



Ár nDúthcas

ISSUE #52

"FOR OUR INHERITANCE"

MAY 2008

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*~ CALLING ALL O'DOCHARTAIGHS ~
COME HOME TO COUNTY DONEGAL!*



Whosoever
asks me of
my birth...
I will tell
them I am
born of Irish
Princes who
ruled in

Donegal a thousand
years ago; that I am de-
scended from the High
Kings of Ireland, and my
name is from the
Clann O'Dochartaigh!

ORDER TICKETS
FOR
REUNION EVENTS
ONLINE!

SEE PAGE 4 FOR
DETAILS.

O'DOCHARTAIGH CLANN REUNION
1-10 JULY 2008

SO, YOU HAVE DECIDED TO GO TO THE REUNION THIS SUMMER, WHAT NOW?? (PART TWO)

The following is a continuation of an article, written and submitted by Eva Doherty Gremmert on behalf of the Reunion Committee, which began in Issue # 51, February 2008, page 17.

Monday, 30th June 2008 - We had a whirlwind time in Dublin. When we landed on Saturday morning, we went through passport control, picked up our bags and then through customs. It was pretty easy but we were so tired. I was glad that we had made arrangements for early check-in at the hotel. We had a great adventure using the bus system to run around Dublin. This morning we picked up the rental car at the airport, packed our bags in the trunk and back seat, threw the map and guide book on the dashboard and away we went. We were actually driving on the left hand side of the road. George did a great job driving and I was the navigator. There were a couple of times that I thought we were too close to the side of the road. It is a bit strange, but we noticed that it didn't matter which way we turned in an intersection, the driver always remains in the middle of the road. That helped so that we weren't turning into oncoming traffic. The roundabouts are fun. We have a couple of new ones back home, so at least we were somewhat familiar with them, although they go the other way. We really enjoyed the trip, the scenery is as beautiful as I have ever imagined. We got checked into the Tower Hotel and went out for a meal. We met a couple from Canada also staying in the hotel. They are here for the reunion too. They came last time in 2005 and said that it was wonderful. We are so excited for everything to start tomorrow.

Tuesday, 1 July 2008 - This eve-

ning was the grand opening event in the Guildhall in Derry City. The Mayor welcomed us to the historical setting of Derry City for the start of the 2008 Reunion. There was a symposium with lectures offered today in the Guildhall. George hadn't wanted to attend, but they sound like they were pretty interesting, so we are going to attend tomorrow. Derry is one of Europe's most well-preserved walled cities. Dating back to the 17th century, we learned that it's powerfully moving history encompasses much of what defines the Irish culture today. There was plenty of food for the buffet and I really enjoyed the music. Our registration packet included our tickets as well as a green lanyard and plastic badge holder with our name on it for each of us. Now we can easily read everyone's first names. It helps to get to know one another better. We have met so many fun people this evening.

Wednesday, 2 July 2008 - Today we attended the symposium lectures in the Guildhall and went on the walking tour of the City Walls. We had some time before the tour to get some lunch. There are quite a few little sandwich shops inside the wall it was hard to choose. The tour guide was very knowledgeable and we learned about the area and its inhabitants over the centuries from someone who loves the city and its past. We saw the ancient architecture blended with the ultramodern of today's Derry. The Museum's ex-



hibits were first class and I have a better understanding of the history of this area.

Thursday, 3 July 2008 - In the morning we got aboard the comfortable 50 seat coach in Carndonagh to tour important sites in northwest Donegal, including historic Rathmullan, scenic Kilmacrenan, and fateful Doon Rock. At Rathmullan we were able to linger in the Flight of the Earls Centre, one of the finest displays of its kind in all of Ireland. Rathmullan was the site of this significant event in Irish history, marking the end of the native Irish aristocracy in Ulster. We saw the beach where the boats left Ireland in 1607 bearing their precious cargo that was the last hope of Ulster as brave Cahir stayed behind to stand alone against the British. We also visited Doon Rock, the ancient Coronation stone of the O'Donnell clan, a cousin clan of the Ó Dochar-taigh. Walking around Doon well and the nearby Mass Rock, I could almost visualize the scene of the final demise of Cahir Rua O'Dogherty 400 years before. Along the way we had a tasty lunch in a pub and were able to do a little shopping.

Friday, 4 July 2008 - To celebrate US Independence Day, we traveled to the Ulster-American Folk Park in Omagh by coach. George had previously made arrangements to look at the records in the Centre for Migration Studies facilities, so he went off to research while I looked around at the park. It was created to show the way of life in Ireland

and the United States, circa 1800 to 1850. It is so incredibly authentic with the homes, shops, and farms. Locals serve as period-costumed ambassadors to another era while describing their surroundings in detail. I watched as they baked soda bread on the hearth, beat glowing metal into horseshoes, and performed the music of the day. Through understanding their way of life I feel a greater kinship with my forbearers.

In the evening we were treated to entertainment in the Colgan Hall, Carndonagh. The play was written and produced by the local Irish people of Carndonagh and surrounding rural towns. It was very entertaining.

Saturday, 5 July 2008 - Today was the day commemorating Cahir Rua. The events were all held at the Inishowen Gateway Hotel in Buncrana. After lunch we arrived at the Gateway and attended the genealogy related workshops. There were presenters who traveled from the US as well as local specialists. George was really excited to learn so much. After the workshops he stood around talking to some others while I went through the Craft Fair. I bought a sweater and a couple of pieces of jewelry. They are so beautiful and it was fun to meet the actual artist. George finally found me in the lobby during the mulled wine reception. Most of the faces of the other reunion attendees are now familiar and I was grateful that everyone is wearing their name badges since I have such a hard time remembering names. About half of the people had dressed up in Medieval costumes. Most of them had brought something from home. It was supposed to be circa 1608, the year of Cahir's death. There were



many interpretations of that era's style, complete with tall princess hats decorated with flowing veils. Some chose to be the rough hewn men and women of the rural mountains and billowing sea. One family visited the local shops in search of dresses, leggings, scarves, hats and boots. They could have easily sat at court with the High Kings and Earls of 17th century Ireland. It looked like so much fun. The next time we come, I am going to have a costume. There was a huge group of people that got their picture taken for the paper. That would be a fun souvenir. The dinner was delicious and the servers were very attentive. At about 8:00pm, Irish minstrel Roy Arbuckle began to perform. He was able to conjure up the history of Inishowen and Derry through the mists of the ages. When Abraham dwelt in a tent in Palestine, Inishowen had been inhabited for thousands of years. Roy took us back to the beginning and told the story of our forefathers in songs he's written and composed. We relived and experienced the loss of Cahir as Roy sang his farewell ballad to the last of the Irish chieftains.



Sunday, 6 July 2008 - In the morning we went to the Redcastle Golf Club to pick up the clubs that George had made arrangements to rent for tomorrow's golf tournament. Then in the afternoon we went to the An Grianán Hotel. It is along the main road to Letterkenny below the Grianán of Aileach. There was a harpist playing in the lobby as we arrived and we were given the choice to go in to the beautiful buffet meal or take the shuttle bus up to the monument. We decided to go up to the monument first. On top of the magnificent hill overlooking five counties stands the 4,000 year old Grianan

fort, thought to be a vestige of the Druid culture in Ireland. It is a large, round enclosure made of stone hauled from the local fields below by workers at the dawn of Irish settlements in this area. A low entry way allows entry to the inner sanctum of the fort, guarded by the ghosts of ancient time. As I climbed the steps to the top of the second tier, it was easy to imagine the days past when defenders of Inishowen gathered to prepare for battle. I could imagine what it felt like to see the approaching foe hoards. Passageways enter the inner walls and lead to dead ends inside. They are rumored to have allowed exit to the fields outside the walls for gathering much needed supplies and water stores. Some say they were used by the defenders for escape in a tight spot - or to make men appear from nowhere as though by magic to confound the enemy. As it stands today, it is a re-creation of the old fort, reconstructed in 1870 by a local Derry historian. There are traces of earthworks that date to the Iron Age visible. We took the shuttle bus back down the hill and got there just in time to see the cute little girls doing Irish dancing. There were 6 of them all dressed up with long curls. They were adorable. I think that I took about a hundred pictures.

Monday, 7 July 2008 - George really enjoyed his day out on the Ballyliffin Golf



Club course. It is a magnificent course with demanding fairways set on rolling hills and dales. I am glad that it worked out for him. This course is world-renowned for its beauty, challenge, and clubhouse. He said that course alone was worth traveling to Ireland for. While he was playing golf, I went to the Tullyarvan Mill near Buncrana and took 2 classes. They had offered a few different choices, but the two

chose were, the class on Basic Irish and the one on Irish knitting. I can't wait to try out both the new stitches and words that I learned today. Tonight's Clann Genealogy forum at the Ballyliffin Hotel was informal and fun. George brought along our family history, genealogy, pictures, and stories to share. We didn't find any kinsmen. But we learned more about the resources and research going on in Ireland so that maybe someday we will connect directly to others. Tables were spread with books and papers, computers and maps. Everyone was sharing and talking together.

Tuesday, 8 July 2008 - Today was the Northern Coast Coach Tour. We again boarded the comfortable coaches and this time traveled east for the Co. Derry and Co. Antrim Coach Tour through the north of Ireland. A week ago when we gathered together at the Guildhall, we were all strangers, but now we are all close friends. First the bus took us to the famous Bushmills Factory for the tour where craftsmen still create Irish whiskey like they made 400 years ago. It is a beautiful setting. We had a nice lunch and then went to the Giant's Causeway. As we descended the hill to the Giant's Causeway, we saw the massive rock formations that have been shown in every book that I have ever read about Ireland. It is the stuff of legend and myth in Ireland. They said that if you could see all the way to the coast of Scotland, you'd see the same geology there, too. I couldn't believe that I was actually standing on the stones. It was amazing.

Wednesday, 9 July 2008 Tonight we met at the Strand Hotel. It is locally known as the lower hotel from the days when there were only two hotels in Ballyliffin. Now there are 5 hotels here. I was really looking forward to the music tonight. I really didn't plan on dancing. George

and I were going to just sit and watch but when the music began, it was as if my toe was tapping involuntarily and before I knew it I was standing in the line holding hands with others and listening intently to follow the instructions. We had so much fun laughing and socializing that I didn't even notice that it was exercise.



Thursday, 10 July 2008 - I can't believe that the reunion is over. Tonight was so fun. We had a Dinner Dance at the Inishowen Gateway Hotel in Buncrana. The sumptuous meal was a great start. The reunion committee handed out a few awards and we had a dance with a live band. The evening seemed to pass quickly, there were so many new found friends to visit with and exchange our information. We all knew that eventually we would have to begin the long journey back to our homes all over the world, and that is truly bittersweet. The farewells were hard, but vows to return came easily. The land and sea of our Irish heritage will beckon, and - sooner or later - I know that we'll return again to Inishowen and Derry.

Sunday, 13 July 2008 - It is hard to believe that our trip is over. We met so many wonderful people. I can't wait to get home and see who has e-mailed me already. We enjoyed our whole trip to Ireland, but the highlight for me was the time spent with my kin. It sure will be nice to sleep in my own bed.



IRISH SEDUCTION

*She appears an elusive one
coming or going in sober passage
so mysteriously abrupt at times
as willing lovers engage.*

*Across the land she pours
lust from her Hawthorne bed.
Youthful callers, attracted too,
would surely there agree to wed.*

*She pulls me in and locks me up
into memory, as a spider might.
One has no choice but giving in,
though not a desirous over-
night.*

*I'd pluck her up for capture
if I could, should she be a bird,
keeping her prized fed and
safe.*

"Gem of hummingbird," I heard.

*When our bonding's complete
with no place to go in Donegal,
knowing I should walk away -
Takes me yet again.
What'a gall!*

By Ron Dean Daugherty

**"Let's make a date for
2008"**

**O'Dochartaigh Clann
Reunion
1-10 July 2008**

**Tickets for Reunion Events
may be purchased online at
www.odochartaighreunion.com**



DOHERTY NEWS FROM IRELAND

*The following bits of news from Ireland were submitted by Kitty Daugherty Barr.
Two have been edited for space.*

Design course a big hit with small businesses

An Inishowen woman has taken part in a unique pilot training programme.

Rosaleen Hegarty of Buncrana-based Crana Knits was recently awarded a certificate from the Institute of Leadership and Management.

The Donegal Development Training Programme was the first of its kind to be delivered in Donegal to micro-enterprises and enabled local companies to access world-class training.

Fourteen local entrepreneurs took part in the unique initiative.

They are all members of the Donegal Design Directorate Accel Project. This is a Donegal County Enterprise Board initiative designed to promote the value of good design to small and micro business in Donegal and throughout the North West. They completed a programme that included modules on product design, branding, new product development and marketing online.

Other successful businesspeople who completed the programme included Catherin Sproule of Guava Juice Bar and Lee Gooch of Audioworks.

The awards evening - which took place in the Silver Tassie, Letterkenny - is a significant milestone for the rapidly growing Donegal Design Directorate. It is now gearing up for Donegal Design week from March 7 to 14. This will include a series of events to celebrate and showcase the work of Donegal design. *[Written by Laura Glenn, Inish Times, February 27, 2008.]*

MODEL BEHAVIOUR AWARD

Glengad stunner Michelle in line for TV Personality of Year prize

A MODEL Inishowen woman has been nominated for a major national entertainment award.

Stunning model and presenter Michelle Doherty from Glengad is one of eight household names who have been nominated for the Sony Bravia TV Personality of the Year award.

The category forms part of the prestigious annual Irish Film and Television Awards.

The sought-after award is one of three 'People's Choice' awards in which unlike other categories means it will be decided by public vote.

Michelle began her career as a model with the Morgan Model Agency in Dublin and now resides there.

She has presented the critically-acclaimed *Nightshift* show on Channel 6 for two years.

Michelle regularly graces the pages of Irish newspapers and magazines and is recognized as one of Ireland's most beautiful and stylish women. ...

(Continued on page 6)

Speaking after her nomination Michelle said, "I am surprised but absolutely delighted to be nominated.

"Being nominated in itself is like winning something already particularly as I've only been presenting for two years.

"But it's a testament to the strength of the show itself and how strong the Irish music industry is these days." *[Written by Laura Glenn, Inish Times, January 20, 2008.]*

Update: Michelle narrowly lost the award to Kathryn Thomas [RTÉ Presenter].

Inishowen and the Leonard Cohen connection

Donegal artist Seoirse Ó Dochartaigh has departed from his usual style of painting in his new series "The Secret Life"...in the Fort Dunree Gallery, Inishowen.

His focus up to now has usually been something leaning heavily on the Gaelic traditions, such as the large painting he did on "The Flight of the Earls", now hanging in the County Museum in Letterkenny. Or maybe some of you remember the fine series he did on the O'Doherty castles of Inishowen shown in 2005 at the Tullyarvan Mill and later in Carndonagh.

What's so different about these new paintings?

Seoirse: "As a singer I was very taken by the images I used to visualize when singing a song like "Gaoth Barra na gCoillte, Gaoth Barra na d'Tonn" [Gweebarra of the Woods, Gweebarra of the Waves"]. I painted several canvasses on themes from that particular ballad. Indeed, I painted scores of pictures using poetic imagery drawn from the incredibly rich Donegal repertoire of traditional poetry and song. In this new series I looked at the lyrics of some Leonard Cohen songs and found myself once again imagining strange places in our landscape."

Ó Dochartaigh will be known to many in Inishowen as the chief researcher with Clann Ui Dochartaigh, formerly on Inch. But this exhibition has absolutely nothing to do with genealogy. As a singer and instrumentalist he invariably trawls the words of songs, or listens to music, for ideas for his paintings. What struck him while listening to some fairly recent Cohen songs was the imagery in certain lyrics that reminded him of forgotten terrains, lonely river valleys and deserted beaches he had been exploring while travelling round the county researching old families. His work brought him to many beautiful but isolated parts of the county - places off the beaten track where you normally don't go when you are traveling from A to B. He found Inishowen, the birthplace of his grandfather, particularly magical in this respect.

"I wasn't looking for an Irish connection in Leonard Cohen" says Seoirse, an artist who has exhibited all over Europe and America. "Cohen is a Canadian of Jewish extraction and I'm quite sure he never gave Ireland a single thought while writing the songs. But he does have something in common with the Irish monks and holy men of the 8th and 9th centuries who chose to live in isolated parts of Ireland, like Skellig Michael off the coast of Kerry. ...

Ó Dochartaigh has ten paintings in this show. But where did he get the title "The Secret Life"? Seoirse doesn't like to give away too much. He says, rather evasively, "It falls among the voices and the wine! That's a quote from a Cohen song. But I think life is like that. In Irish they say Ní mar a tcítear a bítear. People live secret lives and public lives at the same time. You see people on the street and you politely say "Hello" to them but you have absolutely no idea what is going on within that person - their feelings, aspirations, even their general demeanour might be masked to give the illusion of a happy individual. When you look at the paintings you will see no figures, no people. I believe that feelings can be transcribed into colours to reveal the human condition. The landscape sometimes mirrors the human spirit." *[Written by Sue Doherty, Derry Journal, February 8, 2008.]*

To view paintings in the exhibit, the reader is directed to <http://www.seoirse.com/index1.php#section=art>.

World gold for Clonmany tug-o-war

The lads from Clonmany tug-o-war club's B team are still celebrating after scaling the dizzy heights of the World Championships to claim a gold medal.

A fantastic performance from the team in the 640kg category at the championships in Faenza, Italy last week has earned the Inishowen men a place in the history books.

Fans of the sport in the arena were stunned at the manner of the performances as the lads defeated all in their class, including Swiss champions Stansoberdorf, Spanish champions Abidino, San Rocco from Italy and Napurrak from France.

"In thirty years of being involved in this sport I have never seen as fine and as dominant a performance on the rope as what I witnessed from the boys in Italy," said a jubilant coach Peter McLaughlin.

"These boys have done themselves, the country, and Inishowen proud and they deserve all the credit that they get.

"This medal wasn't just won on the day, it was won in the shed, in the gym and on the beach over the last twelve months."

After qualifying from the group, it seemed the draw had been unkind to the 'B' team as they were paired with the crack Scottish outfit Ayrshire. However, despite the fact that many predicted a tight contest, the local team proved much too strong for the Scots.

Pre-tournament favourites and English champions, Kilroe, were the semi-final obstacle and in tight and tense battled the Clonmany men eventually emerged worthy winners to set-up an all Ireland affair in the final against Mountain View.

Strength and power

The strength and power the B team had gained from their training was evident as they emerged victors in a one-sided affair to allow the celebrations to begin in earnest.

The successful squad consisted of Captain Pat Doherty (PV), Vice-captains Daniel Doherty (R) and Kevin McLaughlin, brothers Michael and Aiden (A) and Patrick and Daniel jnr (R), as well as cousins Steven and Christy McDaid and the stand alone George Jackson.

Conditioning coach

The boys were accompanied by conditioning coach and nutritionist Peter Doherty (S) from The Gum in Carndonagh as well their coaches on the rope were James Cannon and Peter McLaughlin (O).

Clonmany 'B' squad members also gained a bronze in the 560kg after a fantastic play-off tussle against England.

Another Clonmany 'B' man, Daniel Doherty (R), picked up a silver for Ireland in the 600kg category while the 680kg category saw six members from Clonmany 'B' and two members from Clonmany 'A' help the boys in green to a bronze after a thrilling play-off with the Dutch.

Clonmany Tug-o-war club is the only club in Ireland with its own clubhouse.

The club has already roped in scores of medals throughout the years, including six world championship titles.

The club was set up in 1946 - making it one of the oldest clubs in Ireland. The club's state-of-the-art base was built voluntarily back in 2000 by community members. *[Derry Journal, February 29, 2008.]*

DOHERTY NEWS FROM AMERICA

UT DALLAS GRAD NAMED DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI RELATIONS & ANNUAL GIVING

Erin Dougherty, a two-time graduate of UT Dallas, has been named director of alumni relations and annual giving at the University.

Dougherty has worked in alumni giving in the University's Office of Development for more than two years, where she managed several phone-a-thons and the annual giving program, and coordinated alumni activities and communications.

"We are pleased to have Erin accept this leadership role within the University," said Laura Beall, interim vice president for development. "I know she will lead the alumni relations and annual giving areas to new and exciting accomplishments."

As a former student leader and Archer Fellow, Dougherty brings an in-depth understanding of student life and of the University to her position.

"My tenure with UT Dallas - particularly as a former student - has provided me with tremendous insight into the alumni experience," Dougherty said. "I'm grateful for this opportunity to serve our graduates and to help them discover new ways to give back to the University."

Dougherty received a B.A. in literary studies in 2003 and a master's in public affairs in 2007 from UT Dallas.

[Submitted by Cecilia Stewart and Kelly Dougherty. Article appears at <http://www.utdallas.edu/news/2008/02/15.php>.]

WINTER SNOWS BLAST U.S.

Mike "Doc" Dougherty sent the following photos of his New Hampshire home. Doc stated, "The first snowfall is always a welcomed sight, but enough is enough!" As of March 29, 2008, this season marked the second-highest recorded snowfall (115.2 inches) measured in Concord, NH; surpassed only by the 122 inches that fell during the winter of 1873-1874. It was a winter of heavy snowfall in most of the U.S. - although Doc seems to hold the record!



1. The season starts!
Better known as the
lull before the
storm!



2. Later that same
day, a reminder of
how beautiful the
first snowfall is.



3. By mid-December
there was 15" of
snow on the deck.
Doc wrote, "It took
a few hours of shov-
eling to get to the
hot tub, and by then,
I needed it!"



4. Just after Easter!
(Compare to photo
1) There is about 3
feet of snow in the
yard —nearly 5 feet
piled in the road!

Connoisseur of Canines

Escondido man brings his expertise to dog show

For the dog owner who has spent years working with a Parson Russell terrier, bloodhound or bichon fries, walking into the ring at a dog show can be a nerve-wracking experience. Receiving a third-place ribbon and not the coveted silver trophy can feel like a crushing condemnation of one's beloved show dog.

Escondido resident Michael J. Dougherty has traveled the globe assessing the gait, temperament and physical attributes of pure-bred canines, serving as a judge at the prestigious Westminster Kennel Club dog show three times.

Dougherty, who likened the jet-setting pooches to "politicians running for office," has seen all kinds of reactions to his rulings, from gracious acceptance to stewing indignation.

Though most people are pleasant, Dougherty said, they aren't all good sports.

"Sometimes as you're handing somebody a ribbon they'll either try to snatch it from your hand, they'll kind of not really want to take it or you can just see them vibrating," he said.

Last April, Dougherty deemed a beagle name Uno top hound at the Atlanta Kennel Club dog show. Earlier this month [February], Uno became the first beagle to win best in show at Westminster. ...

For Dougherty the perfect whippet is like "a porcelain statue that can run faster than anything."

"If you think a wide receiver is trying to get away from the defensive back on the Chargers, you ought to watch a jack rabbit being chased by a pack of whippets," he said. "There's a lot of elegance to a whippet."

Though she adored her Akita, Dougherty's wife Michelle, wasn't involved in the competitive world of dogs before she met her husband.

Sitting back and taking in the sport from the ringside is a little akin to watching Christopher Guest's 2000 mockumentary "Best in Show," she conceded.

"They were all real characters, just taken up a notch," Michelle said of the comedy. "That's the other thing that makes it kind of fun for me...I know the back story on half the dogs. When we watched Westminster on TV, we know just about every handler in there."

"We know kind of the struggle or what built up to that moment in that dog show," Michelle said. "Then when you see their reaction, you kind of understand where it's coming from."

Dougherty has judged in 33 states and 11 countries, including Colombia, Ireland, Sweden, Italy and Taiwan. Though he charges a flat fee and travel expenses for his expertise, Dougherty said a profound love of dogs keeps him involved in the sport.

Last year, the couple converted a barn on their property into an upscale pet resort, Windsong Resort...for Pets. They have accommodations for up to six dogs, and also accept cats, birds and exotic pets such as lizards.

For the protective pet owner, several rooms are outfitted with Web cams.

"Whether you're in Biloxi or Bogota, you can go online and check on your cog, day or night," Dougherty said. [Written by Pat Sherman, Today's Local News, February 22, 2008, page 1. Submitted by Robert Dougherty.]



FIVE OF THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

Comparable to the Victoria Cross of the United Kingdom and the original concept of France's Legion of Honor, the Medal of Honor is the highest American military decoration awarded for gallantry to members of the Armed Forces, and is conferred sparingly and bestowed upon only the "bravest of the brave." The President of the United States presents the medal on behalf of Congress; therefore, it frequently is referred to as the "Congressional Medal of Honor." Since its inception a total of 3,460 medals have been awarded to 3,441 individuals for 3,455 separate acts of heroism.

Five Medal of Honor recipients bore a surname derived from the O'Dochartaigh Clan into battle: Michael Dougherty and Patrick Dougherty during the Civil War (1861-1865); William Dougherty in the Indian War Campaigns (1861-1898); James Dougherty in the Korean Campaign of 1871; and Thomas Doherty in the Spanish-American War (1898). It should be noted that of all foreign born recipients, the sons of Ireland lead the Medal of Honor count with 263. (Germany/Prussia is a distant second with 128.) [The counties with the highest number of known recipients (not all reported their county or town of birth) are: Cork (19), Dublin and Tipperary (11), Limerick (10), Kerry (8), Galway (7), Antrim and Tyrone (6), and Kilkenny and Sligo (5).] Therefore, it seems possible, perhaps even probable, that other O'Dochartaigh descendants received medals but did not carry the surname itself.

Michael Dougherty, the youngest of seven children, was born on May 10, 1844 in Falcarragh, County Donegal

and immigrated to America shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. On August 8, 1862, he enlisted into the Union Army at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was assigned to Company M of the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Formed in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry was a squadron of Irish dragoons attached to the "Irish Brigade" (2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 2nd Army Corps) that saw continuous action in Virginia from February of 1863 until end of the war. However, Private Michael Dougherty participated in only seven battles; spending the majority of his service as a prisoner of war.

The story of Michael Dougherty's survival in several Confederate prison camps was documented in his book, *Prison Diary of Michael Dougherty, Late Co. B, 13th Pa. Cavalry. While confined in Pemberton, Barretts, Libby, Andersonville and other Southern Prisons*, published in 1908 by Michael's son, Charles A. Dougherty, a printer in Bristol, Pennsylvania. Although the book met with criticism (accusations of plagiarism and falsehoods) during the mid-20th century, the book was an interesting read and several important facts remain undisputed.

Private Michael Dougherty was first captured by Confederate soldiers on February 26, 1863 during the battle of Fisher's Hill in Virginia when, as Michael later wrote, his horse was "shot out from under" him. Along with approximately 50 other prisoners, Private Dougherty was sent to Libby Prison in Richmond where he remained until a prisoner exchange was arranged on May 26, 1863, and he was returned to his regiment. During the battle of Jefferson, Virginia on October 12, 1863, he again

fell into the hands of the Rebels and spent four months in various prison camps anticipating another exchange. His hopes permanently were dashed when he arrived at the notorious Andersonville Camp (Georgia) on February 15, 1864.

Ironically, it was his actions on the same day as his second capture that resulted in the nomination of Private Michael Dougherty for receipt of the Medal of Honor. The citation read: "This soldier, at the head of a detachment of his company, dashed across an open field, exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy, and succeeded in dislodging them from an unoccupied house, which he and his comrades defended for several hours against repeated attacks, thus preventing the enemy from flanking the position of the Union forces." The official report also noted that Dougherty's actions saved 2,500 lives. The medal was issued on January 23, 1897.

Of the 127 soldiers in his regiment captured at Jefferson, Private Dougherty was the only one to survive. (The horrific conditions of Andersonville alone resulted in the deaths of 122 of his comrades.) Malnourished, ill, and suffering from painful rheumatism, he was placed in the camp hospital on August 28, 1864, and remained bedridden until the end of the war. Finally, on April 12, 1865, after 18 months as a prisoner of war, Private Michael Dougherty left Andersonville to begin the long and arduous journey home. However, his ordeal still was not finished.

Accompanied by 1,800 to 2,000 other repatriated Union prisoners of war, Private Dougherty boarded the

(Continued on page 11)

Sultana in Vicksburg, Mississippi, on April 23rd for transport to St. Louis, Missouri. The total number of persons onboard when the *Sultana* left Vicksburg was estimated to be 2,300; on a steamboat designed to carry a maximum of 376, including crew. As weak and ill as most of the men were, they were going home and spirits were high. They did not mind the extremely cramped conditions and quickly found spots on the deck and railings. Songs and the laughter of those who had endured months of agony rang through the air. Their homes and loved ones would no longer be phantoms in dreams. Home would soon be a reality.

The steamboat made its way upriver to Memphis. The currents were stronger than usual and the added weight stressed the four boilers to their limits. Approximately four miles north of Memphis, the *Sultana* rounded a bend in the Mississippi River and moved slowly past a cluster of islands known as the "Hen and Chickens." It was 2:00 in the morning. Unable to contain the heavy build up of steam, one boiler exploded with a noise heard back in Memphis. Flames lit the night sky and the steamboat was ripped in half. Men who had been sleeping moments before were killed instantly while others were thrown into the icy waters. Remarkably, Private Dougherty found the strength to swim to one of the nearby islands where he was rescued the following morning. Of the thousands onboard, the survivors numbered only in the hundreds (estimates range from 500-900).

Private Michael Dougherty was discharged from the Army on June 27, 1865 and returned to his mother and sisters at the family home in Bristol, Pennsylvania. He arrived weighing only 100 pounds, and was in such poor health, that it would be approximately one year before he was re-

leased from the doctor's care and able to work. He was 21 years old and already had endured a lifetime of hardship.

A few years after his return, he married Rose Magee and their first child, Kate, was born in 1870. Rose gave birth to nine known children: Kate, Alexander, Edward, Charles, Mary, Margaret, Rose, Helen, and Elizabeth. The family remained in Bristol and Michael held various occupations over a span of more than 40 years. According to the censuses, he was a "bread baker" (1870), an employee at the worsted mill (1880), a pension agent (1900), and "storekeeper helper" at the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia (1910). He retired prior to the 1920 census. From 1880-1882, Michael served on the Bristol City Council. On February 19, 1930, Michael Dougherty died and was buried in St. Mark's Cemetery in Bristol. He was 85 years old.

Unlike Michael Dougherty, very little information is known about the life of **Patrick Dougherty**. He gave his birthplace simply as Ireland and date of birth only as 1844. Patrick enlisted into the Union Navy in New York and was stationed as a landsman (inexperienced seaman) aboard the U.S.S. Lackawanna. The Lackawanna, a 1,240 ton, wooden, steam screw sloop-of-war, patrolled the waters from the coast of Florida to Texas as part of the Union blockade during the Civil War. On December 31, 1864, Patrick Dougherty was awarded the Medal of Honor. The accompanying citation stated: "As a landsman on board the U.S.S. Lackawanna, Dougherty acted gallantly without orders when the powder box at his gun was disabled under the heavy enemy fire, and maintained a supply of powder throughout the prolonged action. Dougherty also aided in the attacks on Fort Morgan and in the capture of the prize ram Tennessee." (The C.S.S. Tennessee

was a 1,273 ton ironclad ram and the flagship of Confederate Admiral Franklin Buchanan. The ship was captured during the Battle of Mobile Bay which commenced on August 5, 1864.)

During the 27 years of the Indian War Campaigns, 426 Medals of Honor were issued. **William Dougherty**, a blacksmith, with Company B of the 8th U.S. Cavalry was awarded his medal on July 24, 1869. William was born in Detroit, Michigan but apparently enlisted in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania as that was the location accredited with his award. The accompanying citation simply stated: "Bravery in scouts and actions against Indians." Since William was stationed in Arizona from August to October of 1868, he undoubtedly was involved in campaigns against the Apaches under the leadership of the famous Cochise.

U.S. Marine Corps Private **James Dougherty** gallantly served during the Korean Campaign of 1871. James was born on November 16, 1839 in "Langhash", Ireland. [*The writer has been unable to determine the location or existence of Langhash.*] He enlisted into the Marine Corps in Pennsylvania and was transported to Korea onboard the U.S.S. *Benicia*; one of five warships of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet that arrived on the Korean coastline on May 23, 1871. The expedition began on June 10, 1871 on Kanghwa Island. James was one of 109 Marines, under Captain McClane Tilton, assigned to lead the land assault. The men found the first two Korean forts empty and destroyed all abandoned ordinance and structures. As the landing force moved towards the third fort, Kwangsunbo Fortress, nicknamed "Citadel," the two-mile terrain became a composite of alternating steep hills and deep ravines making advancement and transport of equipment slow and

(Continued on page 12)

difficult. Waiting inside the high walls of the Citadel were approximately 1,000 Korean troops.

The Americans positioned themselves in the valley below the earthen fortress and waited for the signal to attack. From inside the fortress came the sounds of trumpets, drums, and chanting as the Koreans signaled their determination to fight to the death. The battle would be hard won that day. As the order to attack rang through the lines, 350 sailors and Marines charged up the last hill with a renewed strength and fierceness. Streaming over the ramparts, they soon found themselves in close quarters and hand-to-hand combat.

Although wounded several times, Private Dougherty remained embroiled in the fight. Eventually, James sought out the Korean commander, General Uh Je-yeon. While the exact details of their meeting have been lost to history, it proved fatal for the general. The death of the Korean general and the capture of his flag soon brought the battle to an end. In all, only three Americans were killed (Naval Lieutenant Hugh Wilson McKee of Lexington, Kentucky, Landsman Seth Allen of Maine, and Marine Corps Private Denis Hanrahan of County Kilkenny, Ireland). The Koreans remained faithful to their vow to fight to the death. Many who were not killed during the battle either leapt to their death or fell on their swords. Only 20 Koreans were taken prisoner and the Korean government refused their return. The battle of the Citadel was the only major conflict of the Korea Campaign. On July 3, 1871, the American expeditionary force sailed out of Korean waters.

On February 8, 1872, Private James Dougherty was awarded the Medal of Honor. The citation stated: "On board the U.S.S. Benicia in action at

Korea on 11 June 1871, for seeking out and killing the commanding officer of the Korean [*sic*] forces."

James Dougherty died on November 24, 1897, at the age of 58 years, and was buried in Cypress Hills National Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York.

Born **Thomas M. O'Doherty** on May 11, 1869 in Cloghleafin, Mitchelstown, County Cork, Ireland, to Maurice and Mary Moore (of Ballyhampshire, Castletyons, County Cork) O'Doherty, Thomas was the eldest of 12 children. As a lad of 16 years of age, Thomas immigrated to America; arriving in New York on August 12, 1885. Eventually, he migrated north to Newcastle, Maine and found work as a coachman. However, by September 26, 1891, Thomas decided to change his situation and traveled to Boston, Massachusetts, where he enlisted into Company H of the 21st U.S. Infantry.

The 21st Infantry was stationed at Plattsburgh Barracks, New York. It was there that Thomas Doherty received his military training and earned his marksman and sharpshooter medals. On February 1, 1897, Corporal Doherty appeared at the Clinton County Courthouse in Plattsburgh, gave his Oath of Allegiance to the United States, and became a naturalized American citizen.

After the United States declared war with Spain (April 21, 1898), the 21st Infantry deployed to Cuba on June 7th. On the night of June 30, 1898, after one week of extreme weather conditions in the jungle, the men received orders to break camp and advance to the starting positions for battle. Slogging through three inches of mud, Corporal Dougherty and the 21st Infantry reached the designated position. The 21st, 2nd, and 10th Infantries formed the 3rd Brigade of the 1st Division. Under

the command of Brigadier General E. P. Pearson, the brigade was assigned duty at the rear, to be called into action as needed. The mission of the attack was to drive the Spanish from their strongholds on Kettle Hill and San Juan Hill, opening the way for the invasion of Santiago.

The sound of reveille broke through the dark hours before the sun began its ascent. It was the morning of July 1st and Corporal Doherty and his tent mate, Private Tomkinson, struck their pup tent and readied themselves for the attack. The Spaniards were dug-in on the heights around the city of Santiago. Seven hundred and fifty Spanish soldiers and two howitzers stood in the way of the ground assault on the city.

Due to the lack of an organized plan and the ensuing melee that resulted, the men of Company H found themselves pinned down by a hailstorm of crossfire. Ultimately, the order to retreat came down through the ranks and the men pulled back across terrain they had fought so hard to claim. However, Privates May and Tomkinson failed to report.

When Corporal Doherty heard the men yelling for his friend, Tomkinson, the man he called "Bunkie", he instinctively moved into action. Without hesitation or concern for his own safety, he dropped his rifle and rose to a standing position. In the midst of a storm of bullets, he climbed over the embankment and stepped directly into the line of fire. With adrenaline controlling his every move, the Corporal bolted up the hill in search of his friend. While the heavy smoke of gunfire provided him some coverage from the enemy, it also made locating his friend more difficult. Yet, he continued running towards the enemy's location. Finally, he spotted Private Tomkinson lying wounded and helpless near a

(Continued on page 13)

Spanish position, and raced to his comrade's side. It was evident the man had been shot in the head as blood poured profusely from the wound. Gathering his friend into his arms, and moving with the same speed and determination that had propelled him up the hill, Corporal Doherty carried the injured soldier to the safety of the trenches. Amid the chaos of that day, that gallant and unselfish act, an act Thomas later described as "a bit warm," was noted by the Corporal's peers and superior officers. On June 22, 1899, Corporal Thomas M. Doherty, United States Infantry, was awarded the Medal of Honor for bravery above and beyond the call of duty during the Battle of San Juan Hill. The accompanying citation read: "Gallantly assisted in the rescue of the wounded from in front of the lines and while under heavy fire from the enemy."

The following year, the 21st Infantry, ordered to the Philippines, engaged the Moros in the jungles of the northern part of the island of Luzon during the Philippine-American War of 1899. Later, Sergeant Doherty's comrades would recall the daring acts of bravery he displayed in the face of the enemy. It was reported that he seemed fearless. When charging into battle, Sergeant Doherty would "carry the flag through a veritable hell of shot and shell." Through it all, he would whistle; whistle his way into dangerous situations without regard of possible ambush.

Thomas Doherty remained in the army until his death, by his own hand, on September 21, 1906, at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. Following the wars, Thomas' rank vacillated between Corporal and Color Sergeant. There were reports of heavy drinking and bouts of depression; probably due to the fever he contracted while in the jungles of Cuba. A loss of rank from

Color Sergeant to acting Drum Major while on bivouac in Indiana seemed to be the catalyst for his suicide. He was found in an outhouse behind one of the local saloons with a gunshot to his head. The entire fort was in mourning as Drum Major Doherty had been a favorite among the enlisted men. He was buried with full military honors and laid to rest in a hillside grave in Evergreen Cemetery, Southgate, Kentucky.



THOMAS M. DOHERTY
(Photo from the Congressional Medal of Honor Museum)

These were the five O'Dochartaigh Medal of Honor recipients: three soldiers, one sailor, and one Marine. One credited with saving 2,500 lives; one saved another; and one took the life of an enemy officer. Four were born in Ireland; one in the United States. A large, bronze statue memorializes Michael Dougherty. Thomas Doherty and James Dougherty rest under standard military headstones but two graves remain undiscovered. One lived a long life devoted to family and community while another took his life before the age of 40; and three "disappeared" leaving only their names and brief descriptions of their contributions in the annals. They voluntarily enlisted into the service and were doing what was required of them when it became a "bit warm" and they rose to the challenge with exemplary courage. They were five of the bravest of the brave.

On Memorial Day (originally known as Decoration Day), May 26, 2008, the United States will remember its war dead - those who gave all. Dohertys have reported for duty during each of America's wars; some never returned. The following, written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, is printed in their, and their comrades', honor with appreciation from a grateful nation.

DECORATION DAY

*Sleep, comrades, sleep & rest
On this Field of the Grounded
Arms,*

*Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!*

*Ye have slept on ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannons sudden roar,
Or the drums redoubling beat.*

*But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.*

*All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!*

*Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.*

*Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.*



ROMANTIC REUNION

Written and submitted by Kathleen "Kitty" Daugherty Barr (Family Group #0306) of Merville, County Donegal.

Whenever I meet someone new, I always am asked where in the States I come from and how did I come to live in Ireland. I've told the story so many times that I often said I should write a book. Instead, I'm going to give you a condensed version.

The year was 1990 and I was about to embark on a journey to realise a dream that had begun some four years earlier. My brother, Jim Daugherty and his wife, Sylvia had attended the first O'Dochartaigh Reunion held in Ireland in 1985. After viewing their magnificent photos, I had a compelling desire to see it for myself. They informed me that plans already were being made for the next one in 1990 and that I should join them. Easy for them to say, I thought, but how could I manage it when I was a single parent with one son in university and a daughter still in high school. And, while I did have a good enough job with GM, it was still a struggle making ends meet.

Henry David Thoreau once stated, "If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he had imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours." And unexpected is how my dream became reality. I was off to the golf course to join my after-work league and hurried to change into appropriate attire, removing jewellery as well. The jewellery included a diamond ring that I, only recently, had reset from my original engagement ring. Well, by now, you have the gist of it. The ring was lost in the parking lot and even a thorough search the next day did not reveal its whereabouts. Fortunately, I had it insured, and

this became the down payment on my trip.

I can't begin to tell you how excited I was as the day of my departure grew closer. This was my first trip on my own since my single days back in the '60's. Jim and Sylvia picked me up at Dublin Airport and we went to spend the first night with friends of theirs who lived in the city. I tried in vain to stay awake all day but my hosts insisted on a nap before dinner. Thanks to the catnap, I was able to enjoy the evening and have my first glimpse of Dublin night life.

It was now Saturday, July 7th and the real journey began. We stopped and did some sightseeing on the way up to Donegal, which left very little time to do anything that evening except get settled in at the cottage we had rented in Greencastle. The view over Lough Foyle was breathtaking and exceeded all my expectations. The next day, I suggested we go to Derry City because I had read in the reunion material there was to be ceili dancing at the Guildhall. Being involved with a ceili group back in Michigan, I was quite interested to see the Irish expertise. To my disappointment, when we got there, no one was around and a local man finally came by and said he thought everyone had gone to a football (aka soccer) match or maybe it was rugby; I don't recall which. This was my first experience of how sports can take precedence over everything else in Ireland. Upon hearing that, we went to a pub for food and did a walk-about around Derry.

Returning to Greencastle, we discovered there was Irish music playing at the Fort Inn which was a stone's throw from our cottage. It was a

very lively place and satisfied my appetite for Irish culture. As we sat there enjoying the music and our pints (or half-pint in my case), I scanned the room studying the faces of all those present trying to determine who were tourists and who were the locals. I also noticed a sign by the entrance door that announced a dance that evening after the pub music finished. Never one to pass up a dance, I asked Jim and Sylvia if they would stay for it. They both declined saying they were too tired, but indicated I should ask one of the locals what kind of a dance it was and to stay if I wanted. I selected a three-some of two men and a woman who were sitting at the opposite end of the booth we occupied, and asked them what type of dance was being held and was it only for young people. They were very friendly and told me, no, it was for all ages and would be pop music, and then followed this with an invitation to join them. We danced until the place closed and continued on with conversation until the wee hours of the morning. That was my introduction to the man I would marry three years later. His name is Bernard Barr and he is a boat builder at a family business in Greencastle. (I will give you more details on this in a later issue.) Bernard invited me to "tea" the next evening to which I replied that I would love to go out for drinks with him. With a smile and a sudden realization, he said he was inviting me for a meal. This was only the first of many such disparities in the American and Irish word usage as I would later discover.

While some might call this "love at first sight", my recollection was more like meeting a soul-mate who I was destined to meet at some point

in my life. Jim, Sylvia and I continued to do our daytime tours for the rest of the week; but, I must confess, my evenings were reserved for Bernard. I fell in love with this area of Ireland and at the end of the week, was very reluctant to leave. Jim and Sylvia already had mapped out our itinerary for the next week, and on Friday, we left for our exploration of the west of Ireland, but not without a farewell from Bernard. He shyly handed me a rose and a few other souvenir gifts, and I promised to phone before I left the country the following Saturday. We thoroughly enjoyed our travels in the west and were rewarded with the most beautiful scenery from Sligo, Mayo, Galway and Clare but I could not get that lovely Irish man out of my head and phoned him on Thursday night. I was downhearted to learn he was not at home, but his sister-in-law requested that I phone the next evening--my last night in Ireland.

We were at a restaurant in Ennis, Co. Clare having a meal when I decided to phone Bernard. Once again, I reached his sister-in-law who asked me for the phone number of the restaurant as she hurriedly explained Bernard was at Shannon Airport waiting for my phone call to find out where I was. This was in a time-period before everyone had mobile phones and required him phoning home to get the number of the restaurant and then phoning me to get directions. I even had to flag down a passing waiter and hand him the phone to give Bernard the directions because I didn't have a clue where I was. I was astonished to find Bernard had driven for five hours to come down and see me off the next morning. After sleeping in his car in the long-term parking lot, and my brother tracking him down that morning, waiting in the wrong part of the terminal, we finally met up again and exchanged addresses. We parted with his promise to write.

For three years, he wrote letters every single week and, of course, I answered them. We phoned each other on special occasions since the phone calls were quite expensive. During that time period, we both made several trips back and forth across the water before reaching our "this is our life and we're in it together decision". After making the decision to get married, the most difficult part of where to live took a bit longer. I was fortunate in that I had two wonderful children who, when approached about the idea of my moving to Ireland, not only gave us their blessings, but were quite excited about the idea of future holidays in Ireland themselves. Bernard was struggling with his own scenario of leaving a long-established family business as well as service organizations which included the Reserve Army, the Coast Guard, and the Volunteer Fire Department. In the end, I recalled something I had once read that stated, "When faced with a difficult decision, make that decision as wisely as possible and then forget it because the moment of absolute certainty never arrives."

I moved to Ireland in October 1993 and feel truly blessed to be both an American and an Irish Citizen. Since that time, we have made trips back to Michigan every year because it really is "A Small World After All".



THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

*Friendship is a priceless gift
That cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater
Than a mountain made of gold -
For gold is cold and lifeless,
It can neither see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble
It is powerless to cheer -
It has no ears to listen,
No heart to understand
It cannot bring you comfort
Or reach out a helping hand*

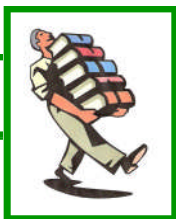
*-
So when you ask God for a Gift,
Be thankful if He sends
Not diamonds, pearls, or riches,
But the love of real true friends.*

*By James F. Doherty
of Malin Head, Ireland*

*Submitted by Robert Dougherty
of Escondido, California*



**BERNARD (yellow shirt) AND
KITTY (in green) ATTEND THE
2005 MEDIEVAL BANQUET
WITH FRIENDS FROM THE
NETHERLANDS,
AMY DAUGHERTY AND HENK
NIJDAM**



BILL'S READING & RESOURCES

I know that many of you are in the process of finalizing plans for your July trip to Ireland and O'Dochartaigh Reunion 2008. I still recall my excitement and anticipation in the months just prior to attending Reunion 2005. While struggling with details of choosing flight reservations, accommodations, and car rentals, I spent every spare moment reading about Irish history and culture. I'm glad I did because it contributed greatly to my wonderful Irish adventure. I recommend the following books for those who will be attending the Reunion, as well as others who simply want to know more about the land of their ancestors.

MacManus, Seumas. *The Story of the Irish Race*. (Greenwich, Ct.: Devin-Adair, Revised Ed., 1981.) This is an old "standard" history in which MacManus presents the saga of the Irish from the earliest times through the Easter Rising. It is easy to read and beautifully written, giving a real sense of the Irish people, their way of life and ideals, and a vivid account of their culture. This book is a good starting point for anyone who wants to understand the Irish political struggle, magnificent literature, and great contributions to Western Civilization.

O'Faolain, Sean. *The Story of the Irish People*. (New York: Avenel Books, 1982.) O'Faolain, a distinguished Irish novelist, describes his book as "a creative history of the growth of the racial mind; or...the story of the development of a national civilization..." It is also unusually good history and very entertaining reading that presents and explains the historic influences that have molded the character of the

Irish down through the centuries. The author ranges the fields of political and religious history, economic and artistic development, mythology, literature, and social structure. He attempts to clarify the contradictions of Irish character and history that so long have puzzled historians and biographers.

Scherman, Katharine. *The Flowering of Ireland-Saints, Scholars, and Kings*. (Boston-Toronto: Little, Brown and Co., 1981.) The author takes us on a journey from prehistoric Ireland through the Anglo-Norman invasion. Along the way, she explores the most important "saints, scholars, and kings," and describes how they influenced the development of the Irish people, including significant changes in religion, education, literature, art, and law. It is an entertaining book that goes far beyond the mere listing of historical places and dates. It offers very detailed stories and biographies, enhanced with a number of illustrative photographs, and supported by an extensive bibliography.

McCaffrey, Carmel, and Eaton, Leo. *In Search of Ancient Ireland*. (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 2002.) I highly recommend this book (and its sequel) as a comprehensive and up-to-date history of Ireland. The book (and its companion PBS documentary DVD) was written by the authors because "Irish prehistory is undergoing massive re-evaluation in light of recent archaeological research and new discoveries." The authors trace the history, archaeology, and legends of the island from 9000 B.C. to the Norman invasion of 1167 A.D. Ireland always has been a place where myth and reality exists side-by-side, but recent research now is making clear the distinction between them. The authors actually visited many

historical sites, often accompanied by some of Ireland's best known historical scholars, archaeologists, poets, and storytellers. I enjoyed reading the book so much that I hardly could put it down, and the three-part TV documentary seemed to bring the stories and places to life.

McCaffrey, Carmel. *In Search of Ireland's Heroes*. (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 2006.) McCaffrey continues her Irish history with this book, covering the period from the English invasion through 2004. Her narrative history is filled with powerful Irish families who fought to free Ireland from English control. She includes a description of "O'Doherty's Insurrection," the tragic story of Cahir O'Dochartaigh and his failed attempt to rise against the English oppressors in the Inishowen territory. The author uses an extensive array of original letters, personal accounts, and parliamentary documents to bring Irish leaders to life. McCaffrey states: "It is only through appreciating the rich and varied past of Ireland that an understanding of the present can begin."

Rutherford, Edward. *The Princes of Ireland*. (New York: Doubleday, 2005.) This is the first of a two-part series depicting the historical saga of six fictional Irish families focused in and around Dublin. The story begins in A.D. 430 with the tragic tale of Conall, nephew of the High King at Tara, and his fierce love for the beautiful Deirdre. Rutherford then weaves a Michener-like epic of the several families and how they develop and connect socially, politically, and historically through the centuries. The story ends with the disastrous Irish revolt of 1534 and the disappearance of the sacred

staff of St. Patrick. The author brings history to life through those tales of families whose fates rise and fall in each generation, people from all strata of society - Protestant and Catholic, rich and poor, coniving and heroic.

Rutherford, Edward. *The Rebels of Ireland*. (New York: Doubleday, 2006.) Rutherford continues his epic history of the six fictional families, adding stories about several other lines. In this sequel he spins the saga of Ireland's 400-year path to independence in all its drama, tragedy and glory through the lives of these Dublin families. The author describes the hardships of ordinary people and the romantic, doomed attempt to overthrow the Protestant oppressors, which ended at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. He recreates Wolfe Tone's attempted French invasion of 1798, the tragic rising of Robert Emmet, the catastrophic Great Famine, the rise of Charles Stewart Parnell, and the eventual birth of an Ireland free of all its ties to England. This is an epic tale of fierce battles, hot-blooded romances, and family and political intrigues.

Delaney, Frank. *Ireland*. (New York: Harper Collins, 2005.) This is a sweeping novel, a beautifully told story of a remarkable nation whose history was for centuries passed through each generation by the Seanchai. One of these itinerant storytellers entranced Ronan, a nine-year-old boy, and then leaves under mysterious circumstances. Ronan's search for Seanchai becomes both a journey of self-discovery and an immersion into the sometimes conflicting histories of his native land. Ronan's personal quest also leads him deeper and deeper into the history and mythology of Ireland itself, in all its drama, intrigues, and heroism. This book travels through the centuries, interweaving Ronan's search for

the Storyteller with a richly evocative unfolding of the great moments in Irish history.

Greeley, Andrew M. *Irish Love*. (New York: Tom Doherty Associates, 2001.) This is one of several "Nuala Anne McGrail" novels by Father Greeley, each of which features a young Irish woman in modern times who still has a bit of the ancient mystical power. As is usual in this wonderful series, two stories, ancient and modern, get mixed together and make for a fascinating tale of murder, betrayal, and redemption with Nuala and her magical powers at the center of it all. The author not only gives us a riveting tale of adventure, he shows us a snapshot of prosperous modern-day Ireland and the engaging people who live there. Father Greeley, a Catholic priest and sociologist, has written over twenty novels, many of which give the reader a vivid glimpse of Irish culture.

Donleavy, J.P. *A Singular Country*. (New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1989.) Donleavy unveils modern Ireland with a mixture of genius and hilarity, writing in the vernacular of the Irishman. He brings to vivid life the range of Ireland's people, from the small farmer to the landed aristocrat, priests, politicians, saints and scholars. The author describes Ireland as "a country where the dead are forever living and which is at once magical, illogical, mysterious and infuriating - a land that is mostly, and perhaps always will remain, a condition of the mind in which dreams can be your only reality."

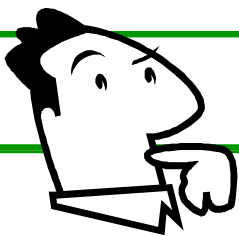
O'Dochartaigh, Fionnbarra. *O'Doherty, People and Places*. (Whitegate, County Clare, Ireland: Ballinakella Press, 1998.) This short book written by the well-known Irish Civil Rights activist contains a wealth of information about O'Dohertys and Inishowen. O'Dochartaigh describes

a number of important national historical events which impacted the O'Dohertys, and he lists a chronology of significant events in the life of the Clann. The book includes brief biographies of many of the most renowned Dohertys, a description of the O'Dochartaigh castles and places, over thirty Doherty pedigrees, a list of looks relating to the Dohertys, and an abundance of O'Doherty miscellanea throughout.

Most of these books may be purchased online through major book-sellers such as Barnesandnoble.com, and Amazon.com, varying in cost from \$7.00 to \$32.96, plus shipping. Several are no longer in stock as new books, but bargains may be found in the "used-very good-First Edition" category. I found *O'Doherty, People and Places* only at the Barnes & Noble site as a "used - like new - hardcover" for \$32.96, and at the www.alibris.com website for the same price (use the ISBN 094653814x for direct search).

These are but a few of the hundreds of books written about Irish history and culture. Many other informative and interesting books on Ireland are easily obtained in local public libraries, bookstores, and online. Even the travel guides, such as Fodor's *Ireland 2008*, offer numerous snapshots of Irish history and culture throughout their pages. I recommend you begin reading one book today, add one next week, then continue building your personal library, until you have a satisfying collection that will become a storehouse of Irish history and culture to be passed on from one Doherty generation to the next. For those of you who will attend the O'Dochartaigh Reunion 2008, I wish you a safe journey and a wonderful adventure.





THE MUSINGS OF DENIS FROM DOWNUNDER

My grandmother Bridget was not a Doherty but she acquired a Doherty mother-in-law when she married in the RC chapel at St Johnston, Co. Donegal 1877 and later she acquired a Doherty daughter-in-law when my parents married in Brisbane, Queensland in 1926. Bridget was born in 1859 at Calhame near Annagry in north-west Donegal. This still is a Gaelic speaking part of the country and she grew up speaking that language. She attended school and learnt to read and write before leaving home as a teenager to seek work in the Laggan. This was a common practice. And we are told that it gave young Gaelic speakers an opportunity to learn to speak English. There were regular hiring fairs in some of the larger centres. We know that Bridget found work as a domestic servant in the house of the Rev. Mr Lecky at Feddyglass. We also know from her marriage certificate that my grandfather James was employed as a steward at the same house. The Rev. Lecky was the minister for one of the two Presbyterian congregations at Ballylennon. It was his son who became the minister for the united congregation and who wrote books on Presbyterianism in the Laggan, recently reprinted. It was the younger Lecky who wrote about the young people coming from the Gaeltach to "lift the Scotch" (to learn English)

We know that Bridget travelled east in the company of other local girls. One was to marry her first cousin. It is from descendants of that couple that we have been able to learn something of Bridget's early days. It seems that those other young women returned home eventually but there

is no evidence that Bridget ever did. We have a letter written to my father in 1916 by a cousin of Bridget. The letter was written in Rannhyhual also in the vicinity of Annagry. The writer speaks of having nursed my father as an infant, but was she another local girl who went to work for a while in the Laggan, or did Bridget visit her home before departing for Australia?

Bridget and James left Feddyglass some time after their marriage and lived for a time at Lettergull. My father was born there in 1882 and his sister Annie two years earlier. Two boys prior to Annie did not survive. We know nothing of the circumstances but they were mentioned on the birth certificate of the first child born in Australia in 1884 and Bridget was known to have referred to the babies she had lost. It was from Lettergull that the young family departed on their journey to Australia via the Clyde.

We would know precious little about that voyage were it not for the fact that 100 years later, my brother was making preparations for a centenary celebration and he discovered a report in the *Brisbane Courier Mail* of 3 October 1883. The ship's purser had been interviewed by a reporter. I am not even clear if the "Anglo-Indian" was a sailing ship but it certainly had a steam engine if only as an auxiliary. Its cargo included not railway locomotives as such but some of the important components to assemble two of these, like boilers, bogies, frames and steam domes. There was a fair amount of liquor included as well as items like paint and paper, but I presume that Bridget was oblivious of the cargo in the holds.

After the cargo was loaded at Glasgow the ship sailed to Greenock to take on the passengers. It seems that the 562 souls on board had a night to settle in because there had to be a government inspection before the ship sailed on 7 July. Some of the immigrants left the ship at various Queensland ports but Bridget and her little family remained on board till the ship reached Brisbane 12 weeks later. The ship was 133 feet long and 28 feet wide, but how much of this space was available to the passengers? The purser recalled rough weather as far as Gibraltar, a smooth passage through the Mediterranean, a cholera epidemic in Egypt requiring strict quarantine as they passed through the canal and more horrendous conditions with unbearable heat in the Red Sea and headwinds as they crossed the Indian Ocean. There were three births during the voyage and seven deaths including that of the Captain's wife. She died while they were at Townsville unloading the bulk of their cargo. The first death had occurred in the Red Sea. But the most extraordinary aspect of the voyage to my mind was that the ship passed under Krakatoa less than a week before that volcanic island exploded. By that time the ship had left Batavia and for the purser the massive explosion was no more than a rumour. The ship had been showered by "sand and small stones" from the erupting volcano, yet this event was not part of our family tradition.

We know little about the family's stay in Brisbane. It is assumed that James found work as a labourer on the project laying a water pipeline into Brisbane. The main road in that vicinity is still called Waterworks

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Road. It is well known that economic conditions in Brisbane were rather grim and the existing government set up eleven separate communes in various parts of the colony, with three of them being located near Gayndah in the Burnett Valley. One of these, "Resolute", deserved to succeed because of the energy and vision of its young leader, but the nearby commune of Byrnestown was destined to fail even without the change in policy that came with a new government.

Bridget had five living children when she arrived in Byrnestown, but the baby Margaret lived for only three and a half months. Hers was the first grave in the Byrnestown cemetery. A bark hut with an earthen floor was no place to nurse a sick infant especially in wet weather, though it was not long before the community was short of water and Bridget's two sons were put to work digging a well for the commune. John had turned 12 but Bob was not yet 10.

The story of "The Gayndah Communes" was published by Bill Metcalf (1998) Central Queensland Press. At one gathering I met the author and I was trying to explain my connection. His response was something like, "Oh I know Bridget very well." In fact some of her letters of protest are part of the public record. There were some extraordinary ructions in the Irish commune and it seems that James and Bridget were not entirely innocent victims of the secretary's discrimination. There were rules about men not going away to work without the sanction of the committee. But Bridget was certainly not going to stand by quietly and allow her family to be deprived of their share of the government rations.

Another child Eileen was born before the commune folded. Not only did Eileen survive but she married in Byrnestown and raised sixteen chil-

dren there before moving to Brisbane.

The communes were very short lived and by the end of 1895 all communards were offered their rail fare back to Brisbane. Bridget and her family were among those who chose to stay and select land. In a ballot, James won the right to select the area that had been cultivated by the commune, but he had to allow others access to that land for three years. He also selected another block nearby and Bridget eventually selected two adjacent blocks in her own name. Adjacent to that was a block selected by my father and across a rural road two more blocks were selected by his brother Bob. It is suspected that Bridget was the driving force behind those strategic selections. While the elder sons went off working, their sisters looked after the stock that their earnings had financed. My father John began shearing in 1906 in a team set up by his brother-in-law and two years later Bob joined them. We are indebted to Bob for his memoirs.

After 40 years farming at Byrnestown, James and Bridget sold up and moved first to Brisbane then to the seaside town of Pialba. It was here that James died in December 1940. After that Bridget moved back to Brisbane to live with her daughter Eileen. By that time it had become my lot to collect the fortnightly rent from her house in the parish where we lived and to travel across town by tram to deliver the money to her. It gave me the chance to play with my cousins till Grandma was up and dressed. Then I would be summoned and a ritual followed where she would give me a coin for my trouble. Invariably she would take my hand, spit on the coin and slip it secretly to me. I was often favoured with some stories of her childhood, but I was too young to appreciate them. Besides I

found it hard to understand what she was saying. But I never did hear any complaint of the ordeals she had to endure from having a husband who was too fond of the drink. Those stories came from others many years later.

Bridget died in 1947 at the age of 88.



EDITOR'S BRIEF NOTE

I am thrilled to bring to your attention - your newsletter is growing! Along with the faithful who have supported our efforts over the past year, we have several new contributors in this issue! Thank you, one and all!

You will note the addition of a new section entitled, "Doherty News from Ireland." Several months ago, Kitty Daugherty Barr of Merville, Ireland, began sending news clippings about Irish Dohertys. Thanks to Kitty, this will be a regularly featured column.

Sometimes space does not permit the inclusion of credits immediately following an item. I will rectify that here. The O'Dochartaigh coat-of-arms on the front cover was painted by Anne Daugherty of Ft. Mitchell, KY. (Many of you are already familiar with Anne's wonderful work from previous issues.) The accompanying quote was taken from Newsletter #27. Should you be interested in a list of sources for the article, "Five of the Bravest of the Brave," please feel free to contact me at Dougherty@fuse.net.

Slán go fóill ~
Sherida



DISCOVERING OUR BEGINNINGS

Written and submitted by Cameron Dougherty of Grandville, Michigan

It's not that we lost our "beginning," only that it has not been thoroughly researched, correctly recorded, and properly validated. Like most things from early Ireland, everyone is allowed to have his/her own version, and this applies to the ancient record-keepers, too.

Everything, even surnames, has to have a beginning. As surnames go, ours is one of the most ancient. However, with its early development, come unique challenges and contradictions in its history that must be overcome. It should not be surprising that a little known clan's surname, which evolved in a time when no one else had surnames and larger clans ruled, would go unnoticed to contemporary chronologists, thereby making research all the more difficult for future generations.

It stands to reason that, in order to discover our beginnings, we must begin our research at a time before the O'Dochartaighs. A good place to start is with Conall Gulban, from whom we eventually spring, as do the O'Donnells, O'Boyles, O'Gallaghers, and others. Conall was a true warrior-prince, the son of Niall, the High King of Ireland, and Carthann, daughter of a British King. He was born circa 390AD, one year after (according to some accounts) St. Patrick (the boy) was brought to Ireland, and 42 years before St. Patrick's ministry began. That ministry played an important role, but nowhere as much as with the descendants of Conall, who produced some of the best loved Irish saints.

As we move through the generations after Conall, it only takes three generations until we encounter the first contradictions among the oldest surviving genealogical records, which were written (for-the-most part) one thousand years after Conall's birth. Then, more contradictions arise within the eighth, ninth and tenth generations.

If historical writings agreed on a particular matter, there would be little reason to challenge them, and we'd miss many details. So, in one sense, having contradictions appear, which are nearly impossible to avoid, is not such a bad thing. As it turns out, these contradictions, when placed under a microscope, lead to different sources, that may have otherwise gone unnoticed. As proof, have you ever heard of the *Book of Lecan* or the *Laud 610*? You probably heard of the works of John O'Hart titled, *The Irish Pedigrees*, of which there are volumes. Well, we O'Dochartaighs may save our money, for there are more reliable sources. Even a beginner Irish historian is familiar with the O'Clerys and their wonderful works, but not many have heard of Rawlinson, which many consider a better source, and may have been O'Clery's source in many areas. Now would be a good time to list the ancient sources available to modern day researchers. Notice how removed they are from 390AD when Conall was born.

Laud 610 - written circa 1004AD, an excellent source of Conall's and Eoghan's descendants;

Rawlinson B.502 - written in 1120AD, considered a very authentic source;

Book of Leinster - (1170AD); **Book of Lecan** - (circa 1390); **Book of Ballymote** - (circa 1390); and **O'Clery** - (circa 1630) - all very good sources;

MacFirbis Pedigrees - (circa 1630) MacFirbis used the Book of Lecan and Book of Ballymote as his sources;

The Keating Pedigrees - (1650) contains some corruption of the O'Donnell and O'Dochartaigh pedigrees;

Linea Antiqua - (1709) by Roger O'Farrell, also defective with more inaccuracies; and

John O'Hart's Pedigrees - (1876) based on the Linea Antiqua and, therefore, also corrupt.

Depending on which source you examine, the first O'Dochartaigh was 9th, 10th or 13th in descent from Conall. This is quite significant. Of course, some sources are definitely wrong and some (hopefully) are correct. Which ones? Only examination and study will determine the truth. And what a story that turns out to be!

Such is the challenge that I innocently undertook. It didn't take long until I was lost in a swirl of multiple Gaelic spellings, mismatched dates, and discrepancies among distinguished sources. Needless to say, I was coming up with more questions than answers. Then, a friend was found who diligently worked through each of my questions and found answers.

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This was John McLaughlin of St. Louis Missouri. That he tackled such a project is testimony to all that he is a friend of the highest caliber to the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association, and its members. John did a thorough job laying out the discrepancies, and offering very plausible reasons as to why and how errors were made so many years ago. It will take months to document his work and put it in book form. I have taken on this project with hope to have it printed and available to every member by January 2009. We finally have a body of work that will give us an accurate pedigree, one of which to be proud. Dohertys and McLaughlins have been teaming up for a thousand years, and many times have made history or changed the course of history. In this case, we have corrected history.

PS- If you are wondering, O'Dochartaigh was 9th in descent from Conall.

FROM OUR CLANN RESEARCHERS - PATRICK DOUGHERTY & SEOIRSE O'DOCHARTAIGH

We are still without the benefit of sharing the same genealogy database. However, we now have the technical ability to do so, and wait only for Cameron's merging of our separate files. This, then, will be used by the both of us.

In anticipation of being functional in a few days, we request that people begin contacting us with new family information, in order to keep your family branch up-to-date.

Plus, for those who wish to have research done on their family, and have been patiently waiting for this day, we think that it would be best for you to re-initiate communication with us. With the fire at the Center and the two subsequent moves, we are forced to start from scratch, and don't have contact information for many of you. The computers were untouched by the fire, and the data brought back to the USA, but paper documents could well have been packed away some place.

Note to William David Daugherty (wddsr@....), John McLaughlin (sparky....) and David Dougherty (d2@....). You three are first on our docket of work to complete. A special thanks for your patience.

A SPECIAL REQUEST FROM PATRICK

The expense of the headquarters' fire was very high, but the disruption to our genealogy research and communication with our members suffered more. We are taking steps to remedy this and will soon be working with better technology and tools.

I have a special need that several members may be able to help with following the Reunion . I still have many valuable items to bring back to the States. Items such as research books, research folders, compiled records, and family group packets all need to come back. Some of these have smoke damage or were singed by the fire. These damaged records will be sealed in protective bags and labeled.

I am looking for volunteers to pick up a few items, bring them back to the USA, and mail them to Cameron or me in Michigan. I understand that airport security will not be supportive of us doing this, but I will do it in such a way to make everyone feel completely comfortable. Everything will be visible and open for inspection.

If you have any questions, you may contact Cameron or me. However, there is no need to contact us until we are all in Ireland. I will be staying at the Inch House, where the items are stored and will be prepared for transporting.

Thank you.

MEMORY LANE — STOP II

The following article was written and submitted by Gillian Häkli (Family Group #1099) of Espoo, Finland.

In issue no. 48 I set off down Memory Lane, getting as far as the signpost marked Finland. But then the charming picture of a man driving a donkey cart on the front of the very next issue reminded me that I ought to go a bit further - to the signpost marked Ireland, located some 13 years previously.

Can there really have been only 13 years between the two events? I came to Finland from England in 1961, at the grand old age of 22, very much an adult (I thought) and ready to face the world. However, a mere 13 years earlier, in 1948, my family had moved from England to Ireland and I, aged all of 9 years, was full of excitement about going on a big ship, irrespective of where it took me.

In 1948, my father was demobbed and for a reason known only to himself, decided to take his family to live in Ireland. One might think that, with a surname like Doherty, he was simply searching for his roots but this doesn't seem to have been the case. His grandfather was John Doherty of Whitecastle, Co. Donegal, but he never went near Donegal. It's possible he didn't know about John and Whitecastle but he certainly knew about Inishowen as I can distinctly remember a hand-drawn map of that part of Ireland on the wall at home. I have since learned that the map was drawn by one of his English cousins.

Whatever his reason, it was to Ireland we went. Our first, short-lived home was in Ballyconnell, Co. Cavan, not far from the border with Northern Ireland. We lived in one wing of a rambling old farmhouse some way outside the village. Those of you who

know Ballyconnell may be interested to learn that the very upmarket hotel called Slieve Russell stands on the very site of the farm of the same name, long since demolished, where we lived. My memories of Ballyconnell are vague because for most of the few months we were there I was away at boarding school, at the Ursuline Convent in Sligo, some 60, though it might as well have been 6000, miles distant.

I spent only one term at the convent in Sligo, but even that was too long; it was not a happy place for a little English girl, even if her surname was Doherty, particularly one who spoke no Irish. I was too young to know that I was at the receiving end of the bitterness widely felt towards the English. My misery was brought to an end, and none too soon, by our move some time in early 1949, down to the other end of Ireland, to a small village called Kyle, near Crossabeg, in Co. Wexford. We only lived there for about 2½ years, before returning to England, but they were years I look back on with enormous pleasure.



Our home, Kyle Cottage (pictured above), a sturdy house set among fields, was rented from the local farmer and landowner, Mr Harvey, an elderly gentleman of the class formerly designated Anglo-Irish. One of the fields, known as The Paddock, went with our house, and that was

where Dad kept his chickens. For, yes, my father - a retired British army officer - had decided to breed chickens. Service in the army since the First World War had hardly prepared him for this change of career but obviously he thought it worth a try. As well as chickens, he kept bees, which I think he preferred to the chickens, and grew vegetables in neat military rows. Looking back, I wonder if his idea was that we should be more or less self sufficient.

The house had neither electricity nor mains water. We relied on Aladdin oil lamps and candles for light, a turf-fired Esse range for cooking, and our own well for water. There was a large water tank that was kept full by vigorous pumping on the part of Dad and my brothers. One hot summer our well ran dry, and Patrick's job was to bring the water home in a great barrel loaded onto a donkey cart. (Remember the picture on the cover of issue no. 48?)



Round the back of the house (pictured on the next page) was the yard surrounded by outbuildings, where Dad kept his baby chicks, stores and tools, and where the younger of my two brothers, Neville, kept his extremely fecund guinea

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pigs and prize ducks. I say prize ducks with justification for, although Neville was only about 13, one of my proudest memories is of his winning first prize for his ducks at the Gorey Agricultural Show. These out-buildings also provided wonderfully exciting refuges, either to play in on rainy days or to escape the watchful eye of our father, whose ideas about raising children stemmed from 35 years in the army. Except for his job brigades, I loved living out in the country and haven't experienced such a sense of freedom ever since. My urban thrills came mainly from cycling into Wexford town with Neville, usually to sell yet another litter of guinea pigs. I don't think I minded not having any friends of my own age; besides, there were more than enough of them at boarding school.

For off to boarding school again I was sent, to another Ursuline Convent, this time in Waterford, about 40 miles away. Apart from my piano teacher, who rapped me over the knuckles with a ruler when I played a wrong note, I have only good memories of that school. Unfortunately, possibly shaken by my experience with Irish in Sligo, Dad somehow got me excused from Irish lessons, something I've since deeply regretted (and certainly not because I had extra violin lessons instead): what a lost opportunity to learn the language of my forebears!

One thing I was sad about at school, though, was that I didn't have riding lessons; they were an expensive ex-

tra that was beyond the range of Dad's experiment with chickens and bees. Neville and I made up for this, or tried to, during my holidays. Our nearest neighbour was Mike, one of Mr Harvey's farm hands, and Mike had a pony. We were strictly forbidden to ride this pony, because it was a working pony and didn't have a saddle or proper bridle. But rules are made to be broken, and by the time I came home for the holidays, Neville, who wasn't at boarding school, had become a very proficient bare-back rider. I was green with envy and probably had a tantrum until he took me along to Mike's, too. Mike must have thought that, for want of a saddle, the little English girl would do much better if the pony's back were covered with a sack, which he tied on with a rope. Unfortunately for me, the whole contraption gradually slipped to one side, with me on it, until I was being dragged along the road, my foot caught in the rope. Not being used to little girls bouncing along behind it, the pony soon stopped, but not before I'd received some mighty bloody wounds on one arm. Back home, Neville and I crept up the stairs to the bathroom to wash away the signs of our crime. Unfortunately, I'd left a trail of blood behind me, so our deception didn't work. I didn't get any sympathy from my parents, simply a double dose of jobs. Nor did I ever go bare-back riding again.

A working pony was quite unusual; the main beast of burden was the donkey. These strong little animals could be seen everywhere, pulling overloaded carts or weighed down by vast burdens. It was often a heart-breaking sight. But they had their fun, too, as one of the main events of the summer was the donkey gymkhana. And if you've ever seen a field of donkeys heading for the finish in a straight line, then you've certainly seen more than did any of the donkeys' jockeys at the gym-

khana. They also pulled the carts that people without cars (the majority out in the country) used for getting from A to B. Not to be outdone, my brothers decided to go on a grand tour of Ireland by donkey cart- one donkey and cart per boy. However, just as donkeys are not made to run in gymkhanas, so they are not made to transport teenage boys round Ireland, and a couple of days later two shamefaced brothers turned up back home, defeated by two wily donkeys who didn't want to go anywhere.

Luckily, my family didn't have to rely on a donkey and cart for transport. As well as our bikes, we had - luxury of all luxuries - a car, a Ford Prefect. Mostly we rode our bikes but there were times when the car was useful - to take me back and forth to school, to go to the coast for days at the beach, to make shopping expeditions into Wexford town or, most exciting of all, to visit the grand homes of two unmarried elderly ladies, Miss Walker and Miss Ryan, who lived a few miles away. My greatest joy visiting Miss Ryan was riding her horse, well-saddled of course. Their large grounds and beautiful gardens, and even the ladies themselves, were like something out of a fairy tale to me and, had I but known it, were the last generation of a class and way of life that has more or less disappeared from Ireland. When I went to look for Miss Ryan's house almost 50 years later, I almost burst into tears when I discovered it had been demolished.

To my great joy, though, our house was still standing, almost exactly as I remembered it except for the luxuriant growth of weeds burying Dad's long-dead regimental rows of vegetables. The present occupant of Kyle Cottage showed me over the house and, apart from modern innovations like electricity and the smart

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red Volvo in the back yard, it was all very much as it had been 50 years before. Mr Travers was living in the house for the second time, having lived elsewhere in between. He said that in the interim years, he'd never been able to put the house out of his mind and had determined to return as soon as possible. He understood fully why I, too, had felt the need to return and agreed with me that it was a magic house. It's said one should never go back to where one's been happy, but I'm glad I did.



TO OUR READERS

Your newsletter staff wants to hear from you!

Is there a genealogical topic or question you'd like Kathi to address? Have a book or website Bill could share with readers? Want to share your family history and/or stories?? Are you celebrating the arrival of a new Doherty? Has a beloved Doherty left this world? Is a reunion in the works? Please do not hesitate to contact any of us with your news, questions, ideas, stories, photos, etc.

To those who already have submitted contributions — we send a big Thank You!

To those who have been thinking of submitting — please do!

If you are heading to the 2008 O'Dochartaigh Reunion — have a safe and wonderful trip! We'd love to see and publish your photos!

CLANN CONTACT INFORMATION

For further information regarding the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association and/or to join the Association:

www.odochartaighclann.org

or

Cameron Dougherty
4078 Bruce Court SW
Grandville, MI 49418-2428
odochartaigh@comcast.net

For comments/suggestions regarding *Ár nDúthcas* and/or submission of an article:

Sherida Dougherty
74 Pleasant Ridge
Ft. Mitchell, KY 41017-2862
Dougherty@fuse.net

For information regarding a book of Clann interest:

William Daughtrey
214 Ponderosa Lane
#2049
Waleska, GA 30183-4324
wdaugh2@msn.com

To submit a genealogical question:

Kathi Gannon
701 S Dickenson Avenue
Sterling, VA 20164-3323
Gannonks@verizon.net

If contacting us by email, please put "Newsletter" in the subject line to insure your message receives prompt attention.

To request genealogical research (fee-based) or to submit genealogical information to the Clann's Master Database:

NEW:

Patrick Dougherty
13835 Clyde Road
Holly, MI 48442-9002
patfdougherty@comcast.net

Be sure to visit both Clann websites:

www.odochartaigh.org
www.odochartaighclann.org