



# Sheehy Family Newsletter

June 2021 ♦ Volume 1, Issue 2

## FAMILY HISTORY

### The Sheehys and The Coltons

The question has come up regarding how the Sheehys and the Coltons, two prominent families of Baker County, Oregon, are related? Are they shirttail relatives or are they related at all? Well, here is the story as I understand it.

The Coltons came to America from County Tyrone, Ireland about the same time the Sheehys came from County Limerick, Ireland. Both families settled in and around Monroe, Wisconsin in the 1850s and 1860s. The Colton family consisted of siblings James (1824-1884), John (1826-1862), Mary (1832-1917), and Michael (1835-1897). James and Michael were Catholic priests. Father James Colton was ordained in Milwaukee in 1847 and served primarily in the southern Wisconsin area. Father Michael Colton served in Illinois and Wisconsin and was eventually the chaplain of the leper colony in Carville, Louisiana. John Colton was a doctor, served in the Civil War, and was reportedly killed at the Second Battle of Bull Run. Father James Colton brought his sister Mary from Ireland following a return visit to see his parents in 1857. Mary Colton lived in the Dominican convent at Benton, Wisconsin, near Shullsburg until her marriage in 1860. Our story regarding the Colton and Sheehy family connection will focus on the families of John and Mary.



Monroe, Wisconsin in 1875

#### Table of Contents

- 1 Introduction
- Family History**
- 1 The Sheehys and the Coltons
- 2 The Gillogly/Gallogly Family
- 5 Ancient Sheehys and the Family Crest
- Our Generation**
- 7 Remembrances
- 11 Great Uncle Wellman Holbrook
- 12 Three Vignettes
- 14 Five Days in Beijing
- Recent Events**
- 17 Cross Country Race
- 18 Too Many Sheehys
- 19 Family News and Fun
- Miscellaneous**
- 21 Jim Benton Poem
- 22 Cookies
- 23 Acknowledgements

Dr. John Colton was married in Waukesha County, Wisconsin to Mary Alice Lever on 21 August 1851. They had two children, James Andrew Colton and William Henry Colton, born in 1853 and 1855, respectively. Both boys left Wisconsin and headed west. James emigrated to Canada and later returned to the US and ended up in the Seattle area. William traveled to California, then to Umatilla County, Oregon, where he married Caroline Pearl Thrasher in Pendleton in 1880 and finally, by 1890, to Baker County, Oregon where he passed away in March 1931. William and Caroline had 12 children, all of whom grew up in Baker County.

John Colton's sister Mary married our great uncle John Francis Sheehy in 1860 in Shullsberg. John Francis and Mary moved from Wisconsin to Paola, Kansas in 1879, along with John's brother Richard and his sister Catherine. John and Mary had four children who lived to adult-



Paola, Kansas in the 1870s

## The Sheehys and The Coltons (Cont.)

hood and now have descendants all over the US. John Francis had several other siblings including his youngest brother, our great grandfather Thomas James Sheehy. In 1865, Thomas left Wisconsin for Montana. He lived in several places in Montana, married Rose Gillogly in Helena, finally settling in Big Sandy where he purchased a ranch in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Thomas and Rose had three children who lived to adulthood. The oldest was Hugh Francis Sheehy, who moved his young family to Baker County, Oregon in about 1917, settling on Swayze Creek just outside of Durkee. The second son, Thomas Lawrence, remained in Big Sandy and took over the family ranch there. The Sheehys of Baker County and Big Sandy are all descendants of these two sons of Thomas James Sheehy.

The Sheehys of Baker County and Big Sandy are blood relatives of the descendants of John Francis Sheehy and Mary Colton. The descendants of William Colton and Caroline Thrasher (and those of James Andrew Colton for that matter) are also blood relatives of the descendants of John Sheehy and Mary Colton. However, the Coltons of Baker County and the Sheehys who descend from Thomas James Sheehy are not blood relatives but are related only by marriage. We do fit the definition of shirttail relative (related by marriage). What I do not know is if a shirttail is long enough to account for a marriage from four generations ago.

*Sources for this story include the research of Jim Sheehy and Robert Sheehy, The Colton Chronicles, and the obituary of Mary Colton Sheehy in The History of Our Cradle Land, by Thomas Kinsella.*

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

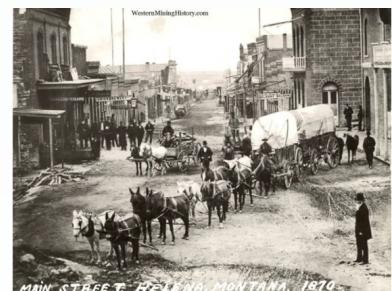
## The Gillogly/Gallogly Family



Thomas James Sheehy and Rose Anna Gillogly

When our great grandfather, Thomas James Sheehy, married our great grandmother, Rose Anna Gillogly, in Helena, Montana, in 1879, the marriage united two families from very different parts of Ireland. The Sheehys were from Newcastle West in County Limerick in the southwest, and the Gilloglys were from Ederney in County Fermanagh in the northeast (today part of Northern Ireland and the United Kingdom). Both families had emigrated to the US in the 1840s during the potato famine. Their meeting in the American West was one of the chance encounters typical in immigrant communities at the time.

Rose Anna was born in Bangor, Maine. She moved to Montana along with her younger sister and brother to live with their aunt, Matilda Gillogly Galen, about 1875 following the death of their Irish immigrant parents. Thomas had arrived in Montana ten years earlier, along with several of his brothers, and was already working there as a harness maker for a large saddlery firm. The two young people likely met through the Helena Catholic Church, which the Irish community attended every Sunday. They were married there by the newly appointed Archbishop Charles John Seghers of the diocese of Oregon City (which covered the western part of Montana at the time), who was on his initial pastoral visit to the territory. And thus, the Ederney Gilloglys and Newcastle West Sheehys, who almost certainly would never have met if they had remained in Ireland, were brought together.



Main Street, Helena Montana 1870



Hugh Francis and Mabel Gillogly

### The Gillogly/Gallogly Family (Cont.)

Rose Anna's parents were Hugh Francis and Mabel Gillogly, who were married in Maine but were both members of Gillogly families from Ederney. In the middle 1800s, the total population of the village of Ederney was only about 300 persons (it is less than 600 today). A significant number of the inhabitants were accounted for by Galloglys (the original spelling of Gillogly). The Ederney Galloglys were all Catholics and were likely members of the congregation of St. Patrick's at nearby Montiagh, the first Catholic church allowed by the English administration to be built in the area. Another more distantly related mostly Protestant branch of the Gallogly family was located in the nearby town of Enniskillen, about 15-20 miles away.

In the early 1860s, all tenants and property owners in Ireland were enumerated for tax purposes. At that time, there were four heads of Gallogly families in the outlying townlands of Ederney. Michael (born 1790) and Patrick (born 1791) occupied adjacent properties in Doochrock (today known as Doughrock), Owen (born 1787) was the tenant of property in Stranadarriff, and John (born 1810) was in Rotten Mountain. All of these locations are within three to four miles from one another by road and even less by foot or as the crow flies. It is highly likely that these families were brothers or close relatives of our own ancestor, James Gillogly/Gallogly (born 1792), who lived in Doochrock before emigrating to the US.

The Gilloglys/Galloglys were in a better financial position than the Sheehys in Newcastle West. Michael and Patrick each had 16 acres of land, Owen had 32 acres, and John had 73 acres. All of the land was of decent quality, unlike the 15 acres of bogland occupied by the Sheehys. Michael had served with the British army, both in Ireland and in Canada, and likely had savings from that period. As more evidence that the family had some financial resources, James was able to buy a house in Bangor, Maine, within a year of arrival in the US.

The relationship between the Gillogly families in Stranadarriff and Doochrock seems to have been particularly close. Owen's daughter, Mabel, the mother of our great grandmother, Rose Anna Gillogly Sheehy, married (her likely cousin and our gg grandfather) Hugh Francis, the son of James Gillogly who emigrated to Maine from Doochrock. Another of Owen's daughters, Catherine, married (her likely cousin) Michael, the son of Patrick Gallogly from Doochrock. They are the great grandparents of our cousin, Micky Gallogly, who lives in the Doughrock townland of Ederney and whom we met during our family trip to Ireland in 2016.

A large number of the Gilloglys left Ederney for the US in the middle 1800s. Our ancestor James (Rose Anna's grandfather) emigrated from Doochrock to Bangor, Maine, via Canada with his entire family in 1847; one son on the ship from Ireland (James Jr.) seems to have remained in Canada when the rest of the family moved on to Maine. James Sr. worked as a day laborer, but his children were active in retail trade and other businesses. His son, Hugh Francis (our ancestor), ran a retail grocery and liquor store in partnership with the husbands of his sisters, Isabella and Susan. One of James' daughters (Sarah) was a milliner; she married a seaman and remained in Bangor. Another (Matilda, mentioned above) moved to Montana and married Hugh Galen, who was from Castlederg, a village only a few miles from Ederney; the families had known one another prior to moving to America. Hugh established the stage line between Bozeman and Helena and invested in a number of other profitable businesses in Montana. He was eventually a member of the territorial legislature. James' son, Christopher, moved to Montana with Matilda, but was later shot and killed by accident while mining in California.



Bangor, Maine 1850

## The Gillogly/Gallogly Family (Cont.)

Three children from another Doochrock Gillogly family (Michael's sons Hugh, Owen and Patrick) lived with our ancestor James Gillogly (their likely uncle) and his family in Bangor for a period after their arrival in the US. Hugh served as a hospital orderly in the Civil War and later was a carriage painter in Boston. Owen was a saloon keeper and restaurant manager for several years in Bangor before moving to Montana in 1876. He was employed for a time by the Galen stage line before setting up as a blacksmith. He married Rachel Galen, the niece of Hugh Galen, in 1883, and settled in Townsend, Montana, about 30 miles from Helena. Patrick enlisted in the Union army and was wounded in the Civil War. He later was a soldier on the western frontier (fighting Apaches in the Arizona Indian Wars) before settling in California and getting into farming and the sheep business.

Several Gilloglys from the Stranadarriff family also emigrated to the US. Owen's son, Patrick, moved to Boston in 1846, and another son, John, moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, about 1850. Patrick worked as a day laborer and John was initially a teamster before eventually being employed by the city government. Owen's daughter, Mabel (the mother of our great grandmother Rose Anna), moved to Maine (probably to get married to our ancestor Hugh Francis) and another daughter, Sarah, emigrated to Boston. One of Owen's grandsons (also Owen) moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, a few years later. The remaining siblings or their children all emigrated or moved to other parts of Northern Ireland, so that there are no Gilloglys left in Stranadarriff today.

Less is known about the Rotten Mountain Gilloglys, who are likely more distantly related to us than those from Doochrock and Stranadarriff. The patriarch of this family was Myles Gillogly, who was born around 1780 and is recorded as occupying property in Rotten Mountain in 1832. After his death (sometime before 1841), his oldest son, John, took over the property (and probably that of two other Rotten Mountain Gillogly families that occupied land there in 1832). John remained in Ederney until he died in 1885. Most of John's children that we have identified were daughters who remained in Ireland, but his son, Hugh (Myles' grandson),

apparently moved to Glasgow, Scotland, where he worked as a tailor. Myles' second son, James, was a stonemason who emigrated to Australia shortly after the death of his father and established himself near Sydney. He had seven sons and two daughters and many of his descendants still live in eastern Australia. No Gilloglys remain in Rotten Mountain today.

There were also a number of Catholic Gillogly families in Lowell, Massachusetts, in the middle 1800s in addition to those from Stranadarriff. Their relationship to the other Gilloglys discussed in this note has not been identified, but the fact that they ended up in the same place suggests that they were somehow related. Two families seem to have originated from Magheracross, which is a short distance south of Ederney. One of these families emigrated to the US via Scotland around 1850. Another spent several years in Quebec before moving on to Massachusetts.

County Fermanagh Gillogly/Gallogly families Selected Members (Destination)				
Ederney	Ederney	Ederney	Magheracross	Enniskillen
<b>Doochrock</b>	<b>Stranadarriff</b>	<b>Rotten Mountain</b>		
Michael (1790)	Owen (1787)	Myles (1780)	Patrick (1779)	Hugh (1713), others
Hugh (Boston)	Patrick (Boston)	John	James (Lowell)	(Pennsylvania)
Owen (Montana)	Catherine*	Hugh (Scotland)	Patrick (Lowell)	John (Ohio)
Patrick (Calif)	Mabel (Maine)**	James (Australia)		(Illinois)
	John (Lowell, MA)			
Patrick (1791)	Sarah (Boston)			
Michael*				
Owen (Lowell)				
James (1792) (ME)				
Hugh F (Maine)**				
Isabella (Maine)				
James (Canada)				
Susan (Maine)				
Matilda (Montana)***				
Christopher (Calif)				
Sarah (Maine)				
Mary Ann (Maine)				
Hugh (1799)				
Margaret (Maine)				

\*Michael and Catherine are the great grandparents of our cousin Micky Gallogly of Ederney.

\*\*Hugh Francis and Mabel are the parents of our great grandmother Rose Anna Gillogly Sheehy.

\*\*\*Matilda was the wife of Hugh Francis Galen. Their daughter Ellen married Montana US Senator Thomas Carter.

## The Gillogly/Gallogly Family (Cont.)

Most members of the Enniskillen Protestant branch of the Gillogly/Gallogly family emigrated to the US (Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois) beginning in the early 1800s. The last descendant of the original Gallogly family remaining in Enniskillen passed away many years ago.

The Gillogly/Gallogly family name is not common and originates in a relatively small region in northeastern Ireland. Although only a few members of the family remain in that area today, emigration has spread the name around the globe. Today, there are Gillogly families in Australia, Canada, Scotland, and a number of US states. According to our Ederney cousin, Micky Gallogly, all of the Gilloglys from around that area are somehow related to one another. In fact, we have DNA matches with Gillogly/Gallogly descendants in all of these places. We can therefore be pretty certain that any Gillogly/Gallogly that we may meet in any part of the world is likely to be a relative.



Micky Gallogly

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

## Ancient Sheehys and the Family Crest

At Dona Storie Sheehy's house in High Valley, a small frame hung carefully above her armchair with her wedding date to Robert Sheehy encased with the crests of the Sheehy and Storie families on either side. On the left was the Sheehy crest, where a cacophony of imagery danced across deep blue and vivid white quarters, and on the right, stood the Storie crest, a humble yet sturdy tower in a soft yellow. Growing up, that little frame conjured in me the sight of valiant knights bravely defending their kin against invaders, but only recently I did research to find out what sort of adventures my great, great, great, great grandparents might have had. Carrying the name Sheehy myself, I was particularly drawn to the crest bearing my name. As I looked for some explanation of the different symbols on this image, I dove deep into the topic of heraldry; I heard mentions of warrior clans and savage fighters; I read about Irish lords refusing to accept English power and battling over their right to be free. Who knew a little drawing with your name underneath it could carry so much history?

Most European surnames have a crest associated with them, but turn back the clock 1000 years or so, and crests actually belonged to individuals. They were like personal trademarks, and they were particularly useful when trying to distinguish between two men who were otherwise covered from head-to-toe in metal armor. You could pick out your comrades on the battlefield or you could cheer on your favourite swordsman in knightly tournaments. Because crests tended to be personal, the symbols would refer to distinguishing facts about the owner, their family or their values. Crests would be inherited, usually from father to the oldest son (or grandson if no sons in that generation), or in some countries, the owner could will it to whomever he chose. The other sons would create their own, usually by making a variant of their father's.

Many a book describes the hundreds of symbols that are in use with their associated meanings, the eight colours and the different formations, all in some fancy sounding French. Crests are still officially recognised today, where each country will have its own authority regulating their use. Sadly, simply having the name of the crest does not give someone the right to use it. So while the US Heraldry office won't pay much attention to the odd newsletter, there might be a slight risk to using it as a logo for your product or company on the mass market. That said, anyone can create their own crest. Or for that matter, you don't even need to be a person! The USA government has a well known crest all to itself.

The Sheehy coat of arms has two distinctive parts: the blazon of arms that houses the different symbols, and the crest, a single arm raised above the shield wielding a serpent-wrapped sword. The blazon is split into four quarters. In the first, a silver lion walks with its front paw raised upward. In the second, three green lizards slither. In the third, three golden pole-axes stand at attention. In the fourth, the silhouette of a three-masted ship drifts. The left quarters in blue stand up against the two silver quarters on the right. Or as the office of heraldry would describe it:



### Ancient Sheehys and the Family Crest (Cont.)

*Quarterly, first azure a lion passant guardant argent; second argent three lizards vert, third azure three pole-axes in fess or; fourth argent a ship with three masts sable.*

*Above the blazon, an armoured arm wields a sword ready to fend off assailants. A snake is wrapped around the sword.*

Or according to the heralds:

*An arm in armour cooped below the elbow and erect holding in the hand a sword, the blade entwined with a serpent all ppr.*

We can get a general idea about the significance of the symbols (or make some educated guesses), but unfortunately, the original inspirations for each symbol are lost to history and the only way to really know why the ancient Sheehys chose them would be to learn old Irish, travel back in time and ask them. The lions were a popular symbol which tended to embody strength and valor. Its pose ("passant guardant") is distinctive where the lion, viewed from the side, has one paw raised in the air and takes a walking pose while looking towards the viewer. The pole-axe alludes to duty and

military service (indeed, the Sheehy clan were gallowglass warriors whose weapon of choice was the pole-axe). The ship suggests a notable expedition by sea. In fact, both the lion and ship appear on crest of the McDonnells, the clan of which the Sheehys are a branch. Lizards were symbols of vigilance or good luck. The colour blue evokes loyalty, chastity, truth, strength and faith. The silver evokes truth, sincerity, peace, innocence and faith.

As hinted by the three axes, Clan Sheehy were gallowglass. That is to say they were mercenaries, but while today that may hold connotations of selfish men fighting for the highest bidder, the Sheehys were in fact fiercely loyal to the Earl of Desmond. They were mercenaries only in the sense that their job was to fight and they had few other responsibilities. The Fitzgeralds who held the Earldom of Desmond would employ Sheehys for generations, eventually recruiting some into commanding ranks within the local army or even using them as bodyguards.

Originally from Scotland, the gallowglass would be shipped to Ireland in the spring to be the muscle in local disputes and then return to Scotland in the winter. Naturally, some would decide to settle in Ireland and the Sheehys eventually became an Irish family like any other.



Desmond Castle, Newcastle West  
Seat of the Fitzgeralds

Gallowglass were fierce. They were formidable fighters, fearless of death or injury. They were particularly strong in one-to-one combat, which is why they preferred ambushes, guerrilla tactics, fighting in close quarters, and using their knowledge of the land to gain advantage. Unfortunately for them, they did not update their methods when the English soldiers became more organised. A well trained infantry, holding its formation, strategically placing pikemen in the ranks, could easily vanquish a band of gallowglass (and decimate them with musketeers). Nonetheless, the Sheehys had a reputation for being particularly brutal in battle. In the 1700s, an English commander recorded of the gallowglass that they were "picked and selected men of great and mighty bodies, cruel and without compassion, choosing rather to die than to yield." Another soldier recorded how Clan Sheehy would "throw themselves screaming over the English pikes until the pikeman's hands ran red with blood."

It is unlikely that the gallowglass Sheehys wore their crest to battle, but they may have used it as a sort of trademark for themselves. Eventually as stability came to Ireland and the need for brute strength was gone, they traded their pikes for hoes, and survived as best they could. Today all that remains of their ruthlessness and harrowing past is the small crest that sat up above my grandma's armchair where she took her afternoon nap.

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

## OUR GENERATION

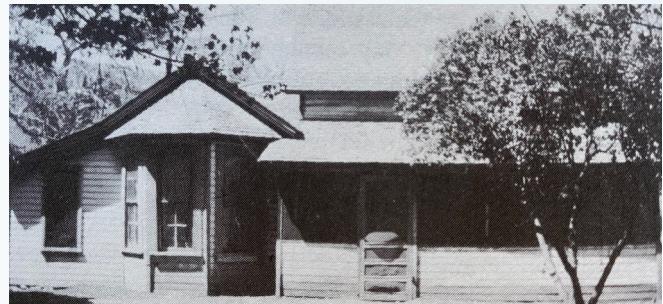
### Remembrances

I have been very lucky in my life.

I was born on May 3, 1922 in the old St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Baker (now Baker City), Baker County, Oregon. We lived on Swayze Creek, two and a half miles up the canyon from Plano near Durkee, Oregon. Sister Ruth was also born, on July 10, 1924, while we lived on Swayze Creek.

My first memory was when I was almost 4 years old, in the spring of 1926. I remember walking into the back door of the Moore place, near Plano in Durkee Valley. We moved from Swayze Creek because Dad wanted to raise more cows and hay, so he rented the Moore place. Brother Bob was born on April 8, 1926, soon after we moved and was the first baby in the family to come home in an automobile.

We lived on the Moore place for 10 years. I attended grade school through the 8th grade at Plano, a one room schoolhouse across the pasture from our place. I rode a school bus into Baker from the Moore place when I was in the 9th grade. We then moved back to Swayze Creek and I rode a horse down the 2.5 miles to the Plano School to catch the bus to Baker. Sister Ruth attended St. Francis Academy in Baker her freshman year. She stayed in town during the week and only rode the bus home on Fridays. Dad had to pay \$5.00 for her to ride the public school bus. She went to Walla Walla for the rest of her high school education.



Moore House, Plano



Plano School House



*Richard J. Sheehy  
Scientific*

Richard James Sheehy  
Baker High School 1940

Baker High School was in the old Central Building across the street from the present Middle School. I played football on the Junior High field. Dad wanted me to play football, so I attended Baker High instead of going to St. Francis. My sophomore year I broke my arm while haying, so I couldn't play that year. I played Junior and Senior year.

My mother would send a lunch, but on the rare times I had a nickel, I would buy a hamburger. There was a guy named Wilson who sold nickel hamburgers from a building where Barley Brown's is now.

There was electricity to the buildings in Baker, but we did not have electricity at Swayze Creek or the Moore place. We used kerosene lanterns and lamps. To feed the horses in the barn, I had to use a match to light the lantern and then carry it with me. That was the only light that there was outside during the night. There was no radio or newspapers, so we did not really know what was going on in the world. For me, the biggest change in the world was the telephone. Transportation has changed so much also.

I graduated from high school in June of 1940 with no idea what I was going to do. I stayed home that fall and then went to Baker and delivered dry cleaning to the customers. I used an old car that was the first car I had driven. I was at that job for a year, earning \$18 a month and paying \$9 a month for rent. I applied for a welding school in Guam but that fell through.

## Remembrances (Cont.)

I was notified to report for induction into the Navy in March of 1942. But brother Tom had a band of sheep. Because he had been in the Navy prior to this, he was called back soon after the declaration of war (February), and he had to leave the band of sheep. Something had to be done with them. My dad said that I would take care of the sheep, but Tom's partner said he didn't think so. They eventually decided I would do it and that meant that I needed a six-month extension before entering the Navy. I herded the sheep from February to September. During this time, I traveled a total of 40 miles from the top of Fir Mountain, to Durkee, to Baker. I got the sheep to Baker two days before reporting to the draft board. I was 20 years old, and had been to Walla Walla twice and Boise once by car, but had never been on a train.

I entered the Navy, got on a train in Baker, went to Portland, then to the San Diego Naval Training Station, then to a Destroyer Base in San Diego. I attended torpedo school in San Diego. After torpedo school, I chose a PT Boat instead of a submarine. From San Diego, I went to Providence, Rhode Island, on the train in February 1943; it took 12 days. School lasted until April 8th, and I then took a train to New Orleans where we picked up our boats on Lake Pontchartrain. After two weeks in New Orleans, we were raised into the Mississippi River heading to Miami, Florida, on our own power. We were in Miami for two weeks, then we left for a 5-day cruise to an island called Tobago, where we spent two weeks learning to use the radar. After that, we traveled through the Panama Canal on our own power, and our boats were then put aboard tankers and we headed to Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

We stopped in San Francisco, and everyone who was from the West Coast got leave, so I rode the train to Portland and then hitchhiked to Durkee. We were gone two days, and then were told to report immediately to Bremerton, Washington. I hitchhiked to Bremerton in two rides: one from Baker to Pasco and one from Pasco to Seattle. My buddy Mike Hughes from Eugene and I were the only ones that made it on time to Bremerton. When we reported to Bremerton, we were told we did not have to go to Dutch Harbor. I was lucky not to have to go to Dutch Harbor: way too cold for me. We were headed instead to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

At Pearl Harbor, I worked in the torpedo shack on Ford Island. A directive was issued that I was eligible to go into officer training. So instead of heading to islands in the South Pacific, I sailed back to San Diego on an aircraft carrier and then hitchhiked all the way to Durkee.

In February 1944, I hitchhiked to Seattle to start school and the last two years of my tour. Near the end of the two years, I met a woman who used to live in Baker (I didn't know her then) and we were married. She moved to Spokane to go to school. I was transferred to Shore Patrol in Bremerton, then was sent to the Dispatch Center in Shoemaker, California, then was returned to Bremerton to get discharged. I hitchhiked to Seattle and then to Baker. My sister Ruth got me a job with the telephone company in Baker. The long-distance marriage didn't work out and we were divorced.



Richard Sheehy and Darlene Bunch  
Marriage in Baker, Oregon, 1948

Brother Bob and Dona Storie were married in June 1947. I was the best man. The maid of honor was a nice-looking young lady named Darlene Bunch. Darlene started working at Ryder Brothers Stationery in Baker. Her folks had to take her to Baker on Sunday each week and pick her up on the following Friday, so I volunteered to drive her to and from Baker. We were married November 14, 1948. I was still working with the telephone company, climbing telephone poles Monday through Friday and home for the weekend. Darlene and I decided that we didn't like being apart during the week, so she got me a job at Basche-Sage Hardware. I worked there for 30 years, starting as a clerk and moving to Secretary/Office Manager and Bookkeeper/Treasurer.

Marriage to Darlene brought me a new family, the Bunches. Since I had never hunted or fished, Darlene gave me lessons. One time we were hunting on Lookout Mountain. We saw two bucks coming our way. Darlene said she would shoot one and I should get the other one. Darlene grabbed the gun and said that there wasn't a cartridge in it. I grabbed the gun, pumped in the shell and killed both bucks. She reminded me several times later about that.

## Remembrances (Cont.)

When the kids were young, we took many fishing trips to Unity Reservoir. We also fished on Brownlee Reservoir. Darlene's Aunt Esther and Uncle Willard purchased the Swayze Creek farmstead from my mother in 1945. We had many deer and elk hunting trips from there up on Lookout Mountain.

I often wonder how my wonderful Mother survived the hardships of moving to Swayze Creek. It was so different from Montana. Few neighbors, no indoor plumbing, and cooking for the threshing crews.

I don't have very many memories when I was young of my 4 older brothers and sisters. But when I look at the picture in Helen's book, The Sheehy Family From Erin to Oregon, of the 4 of them beautifully dressed, I wonder if they missed having new clothes and if they liked having their underwear made from flour sacks.

Brother Hugh (14 years older) had a model T Ford. I remember Faye and Katie as little girls. I stayed in Baker with them and their mother, Beth, during football season my Junior year. I slept in the dirt cellar under the house. Beth's brother came from California after Hugh died. He and my mother didn't get along very well, and I remember once he told her to get him some lunch, and she said "get it yourself!" (Not a reply any of us who knew Grandmother Sheehy would expect to hear, says my daughter Jacque.)



Back row: Brother Tom, Sister Ruth, Brother Bob

Front row: Sister Helen, Mother Sheehy, Sister Mary

Brother Tom (12 years older). I remember when he came home from the Navy the first time in 1934. I remember coming back from school and standing next to the wood stove with him when we were told that Grandpa Sheehy (Thomas James, Hugh Sr's father) had passed away. Grandpa had been living with us for a few years.

Sister Mary (10 years older). I remember that when Louie Heriza came to court her, I would talk him into helping me milk. I rode the school bus from Plano to Baker every day, but Mother decided I needed to go to Catechism, so I stayed with Louie's folks. I lasted only two days in Catechism and told Dad I wasn't going back. I didn't. Mary's son John was my first of 37 nieces and nephews.

Sister Helen (9 years older). I remember one summer walking with Helen down to Burnt River to go swimming. I also remember wondering if mother, dad, and Helen would ever come back from Montana. It was to be Helen's first day of teaching at her first school on Manning Creek. They finally made it home around 11 am. Dad drove her to school. (A picture of the three of them on the day they left for Montana is in Helen's book.)

Sister Ruth (2 years younger). I used to chase her around the house with a pail of water. One time I got my finger caught in the bail. It took the pad of my finger off. Mother patched me up. I still have the scar.

Brother Bob (4 years younger). I tried to boss him around, but he was a tough little guy. I also remember that he was the only child that rode home from the hospital in a car. Once he came back from a stay in Baker and went right past Mother to kiss his dog hello.



Dick Sheehy Sr. 90th Birthday Party, 2012

Back row: Jacque Sheehy Brandt, Charlie Brandt, Wade Brandt, Terri Hawkins Sheehy, Dick Sheehy Jr., Brooke Sheehy, Meagan Sheehy

Front row: Kali Brandt, Dick Sheehy Sr., Darlene Bunch Sheehy, Ruthie Brandt

### Remembrances (Cont.)

I am so lucky to have a large family. So many memories and lots of new ones to come.

Darlene and I were married for 68 years. We have two children, Jacque (Charlie) and Dick Jr. (Terri), who both have done wonders, with great families. Meagan, Wade, Brooke, Ruthie, and Kali. Recently added Javi and Michael. But no great grandkids at this time!

So lucky to be here at 99. And somewhat sound!!

*Note: Several of the photos accompanying these Remembrances were taken from "The Sheehy Family: From Erin to Oregon", by Helen Sheehy Langley.*

By Richard James Sheehy Sr., Son of Hugh Francis and Helen (Holbrook) Sheehy



2017 Michael and Brooke Matsuda



2017 Kali Brandt, Dick Sheehy Sr., Javier Tabima

## Great Uncle Wellman Holbrook

I first remember Great Uncle Wellman Holbrook (I'll shorten his name to Uncle Wellman for this note), the brother of our grandmother Helen Merritt Holbrook Sheehy, when we lived on a ranch owned by the Troy family at Pleasant Valley, Oregon. This would have been about 1947. After Uncle Wellman retired from the US Forest Service in Alaska, he and his wife Aunt Addie spent summers in Juneau, Alaska, and winters in Palm Springs, California. They stopped most years at the ranch to see my parents and he would tell stories of his adventures in Alaska.

Uncle Wellman was a charter member of the Forest Service. He joined in 1905 when President Teddy Roosevelt created it. He transferred to Alaska in 1925 from Montana and worked in the Regional Office in Juneau. He retired in 1944. His house was across the street from the Governor's mansion. It is on the National Register of Historic Places as the Thane-Holbrook House, and was still there when I left Juneau in 1998.

When Uncle Wellman moved to Juneau in 1925, his household goods were shipped north in the hull of a new Forest Service boat from Seattle to



MV Chugach

Ketchikan where the Service had a boat repair facility. Here the finish work on the boat was done and it became the MV Chugach and went north to Cordova in the Chugach National Forest. In 1953, it was transferred to Petersburg, Alaska, and remained there until it was decommissioned in the late 1990s. It is now listed in the National Record of Historic Places (<https://www.fs.usda.gov/detail/r10/learning/history-culture/?cid=fseprd504771>). You can probably go on board as a tourist and feel what it was to live on a Forest Service boat. Uncle Wellman used the MV Chugach in his timber cruising work in the 1920s and 1930s.

He told me many stories about that work. One story was about Thayer Lake on Admiralty Island. It is named for a Forest Service employee killed by a

brown bear while cruising timber. Uncle Wellman, who was working with him at the time, said that several days before the attack the hammer spring in Thayer's rifle had broken but he had wired it back together, assuming that it would work. When they found him dead from the bear attack, the rifle had a loaded cartridge in the chamber, the hammer was down, but the cartridge was unfired. Apparently Thayer had tried to shoot the bear, but the rifle had misfired. A bad day for Thayer!

Uncle Wellman once stepped in a bear trap while timber cruising. It was a double spring steel trap like those used today to trap coyotes but much larger. Apparently the trap had been in place for a long time and probably abandoned, as there were no signs posted saying it was there, as required by law. After the shock of stepping in it wore off and the pain began, he managed to get the trap loose from the log it was wired to and crawl to the beach nearby. There he wedged stones into the trap to take some of the pressure off his foot while he waited for his crew to come, compress the springs, and get his foot out of the trap.

For many years, the Alaska Territorial and later State government paid a bounty for killing wolves, seals, and some other animals. The reasoning was that these animals ate things that we humans wanted to use. To encourage hunting them, a bounty was paid for each one killed (\$3 for seals, for example). To collect the bounty for seals, you cut off the nose and presented it to the Fish and Game Department, which paid you the \$3 and kept the nose. Often the money would run out before the legislature next met to appropriate more funding, so the bounty could not be paid immediately.



Wellman Holbrook



Uncle Wellman Skinning the Bear

## Great Uncle Wellman Holbrook (Cont.)

In years when the new money had not yet been appropriated, Uncle Wellman would put the word out that he would pay \$1 for a seal nose now. People who couldn't wait for the new money to be appropriated would sell him the nose for \$1. He knew through his contacts in Juneau exactly when the new money would be available and when it was, he would be first in line to collect on the noses. He told me that he made a lot of money doing this!

When I worked in Alaska during the summers of 1962 to 1965 on a road survey crew and we had access to a skiff, we hunted seals on our day off. Besides the \$3 bounty, the green hides were worth \$10-\$30. They were used to make handbags, slippers, etc. for the tourists. This all ended with the passage of the 1972 Marine Mammals Act which banned the killing or taking of seals and all other marine mammals.

I owe Uncle Wellman a big thank you for getting me my first job with the Forest Service. In 1962, I was looking for a summer job so I wrote to him asking about opportunities to work in Alaska. About a week later, I received a telegram offering me a summer job on a road survey crew in the Tongass National Forest. I accepted the offer and left for Alaska the next week. So began my 26 year career in the Forest Service.

The last time I saw Uncle Wellman and Aunt Addie was in 1967 in Salem, Oregon, where they were living in a retirement community. Uncle Wellman died in 1968 and Aunt Addie passed away in 1970.

By Thomas J. Sheehy , Son of Thomas Wellman and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy

## Three Vignettes

### Vignette One: Sheehy Ranch

My first exposure to farming and food production was on the Sheehy Ranch here in Eastern Oregon. I was raised in a suburban neighborhood in California, so food for me was what you picked up at the grocery store. However, during the summer, we frequently visited the Sheehy Ranch which opened my world to the wonders of ranching. For me, these visits were a great adventure. We had seven kids in our family; my aunt and uncle, who owned the farm, had twelve children, so there was plenty of activity.

My aunt had a small orchard where she grew apples and nuts; she also had a vegetable garden and a chicken coop. We picked apples, prepared them (which was more peeling and cutting than I had ever done), placed them in the food dehydrator or made applesauce. In addition, we gathered nuts from the ground and placed them in a bin. Also, we gathered eggs each morning from the chicken coop. We even picked fresh vegetables from the garden, such as carrots, onions, and potatoes. I enjoyed the grit under my fingernails. When the food we gathered or prepared made it to the table, I have to say that it never tasted better. I was proud to have helped create the meal. I felt a point of pride.

Upon reflection, I had a romanticized view of ranching. I was young, so I didn't see all of the constant hard work that had to go into producing the food. My cousins didn't find the gathering of food fun, since they had to do it daily as well as other ranch chores. They laughed at me for volunteering to help. I remember my cousin, Steve, told me that his mom "knew how to run a crew." The crew was her twelve children. For me, I never had that level of responsibility. If my cousins made a mistake or didn't complete their chores, there might not be enough food for the next meal.

As an agricultural illiterate, my youthful misunderstanding can be chalked up to my age. As I have grown older in conjunction with my grandmother's experience, I also believe that "the viability of just food as an idea depends not only on the commitment of farmers or the fervor of advocates, but on change in governmental policies as well as shift in patterns of consumption." As a quick example, I try to buy my meat from a local source. Also, I frequently get produce, when in season, from family members. It is a small step, but it is a step.

## Vignette Two: Grandma

One evening my mom came home and complained about protesters on the freeway overheads and the city streets making her late for work. She arrived late that evening because the protesting had continued throughout the day.

Mom phoned grandma later in the evening to tell her about the protesters. It turned out that my grandmother was one of them. When my mom shared this information with me, I thought my grandmother had gone crazy, but in fact, it turned out that she had a right to protest.

My grandmother was a widow with two children during the Great Depression. She had to work as a farm worker picking apples, beans, pears, peaches, and any other crops to try to make ends meet. The protest organizer was Cesar Chavez, an American Labor leader, who was demonstrating for farm worker pay and rights. My grandmother had been a migrant worker in Oregon and Washington, so she knew how deplorable the conditions were. I hadn't ever understood how desperate my grandmother had been. Food for her was a scarcity that never left her.

When my grandmother died, I helped my mom clean out her house. We found canned fruit on the top shelf in her kitchen where the tops had popped. There was mold growing amongst the fruit, but my grandmother hadn't thrown it away. In her sewing room, she had numerous cupboards on each wall. We found fifty-pound bags of sugar and flour that had been exposed to moisture. They were blocks of cement. There wasn't any way to ever eat these products, but my grandmother never disposed of them.

For my grandmother, she had experienced a social injustice when it came to food accessibility. She had been hungry and feared earlier in life that her children would not get sufficient nutrition, and later in her life that she would have limited food access. As we can see throughout the US and third world countries, food security isn't provided for all people. As Rooted Resistance states, "we will not arrest climate change or end social, economic, or environmental injustice without transforming our practices of living and our definitions of the human." I am sure my grandmother would agree with that approach.



## Vignette Three: Goulash

I come from an Irish Catholic family. I am the middle of seven children. When we needed a meal, my mom or dad frequently made goulash. This usually happened after we had more traditional meals, such as hot dogs, meatloaf, or fried bologna with vegetables or beans. It also usually happened as money ran out for groceries.

Goulash had either a potato, pasta, or chili-brick base. To make a broth, either water or bouillon cubes were used. Next, any leftovers were thrown into the pot. If we had some cheese lying around, that went into the mix as well. Fresh or frozen vegetables of all sorts were also added. When you looked at the content, it was a nutritious meal with most of the food groups. The final step was to thicken the broth with a flour and water paste, or reconstituted dried milk. Each meal of goulash was never the same. Whatever was available at the time of the meal was what was tossed into the mixture. While some were successful and others were pretty awful; we ate it all anyway. We were hungry.

Was food available to us? Yes, we had access. However, with such a large family, frequently we ran short on our purchasing power. We had to be creative. When considering food, accessibility needs to be addressed. I am not sure if a direct connection to farmers is the answer, but I certainly believe that a global approach to food development and distribution needs to be considered.

By Jeannette Benton, Granddaughter of Hugh Francis and Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy

## Five Days in Beijing

Between 1985 and 2018, I worked as a part-time consultant in China, Mongolia and Kyrgyzstan. My first introduction to the consulting world occurred between 1985 and 1987 when I worked for the Chinese Ministry of Agriculture as the rangeland specialist on a pilot demonstration area set up by the International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD) for the Northern Pasture Project. On that project, my family accompanied me, living 6-8 months each year at the project pilot demonstration area in a remote area of Inner Mongolia.

After my three-year term on the IFAD project ended, I was hired by different international development agencies as a short-term consultant on other projects. Until 1991, these jobs happened in China, primarily Inner Mongolia, Xinjiang, and the Qinghai-Tibetan Plateau. After Mongolia opened up in 1990, most of my consulting work was in Mongolia, which I enjoyed much more than China.

I am in the process of writing down some of the funny, and not so funny events that I found myself involved in during my 30-plus years as a consultant. One of the not-so-funny events happened in Beijing over a five-day period in 1989.

In 1989, I was consulting on a World Bank project in northeastern China. When I arrived in Beijing in mid-May to meet up with the other consultants, the student demonstration at Tiananmen Square was still going on. I had heard about the demonstration before leaving home, but, according to the news reports, the demonstration was apparently beginning to lose energy. Coming from the airport, the taxi to the hotel where I was staying drove through the square where only a few demonstrators were visible. A couple of days later, all the consultants repeated the taxi drive through the square on our way to the airport. Again, at this time, there were only a few demonstrators gathered around the Liberty Statue.



Tiananmen Square on an ordinary day

We spent about two weeks in the field in northeastern China without hearing much at all about the student demonstration. There was nothing about it on Chinese news, and I don't remember project officials or interpreters discussing it. On our return to Beijing, the taxi driver took us to our hotel which was located about two Beijing city blocks from the square. On this trip, it seemed that the number of student demonstrators was much higher and more agitated.

For the next couple of days, the other consultants and I pretty much stayed in our rooms working on our reports. We were expecting to leave in about 3 days on a Swiss Air flight to Rome, where we would put the project report together. Late in the afternoon of the third day, I was looking out my hotel room window and noticed that a crowd had formed in the street adjacent to the hotel. This street connected directly to Tiananmen Square. As I was looking down, the crowd suddenly became agitated and started to move on down the street. Some were running and some were moving at a fast walk. Glancing in the direction of the square, I also noticed that smoke was visible in the air. A few minutes later, several ambulances went down the street with lights and sirens blaring.



Tiananmen Square, June 2, 1989, just prior to the massacre

Curious about what was happening, I went out to the street. People and ambulances were still streaming by on the street, and many people kept looking behind them as if they were being chased. As it was beginning to get dark, I decided to go back to my room. I was walking through the hotel lobby when I noticed the hotel staff were excitedly talking in small groups. I also passed close by a young woman who was talking and crying with other women about what was happening in the square. I was close enough to hear her describe seeing military personnel and bodies in the square. Once in my room, I turned on CNN which was now available in foreigner hotels in large Chinese cities.

## Five Days in Beijing (Cont.)

CNN had people, including a photographer, filming and reporting from Tiananmen square. Apparently, the Chinese were not aware that they were sending film and commentary to New York, where the news room there beamed it directly back to China with only a short time lag. As I was watching the news, the CNN crew became alarmed because Chinese military personnel were approaching their position. The photographer continued filming as the reporter continued talking; suddenly the reporter began yelling that they were newsmen, and at about the same time, the camera went all cockeyed and the screen went dark.

When I turned the TV on in the morning, CNN news commentators in New York were discussing what had happened the previous day, but didn't seem to have a clue about particulars. One thing of importance I learned was that most international flights to Beijing had been canceled, with the exception of Swiss Air. At breakfast with the other consultants, we discussed events of the previous night. According to what they had heard, Beijing was under martial law, and everyone was supposed to stay off the streets. Our problem was how to get to the airport the following day to catch our Swiss Air flight. We decided to ask the hotel staff to find us a taxi driver that would be willing to at least try to get us to the airport.

That evening we were notified a taxi driver had been found if we were willing to pay his price. We met with him and decided to pay him his exorbitant fee of \$500.00 cash, which was a fortune but worth the cost if we were able to make our flight. He agreed to meet us in the morning at 8:00 am, which was four hours before our flight departed, and at that time, we would give him the money.

The next morning, the driver came as he said he would, but told us that he had a really bad headache and didn't think it was a good idea to violate the curfew. Through the hotel interpreter, we agreed with him but told him that we were willing to give it a try. In the end he agreed, and we loaded our bags in the trunk and got in the taxi. We had decided our seating arrangement would be to put the burly New Zealander in front with the driver, and the burly Australian and burly American on each side of the smaller British team leader in the back seat. As we left the hotel courtyard, we joked that the three colonials were willing to "take the bullet" for the Brit team leader.

The driver took the usual route to the airport, which from the hotel, was across Tiananmen Square and then on Chang An Jie until the turn-off to the airport. As we entered the square, it quickly became obvious that, except for litter that included signs and other demonstration debris, the square was deserted. We proceeded slowly across the square and entered on to Chang An Men (i.e., Heavenly Peace) which was equally deserted. There were no vehicles, no bicycles, and no people, except for our taxi with four foreign consultants and one Chinese taxi driver.

We continued at our slow, lonely pace for several kilometers down Chang An toward the airport intersection. I did notice several buildings had what appeared to be strings of bullet holes across the concrete or brick face of the building, and there were several soot darkened holes in the asphalt pavement where something had burned with a high intensity heat. As we approached the intersection, we saw the intersection turn-off and Chang An itself were blocked by what appeared to be armored personnel carriers. The taxi driver, who was sweating profusely, pulled slowly up to the roadblock and stopped the taxi about 50 meters from the military vehicles. Shortly after he stopped, a single officer came toward us from the roadblock and stopped at the driver's open window.

The gist of the conversation as I understood it from my imperfect understanding of Mandarin was: Officer asks "Where are you going and why?" Driver replies "Taking these foreigners to the airport," Officer says "You can't do that, take them back to their hotel." Driver replies "Yes sir! Sorry to inconvenience you." After that short conversation, the officer walks back to the roadblock, the driver rolls the window up, starts the taxi, does a U turn, and starts back up Chang An.

About half way back to the hotel, we decide that we should at least try again to find an open route to the airport. Again, using my imperfect Mandarin, I tried to convince the driver to try a different, less direct route to the airport. He finally agreed, and turned down a side street. On this street, we saw a few people out on the street and no evidence of military. As we traveled, our direction was generally towards the airport and towards the airport road. We finally turned onto the airport road about two kilometers from the airport itself. The airport road here was two separate lanes with a parklike median in between consisting of grass, shrubs, and trees. About a kilometer from the airport itself, we

## Five Days in Beijing (Cont.)

noticed that the center of the median was filled with military vehicles and personnel. We also saw a few nonmilitary vehicles on this portion of the airport road, but no one stopped us. On arrival at the airport departure terminal, we got our bags out of the taxi and finished paying the driver his fee. I did notice that the driver's headache seemed to be better.

The street in front of the departure gates was full of tourist buses. People were milling around, with luggage stacked on the sidewalk; inside the terminal there was even greater chaos with stacks of luggage piled almost to the ceiling. People were running between groups making inquiries about different flights. Talking with one group, we found out that their tour group leader had disappeared as soon as they reached the airport. They also didn't know if, or when, their flight would arrive.

On the flight arrival board, we could see that our Swiss Air flight was listed as arriving pretty much as scheduled. After about thirty minutes of standing around worrying, the arrival board indicated that the Swiss Air flight had in fact arrived. At about the same time, people who apparently had tickets for the flight began to line up at the immigration and customs gate. We joined the line, and when it finally began to move, you could sense almost a collective wave of relief go through the line.

This time, passing through immigration hardly took any time at all. Instead of the usual drawn-out examination procedure where officials slowly looked at your passport and papers, officials hardly even looked at the documents; they just waved us on. About an hour after we boarded, the plane backed away from the gate, taxied to the runway, and took off.

*Footnote to "Five Days in Beijing."*

*In late 1991, I was working on another World Bank project in China. This project was located in the Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region in Northwest China. As part of our job, we were looking at cotton project sites along the Tarim River. The Tarim River drains water originating in the Tianshan Mountains (i.e., Heavenly Mountains) to the south along the edge of the Taklamakan Desert until emptying (historically) into Lop Nor lake.*

*Situated along the Tarim River are a number of State Farms operated by the Chinese military. As we passed by the farms, we could see that the state farms were engaged in a large-scale road improvement project. The improvements were being made by workers using wheelbarrows, picks, and shovels. Although use of manual labor like this was still common throughout China at that time, what was strikingly different was the age of the manual laborers. All of the workers appeared to be in their early to mid-twenties. When I asked the driver why the workers were all so young, his reply was one word "Tiananmen." I asked no further questions but the irony of the situation did cross my mind. The student demonstration and subsequent massacre took place at Heavenly Gate Square (Tiananmen square), The street leaving from the square was the Heavenly Peace Avenue, and the mountains from which the water in the Tarim River originated were the Heavenly Mountains (Tianshan). Everything finally came into focus for me as I am sure it had for the demonstrators.*

By Dennis Sheehy, Son of Thomas Wellman and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy



Heavenly Mountains (Tianshan Mountain Range)

## Recent Events

### Cross Country Race

On March 12, 2021 a middle school cross country meet was held in Baker City, Oregon, with teams from the area including Baker Middle School, Prairie City, La Grande, and local cross country powerhouse Union under the tutelage of long time Union coach Steve Sheehy and middle school head coach, Tom Sheehy. As expected, Union dominated the team competition placing 5 runners in the top ten finishers including 2<sup>nd</sup> place, 3<sup>rd</sup> place and 4<sup>th</sup> place. However, the individual race title eluded the seasoned Union trio as a Baker Middle School runner held off the charging Union runners down the stretch to the finish line. Taking the individual title from the Union team was Baker Middle School runner Jack Heriza in his first ever cross country race. After the race, coach Steve Sheehy asked the Baker coach to identify Jack so that coach Sheehy could go congratulate him. Somewhat reluctantly, the Baker coach pointed him out while categorically asserting, "He is NOT moving to Union!!"



Jack Heriza, First Place Finisher at the Baker City Cross Country Race

Steve Sheehy is the son of Robert Clinton Sheehy and Dona Gene (Storie) Sheehy. Tom Sheehy is the son of Jim Sheehy and Sally Thomas Sheehy. Jack Heriza is the son of Pat Heriza and Heather Wood and the grandson of John and Liz (Vaughan) Heriza.

## Too Many Sheehys

The following conversation took place in my daily journal writing class with 6th graders in the Union Public Schools. The class had just come back from PE with Mr. (Tom) Sheehy:

*Student: Hey Susie, what's your last name?*

*Me: Sheehy.*

*Student: No, really, what's your last name? (By now the class is listening and piping in.)*

*Me: Sheehy.*

*Student: You mean your husband is....?*

*Me (cutting in quickly): No, I'm not married to Mr. Sheehy.*

*Student: If you're not, then...????*

*Me: He's my nephew.*

*Students: ???...Huh...who's your husband?*

*Me: Kevin.*

*Student: So if Mr. Sheehy is your nephew, who is the little kid's teacher?*

*Me: Mrs. Sheehy.*

*Student: Then is she...?*

*Me: No, Mr. Sheehy is also her nephew.*

*Students: ???*

*Me: Her husband is the cross-country coach, Mr. Sheehy.*

*Student: So who is Gloria Sheehy? (This was from great-grandchild of Scotty Baker, a long-time High Valley resident.)*

*Me: My sister-in-law.*

*Students: .....We'll just keep calling you Susie!*

They proceeded to keep writing in their journals while trying to process the Sheehy family tree. We wish them good luck!

### Cast of Characters:

- ◆ Kevin, Jim, Steve and Tim are sons of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy
- ◆ Susie Sheehy, Union Public Schools 6th grade writing teacher and wife of Kevin
- ◆ Tom Sheehy, Union Public Schools PE teacher, junior high coach and son of Jim
- ◆ Susan Sheehy, Union Public Schools kindergarten teacher and wife of Steve
- ◆ Steve Sheehy, Union Public Schools cross-country and distance running coach
- ◆ Gloria Sheehy, wife of Tim

By Susie Sheehy, Wife of Kevin Sheehy, Son of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy

## Family News and Fun

*We encourage all family members and friends to send us news items as they occur. We would like to hear about births, moves, new homes, graduations, weddings, and any other item that you think would be of interest to the family. We will collect news items and include them in the next edition of the newsletter.*

### New Arrivals

Luca Victor DalSoglia was born on May 6, 2021, to proud parents Kyle DalSoglia and Adriana Mendoza DalSoglia. Adriana is the daughter of Abel and Sherry Mendoza. Abel has been a very close friend and honorary member of the family of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy for more than 50 years, since living with them for a year while attending high school in Union, Oregon.

Elizabeth Dona Jones was born on May 26, 2021, to proud parents Jesse and Alexa (Servid) Jones. Elizabeth is the granddaughter of Mark and Dona (Sheehy) Servid and the great granddaughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy.

Brooke (Sheehy) Matsuda (granddaughter of Richard and Darlene (Bunch) Sheehy) and husband Michael Matsuda are expecting their first child in October. This will be the first great grandchild of Richard James Sheehy Sr. (99 years of age).

### Academic Milestones

Lacy Gyllenberg, granddaughter of Brent and Eileen (Sheehy) Gyllenberg and great granddaughter of Robert and Dona Sheehy, graduated from high school in Baker City, Oregon, and will begin flight attendant school in September.

Steve Sheehy (son of Robert and Dona Sheehy) completed a Master of Computer Science degree from Georgia Institute of Technology. He is an assistant professor of computer science at Eastern Oregon University.

McKenzie (Evans) Sheehy, wife of Tom Sheehy (son of Jim and Sally (Thomas) Sheehy, and grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy) has completed a bachelors degree in English from Eastern Oregon University and accepted a position teaching English at Elgin School District in Elgin, Oregon.

### New Homeowners

Marni Holloway (granddaughter of Thomas and Mary Margaret Sheehy) and her husband, Ira Rigger III, bought their first home in Jacksonville, North Carolina.

Anita (Langley) Nelson (daughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley) has purchased one half of a duplex and moved to Lake Havasu City, Arizona, to be with her husband Kent, who suffered a serious accident and stroke while they were there on vacation and is disabled. He resides in the Havasu Nursing Center. They have been able to visit in person only recently due to Covid-19 restrictions. Anita extends an open invitation to all for calls and visits. Her address is 3052 Shoshone Drive, Unit 102, Lake Havasu City, AZ 86406. Email: <knelson1965@msn.com>, Phone 541-519-7988. Addendum: We have just learned that Kent Nelson has passed away. We will include an in memoriam celebration of his life in the next newsletter.

Robert Sheehy (son of Robert and Dona Sheehy), his wife Patty, and sons Brian, John and Sam completed the purchase of a vacation home in the village of Clansayes in southern France.

### Career Events

Jim Benton, husband of Jeannette (Hannah) Benton (granddaughter of Hugh Francis and Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy), published his second book of poetry, entitled The Book of Sympathetic Magic (see separate note in Miscellaneous section of the newsletter). He is a creative writing instructor at Eastern Oregon University.

Adriana (Mendoza) DalSoglio (see above for relationship to the Sheehy family) was promoted to Director of Global Portfolio Management and Product Launch, Personal Systems Services at HP Inc. in Boise, Idaho.

## Family News and Fun (Cont.)

Alexa (Servid) Jones, daughter of Mark and Dona (Sheehy) Servid and granddaughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, recently became a member of the North Bend City Parks Board in Oregon. She is a Physical Therapist Assistant at an outpatient clinic. Her husband Jesse is the project manager for the Siuslaw Watershed Council, and together they have been doing volunteer work with the city parks.

Ira Rigger III, husband of Marni Holloway (granddaughter of Thomas and Mary Margaret Sheehy), completed 15 years with the US Marine Corps and has been transferred from San Diego, California, to North Carolina.

Brian Sheehy, grandson of Robert Clinton and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, and his wife Hillary Hebert have both started consulting businesses. Brian works in education, and Hillary specializes in renewable energy.

Kali Brandt (granddaughter of Richard and Darlene (Bunch) Sheehy and daughter of Charles and Jacque (Sheehy) Brandt) and husband Javier Tabima are teaching at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Wade Brandt (son of Charles and Jacque) is working at Microsoft and lives in Seattle, Washington.

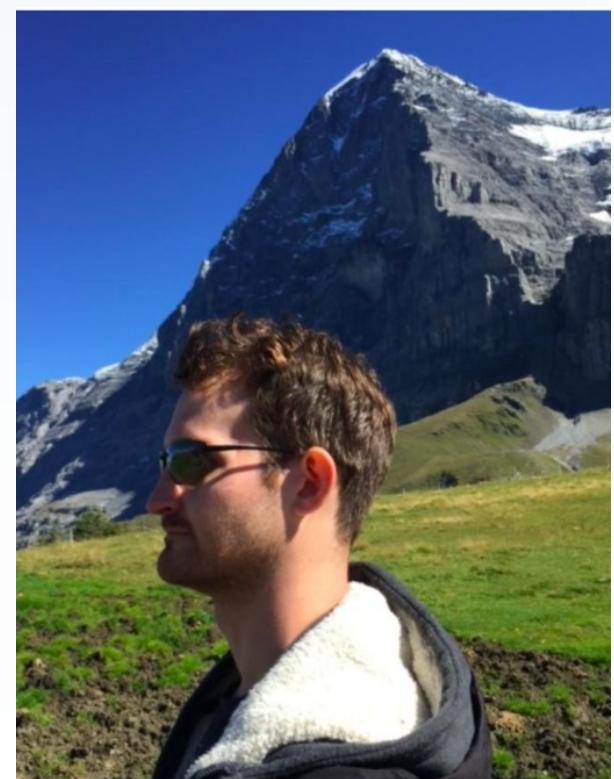
### Hiking in the Alps

After being forced by the pandemic to cancel all of their summer travel plans (two trips to visit family in the US and two weeks with a contingent of Sheehy relatives on a return visit to France and Ireland), Robert (son of Robert and Dona Sheehy) and his wife Patty were feeling pretty depressed. So they decided to have some family fun.

Their son Sam, who works in London, had been stuck there since the pandemic began, but he braved the quarantine requirements and joined them for some hiking in the Swiss Alps. They spent several days in and around Grindelwald, a picturesque village right next to the iconic Eiger mountain. The days included numerous hikes, a trip by cog railway to the nearby Jungfraujoch observatory for a walk on the glacier and a tour of a fabulous ice museum, and a cable car and walk to a mountain lake where a number of Swiss cows were among the other visitors. And of course, a couple of cheese fondue dinners.



Grindelwald and The Eiger, Switzerland



Sam on lunch break with the Eiger

## MISCELLANEOUS

### Newly Published book of Poems

Here's the news on my new book of poems.

Winter Goose Publishing released my second book, "The Book of Sympathetic Magic," in April. The poems consider the ways the past intrudes upon the present, persisting even across deep time, and the ways in which things once in contact continue to influence one another even after that contact has been severed. These themes were articulated by Sir James Fraser at the end of the 19th century in his book, *The Golden Bough*, which launched the field of cultural anthropology. Here is a short selection from my book to entice your interest.

By Jim Benton, Husband of Jeannette Hannah Benton  
(Granddaughter of Hugh Francis and Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy)

#### A Knotted String

While he is away she will tie  
one knot in this string  
for every lover she has had  
and give each knot its proper name—  
a simple, thoughtless knot tied here, and here  
a nameless knot, and one tied slowly and with care,  
each a half-turn in a long straight line,  
each a turning back, a stopping point.

Do her fingers hesitate,  
leave too much space between the barbs  
to dwell a moment more before  
she cinches down the bight  
around the working end for good?

Will she burn her knuckles on the twine,  
or linger too long in the morning air?

A cormorant glides overhead  
lifted by hot currents.

While you are away, she thinks, tie knots  
in a string of your own  
and we will burn them when no one is looking.

~ Jim Benton

## Cookies

When asked to contribute a recipe selection for this newsletter, I readily agreed, thinking it would be simple and easy. As it turned out, after more than a few minutes of staring down at a blank page with no blinking, I finally did what younger generations do; I picked up my phone and googled cookies, hoping it might spark something, somewhere in my brain, and give me a jump start.

After reading about how cookies originated in Persia in the 7<sup>th</sup> century, derived from small amounts of cake batter used to test the temperature of an oven, the thought occurred to me that I had a relatively long history with cookies myself. In fact, I already had my jump start somewhere around the age of ten when as one of five girls in a family of fourteen, baking a double batch of cookies became one of my weekly chores. I'm fairly sure cookies were the first thing I conjured up in the kitchen, and I have been baking them on a regular basis, as in weekly, since then.

Over the years, I've come to appreciate how useful and amazingly versatile cookies are. They can be made in any size, shape or form, all kinds of colors and flavors. They are a sweet piece of portable pleasure. You can take them anywhere: up to the top of that mountain, down to the local bazaar, or just to the couch. Delicious anywhere. You can send them across a continent or an ocean, and I definitely feel that a few should be tucked into any care package that leaves my door.

After 50+ years of baking cookies, I am sure that some recipes must be encoded in my DNA. I'm passing them along for you to share.

By Dona Servid, Daughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy

### Chocolate Chip Cookies

1-1/8 cup unsalted butter  
3/4 cup white sugar  
1– 1/4 cup dark brown sugar  
2 eggs  
2 tsp vanilla  
3-1/4 cups flour  
1 tsp baking soda  
1 tsp salt  
12 ounces chips  
(1/2 dark and 1/2 milk chocolate)  
(3/4 cup white, 1/2 cup semi-sweet  
Grated peel of one orange)

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Cream butter, add sugars and then eggs and vanilla. Mix until well combined. Add remaining ingredients. Mix just until combined. Bake immediately or refrigerate to allow sugar to caramelize. Place dough on baking sheet. Bake 9-10 minutes. Cookies should begin to brown on edges but still be soft and chewy in the center.

### Oatmeal Cookies

1-1/4 cup butter  
3/4 cup dark brown sugar  
1/2 cup white sugar  
1 egg  
1-1/2 tsp vanilla  
3 cups old fashioned oatmeal  
1-1/2 cups raisins  
1-1/2 cups flour  
1 tsp soda  
1 tsp salt  
1 tsp cinnamon  
1/2 tsp nutmeg

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Cream butter and sugars. Beat in egg and vanilla. Add oatmeal and beat well 1 to 2 minutes. Add raisins, beat until well mixed. Add rest and mix just until combined. Bake 8-9 minutes. Cookies should look just barely moist in the center. They will harden as they cool.



### Gingersnaps

1 cup butter  
1-1/2 cups dark brown sugar  
1/4 cup molasses  
Grated rind of 1 large lemon  
1 tblsp grated fresh ginger  
1-2 tblsp ginger powder  
1 tblsp cinnamon  
1/2 tsp cloves  
1/4 tsp cardamom  
1/2 tsp salt  
1 tsp soda  
1 tsp baking powder  
3 cups flour  
1 tblsp lemon juice

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cream butter, sugars and molasses. Add egg, grated lemon rind and fresh ginger. Add rest of ingredients. Stir to mix well. Roll dough into 1 inch balls and then roll in white sugar. Place on cookie sheets. Flatten into a 2 inch disk with bottom of glass dipped in sugar. Bake 10-12 minutes until edges just start to brown and cookies are crisp when cool.

## Acknowledgements (and Next Steps)

This second edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter was organized by Jim and Robert Sheehy. Contributing authors are Jeannette Benton, Jim Benton, Dona Servid, Dennis Sheehy, Jim Sheehy, Richard Sheehy Sr., Robert Sheehy, Sam Sheehy, Susie Sheehy, and Tom Sheehy (aka Tom the elder), with additional information on recent developments provided by several other family members. The newsletter was edited by Jeannette Benton and organized for desktop publishing by Sally Thomas Sheehy. A big thank you to everyone.

We have two possibilities for publication of the next edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter. One option, which was our initial intention, would be to publish the third newsletter a year from now at the time of the next family reunion. That event is tentatively scheduled for Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, 2022, at the Sheehy Barn in High Valley, Union, Oregon (Please mark your calendars, and also cross your fingers that the pandemic will not require yet another cancellation).

A second option would be to publish an earlier version of the newsletter. We have already received several contributions for the third edition. If we receive commitments from a few additional authors able to provide drafts in the next few months, the third edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter could potentially be published around the end of this year.

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](mailto:sheehyjs@eoni.com)>) or Robert Sheehy (email: <[robert.sheehy@yahoo.com](mailto:robert.sheehy@yahoo.com)>) as soon as possible to discuss the proposed topic(s). Please also consider whether the contribution could be completed in time for an early newsletter (target date for completion of drafts of November 2021) or for the newsletter that will be published at the time of the next family reunion (target date for drafts of May 2022).

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 which the newsletter has been forwarded (with their permission, of course) so that we can include them in the distribution of the next edition.

