arrested dozens of traffickers, impacting multiple communities throughout the four-state region. Between the CSP and other cases, our team became the most successful within the Denver Field Division. We never had any officer hurt and we never had to shoot/kill any defendant.
- ◆ While in that position, I became aware of increased drug-related deaths due to heroin overdoses within the metropolitan area. The Center for Disease Control (CDC) monitors unexplained drug-related death spikes and had determined that heroin was being cut (adulterated) with shoe polish to increase weight. Users were injecting that shoe polish altered heroin into their bodies. The greed to seek higher profits was resulting in overdose deaths. We purchased heroin from multiple street level traffickers and identified the trafficker selling the adulterated heroin and arrested him. The heroin related overdose death spike then reduced.
- ◆ After a year managing the State & Local Drug Task Force, I was reassigned to the Denver Mobile Enforcement Team. These agents were assigned to work impactful drug investigations in communities without extensive drug units, for significant periods of time. Normally our assignment would last about six months, in which we were deployed to those communities undercover. My three deployments were in Aspen, Colorado, Pueblo, Colorado, and the Four Corners, New Mexico area. During the first deployment, we arrested a dozen targets in the Aspen area, including the mother of a US Ski Team member, and then closed down the operation. The Pueblo case was very successful, and dozens of suspects involved in cocaine trafficking were arrested, who had been dealing through the local bars, with the knowledge of ownership. We "stole" cocaine from the trafficker storage lot and hotel room, shut down numerous liquor establishments (they lost their liquor licenses) which resulted in a positive impact for the community. The Four Corners operation was up and running for a few weeks before I was transferred to DEA HQ.
- ◆ While in DEA HQ, I was assigned to the DEA Mobile and Regional Enforcement Operations, using my experience as a Group Supervisor of the Mobile Enforcement Team. I oversaw 15 teams across the country, facilitating their funding and other resources. One of the more significant events was to travel to Mexico and train vetted Mexican Police Units how to establish and operate Mobile Enforcement Teams, which they could replicate in-country. Those units are dealing with a much more vicious and dangerous element of drug trafficking organizations. We have to hope that such treacherous violent criminal organizations are never more fully established within our own country.



The Tunnel



- ◆ I was then reassigned to DEA HQ International Operations overseeing and coordinating operations throughout South America. I traveled throughout those countries, supporting the DEA Office of Inspections and internal investigations. After just 18 months in DEA HQ, I was promoted to the Seattle Field Division, where my career had initially begun.
- ◆ As the Seattle Field Division Assistant Special Agent in Charge, I oversaw enforcement groups throughout Washington and Idaho. One of the more significant investigations was initiated through my Blaine, Washington Resident Office, concerning a Canadian criminal organization transporting marijuana into the US. The Canadian RCMP was investigating the group and had been conducting 24/7 surveillance for over a year as the organization dug a 120-yard tunnel into the US at Blaine. The RCMP allowed the tunnel to be completed so that the US authorities could identify the related criminal organizations. We seized every shipment of marijuana (hundreds of pounds) that came through the tunnel, all destined for the Midwest or East Coast. The organization was charging \$500 per pound of marijuana smuggled through the tunnel. None of it was distributed successfully in the United States. At one point, we placed cameras and listening devices in the home where the tunnel entered US (through furniture on hinges, as in the television show, Hogan's Heroes!). The traffickers realized, after numerous seizures, that the police were aware of their operation. They did not trust one another, and after realizing they had left a loaded vehicle in the US residence garage, they all returned to move it and were arrested.

There were so many cases in which I was involved across my career that were significant in local communities and on the international front. Of all those investigations, I am most thankful for the local community impact cases we were involved in, taking drug traffickers out where they were targeting young people.

My career brought many challenges and also many rewards. Most importantly, our children broadened their understanding of life and met two US Presidents (Bush and Clinton). There is no underestimating that value.

I will be working on the next installment of this story to be submitted in a following Sheehy Newsletter. It should be worth discussing at an Irish Pub with friends!

There are only two kinds of people in the world: the Irish, and those who wish they were!!!

~ By Gregory "Deke" Gassett, Grandson of Hugh Francis Jr. Sheehy and Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy



Dance Choreography Career

As long as I can remember, I have always loved to perform. I can recall creating “gymnastic” routines and performing them for family and neighbors as early as first or second grade. My sister and I had a girl band named “The Sweet Teens” around fourth grade where we sang songs and choreographed dances to go along with the music. Of course, we performed these little routines for family and friends. I always dreamed of being on Star Search and had dances ready to go from Paula Abdul’s “Opposite’s Attract” to MC Hammer’s “Can’t Touch This.” In 5th grade, my friend and I wrote a musical about the Pilgrims coming to America, which included songs by Madonna, Janet Jackson, Paula Abdul, and more. The choreography even included chairs and hats. I was also obsessed with Janet Jackson and the Fly Girls on In Living Color and would record their videos from the TV so that I could learn all the choreography myself. I sang in school talent shows and at my 6th grade commencement ceremony. In junior high, you could find me acting in my first theatre classes or jumping into a circle of kids at school dances to show off all the latest dance moves. If there was a performance happening, you can bet I was involved in some way – acting, singing, and especially dancing.



Michelle Benton (standing)

While I loved dancing, I didn’t take my first formal dance class until I was a freshman in high school. I had actually chosen Theatre as my first elective choice, since that was my passion of the moment, but instead I got my second choice – dance. After one week in dance class, though, I knew that was what I wanted to do professionally and for the rest of my life.

Dance became almost a singular focus for me in high school. I was part of my high school dance company, Rhythmical Madness. As a member of the company, I performed in homecoming parades, at halftime shows, at community dance events, and more. The biggest show of the year, though, was the annual dance recital, which featured a variety of dance styles and choreography from local choreographers, as well as students. By sophomore year, I was one of the contributing student choreographers. I continued to be a featured choreographer and dancer for Rhythmical Madness for the rest of my time in high school.

Junior year, I auditioned for and was accepted into a community dance company called Flystyle, which focused on hip hop and jazz dance styles in performance, but also trained me in ballet, modern, and African dance. We performed all over the Sacramento and Bay Area at a variety of venues, and I continued to train and fall more in love with dance. This group really pushed me to improve my technique and to always be full out.

Almost immediately after high school graduation, I moved to Los Angeles to pursue a professional dance career. I was in dance classes 6-8 hours a day, 4 days a week at both my college and at a professional studio in Hollywood, and worked 3-4 nights a week waiting tables to pay for all of it. And when I heard about auditions, I went. This was a difficult time but an amazing time, as well. The difficulty was in being on my own for the first time and trying to feed myself, pay my bills, and pay for all my classes, but the beauty was that I pretty much just danced all day every day. I was performing in college shows, making new friends, doing small professional gigs, and learning the industry.

Eventually, I auditioned for and was accepted into a hip hop dance company called Culture Shock Los Angeles. I danced and choreographed with them for about eight years. This was also an incredible time of learning and training in multiple hip hop dance styles including breaking, popping, locking, whacking, vogue, and more. With Culture Shock, I was able to train with hip hop legends like Don Campbell who created locking back in the late 60’s and early 70’s, members of the Rock Steady Crew who were pioneers in the early breakin’ scene in the Bronx, as well as current professionals in the dance industry. This was an exciting time in my career as we performed all over Los Angeles and California.



At the same time as I was dancing with Culture Shock, I was also performing with and choreographing for the Gay Men's Chorus of Los Angeles with my friend and choreography partner, Billy Rugh. This was another huge part of my career that ultimately spanned two decades. We choreographed and performed three shows each year, and some shows were taken on tour to places like Denver, Miami, Montreal, and even South America.

In addition to both Culture Shock and GMCLA, my partner Billy and I also found time to create and run a non-profit arts elementary school for K-8th graders in low-income and at-risk communities in the Los Angeles area. The school was



Michelle and Choreographer
partner Billy Rugh

called Creative Planet School of the Arts (CPSOA), and it was an educational gem for fifteen years. What started off as a summer arts camp in an abandoned but refurbished pre-school building with 12 students eventually grew into a full-fledged arts elementary school serving nearly 100 students per year. CPSOA students would attend academic classes from 8:30-2pm each day followed by arts classes from 2-5:30pm. Classes included dance, music, visual arts, choir, and theatre. I taught 3rd and 4th grade academics, as well as Hip Hop, Ballet, Tap, and Modern dance. We produced two major shows each year and participated in a variety of community events. But our greatest achievement was probably a trip to Tanzania, Africa with a team of doctors, nurses, and social workers from The Phil Simon Clinic in Pasadena, CA. Our students got to perform for and deliver supplies to local schools, assist doctors with patient triage at an area health clinic, and work every day with kids at a local orphanage to create a social

theatre piece that we performed for the doctors with whom we had traveled and the entire community near the orphanage. This was one of my most special memories.

Although my times with Culture Shock, GMCLA, and Creative Planet are now behind me, I am excited about where my career has landed more recently. I have choreographed several music videos and short films, as well as live performances in the Los Angeles area. I am currently a choreographer at the Disneyland Resort where I have had the opportunity to contribute choreography to both the Pixar Play Parade and the Christmas Fantasy Parade, as well as for several special events around the resort. I have also had the opportunity to choreograph Eastern Oregon University's music department's annual pop music concert for the past five years, which is especially fun since it allows me to include all styles of dance in one show.

I choreographed the first two seasons of the CW's Legacies, which filmed in Atlanta, Georgia. My favorite episode was definitely the "talent show" episode. We got to create two full dance numbers with some of the best dancers in the industry, and we had an absolute blast on set with lights and costumes and cameras. There was so much excitement and energy surrounding this particular episode that it will definitely go down as one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

It's interesting to write all of this down and reflect on my life as a dancer and choreographer. Sometimes when you are in the moment, it's easy to get wrapped up in the stress, failures, and disappointments. It's easy to focus on all the things that you didn't do and all the ways in which you were not successful, especially in an industry that is filled with rejection and criticism. But as I look back at all the things I have done, I feel quite proud of it. It has been a wild ride with so many ups and downs, but it's an adventure I wouldn't trade for anything.

Feel free to visit my website, [Billy & Mishka Choreographers](#), at www.billyandmishka.com if you want to check out some of my work!



Michelle Benton, dancer

~ By Michelle Benton, Daughter of Jim and Jeanette (Hannah) Benton and Great Granddaughter of Hugh Francis Jr. Sheehy and Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy



RECENT EVENTS

Our Adventure in Ireland! Travel notes from a 15-person strong expedition to the Land of Eire

Destinations: The Republic of Ireland and the UK region of Northern Ireland

Dates: Sunday, July 10 to Sunday, July 17, 2022

Travelers Present:

- Uncle Robert, Cousin John, Granddaughter Millie Lou
- Aunt Dona, Uncle Mark, Cousin Sarah
- Uncle Jim, Aunt Sally, Cousin Tom, Cousin Maggie
- Uncle Steve, Aunt Susan, Cousin Matthew, Cousin Emma
- Molly Deatherage

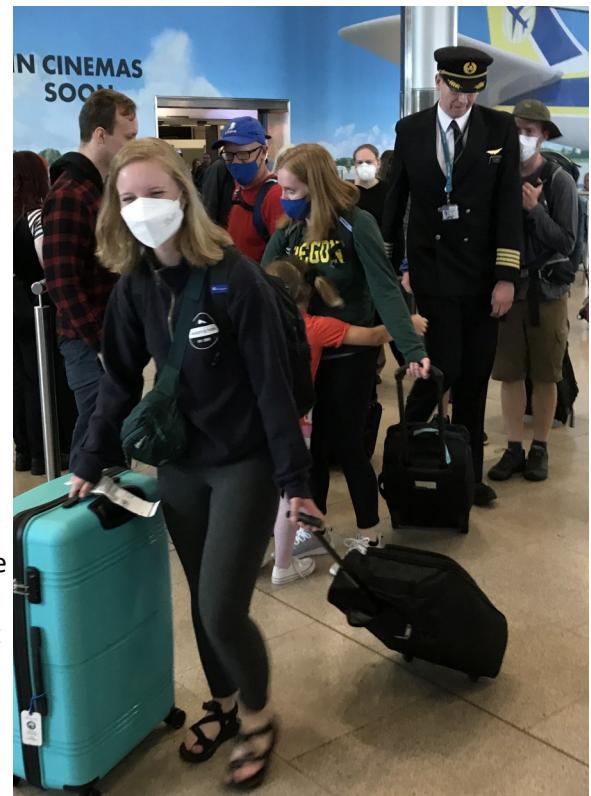
Purpose: Ancestral Research and Family Fun Time!

Introduction: The following is a brief summary of a Sheehy family expedition to the Emerald Isle undertaken in the summer of 2022. There were 15 family members present from multiple generations of descendants, representing several branches of Robert and Dona's family. The travel itinerary was assembled by Robert, Jr. and can be consulted on page 31. While no account can do justice to the innumerable laughs, sights, and adventures experienced by those present, it is hoped the following notes will provide the reader with a general appreciation for what turned out to be 15 Sheehys' epic week-long journey across Hibernia in the quest to better understand their family's heritage and history.

~ By John Sheehy, Grandson of Robert Clinton and Dona (Storie) Sheehy

Day 1: Arrival in Dublin – Drive to Adare

- ◆ Rendezvous at Dublin airport with 11 travel-weary but excited Sheehys, just in from Oregon. Robert, John, and Millie arrived the night before and were met by Molly, who has been living in Ireland these past 20 years. Piled into 3 carloads and hit the highway for the 3 hour drive down to Co. Limerick. Not easy staying in the left lane when you're not used to it!
- ◆ Arrived at the beautiful Adare Country Guest House where we were greeted by our cheerful hosts, Dennis and Eileen.
- ◆ Strolled into bustling but quaint Adare for lunch and our first pint of Guinness!
- ◆ Dinner was in Newcastle West, about 20 minutes up the road, where we met with some local Sheehys (turns out many Newcastle Westers bear the name) at the Longcourt House Hotel to gather information about possible ancestral links. Nothing conclusive, but the stories certainly flowed as readily as the Guinness from the taps. Slainte!
- ◆ Unsurprisingly, potatoes are a staple on any menu in Ireland. You can order them fried, French-fried, pureed, or, for the more traditional-minded and strong of stomach, as a garlicky cabbage-y mash called Colcannon.



Masked Sheehys arriving at Dublin Airport

Day 2: The Ring of Kerry

- ◆ Piled into the cars for a scenic drive around the famous Ring of Kerry, which features breathtaking views of the sea and the green rolling hills.
- ◆ Lunch by the water, after which we got to dip our feet into the chilly Atlantic.
- ◆ Evening dinner in a cute little pub back in Adare – more Guinness; more potatoes.

Day 3: Newcastle West

- ◆ The day was spent with our local Sheehy guides touring Newcastle West, including the local cemetery and the surrounding farmlands.
- ◆ Got to pose for a must-have family photo at the ancestral plot of farmland where our ancestor Thomas Sheehy was born in 1843.
- ◆ Much to Millie Lou's delight, the Irish have a fine tradition of gifting young children with 20 Euro notes, with orders that it be spent on ice cream and cookies.
- ◆ After lunch we got to visit Desmond Castle, which may well have been staffed once upon a time by our Gallowglass ancestors.
- ◆ Dinner with more potential Sheehy relatives, including a fellow named John who wrote a book about the history of the clan. You can [read it here](https://www.bookemon.com/book-profile/sheehy-family-history/210323): <https://www.bookemon.com/book-profile/sheehy-family-history/210323>



Dinner with the Local Sheehys in Newcastle West

Day 4: Cliffs of Moher and Clifden

- ◆ Driving Day. Back into the cars for the two hour drive to the Cliffs of Moher, a must-see on the West-Coast. The site was positively bustling with tourists and we fit right in, taking in the spectacular, stormy sights! We also stopped for coffee at Moher Cottage with a friend of Cousins Erin Kaiser and Marni Holloway, who had recommended the stop from an earlier visit.
- ◆ Millie was especially enthralled hearing the many farm stories from Mark, Dona, and the others during the drive, including such High Valley favorites as Circle (the blind calf), the Barn Monster, and warming newborn lambs in the oven.
- ◆ Made it to Clifden by late afternoon. It's a charming little resort town full of pubs and eateries. The Irish are an especially musical people and you can find live music pretty much anywhere there are ears to listen.

Day 5: Castlederg

- ◆ More driving, more barn stories.
- ◆ Crossed the border into Northern Ireland. You'd be hard-pressed to find an obvious border crossing, thanks to the Good Friday agreements, but the sudden appearance of Union Jacks on every street and the unusual license plates are a sure give-away that something has changed. It also feels more Scottish, somehow.
- ◆ Our hotel, the Derg Arms, is a local institution, having been bombed more than once during the Troubles. There we met with more relatives, this time from the Gillogly/Gallogley side, with whom we sat down for dinner (potatoes) catered by the hotel, and a surprise after-dinner performance by a local bard. A must-have experience for anyone considering a trip to Ireland, even if you don't understand most of the words this fellow was saying in his thick Ulster accent, which we most certainly didn't.
- ◆ Music, singing, and even dancing soon followed, including a professionally-choreographed rendition by family members of "Tell Me More" from Grease, courtesy of the flamboyant Englishman also staying at the hotel whom we managed to rope into our revelries.



Day 6: Ederney

- ◆ A local tour from our Gallogley cousins, including the obligatory family cemetery and ancestral plots of land.
- ◆ Lunch in Ederney, which was festooned with Union Jacks in honor of the 332nd anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne (which took place on land owned by the ancestors of Aunt Gloria Osborne Sheehy). Millie threw a tantrum and was rewarded with ice cream by our kind hosts. The afternoon was concluded with a pint at the local pub, in the company of what we eventually determined were our 4th cousins!
- ◆ The evening was filled with more music, more Guinness, and more potatoes.

Day 7: Drive to Dublin

- ◆ Happy 30th Birthday to Cousin Tom!
- ◆ On the advice of our hosts at the Derg Arms, we deviated from our scheduled itinerary which would have taken us past the Giant's Causeway and through Belfast in favor of a stop at the Ulster-American Folk Museum.
- ◆ The museum itself is a remarkable tribute to those Irish who made the journey a century ago or more to the New World, with one impressive exhibit after another showcasing what life in Ireland was like in those days (hint: not too fun as it turns out, which is probably why so many left); what the 3 month journey on a crowded steam-ship was like (about as fun as you can imagine); and what trials and opportunities awaited those who were lucky enough to make it to American shores. Re-enactors and tour guides in period costume brought the whole place to life and made for a lasting appreciation for the hardship our ancestors went through to eventually thrive in America.
- ◆ Another couple hours drive and we ended up back in Swords, a suburb of Dublin where we got to dine out and get a last helping of Guinness; and, wait for it, potatoes!

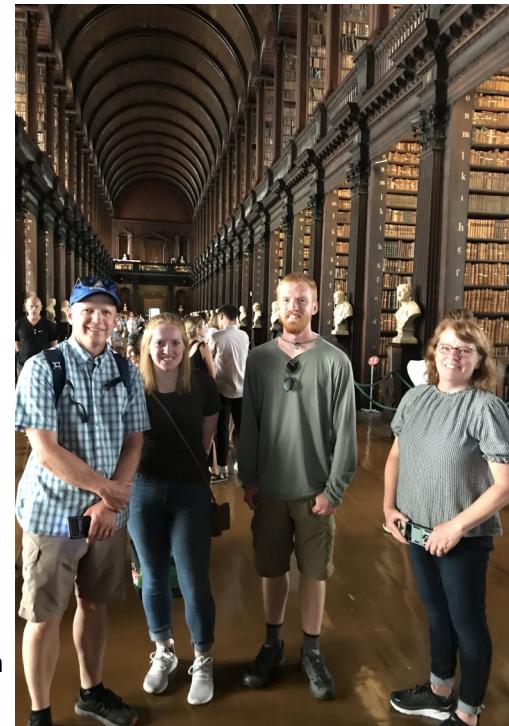
Day 8: Departure

- ◆ Leaving day, but not before stopping in downtown Dublin for a walkabout, on what turned out to be the warmest day of the year and a record-breaker in both Ireland and Britain (91 F in Dublin; 104 F in London!).
- ◆ Some of us got to see the Book of Kells at Trinity College, while others opted for a more leisurely whiskey-tasting. For her part, Millie was content to dance along to the many street musicians on Grafton Street.
- ◆ Finally set to the airport for an evening flight to Geneva, and on to more adventures in France and Germany!

Concluding Remarks

Our Sheehy family heritage trip was an unforgettable adventure that brought us closer to our Irish roots and to each other. Whether it be the friendships with family made along the way; the warmth and friendliness of the Irish people in general; the enchantment of a delicious pint of Guinness, or an appreciation for the varied ways the Irish can peel and cook a potato; it was a rich and rewarding journey in so many ways. Undoubtedly more family will make the journey to this ancestral island at some point, and it is hoped that the account you have just read may serve as inspiration for their own travels.

Sláinte to Ireland and our wonderful family adventure!



Steve, Emma, Matthew and Susan
at Trinity College, Dublin

~ By John Sheehy, Grandson of Robert Clinton and Dona (Storie) Sheehy



Annex: Sheehy family trip to Ireland, July 8-17, 2022

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening	Sleep
Sat 9th	Breakfast in Portland	1405 US family depart PDX on UA 457 to ORD connecting at 2120 to UA 980 to DUB arriving Sun 10th	US family: Plane 1715 John, Millie and Robert Flight EI 685 to DUB arr 1835	Molly plus John, Millie and Robert Premier Inn, Dublin Airport, Airside Retail Park, Swords
Sun 10th	1110 US family arrives DUB on UA 980. 1030 Two 7-passenger vans Hertz plus Molly Dee personal vehicle.	Drive to Adare (225 km—about 2.5 hours)	1900 Dinner with Sheehy NW relatives Longcourt House Hotel, St. Mary's Rd, Rathnaneane, Newcastle West	Adare Country House, Blackabbey Road Adare, Limerick
Mon 11th	0800 Drive to Killarney then drive the Ring of Kerry clockwise to Caherdaniel (170 km, about 3 hours). Sightseeing/shopping stops at Muckross Abbey, Moll's Gap and Kenmare	1330 Lunch O'Carroll's Cove, Ring of Kerry, Caherdaniel. Drive rest of Ring of Kerry to Killorglin then return to Adare (170 km, about 2.5 hours)	Dinner on your own in Adare	Adare Country House, Blackabbey Road Adare, Limerick
Tue 12th	Visit ancestral Sheehy property Visit Churchtown cemetery Visit Ballyloughane (NW Sheehy property)	1200 Lunch at Marguerite's No. 8, The Square, Newcastle West Visit Desmond Castle	1930 Dinner with Connie Sheehy and family at Fieldings, Fitzgeralds Woodlands House Hotel, Adare	Adare Country House, Blackabbey Road Adare, Limerick
Wed 13th	Visit Cliffs of Moher (100 km abt 1hr 20mn) Morning coffee at Moher Cottage, then Poulnabrone Dolmen and the Burren	Purchased picnic lunch. Afternoon visit to Galway, including walk on the Salt Hill Prom	Drive to Clifden Dinner restaurant of your choice	Arch Guesthouse, Market Street, Clifden, Co. Galway
Thur 14th	Drive to Castlederg, Co. Tyrone, UK	Light lunch on the way	1900 Dinner with the Gallogleys at the hotel— private dinner as restaurant usually closed Thursday evenings	The Derg Arms, 43 Main Street, Castlederg, Co. Tyrone,
Fri 15th	Visit former Gillogly properties near Ederney (Doochrock and Stranadarriff) with Sarah Gallogley (Gillogly)	1230 Lunch with Gilloglys Walk around Castlederg	1900 Dinner at Red Pepper, Castlederg	The Derg Arms, 43 Main Street, Castlederg, Co. Tyrone,
Sat 16th	0730 Breakfast for early morning departure. 0800 Leave for Ulster-American Folk Museum	Lunch on the way Drive to Dublin	1930 Dinner in Swords, Dublin Wrights Cafe Bar The Plaza, Swords	Premier Inn, Airside Retail Park, Swords, Dublin.
Sun 17th	Family morning in Dublin. Visit to Trinity College	Lunch on your own in Dublin near Trinity	1600 Leave for airport (about 30 mins) 1940 Flight LX 411 to GVA arriving 2250	





Sheehy Reunion Report

During my growing up years, my large family would crowd into our two station wagons and set off to Aunt Helen's house to celebrate Grandmother Sheehy's birthday.¹ This happened every year on the weekend closest to Grandmother's birthday, which was August 12th. All our older cousins, aunts and uncles would be there. Going to Aunt Helen's house was a special time for our family. Many special memories of the playhouse built by my great-Uncle Frank, the amazing box of dress-up clothes, the old grange building that still smelled like coffee and potluck dinners, the old car under the tree. There was a great swing in the yard on a wooden frame, so you could swing high without worrying about it tipping over like the one we had at home. This weekend every summer was the beginning of the annual Sheehy Family Reunion.



The Playhouse at the Langleys

After Aunt Helen and Uncle Harland were no longer at the ranch, we continued to meet in the Baker City Park. The gathering eventually became too large for the facilities at the park, and was later moved to my parent's home in High Valley near Union, Oregon, and eventually to its current location at my brother Robert's historic barn. It is with the excitement of my youth that I look forward to the annual reunion each year. This year (2022) held even more anticipation and excitement as reunion time approached, because COVID restrictions meant that we had not been able to get together since 2019.

The family begins to gather the week before the reunion to complete preparations and re-establish connections. For years, on Thursday after much of the work to prepare the barn is done, a group of my siblings and sometimes other special guests have made a trip to Walla Walla, Washington for wine tasting. It has always been great fun to help buy wine for the reunion days. This year, I decided to pass off the traditional trip to the younger generation. My sister, Katy Bloom, and I decided to plan a day of fun for children of the parents who wanted to participate in the wine trip. We were hoping to give those cousins, who see each other only occasionally, an opportunity to get better acquainted, and make special memories like those I have of going to Aunt Helen's. So, Cousin Camp was born! And there is no better place than Aunt Katy's to have a fun time and make special memories!

We arrived at the Bloom's after dinner for a sleepover with seven children; Mateo and Aliya Sheehy, Mason Simonson, Mallory and Sheldon Edd, and Sonya and Ethan Edd. The four boys opted to sleep in one of the bunkhouse rooms; the three girls slept upstairs in the house. After everyone was settled with their place to sleep, exploration of the wonderful playground of the Bloom property began. Aunt Katy's has been a favorite place for Mallory and Mason to visit. They were excited to show the others all the cool, fun stuff to do, which had increased since the last time they were there. Outside games made up by the children were played in the warm evening, waiting for enough darkness to play Laser Tag. As with all camp experiences, bedtime came much later than at home!!



Cousin Camp at the Blooms

With morning came a pancake breakfast with all the trimmings. No one does breakfast better than Aunt Katy!! Delaney and Wesley Marcum joined us for the day.

While the temperature outside was still cool, everyone went to try their skills on the obstacle course and hike on the trails cleared throughout the property. Uncle Whitey started a fire for roasting hotdogs for lunch and making S'mores. There were some veggies available to offset the

¹Aunt Helen (Sheehy) Langley and Grandmother Helen (Holbrook) Sheehy.



large quantity of marshmallows and chocolate bars that were consumed. Uncle Whitey earned sainthood for the number of trips through the trails giving rides in the four-wheeler trailer with nine children on board. Free time in the afternoon turned into movie making. Great imaginations, budding actors and cinematographers made some creative movies for us all to watch as the week progressed! It was a hot afternoon, especially for those of us who live on the coast, so we ended the day with ice cream for dinner (another memory from my childhood!).

Spending a day at the Bloom's is always a treat. This was an extra special time for all of us. We hope to repeat it again with more cousins! Thanks so much to Katy and Whitey for hosting!

The full reunion started on Friday with a potluck dinner at the barn in High Valley. Meat dishes were provided by the Union Oregon family, following in the tradition of the Ugly Lamb Feed that was started a few years ago. No lamb this time, but plenty of other things to eat. It was a great start to the weekend, with lots of catching up and exchanging news. And just nice to get together for a pleasant evening.



Reunion Lunch at the Barn

It was so wonderful to see everyone on Saturday at the Barn. There was no official count taken, but as close as I can remember, there were 80-85 in attendance. It was great to be able to celebrate Uncle Dick again. Thank you to Brent Gyllenberg and his guitar (accompanied by my brother John) for his 'Ode to Uncle Dick'.² It was perfect!

Another special guest was 'Montana' Tom Sheehy, who had traveled all the way from Great Falls, Montana, for the reunion. Welcome, please come again. It was great to get to know another branch of the family.

We had a great visit. Seeing everyone's faces and knowing we had survived COVID jail over the last three years was wonderful for my heart. We missed all of you who did not make it and are hoping to see you next year.

I must take this opportunity to say THANK YOU to my family members who work so hard to get the barn ready every year, but especially this year after a three-year absence of any cleaning. When we arrived on the Sunday before, seven workdays had already happened to make a habitable space, safe and clean enough to share food and visit. Another workday with eight or ten people happened on Wednesday with final cleanup on Friday. A special appreciation and thank you to my brother Dan for all the hours he spends dealing with issues so that we have water, working toilets, and a working kitchen with hot water and refrigeration available!

Now, as we have said goodbye to Uncle Dick, it reminds me how quickly life can change and how important it is that we all stay in touch.

~ By Rosemary (Sheehy) Edd, Daughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy

²The lyrics were a tongue-in-cheek poem written by my father Robert Clinton Sheehy when he was in junior high school about his brother (Uncle Dick), entitled "Rustler Dick". The poem was reproduced in "The Sheehy Family: From Erin to Oregon," by Helen Sheehy Langley, 1992. It is reprinted on page 36 of this newsletter, along with a link to a video of the "Ode to Uncle Dick".



Family News

New Arrivals

Meredith June Porth was born on August 8, 2022. She weighed 8 lbs 2 oz and is the daughter of Lane and Cassandra (Bloom) Porth and granddaughter of Whitey and Katy (Sheehy) Bloom.

Henry Holloway Chitty was born on 4/20/2023 to Ben Chitty and Kaitlyn Kaiser. He weighed in at 7 pounds 12 ounces and 20 ¼ inches.

Luke Lutz and Maggie Kaiser are expecting a baby boy due May 12, 2023.

Maggie and Kaitlyn are daughters of Kendall and Erin (Holloway) Kaiser and great granddaughters of Thomas W and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy.



Meredith June Henry Holloway

Weddings

Luke Lutz and Maggie Kaiser are engaged to be married in August 2023.

Brennan Sheehy and Brianna Huitt were married on October 22, 2022, in Union, Oregon. Brennan is the son of John and Sandy (Hetrick) Sheehy and the grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy.

Kathryn (Katie) Sheehy and Grayson Jensen will be married on June 17, 2023, in Salmon, Idaho. Katie is the daughter of Jim and Sally (Thomas) Sheehy and the granddaughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy.

Emma Sheehy and Isaac Rodrigues will be married on July 1, 2023, in Union, Oregon. Emma is the daughter of Steve and Susan (Tamblyn) Sheehy and the granddaughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy.

Academic Milestones

Maggie Sheehy, daughter of Jim and Sally (Thomas) Sheehy and granddaughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, completed a Master's degree in Social Work at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, in May 2023. Part of the curriculum included four months interning in Kerala, India, where she learned about local social work practices and worked with local agencies.

Luke Lutz and Maggie Kaiser will graduate from the University of Montana, Western, in Dillon, with Bachelor's degrees in December.

Thomas Kaiser graduated from the University of Montana in May. He is currently working as a 911 dispatcher in Missoula, Montana.

Career Events

Samuel Sheehy, son of Robert and Patricia (Futrell) Sheehy and grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, has been hired as a Software Engineer at Breedr.co, an agritech company in London, UK, specialising in livestock management.

Sally Sheehy, wife of Jim Sheehy, started a new job last August working remotely as a privacy investigator at Providence Health Plan in Beaverton, Oregon.

New Homeowners

Ben Chitty and Kaitlyn Kaiser have purchased a home in Missoula, Montana.

Anita (Langley) Nelson, daughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley, has sold her house in Arizona and has purchased a new home in Baker City, Oregon.

Mark and Billie Jo Nelson have purchased a new home in Caldwell, Idaho. Mark is the son of Kent and Anita (Langley) Nelson and the grandson of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley. He is employed by Simplot Western Stockman's in Caldwell.

Tom and McKenzie Sheehy have purchased their first home in La Grande, Oregon. Tom is the son of Jim and Sally (Thomas) Sheehy and grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy.



In Loving Memory
RICHARD JAMES "DICK" SHEEHY, SR.

May 3, 1922 ~ October 10, 2022

Richard James (Dick) Sheehy, Sr. was born on May 3, 1922, in Baker (now Baker City), Oregon, to Hugh and Helen (Holbrook) Sheehy. He passed away peacefully at Meadowbrook Place, Baker City, Oregon, on October 10, 2022, at the age of 100. His wife, Darlene (Bunch) Sheehy, passed away in November 2016, after 68 years of marriage.

Dick grew up at Durkee, Oregon, on a farm on Swayze Creek, where he helped with chores, milking the cows, and herding sheep. He attended school at Plano and later at Baker High, requiring a horse ride down to the highway to catch the bus to school.

He enlisted in the US Navy in 1942. He spent time on a PT Boat on the East Coast and traveled through the Panama Canal to a duty station in Hawaii. Shortly after reaching Hawaii, he was selected for officer's training school and was put on a ship to Seattle, where he attended the University of Washington. After the war, he returned to Baker, where he started work for the Bell Telephone company, climbing poles and installing lines from Pendleton to the Snake River. The majority of his career was spent working for Basche-Sage Hardware Company on the sales floor and ultimately becoming treasurer. After Basche-Sage, Dick worked for the Baker County assessor's office until retiring in 1985.

Dick, Darlene, and the family enjoyed over 50 years of summers at "The Cabin" on East Eagle Creek in the Wallowa Mountains. Fishing, hiking, cutting wood, picking huckleberries, and relaxing were the family's favorite pastimes. Dick was famous for his sourdough starter for pancakes. His starter is continuing on with Granddaughter Kali.

He had a 100th birthday party at the Baker City Elks Lodge in May, 2022. Over 200 friends and family were there and shared stories and talked about old times. Dick always enjoyed spending time with his large extended family of nieces, nephews, and grandnieces and nephews. Prior to the party, he took his first helicopter ride over the Baker County lands he knew so well.

Dick is survived by his daughter Jacque (Sheehy) Brandt and husband Charles Brandt, with grandchildren Wade Brandt, Ruthie Brandt, Kali Brandt, and her husband, Javier Tabima; and by his son Dick Sheehy, Jr. and wife Terri, with granddaughters Meagan Sheehy and Brooke (Sheehy) Matsuda, her husband Michael Matsuda, and great-grandson Koa Kazuo Matsuda.

~ By Jacque (Sheehy) Brandt and Dick Sheehy, Jr., children of Richard James Sheehy, Sr., and Darlene (Bunch) Sheehy

Editor's Note: See the article by Dick Sheehy, Sr., "Remembrances" in the Sheehy Family Newsletter of June 2021 for more details about his life and experiences.

Rustler Dick

This is the song of Rustler Dick
The buckaroo from Swayze Creek.
He was the lad to ride 'em all,
And very seldom took a fall.

He wasn't afraid of any brute
That ever ran the loading chute.
He's stole more cows than you ever saw,
And shot the sheriff in the craw.

His body was lank and lean and long.
The socks he wore were slightly strong.
He shore knew how to swing the girls
And was somewhat fond of light-brown curls.

He could cuss in Greek, Dutch, and Jew,
Nez Perce, Cheyenne, Crow, and Sioux.
His hair was the color of barn-yard chaff.
His height was five feet, twelve and a half.

He met his death in a curious way,
And where he went, I'd hate to say.

This is the song of Rustler Dick
Who lived and died on Swayze Creek.

~ By Robert Clinton Sheehy (1926-2005)

*This "dirge" is reprinted from The Sheehy Family: From Erin to Oregon, by Helen Sheehy Langley, 1992.
It was written by the author when he was in junior high school for his older brother, Richard James Sheehy Sr. (1922-2022).
The poem was used as lyrics for a song that Brent Gyllenberg and John Sheehy sang for Uncle Dick at the family reunion in 2022.*

[Watch it here on YouTube](#) or go to:

<https://youtu.be/MxuZglThnLM>

Poetry

The Look

"The look" is every dog's way
To make his master obey.

I love hanging out with this guy
We track each other with a very keen eye.

No need for barking or whining a song
He can't ignore "the look" very long.
I'm boss of our place and I do as I will.

But he smiles and loves me still.
My job is to warn him about things that go bump.
FedEx at the door or squirrels on a tree stump.

With "the look" it's outside to bound,
In sunshine or with snow all over the ground.
I give him "the look" and he puts on his coat.

Then we go riding in his truck or his boat.
We love the freedom to travel and roam.
'Cause his work tries to tie him to home.

When back at the house and while I am napping.
He spends his time with all the unpacking.

As he paws through a big pile of mail,
He pays no attention to my wagging tail.

Filling my tummy is now my big wish.
I just give him "the look" and he fills my dog dish.
I'll keep giving "the look" to this, my best friend.
Faithfully, faithfully, loving 'till all of my dog days end.

By Anita Nelson
April 20, 2022



~ By Anita Nelson, Daughter of Harland
and Helen (Sheehy) Langley



Seventy Five

Are you kidding me? Man alive!
It's hard to believe I'm seventy five.
No, it's not hard to believe.
'Cause of all the pills I take to relieve
The aches and pains that come on me
During the night when I'm up to pee.
Oh well, my friends keep me laughing
As the long days I am passing.
Remembering stories that are funny
Trying to keep the day sunny.
I just ask you Lord,
Keep me from getting bored.
Man alive!
It's hard to believe I'm seventy-five.

By Anita Nelson
May 13, 2022

On the occasion of a friend's birthday

Devious Trick

Cows, the lazy critters,
Want to lounge beside the creek.
Not moving their thick hides
But beside cool waters stick.
Knowing this the rancher,
Plans a devious trick
To get those cows a movin'
Up where grass grows thick.
With effort he packs a block of salt
To the highest ridge he picks.
Now he has those lazy cows a grazin'
Up high by the old salt licks.

By Anita Nelson
Spring, 2022

Grandmother Sheehy's Caramel Candy

Grandmother Sheehy's candy was a treat for the cousins. At the Langley house, Grandmother had fresh cream, thus the candy was always a soft caramel that she cut with scissors. I can still see her standing at the kitchen table cutting it into long strips of candy. Tony Heriza remembers it as a hard caramel since it was made with canned milk. I remember one family gathering at the Langley's, Dennis and the other boys wanted some candy, so they sent me into the house to get it because I knew where it was and I would not get into trouble for being in the kitchen.

Over the years of making the caramel candy, I have made some changes. I have found that Half & Half works as well or better than the heavy cream available in the grocery stores.

A candy-making trick I learned from my Aunt Lettie (Dona Sheehy's Mother), is to pour the Karo syrup into the pan first. This will help keep the sugar from sticking to the pan as it is heated. It is one of the easiest candies to make and it stores very well. You don't have to eat the whole batch at once – unless that is your heart's desire – just store it in your favorite hiding place, freezer, refrigerator, or top shelf.

2 cup dark karo syrup

2 cup sugar

1/3 cup baking cocoa

½ teaspoon nutmeg

1 cup cream or Half & Half

½ cup (1 cube) butter or margarine

2 heaping soup spoons peanut butter

2 teaspoon vanilla

1 teaspoon Peppermint extract



Pour Karo syrup into a large pan, add sugar, cocoa, nutmeg, and cream. Stir often as it comes to a boil. Add butter (or margarine) and peanut butter. Cook until a medium hard ball stage. Remove from heat and add vanilla and peppermint. Pour into a buttered 13 x 9-inch pan. Cool. Turn out onto a cutting board and cut into half-inch pieces. Wrap in wax paper. Makes approximately 200 pieces.

~ By Gwen Langley Steele, Daughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This fifth edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter was organized by Jim and Robert Sheehy. Contributing authors are Michelle Benton, Jacque Sheehy Brandt, Rosemary Edd, Deke Gassett, Tony Heriza, Anita Nelson, Cody Sheehy, Dick Sheehy Jr., John E. Sheehy, John F. Sheehy, Robert Sheehy, and Gwen Langley Steele, with additional information on recent developments provided by several other family members.

The newsletter includes a second set of edited excerpts from the unpublished autobiographical notes of Etta Gillogly Manix Furman (1864-1933), the sister of our great-grandmother Rose Anna Gillogly Sheehy; the first set of excerpts was included in the previous newsletter. It also reproduces a poem written about 1940 by Robert C. Sheehy about his older brother, Dick Sheehy Sr., which was originally printed in *The Sheehy Family: From Erin to Oregon*, by Helen Sheehy Langley. The newsletter was edited by Jeannette Benton and organized for desktop publishing by Sally Thomas Sheehy. A big thank you to everyone.

The next (sixth) edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter will be published at the time of next year's family reunion, which is tentatively scheduled for Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, 2024, at the Sheehy Barn in High Valley, Union, Oregon (Please mark your calendars). Family members who may be interested in making a contribution to the next edition or a future newsletter should contact Jim Sheehy (email: sheehyjs@eoni.com) or Robert Sheehy (email: robert.sheehy@yahoo.com) as soon as convenient to discuss the proposed topic(s). We have already received several commitments for the next edition, but are looking for more. Please sharpen your pens, pencils, or word processing programs and start writing! The target date for drafts for the next edition is May 2024.

In addition, "Recipe Corner" contributions are always welcome and should be sent to Sally Sheehy at sheehyjs@eoni.com. Please include lots of pictures and stories about why the recipe is special to your family.

The newsletter is being sent to all family members for which we have contact information. We would appreciate it very much if recipients could forward it to other family members not on our list. Please also let us know the email addresses of anyone to whom the newsletter has been forwarded (with their permission, of course) so that we can include them in the distribution of the next edition.

We hope to see you at the Sheehy Reunion in June!

Sheehy Reunion at the Sheehy Party Barn

June 23-24

Friday @ 6 pm:

BBQ Potluck Dinner

Bring your best BBQ or potluck dish

Saturday @ noon:

Potluck Luncheon at the Sheehy Barn

*Campers are
welcome!*

*Tableware
will be
provided*

61111 High Valley Road, Union, Oregon