



O'Dochartaigh Clann Association

Newsletter #57 — April 2011



Special Points

- Doherty for Vice-President?
- "Earthquake Dohertys"
- Seoirse O'Dochartaigh
- Fionnbarra O'Dochartaigh
- New Website
- More Doherty authors
- Doherty, Oklahoma

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O'Doherty Chief Places in 1601

(From the Ulster Journal of Archaeology, Vol. 5)

The following is taken from an original document in the State Paper Office dated 12th April 1601, and endorsed "The Description of Lough Foyle and the Country adjacent."

THE NAMES OF ALL THE CHIEF PLACES OF STRENGTH IN O'DOUGHERDIE'S COUNTRY CALLED ENYSHOWEN, AS WELL CASTLES And FORTES

On the south syde of the country, at the coming of the Lough, there is an ould ruyned castle called Newcastle (now Greencastle). Here dwells Hugh Boy Mack Caire, one of the Odougherdie sept.

Next unto the Newcastle, three miles to landwardes, is a churche called Moyvill, with a haven before it. Here dwells Shane mack Duffe, Hughe Boye's brother.

Next to that within four myles is a small castle called Caire MacEwlyn. Here dwells Hugh Carrogh McLoughlin, chief of his sept.

Twoe miles above that is another small castle called Garnegall. Here dwells Brien oge McLoughlin.

Seven miles from Garnegall is the fort of Culmore, where Phelimy og Odougherdie did dwell, Odougherdie's brother.

Three miles above Culmore stands the Derie, where the Bishope dwelt, who is one of the sept of the Gallocars.

From the Derie three miles within the land, towards Loughswillin, is the castle of Elloghe, O'Dougherdie's chief house.

From Elloghe, five miles up into the country, at the syde of Loughswilly, is another castle of O'Dougherdie, called Birt. Here he had a ward of 40 men.

Next to that, in the Lough to the seaward, is an le-

lande called Ench, five miles in length, and one mile from Birt. The chief dweller here is Doultagh O'Dougherdie.

Over against Elloghe, in O'Dougherdie's country, is a castle and a church called the Fanne, but broken down synce our aryal. Here dwells the Bishop O'Galchar.

From the seawardes six miles, is another small castle, called Boncranagh, and a river into the Lough where samon is taken. At this place dwells Conor McGarrot O'Dougherdie.

From Boncranagh, seawards nine miles, is another castle and a church, called Clonmeny, by the sea syde. Here dwells a priest called Amer-son.

From Clonmeny, to seawardes five miles, is another castle, called Carrickbrahey. Here dwells Phelim brasleigh Odougherdie.

From Carrickbrahey, to landward one mile, is a small castle, called Caslane stoke. Here dwells Phelimy Brasleigh's sonne.

From Caslane stoke to seaward is a country of nine myles in lengthe, called Mullane, wherein is a fort by the sea syde, called Don-Yrishe holde, and inhabited by O'Dougherdie. On the south syde stands another fort called Don-owen. Here dwells Phelimy Brasleigh's sonne.

To the southward of the same island standes a church with a woode, called Donoughmore.

From Donoughmore, a myle northwards, is a church called Caldanylie, and stands upon the sea syde. Here dwells McShane O'Dougherdie.

Theis be all the chief places rounde about Odougherdie's country called Enishowen. The midland country is most part mountainous, and hath few inhabitants.

News Update on our Founder Pat Dougherty



**Founder and Organizer:
Patrick Dougherty
"Paddy Inch"**

*Somehow the discussions
always get around to
either genealogy, family
history or Irish history
whenever you are
around him.*



**"Inch House" was clan
headquarters from 1984-
2000.**

What can be said about Pat that hasn't already been said or that you don't already know?

Just the thought of him conjures up all kinds of pleasant thoughts and good memories of a jolly ol' soul who can make everyone feel at ease and can turn a stranger into a friend faster than anyone else. Armed with a never-exhausting supply of quick-witted jokes and a million wonderfully inspiring stories, he leaves his guest warm-hearted and proud to be an O'Dochartaigh.

Somehow the discussions always get around to either genealogy, family history or Irish history whenever you are around him. Information flows from him so quick and natural that you are caught up in the thrill and begin to ask question after question until you are thoroughly quenched and nearly exhausted. "Is there anything this man doesn't know?"

It is only after you leave that you wonder, "How does he do it?" "Where does all the funding come from?" "How does he keep on keeping-on?"

I'm sure some of you have asked him, but most of you don't want to make him feel uncomfortable by asking. Rightfully so, because I think he would be uncomfortable with the question and most likely blow it off with a joke or two, even if you were to ask. So I get the question from people instead.

I used to struggle with the same question myself. I don't think my explanations were too close to the mark. But having closely worked with him these three years, I can answer it a bit better, although I would still admit that I'm puzzled by it all. Mainly because whatever he has it is unusually deep, sincere and completely genuine. It is not something that you find in many people. It becomes less about finding 'what it is?' and more about finding 'how do I acquire it?' From the book by Jeannette M. Dougherty (page 16) comes this statement, "If we would change our plea from 'I want to be happy' to 'I want to be useful' we would find something higher than happiness..." That is about as close as I can come to explain Pat.

Within Pat beats a very large heart, big enough to engulf an entire clan. How big is that? Well, it was big enough to have started this association many years ago. It was big enough to have run it for all these years. It is still big enough to inspire us all today, 30 years later!

Now let me give you an update on Pat's health. It had taken a step backwards but is on the mend.

His love for his clan is apparent, as is his love for Ireland. Most of you know that he had to leave Ireland and come back the USA in 2007 for open-heart surgery at the good old age of 80 years. He has not been able to move back, but is in the next best place with a wonderful friend (Doris Lee Mcneely) in Florida.

It was just this last February that he had a stroke. He escaped many of the debilitating impairments that a stroke can bring with it and is recovering well. During recovery he will be away from his normal genealogy work but is available for a friendly phone call or visit. I would encourage you to pick up the phone and pass along your get-well wishes. You will find that the wit that you all have come to love it still alive and flourishing.

Pat's Phone: (941) 794-3087

By Cameron Dougherty

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Be sure to visit our association websites:

www.odochartaigh.org
www.odochartaighclann.org

Michael J. Doherty - New Jersey State Senator

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Michael J. Doherty was born in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, USA on May 24, 1963. He is now an American Republican Party politician who serves in the New Jersey Senate. He was sworn in on Nov. 23, 2009. He previously had served on the Warren County Board of Chosen Freeholders from 2001 to 2002 and in the New Jersey General Assembly from 2002 to 2009.

He grew up in Glen Ridge, New Jersey and graduated from Glen Ridge High School in 1981. In 1985, Doherty graduated with a B.S. from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and was commissioned as an officer in the Field Artillery. Doherty served on active duty in the U.S. Army from

1985–1989 and in the U.S. Army Reserves from 1989–1993. He achieved the rank of Captain.

In 1993, he completed a law degree from Seton Hall University School of Law. Doherty is a patent attorney, specializing in semiconductor and medical device technology.

Doherty and his wife, Linda, have three sons, who have served or are serving on active duty in different branches of the armed forces: Matthew, U.S. Army; Ryan, U.S. Marine Corps; and Jared, U.S. Air Force. Currently they reside in Washington Township, Warren County, New Jersey.



Michael J. Doherty
(R-NJ)

Ron Paul and Mike Doherty should be Republican's presidential ticket for 2012

WEDNESDAY, 15 DECEMBER 2010 : THE NEW JERSEY CAPITOL REPORT

COMMENTARY BY MURRAY SABRIN

With the announcement last week that Congressman Ron Paul will chair the House Financial Services subcommittee on domestic monetary policy, Dr. Paul's media exposure has risen exponentially. For the next two years, Dr. Paul will be the second most visible congressman in Washington behind GOP House Speaker John Boehner. At the helm of the House committee he will have direct oversight of the Federal Reserve, which puts him in the position to shed light on how the Federal Reserve operates and can create money out-of-thin air, causing inflation and the boom-bust cycle.

For the next two years, Ron Paul would be leading the charge on behalf of most Americans who are being "screwed" by the Federal Reserve. He would also point out how the FED's policies redistribute income and wealth from low- and middle-income Americans to the army of bureaucrats who produce nothing.

In the meantime, Ron Paul supporters are waiting to see if he will seek the GOP nomination for president in 2012. Several weeks ago, I wrote that he should seek

the GOP presidential nomination. The American people need a president who will begin phasing out the welfare-warfare state's destructive policies. Ron Paul should also announce that if nominated he would ask New Jersey state senator **Mike Doherty** to be his running mate.

Mike is an Irish-Catholic, West Point graduate who served in Europe on top-secret projects, a member of the state legislature and previously a county freeholder. Mike is pro-life, pro Second Amendment, pro free enterprise, pro limited government and a critic of our interventionist foreign policy.

And we all know that the free market, limited government, anti-interventionist position is gaining strength. As Gandhi said, "First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they fight you, then you win."

The political and financial elites who have hijacked and transformed America into a welfare-warfare state fear Ron Paul and his ideas. A Ron Paul-Mike Doherty presidential ticket in 2012 will accelerate the resurrection of America even if they are not successful in the voting booth.

*Ron Paul should also announce that if nominated he would ask New Jersey state senator **Mike Doherty** to be his running mate.*



Donegal pub owned by Michael O'Dochartaigh with Michael Dougherty from Tacoma, WA standing in front.

The Earthquake Dohertys by Bob Doherty

John William Doherty, his wife Molly and their three children (later to become four) were given the nickname, "The Earthquake Dohertys" by a kind lady who took them in shortly after the 1906 Earthquake and Fire. John and Molly (my grandparents) are pictured below with their four children around 1908.

Also in the photo below is my father, John (Jack) Vincent Doherty, sitting on my grandfathers' lap (he is in the white little Lord Fauntleroy outfit). His older brothers James and Eugene are standing in the middle of my grandparents and in front of Jack, respectively. My grandmother "Molly" (nee Mary Elizabeth Sullivan) is holding Mary Elizabeth Doherty. The child, my Aunt Mary, would eventually marry Joseph Sullivan and become herself "Mary Elizabeth Sullivan" as well. Mary was born after the earthquake, in 1908.

On April 18, 1906, and in the few days that followed, the 'Great Earthquake and Fire' destroyed much of San Francisco, California. According to the 1905 San Francisco City Directory there were eight "Doherty" and thirteen "Dougherty" surnames in San Francisco. In fact, when fire chief Dennis Sullivan was fatally injured as a result of falling through the damaged floor of the firehouse during the initial moments of the earthquake, it was assistant fire chief John Dougherty who had to step up and direct the firefighting ef-

forts to save the city. Not everyone in the city was a Doherty or Sullivan, but there were a large contingency of Irish. The population of San Francisco in 1900 was 25% Irish.

My father, John Vincent Doherty, was born on December 17, 1905 and was just four months old when the earthquake struck. At that time my grandparents lived in the Mission District, on Shotwell Street, the north side of Bernal Hill facing downtown.

As a result of the earthquake a fire broke out in the city. It was attributed to sparks that escaped a chimney that was damaged in the earthquake. Nervously, from their windows they could see the flames and smoke moving towards them, knowing that most of the water mains in the city did not survive the earthquake. Fortunately the flames were heroically stopped a half mile short of their house – in large measure by the city dynamiting houses to create a firebreak which eliminated the fuel that fed the fire.

My grandparents were fortunate that there was a well across the street from their house (where Immaculate Conception Church now stands). That gave them a reliable supply of drinking water. However, there was no cooking allowed inside any structure. The chance of further fires had to be prevented until inspections could be done. Marshall Law was declared and the army began patrolling the city streets to enforce it and prevent people from looting or lighting fires.

My grandparents' house was not damaged and because they had food and water, they primarily stayed in their house. Until one day when my grandfather ventured out to light a small fire at the curb, trying to heat some food for his wife and small children. This resulted in a soldier firing a warning-shot at him. The soldier would have none of that and threatened to "shoot to kill" if he tried it again.

Nearby Precita Park became a refugee camp and an outdoor kitchen to feed all the displaced residents of the area. The food lines were long and the food was mainly hash. It was no place for three small boys. After that experience, Molly swore she would never eat hash again. I don't think she ever did, and she lived to be 99 years old!



Grandfather happened to also own five acres of land in Los Altos, and he decided it was best to move his family out of San Francisco for a while. There was no house on the property in Los Altos, but he figured they could camp out there while he built a small cottage. He grew up on a farm in Wisconsin so he knew how to work the land. He was a teamster and had his own wagon and horses. So he loaded all the family's movable possessions into his wagon, hitched up the team and headed his family 35 miles south down the San Francisco peninsula to Los Altos.

Today it is only a half hour drive by car to Los Altos from San Francisco but back then it often took a whole day or more by wagon. My grandparents did not make it to Los Altos on the first day. So my grandfather went up to a farm house to ask permission to camp in the farmer's orchard for the evening. My grandfather explained that he was moving his family to his property in Los Altos until things settled down in San Francisco. When Mrs. Flynn, the farmer's wife, found out that there wasn't yet a house on the property, she insisted that Molly and the three small boys stay with them until the house was ready – which they did.

From that time forward, John and Molly always made it a point to stop in to say hello whenever they passed the Flynn's house on their way to and from San Francisco. This kind farmer's wife always greeted them by saying: "Oh look, it's the Earthquake Dohertys – come in, come in."

My grandfather (John William Doherty) was born September 14, 1874 in Cascade Wisconsin and came to San Francisco around 1892. He was one of twelve brothers and sisters [John, Cora, Catherine, Leonard #1, Leonard #2, Sarah, Ceceily, Hugh, Charles, Frances, Dorothy, Loretta] born to his father James William Doherty and Anna Maria Rood. James was born on April 15, 1839 in Toronto and died April 14, 1920 in Cascade, Wisconsin and Anna was born June 14, 1848 in Lyndon, Wisconsin and died on September 1922 in San Francisco.

Mary Elizabeth "Molly" Sullivan was born on July 28, 1874 in Tullywaltra, in the Parish of Knockbride, County Cavan, Ireland. Molly was one of 12 brothers and sisters [Thomas, Peter, Owen, Hugh, Terrance, Mary, Rose, Ann, Catherine, Elizabeth, Margaret, Bridget]. Her father Eugene (Owen) Sullivan married Mary Lynch in 1870 and shortly had their son Thomas. Mary died shortly after giving birth to Tom. Then Owen

married Elizabeth Clarke in 1871 and they had 11 children. From what I have been able to gather, it was Tom who was instrumental to helping the family financially and assisting seven of his siblings' emigration to America. In 1890, at age 16, Molly arrived in Castle Garden, New York with her brother Pete, age 18. (Ellis Island was not opened until 1898.) After a very brief stay with an aunt in New York, she and Pete took a train directly to San Francisco where her brothers Mike and Owen and sisters Bessie, Kate and Rose would also settle. Pete Sullivan eventually moved to Elko, Nevada, where he became sheriff. Molly's brother Hugh stayed back east and settled in Connecticut.

John and Molly Doherty were married in St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco on September 24, 1902. When I asked my grandmother how she met my grandfather, she said it was during a dance at the KRB Hall where all the Irish often gathered to socialize. (KRB stood for Knights of the Red Branch.) John died January 28, 1936 in a hospital in San Jose while living at the "ranch" in Los Altos. His death certificate lists his occupation as "Rancher." He is buried at Holy Cross Cemetery, Colma (just south of San Francisco). Molly died in San Francisco on July 20, 1972 and is buried with John at Holy Cross.

While at the 2005 'Worldwide O'Dochartaigh Clann Reunion,' I learned that because there are so many Dohertys in Ireland, especially on the Inishowen peninsula, that it is necessary for many of them to have a nickname to distinguish their family from all the other "Dohertys" of various surname spellings. So I have started using 'Earthquake Doherty' to distinguish my branch of the O'Dochartaigh Clann. It has helped since I can't even begin to count how many other "Robert/Bob" Dohertys there are in our clan.

Bob Doherty

"Earthquake Bob"

doherty.robort@comcast.net



***Bob Doherty, of
the San Francisco
Earthquake
Dohertys
Fremont,
California
(Lifetime Member)***



Seoirse at his 2005
clan reunion exhibit

Local Donegal artist and musician Seoirse Ó Dochartaigh, whose grandfather Pádraig was from near Dunree, Inishowen, has produced a series of paintings called "Seacht Sliocht Uí Dhochartaigh Inis Eoghain" [The Seven Races of Inishowen O'Doherty] to celebrate the origins of his clan.

The Dohertys can trace their roots back to the ancestor from whom their surname comes, "Dochartach", a close relation of "Dálach", from whom all O'Donnells descend, and a cousin of "Baoigheall," the ancestor of the O'Boyles. That was over a thousand years ago! Since that time the three clans have often intermarried and have been fairly close allies. They never really fought amongst each other and were always on good terms.

Seoirse has been researching this project for a couple of years now and has noticed that 16th-century scribes often referred to the "Seven Races of O'Doherty." What they actually meant was that there were seven branches living in different parts of Inishowen from about 1200 AD. Earlier, the O' Dohertys had lived along the River Finn just northwest of Ballybofey. Some families remained there as others went into Inishowen.



Pat, Cameron and Seoirse

"The Seven Races of Inishowen O'Doherty" by Seoirse O'Dochartaigh

When I first travelled around Inishowen to study the remains of all the Ó Dochartaigh castles I was struck by the amazing colours and shapes I found in the stonework everywhere. I then thought to myself that if I, as a painter, researched the history of each castle I could somehow breathe new life into these stones.

Normally, the history of castles is just a litany of wars and bloodshed. This really wasn't what I wanted the stones to tell me, and it certainly wasn't a theme I would be interested in painting. So, when I came upon the names of hundreds of Ó Dochartaigh people on the 1602 Pardon Lists of King James I in the local library, I realised that here were

the actual people linked to those castles and linked to those stones. Indeed, here were the names of a forgotten people: simple farmers' sons and fishermen's sons, drawn into rebellion only to preserve their homes and heritage. These weren't professional soldiers or merce-

naries, these were just ordinary folk. But what beautiful, colourful Gaelic names they possessed! As colourful and iridescent as the stones of their fortresses! And although there weren't just Ó Dochartaigh names on the lists, it was evident from the way the names were grouped that it would be possible to link these people with particular districts of Inishowen and with particular castles.

I had made an interesting discovery for myself at that moment: the Pardon Lists referred to "seven races" of Ó Dochartaigh in 16th century Inishowen. Further-

more, the names within these races - so steeped in Gaelic tradition - had been preserved by local scribes and *herenachs* fully aware of the breakdown of each race. Amazingly too, nearly all the names on King James' list are fully corroborated in other sources, not least of all in the annals of those great chroniclers of Irish History: The Four Masters.

My first task then was to render these Ó Dochartaigh names back into their correct Gaelic spelling and then allocate each and every one of them to its proper location in or near an Ó Dochartaigh castle somewhere in Inishowen. In other words, to establish the whereabouts of each race and to name each known Ó Dochartaigh within that race. A tall order, you might

say, but this is actually the basis for the "Seven Races" series of paintings I have undertaken.

The paintings highlight certain representational features of the castles, without attempting any reconstruction of the buildings as they might have looked prior to their destruction at the beginning of the 17th century. My preference was to view these scattered

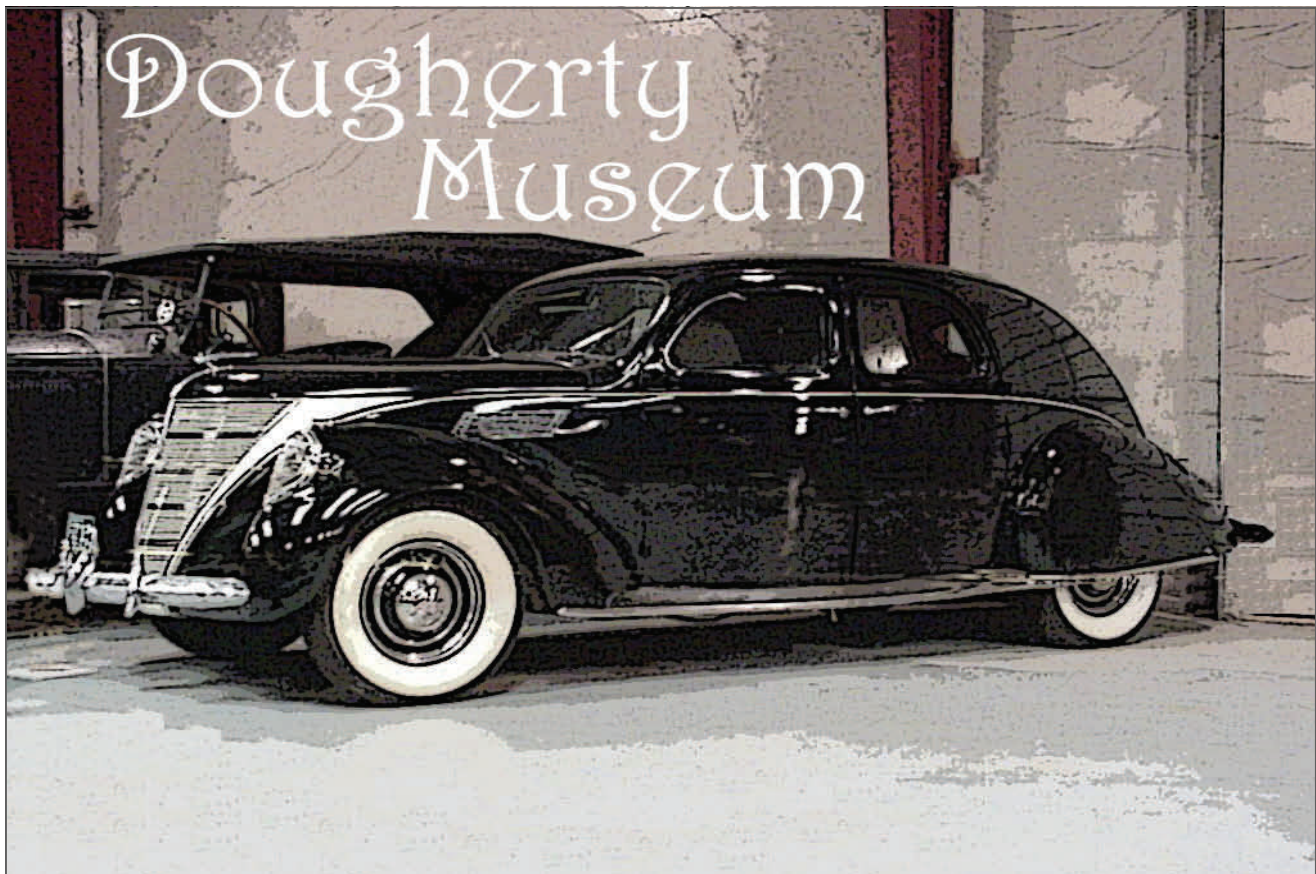
physical remnants as symbols almost of a lost culture, but not quite lost. We do have these wonderful surviving personal names to consider: friendly ghosts whispering out from the ivy-covered stones, echoing through the long grass and the heather, calling to us through the rubble and the nettles...

Using appropriate calligraphic insertions, interwoven into the very fabric of the stones, these castles might just come to life— if even just for a fleeting moment - and maybe something of the twilight Gaelic world of the Ó Dochartaighs will illuminate our darkness.

The use of the word "race" is misleading. This actually means "branch" when translated from the original Irish manuscripts ["sliocht"].

Nowadays, we use the word race when speaking about people from different countries or of different skin color. To the 16th century scribe it was merely a way of describing the various branches of one particular family.

(Seoirse O'Dochartaigh)



The **Dougherty Museum** houses a collection of beautifully restored antique automobiles, including models powered by steam, electricity and early internal combustion types. Many of the cars date back 100 years and are in running order.

Among the collection is a 1902 Mobile Steamer owned by Boulder pioneer Andrew J. Macky – one of the first cars in Boulder County, if not the first.

There are several Stanley Steamers, including a 1915 Stanley Steamer 12 Passenger Mountain Wagon. The Stanley Steamers met people at Longmont and Loveland's train depots to take their guests up to the Stanley Hotel in Estes Park.

There are also several phonographs, invented by Thomas Alva Edison in 1877. And, if antique automobiles and musical instru-

ments are not enough, the collection has late 19th Century and early 20th Century farm equipment, including an 1890 grain harvester, a 1911 manure spreader, a silage cutter, drilling rig, several grain binders and much more!

The **Dougherty Museum** is the culmination of a lifelong personal hobby of Ray G. Dougherty, a longtime Boulder County farmer. The Dougherty family opened the museum's doors in 1977, and they have continued to run the museum since Mr. Dougherty's death in 1988.

The Dougherty Museum is located at 8306 Hwy 287, one mile south of Longmont, Colorado on the east side of U.S. 287.

Website: www.bouldercounty.org/openspace/dougherty/



92 Year Old 'Doc' Dougherty Doesn't Seek Excitement, It Seeks Him

Who needs a bucket list?

During the Christmas holidays, Bernard "Doc" Dougherty fell backward out of an airplane from 10,000 feet.

Fortunately, he was harnessed to a tandem sky-diving partner.

The jump just seemed like something fun for a 92-year-old grandfather to do with his granddaughter, who joined him in the dual-dive from the sky over Hawaii.

"The most amazing thing was the scenery," he said. "There was no sense of falling or speed, although the wind was blowing. I saw two spouting whales while we were coming down."

He's been asked if he would do it again.

"Why? I've done it," he said. A photographer recorded the jump and the film footage has made its way to YouTube.

"Somebody called me and said they saw it on TV in North Dakota," he said.

Flown Before

It was not Dougherty's first adventure in the sky. He was aboard a glider with six other Army troops that coasted into the pastureland five miles inland at Normandy on D-Day.

"Doc" is a delightful conversationalist, talking about his first 30 years in less than two hours of non-hesitant anecdotal recounts of people, places and events.

He grew up in Brooklyn, New York playing stickball in the streets and sitting in the 25-cent bleacher seats at Brooklyn Dodgers games.

In 1940, he was working as a claims examiner for New York City, determining the validity of complaints against the city.

"It might be a car hit by a fire truck or a woman who tore her stockings on the subway," he said.

The job had travel perks.

"Sometimes the witnesses weren't from the city," he said. "They might live in Buffalo and I had to go interview them."

He was in his early 20s, so he and several of his buddies decided to play their cards against the draft. Base pay for draftees was \$21 a month. He found out the city would hold his job and pay the difference in his \$70 monthly salary if he joined the Army National Guard.

A year into active duty in Alabama as a supply truck driver, he and some of his buddies were making more money than the officers who commanded them.

He was on leave on a Sunday morning in Birmingham when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

His reaction was common among mainland Americans at the time.

"Where the hell is Pearl Harbor?" he recalled.

After an initial duty of supplying troops guarding homeland sites such as power plants, he spent Christmas 1942 in Riverside, Calif. It remains one of his fondest holiday memories.

"The people there invited every GI they saw for Christmas dinner," he said.

He became an officer, but his route to D-Day was a meandering trip through duty stations and Army schools – Wyoming, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin and Tennessee – before boarding the Queen Mary in January 1944 with 15,000 other

(Continued on page 9)



Eastern Inishowen
near Greencastle

He grew up in Brooklyn, playing stickball in the streets and sitting in the 25-cent bleacher seats at Brooklyn Dodgers games.



A Western
Inishowen sunset
over Lough Swilly

troops. Coincidentally, he departed from New York City, bound for Scotland and later England before the Allies' massive and historic invasion in France.

"We knew we were going (D-Day); we just didn't know when," he said.

The glider he rode on into Normandy landed amid fields surrounded by rock and hedgerows.

"Ninety percent of the gliders cracked up (crashed)," he said. "I was fortunate. I saw Germans, and I avoided them. My job was to get back to the beach and guide the supply trucks in."

Armed with a compass and a carbine, he got back safely to where headquarters and a hospital had been established.

"On the morning of June 8, they said they needed 10 trucks," he said. "It was to pick up the bodies."

After the war, he left his job with New York City and was a salesman for the next 35 years with the A.B. Dick Co., the creators of mimeograph machines.

He outlived three wives, including Marie, a hometown sweetheart he married while stationed in Wisconsin. They had seven children.

He spent 20 years in Florida in retirement before moving to New Bern,

North Carolina. "I've got family from Boston to Hawaii," he said. "I sold the house and was headed toward New York."

One More Task

As he strides alert and healthy into his tenth decade, Doc Dougherty said he does have some unfinished business in his life.

He has been trying for several years to secure a Purple Heart for one of his Army buddies (George) who was wounded by German bombings at Normandy.

According to Dougherty, George was on a stretcher when a medic said, "You've got yourself a million-dollar ticket back home."

"George said, I don't want to go home. I came here to fight," Dougherty recalled. George jumped off the stretcher and returned to the battle.

Dougherty said he has been turned down by the U.S. government in attempts to secure the Purple Heart recognition because of a lack of documentation.

Dougherty has signed statements from other men in the company that the incident occurred.

He has talked with legislators in several states and hopes to find someone in Congress to help. He feels that time is running out.



Patrick Dougherty (see page 11) talking about his exhibit at Grand Rapids Michigan

As he strides alert and healthy into his tenth decade, Doc Dougherty said he does have some unfinished business in his life.

O'Dochartaigh DNA Project for Genealogy Assistance

Background: The Doherty Y-DNA Surname Project was established in November 2004 and it endorsed the services of Family Tree DNA (www.familytreedna.com) as a means of assisting clan genealogy research.

Participants: 169

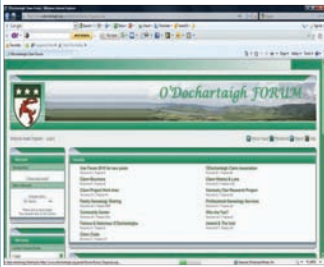
Description: Welcome, researchers of O'Dochartaigh genealogy. We invite you to become involved with a 'male-only' O'Dochartaigh DNA project. Our goal is to break through brick walls in our research and ultimately discover the origins of our ancestors and relationships with each other. This DNA project should help us achieve that goal as we discover connections between participants that may not otherwise have become known, opening doors for more focused genealogy research. Through this process we hope to prove or disprove lineage theories and the oral histories of our ancestors and support and validate our interpretation of traditional historical data. We actively urge all male O'Dochartaighs to participate in this DNA study. Females who would like to check their direct paternal line can have a male relative order a Y-DNA test.

Website: <http://www.familytreedna.com/group-join.aspx?code=E47951&Group=Doherty>

Administrators: **Bernard-** bshaw@hearst.com, **Mike-** madoherty2@aol.com, **Bob-** doherty.robert@comcast.net

Notes on the “New” Web Forum

By Mike “Doc” Dougherty (forum user name- Doc)



First Forum Website

“Please e-mail me with any comments or suggestions on our forum.”

-doc

Email:

doc@mdougherty.net

Website:

www.odochartaigh.org



New “Form 2010” (now “Forum 2011”)

www.odochartaigh.org

Even though it is not really new anymore, I finally had some time to write a few lines about the new forum. Let me start with the “old” forum. It had been in service for 6-7 years and contains lots of great information and comments within its hundreds of postings and should still be a part of your Doherty/Irish research.

Unfortunately for us it became a free and open territory for spammers and all kinds of disturbing ads. The web team and administrators were more than busy trying to remove the junk. The website only gave us a few limited things that could be done to block and reduce the spammers. Being old, it provided no protection and no tools. When we found it, it was definitely one of the best of its kind, but it was also one of the earliest. It was definitely time to find something new and better.

During my search for this “better” forum software package, I reviewed and tested several. I was looking for a reliable, supportable and easy to use package. Having found a good one I obtained the approval of the web masters and the system administrators and then began the launching of our new “2010-Forum.” Charles Daugherty generated the attractive graphics (super job and a big THANK YOU), and we went live.

The old forum is still available for viewing but it is “Read Only” to prevent any new postings. I highly recommend all of you who have not read the postings to spend some time in it.

The “2010-Forum” is not only more modern and therefore, safer, it is also structured a little better. Although members can navigate throughout, it limits “Guests” to the front page only for security reasons. Knowing this we then keep the top-level topics shown on the front page very broad. Specifics can be found in the “child” pages under the main topics by members. “Guests” are those visitors who do not register on the site. “Members” are all those who do take the time to register. These members do not have to be members of our Clann Association.

The Topics are:

Welcome to the Clann O'Dochartaigh Association

General Clann Info- welcome message, how to join our O'Dochartaigh Clann Association, what we do and our newsletter sections

Genealogy- genealogy sharing by surnames, branches and DNA

Irish History- Annals of the Four Masters (with more soon to come)

Irish Travel Helps- planning a trip to Ireland? (read this section)

General Discussion Board- other topics, your questions, your helps

The Icons to the left of the topics serve another purpose other than just decorative. The color of the stag indicates postings that have not been read by you.



New Posts Red Stag



No New Posts Gray Stag

Breaking News!! It took only six months on-line before the 2010 Forum received its first “Spam Attack.” It came from a newly registered user, not of our Clann. That user has since been banned forever. I am trying to keep the forum registration process friendly and simple, but I had to “up” the level of security to eliminate any more spammers from accessing our forum. We have managed, so far, not to be bombarded by the “bots” as with the old forum and hopefully it will stay that way.

I feel we are very safe. From the 30 to 40 attempts by spammers on our forum per week, only 2 have managed to get through (knock on wood) and they were quickly noticed, deleted and banned from the forum.

If there is anything you would like to see added, let me know. I'll see what I can do.

-doc

At Home with Patrick Dougherty: *Building With Sticks and Stones*

Excerpts from a New York Times article by Penelope Green and other Internet sources

PATRICK DOUGHERTY (North Carolina), a sculptor who weaves tree saplings into whirling, animated shapes that resemble tumbleweeds or gusts of wind, likes to say that his first artwork was his house. Built from old barn timber, fallen trees and rocks he dug from the ground here, this rangy log villa started off as a one-room cabin, and is his only permanent work (most of his installations break down after a year or two in the wild).

He was 28, and in the Air Force, working in hospital and health administration, when he bought this 10-acre "farmette," as he put it, for \$10,000. "I had decided I was kind of a log-cabin frontier person," said Mr. Dougherty, who is now 65, and an ebullient and rapid speaker whose sentences unfurl and coil around one another like vines. "My dream was to build a house. I didn't realize my real dream, my sub-current, was to become a sculptor."

At 36, he went back to school, straight into the graduate art program at the University of North Carolina, 10 minutes away. His first stick work, a man-size tangle of saplings made on a picnic table at home, startled his professors, he said. They thought "it was too complete for someone who'd been blundering around in the netherworld."

Since then, he has made well over 200 startling (and delightful) pieces for sites all over the world — woolly lairs and wild follies, gigantic snares, nests and cocoons, some woven into groves of trees, others lashed around buildings.

Gary Bendykowski, a former horticulturist and a frequent volunteer at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, was struck by Mr. Dougherty's constant audience. "I'd never seen anything like it," he said. "I'd volunteered for the Tetsunori Kawana piece" — a huge bamboo installation by the Japanese artist at the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx in 2007 — "and the public had no interaction. It was strange for me that

Patrick wasn't closed off to the public. He never let them know they were taking up his time asking questions. He was just so gracious and grateful for people to come see his sticks."

Ms. Dougherty has worked on only one of her husband's installations, at an urban park in a tough neighborhood in Manchester, England. The site was directly across the street from a pub, and from the bus stop for a psychiatric hospital. Their audience included a man who liked to howl at trees all day, and the pub goers. The most loyal spectator was a local character known as Bingo Billy. He arrived the first day with his lawn chair, and stayed for the entire three weeks. Ms. Dougherty said: "What I discovered in Manchester is that Patrick is an amazingly patient and tolerant person who can answer the same question" — usually, "What is it? — 100 times within an hour."

Thirty-eight of these works are collected in his book "Stickwork," a monograph-memoir, published by Princeton Architectural Press. It's full of installation tales, like the time he camped in a Japanese temple while working on a piece and was warned by his host about the poisonous but sacred snakes that lurked there. "Don't kill them," Mr. Dougherty recalled the host saying. "If one bites you, call my wife and she will take you to the hospital."

The book chronicles Mr. Dougherty's stunning output of nine works a year every year. What it doesn't reveal are the ways in which Mr. Dougherty and his family cope with his unrelenting schedule, and how such a simple house can be a staging ground for a career.

"The cabin is pretty self-sufficient," he said. "It has stood by me, been my cohort. There's no rent to pay, and it's been a good place to come home and store my stuff. It's also a place to work ideas out. It became central to my imagining my life as a sculptor."



"Around The Corner"
Univ. Of Southern Indiana
(2003)

"Stickwork"
Patrick's new book contains over 200 pages and includes dozens of photos plus text by Patrick himself with anecdotes and insights into his methods and his art.



"Toad Hall"
Santa Barbara Botanical
Gardens (2005)

Gettysburg, Pa
June 1917

**From Robert
William Doherty,
Solebury, PA
(Lifetime Member):**

**I saw in
Newsletter #55
that you are
looking for stories
or memorials about
family relatives.**

**I have enclosed
two letters that
were sent by my
father to his sister
while he was in the
First World War. I
have over thirty of
these letters
dating from June
1917 to 1919. He
was a Corporal,
Company A, 8th
M.G.B. He fought
in five major
campaigns in
France and
Germany.**

**My father, William
M. Doherty was
born on Aug. 6
1893 and lived
until Sept 11,
1963. He was born
and raised in
Trenton, NJ. His
father, my
grandfather Patrick
came from Donegal
with his widowed
mother, sister and
brother in 1853.**

**After years of
searching I have
recently found my
great-
grandmothers
grave site in
Flushing Long
Island New York
but that is another
story.**

Dear Hanna,

I landed in Philadelphia Monday morning and laid around till 4 o'clock when we entrained in a special car, thirty of us, and left for this place. It sure was a wonderful ride up along the Schuylkill River to Harrisburg. There we met a gang from Pittsburg and switched off to Gettysburg. We reached there about 9:30 in a very heavy rain and we got soaked to the skin. We got off the train and walked about 2 miles and stood in the rain for about a half hour when we got our coats like the one Rome has – that one that folds up- we got two blankets each. There are 9 fellows here, all pretty nice fellows.

We hit the hay about 10:30 but did not sleep very well. Have no pillows and the cot is very hard but we will get used to it.

We got up about 5 o'clock but the bugle did not sound till 6 o'clock. We then washed up and had breakfast which was ok. We then went to the hospital and were examined and I passed. We then had all our sears noted and hand impressions taken. We then went back to camp and had dinner then went back again and were sworn in.

We will not be able to go to town for a couple of weeks and do not know when we will get our uniforms.

Will write some more later as it is getting dark and we cannot see to write with a candle.

Love to all,
Bill

1918 Dec 31 (Extracts)

Niefernich, Germany

Dear Folks,

Just received five letters today from all at home and believe me was sure delighted. I also received a card of greeting from the Trenton Committee for War Emergencies.

I wrote last week and told you about my trip as far as I could describe the beautiful scenes along the Rhine or Ryan as some of the harps call it. Going to take up each letter at a time and try to answer any questions which they may contain. I will start with Lillian: I spent the Thanksgiving Day on German soil just over the line from Lorraine and a few kilometers from Luxemburg. We had a fine supper that night, a few of us bought a young pig and had it cooked at one of the houses. It sure was great the best feed I got since I came over here, canned willie was the most used meat on the trip.

We don't know how long we will have to stay over here but if it is very long I hope we stay here in Germany and not go back to France or England.

We received a present from the U.M.C.A., a cake of chocolate and four packs of cigarettes about the first thing we received off them for nothing. I did not receive that Christmas box yet, but am looking forward to receiving it shortly.

Glad you like your job down at Bristol, that reminds me, I got the Shipbuilders News O.R., and was glad to get it then, as I know several men whose names were mentioned in it. Very sorry to read of Knowles Flageland's death.

I sure can imagine what joy there was in the States when the news was flashed back. I was on guard in a little town of Villans in France, when we heard the news and the French, sure did go wild.

Now for Nan's letter.

I sure was delighted to hear from you for I am delighted that you wrote although you do not have much time to yourself these days, but cheer up, I might be home before long and can mind the kiddies for you. I sure would like to see the picture Bob has framed for I don't know where he got a picture of me.

So Lillian has one of my habits now if she wins it is O.R., but that is not our habit.

Sure would like to be home for Xmas and see the kiddies in the morning. Too bad Cilgen could not get a live horse, but I will try to get her one of my mules when I leave this man's army.

So you expect a move in the spring, I suppose it will be to Harriman if the gang are still down there.

Went to Mass Xmas to our church up here, St. Francis Church has nothing on this when it comes to crowds. Am sorry I can't talk this lingo for I would go to confession, but I think I

will have to wait till I hit Jersey again for I have seen only one Catholic Chaplin since I have been over here.

Delighted to hear from Jim, for he must be very busy since he has been down at the ship yard. You have nothing on me, Jim, when it comes to writing for I have gotten out of that habit since leaving the States. I suppose you will receive the letter I wrote last week before you do this one but will just sketch over some of our trip.

Left Camp Merritt very early on the morning of the 1st of April and boarded the steamship Aquitania of the Cunard Line in one of their piers in New York, laid in the dock that night and pulled out on the 2nd but we were not allowed up on deck and all the port holes being closed we did not have any farewell look at the big burg or the Statue of Liberty.

We had a very pleasant trip across and arrived at Liverpool on the 11th. We went from there clear across England to Southampton. It took about 9 hours in very small cars, so we stayed only overnight there and then got on a cattle boat for our channel trip. We were out several hours and had to turn back on account of subs. Then laid in that boat till the next night when we made it all right. But what a trip, believe me I sure did offer a very good donation to our friends the fishes.

Landed at Le Harve, France and went through that town to a rest camp, said things are very much a joke. We finally arrived at Orge, our training area, which was about 15 or 20 kilometres from Chaumont where the General Headquarters are located.

We got our machine guns shortly after, the French gun Hotchkiss. After training for about 7 weeks we were called upon and were rushed up to the front leaving on the 31st of May on our way up we were continually passing refugees from the Chateau-Thierry Region and believe me if we had no fighting pep, we did then, for most of them were women, small children and very old men. I sure will never forget that trip.

We went into action a couple of days afterwards and held a sector along the Marne but were relieved from that position about a week later. We were then on alert reserve for several days when we went into Chateau-Thierry and had company headquarters across from the railroad station. Quite some railroad yard but it sure was shot up some. They have a much larger station there than they do at Trenton. Only stayed there for a little over a week when we took up position north of the city and it was there where we went through the big barrage the Dutch put over on us on the morning of the 15th of July.

We left there on the 18th and crossed the Marne chasing the square heads and sure did see some action from that time on till we were relieved by a Keystone Division, A Pennsylvania National Guard Outfit. I met quite a few Philadelphia fellows with that bunch. After being relieved we went back to a farm for about a week, then back to a new training area, a little town Marson. Had quite a bit of training back there and drew some replacements. Were on the job there for about 5 weeks then started out again on Labor Day.

Walked all over France it seemed to me during the following month. The trip including a trip up to St. Mihiel as Corps Reserve, some of our division had a crack at the Huns but we did not get into action. That was a soft drive anyway as it seemed to be a slightly held position. We moved from there up to a wood north of Verdun and from then on we seen the results of years of war. We were camped

In a place one time that had once been a forest but you would hardly recognize for miles all around us were bare dead trees, most of them not even having limbs on them and the ground covered with dead wood, about every two or three feet you could see a big shell hole.

When we pulled out of there we went through one of our hardest nights and days that we ever put in. We had to cross an old No Man's Land and believe me it was some place. Barbed wire, shell holes and old trenches just imagine what kind of a time we had on a dark rainy night with our mules and carts. Kept going all that day and finally got up under shell fire when we pulled for a few hours.

The next day we relieved the 79th Div. another Penn. Outfit from Camp Mead. Went into action that night and lost my squad eight of them, two killed a couple wounded and 4 of them gassed. I was left alone in the morning, moved out of that position that night and went over the top with the infantry the next day. I was with my old Company of the 7th for a while, but did not see any of my old buddies.

Held our new line for awhile then relief for a day but up again to the Argonne Forest and that was a little scrap believe me. We sure did put in a long hitch up there and sure was glad to be relieved.

Finally after over two months of a hard campaign we arrived in our rest billets but were preparing to go up again in less than two weeks when the armistice was signed. You can bet we were the happy bunch after hearing that. Left three days afterwards on our trip up here, hiked it all the way over 300 miles, some hike.

Sorry I cannot get you a helmet but have several little things that I will bring home.

I don't see what Dr. Dorety seen in any French girls to marry one.

Well believe me, I sure did write a much longer letter than I intended but will try to write more often and I will not write such long ones. Tell Rome I am still in the 8th M.G. if he don't know my address.

Lots of love to all. Hoping to see you all soon.

I remain,

Your brother

Bill

IRELAND: England's Vietnam

by Fionnbarra O'Dochartaigh

NEW BOOK LIFTS THE LID ON MI-5

A new book by Derry author and historian Fionnbarra Ó Dochartaigh investigates the role played by British intelligence services in the North during the Troubles. Fionnbarra Ó Dochartaigh was among 40 people in Belfast in January 1967 who set up the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association. Fionnbarra Ó Dochartaigh was, and is, an integral part of the struggle in the elections, in the barricades, in the bulletins and communiqués, in maintaining communications on his bicycle rounds, as well as, during the Battle of the Bogside within "Free Derry."

Northern Ireland had been epitomized as a "Protestant Parliament for a Protestant people." Forty three years and more than 3,700 deaths later it has been transformed to such an extent that there is a real possibility that an Irish Republican may soon become the First Minister of that Parliament.

"IRELAND: England's Vietnam 1960s to 1990s – Writings of a Civil Rights Veteran" is a collection of articles written by Mr. Fionnbarra Ó Dochartaigh from the beginnings of the civil rights campaign right up to the recent ceasefire. Illustrated throughout, this consists of contemporaneous articles, profiles, reviews and several investigative reports on alleged 'Dirty Tricks' by MI-5 and other agents of the British state. Compiled at the close of the of the last century, this work contains powerful and gripping accounts of turbulent historical events which have shaped the recent past, and which, without doubt, will continue to influence Ireland's future.

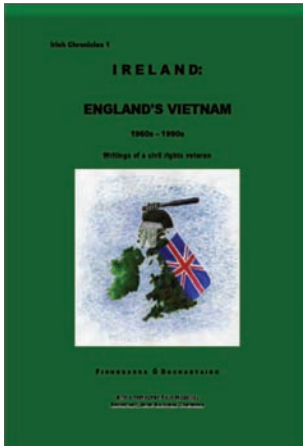
The book spans the author's own political involvement through the years, firstly as a co-founder of the N. Ireland Civil Rights Association in

1967, through the splits within republicanism, and the short-lived unity created by the Irish Front, as well as his numerous campaigns for republican prisoners.

Patrick Mc Guill, secretary of the Irish National Congress, paid tribute to Mr. Ó Dochartaigh's writings by stating in the Preface of the book: *"I was both honoured and humbled to be asked to write this preface for the writings of one of the Titans (Fionnbarra) and founding members of Ireland's civil rights campaign. 'The struggle that civil rights campaigners like Fionnbarra Ó Dochartaigh teaches us is that regardless of the odds or the obstacles placed in our way, if you believe in the justice of your cause, endure whatever your opponents throw at you and relentlessly persist in exposing the truth, WE SHALL OVERCOME, SOME DAY. What these episodes demonstrate is that positive change is possible given time, resilience and the will never to give up the fight for justice and equality. It also demonstrates how the various campaigns for human and civil rights around the world are linked in a fraternity of struggle.'*"

The book features a range of topics such as profiles on Sean MacBride, Irish army intelligence officer, Capt. 'Jim' Kelly, Roger Casement, Bishop Edward Daly etc., continuing discrimination, state collusion in loyalist murders, how MI5 re-armed the Orange death-squads, state bias as part of manipulation of the media, the N. Ireland civil service, and much more besides.

The book, running to around 275 pages, and illustrated throughout, was launched at the Museum of Free Derry, where it is on sale, and is available internationally both as an e-book and in paperback from www.lulu.com and www.amazon.com



"We viewed ourselves as Ulster's white Negroes; a repressed and forgotten dispossessed tribe captured within a bigoted, partitionist statelet that no Irish elector had cast a vote to create..." Quote from this author's first published work, **"Ulster's White Negroes – from Civil Rights to Insurrection"**



Author: Fionnbarra O'Dochartaigh

In Search of the Emerald Isle

By Rick, Kathy and Emily (English Family in August 2010)

I know several of you are traveling to Ireland this summer for you have already contacted me (Cameron). Over and over again I press all Ireland-bound travelers to spend a lot of time in Donegal and Inishowen. Not just because it is "Doherty Country" but because of its beauty.

It just so happened that while I recently browsed a very interesting website (full of great photos and great suggestions for anyone visiting Ireland) I noticed the same advice. I'm including it in our newsletter to prove to those of you who have never been to Ireland that "Doherty Country" (i.e. Inishowen) and Donegal is definitely worth spending a lot of time in. If ever I have found an unbiased proof of this, it would be here by a non-Doherty British couple.

We got off the ferry in Ireland and started looking for shamrocks, pots of gold, wee leprechauns and lovely lilting Irish brogues; all fixed in our minds by movies, songs and endless St. Patrick's day parades. We quickly discovered that bits of the "olde sod" are few and far between. For better or worse, Ireland has definitely joined the 21st century! It took us a couple of weeks to find "our Ireland" but by the time we caught the boat for Scotland we had had some excellent adventures and met some delightful folks.

(Reading through their travellog you see that Rick and Kathy had not found "our Ireland" until you come across one of their last postings below.)

Finally reaching County Donegal, we found greener climes and prettier countryside, and tons of Neolithic sites. Possibly our best time was out on the Inishowen Peninsula, where we followed the coast route, explored all the nooks and crannies that we could find, and saw some of the loveliest scenery in Ireland. We stopped at an ancient stone fort (Grianán of Aileach) that Ptolemy (in the 2nd century A.D.) thought was so important that he put it on his famous map of the world. This means we were standing and looking at something he had seen! Awesome!

(Afterwards) We began our tour in Derry. This is the town of Bloody Sunday and many other facets of The Troubles. We wanted to know a bit more. We really, really enjoyed Derry, by the way. It's a charming small city, very upbeat, with several interesting areas to visit.

And it has an intriguing history. The oldest part of the city is a walled town on a hill, with the walls still intact and many of the historical sites within easy walking distance. You can get on top of the wall,

and see for miles around. As you walk, there are panels discussing various historical battles and the cathedral, etc. You are quite high up in the air. In one spot I still saw barbed wire protecting a building, left over from Troubled times. Then you get a ways around, and you are looking straight down at Bogside, and the Free Derry Museum, and the murals commemorating what went on. Why is it called Bogside? Derry was originally a walled castle town with the river curving around on two sides and a large marsh on a third; later, the marsh was drained. Only the wealthier people (the English) were allowed to live within the walls while all others (the Irish) were settled in the marshy (boggy) area next to it. This unfortunate situation was continued for four hundred years and led directly, at least in Derry, to the Troubles. You can take it from there.



We visited the museum; it will take you right back to 1972; it's chilling to spend time there. But you need to go. The murals are quite striking; we took pictures of almost all of them. It's an ugly story, and only one part of a nasty, nasty time that is still reflected in attitudes today.

Ireland was a good idea. I think we would have been well served to have gone north from Dublin, and toured counter-clockwise; seeing the best of the countryside early on would have given us greater impetus.



The Grianán of Aileach is at the base or Gateway of the Inishowen Peninsula

"Possibly our best time was out on the Inishowen Peninsula, where we followed the coast route, explored all the nooks and crannies that we could find, and saw some of the loveliest scenery in Ireland."



"Standing Stones" as seen all around Donegal County

Selections from **“Opportunity for Culture”** by Jeannette M. Dougherty

Copyrighted 1899

Published by T.Y. Crowell & Co

Electronic Version: <http://www.archive.org/stream/opportunitiesfo00douggoog#page/n6/mode/2up>

“Culture is the inducing or drawing forth of all that is potentially in a man- training all the energies and capacities of his being to their highest pitch and to their true ends.”
Professor JC Shairp

To do one's duty is a means of culture not to be despised. Duty always lies right at hand, within touch; and the duty that lies nearest is the one through which we are sure of culture, for we grow where we work. If we would change our plea from 'I want to be happy' to 'I want to be useful' we would find something higher than happiness...

If we are co-workers together with the Creator of our being, then we share in his creative energies that go to renew life and overrule for good, all conditions....We can learn here a lesson from nature. The seed sinks into the ground. God's nature sends the warm sun and refreshing dews. The seed does nothing but receive the influences, the power of which, after a time, burst open the shell....

Literature

“We never tire of the friendships we form with books” Charles Dickens

“The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me as if I have gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting of an old one.” Oliver Goldsmith

Books have character as well as people. It is our privilege to choose high companionship in our book friends. Emerson has well said that the poet makes us feel our own wealth.

Literature in its true meaning is not the stringing together of pretty words and phrases. Literature is life itself. It is the inward realm of thought in each of us which for the most part is hidden under our temporary work. The one who can see beneath the deeds and actions, and read the thoughts that are the governing aim of our lives, is the one who commands our reverence and affection.

Culture from books exalts the personal character, increases our knowledge of life, makes us worthy of high companionship and enlarges our capacity for enjoyment.

Culture in books will manifest itself in a refined and cultivated manhood and womanhood.

Music

The trials, disappointments and sorrows in the life of the great musician Haydn only broadened his heart and made room in it for other interests than his own, an effect which unveils the real worth of the artist. Over his desk was the following motto, “The heart is man's title to nobility.” In his sixty-fifth year Haydn says of the composition of the “The Creation,” “Daily I fell upon my knees and prayed God to grant me strength for the happy execution of this work.” It's no wonder that his countrymen loved him so tenderly. Full-grown men called him “Papa Haydn” and stooped to kiss his hands, saying, “You have brought down fire from Heaven to warm our earthly hearts and guide us to the Infinite.”

Art

“We're made so that we love first when we see them painted. Things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.”
Browning

We have not tried to understand what art meansWe have had only one definition, that of a collection of paintings, curios from distant lands, costly stuff from the Orient....We have left art to people who...talk learnedly of this or that school of painting, the Classic, the Romantic, the Impressionist, names that bring us no knowledge much less pleasure. Art is covered up under an array of terms and usages which separates it from the life of the multitude... art should be a part of the common work of the day.

All artists do not paint pictures, nor poets sing songs. It is your privilege to see below the surface of things and to feel their true relation to each other. If your heart goes out to the man in the field, and you feel the dignity of labor, you, too, are a Millet. If you see the smile of God in the eyes of children, you, too, are an Angelico, though your angel-faces may never gleam on cloister walls... art, then, is to have our hearts thrilled and inspired with the wondrous beauty and truth in nature and human life.

The meadow increased in value for the owner after George Inness had placed his easel there. The farmer looked in surprise and wonder at the delightful picture of his own pastureland. Innes had such an intense feeling for the essence of beauty in nature that his work awakens corresponding emotions in those who behold it.

Of Corot's life, one might say the keynote was love, for he lived in an atmosphere of love and kindness which infolded all who came near him.

Society

“We cannot make progress towards perfection ourselves unless we earnestly seek to carry our fellow-men along with us.” Prof. JC Shairp

Literature, music and art are expressions of life that we may learn to know, but their ideal cannot come into our daily living except by personal contact with people. Culture from association does not come from the occasional meeting of gifted and talented people, nor from the acquaintance of those who move in a select social circle. Culture from people lies in the relation held to persons of daily contact.

The smallest circle of acquaintance holds someone who can help you and someone, too, who needs your help.

Such lives by their unfailing kindness, unselfish interest and noble fortitude bring a new vision of manhood and womanhood to the world.

You know how the whole house seems enlarged when a noble man or woman comes into the home. Even the old and worn furniture seems to take on a rich, mellow tone.

Life

“Religion and culture, then rightly regarded, are not two opposite powers, but they are, as it were, one line with two opposite poles. Start from the ‘man-ward’ pole and go along the line honestly and thoroughly, and you land in the ‘divine’ pole. Start from the ‘divine’ pole and carry out all it implies and you land in the ‘man-ward’ pole, or perfection of humanity. Religion, or impulse of man to seek God, culture, or impulse of man to seek his own highest perfection, both come from the same divine source.” Prof. JC Shairp

For this new century....culture must lead to the full rounded symmetry of character and this means the development of our spiritual as well as our intellectual nature. Culture must culminate into religion and religion expend into culture.

The trend of modern thought is for the spiritual interpretation of life. The eager and intense activity of the student is for truth. The world in all its fads and fancies is seeking truth. Enthusiastic sects, holding diverse opinions, claim their supreme possession of the priceless treasure. Out of the turmoil and confusion of bewildering ideas, a quiet voice says, “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.” The need of the present is not for culture to

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16)

find a new way, but to walk in the old paths with unswerving tread, revealing the moral dignity and sterling worth of Christian character.

It is a fine quality of culture, that it possesses the broad charity that takes the world into its heart, with love and sympathy for men of all creeds and of no creeds.

We have not begun to realize the significance of those quiet words, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," nor will we until their literal translation is impersonated in our daily living. We have not commenced to draw upon our resources within. It is impossible to do so until we have brought our life into perfect harmony with the higher power that controls it. We acquire the art of living from Him alone who said, "Learn of Me." Through this source only, we possess the life

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more abundant that lie dormant till the divine spark kindles into flames. Where we felt hedged in and hampered we are now free. Where we were bitter and rebellious we are now 'led forth in peace.' Where we thought God cold and stern we feel the infinite love, and we know for a certainty that the smallest detail of our life has the Creator's thought and care. To find God is the romance of every soul.

The Trouble with Guns: Irish Republican Strategy and the Provisional IRA

by **Malachi O'Doherty**

Published by **Blackstaff Press** (1998)

Malachi O'Doherty grew up as a Catholic nationalist in west Belfast, part of the generation which produced the current leaders of Sinn Féin and the Provisional IRA. Now a political journalist, he has come to conclusions about the conflict that are radically different from those of his school friends and neighbors.

This controversial new book combines O'Doherty's personal retelling of the period which produced modern Irish republicanism with an astute account of how the movement's political and military strategies have evolved. He argues that the central aim of the armed struggle has been to create unbearable conditions which render a British Northern Ireland settlement impossible, thus forcing a progression towards Irish unification as

apparently the only option for peace seekers.

THE TROUBLE WITH GUNS

The trouble with guns is that there is such a limited number of things you can do with them. In choosing to employ the same tools for their campaign as their predecessors had used, republicans from 1970 onward confined themselves to a political methodology that had only a narrow potential of success. The challenge for them was to extend that potential. They were creative and successful in this. They discovered that armed protest can provide a lot more than a physical shove against an enemy, and that it can actually be used to close off the options of your enemy - and even those of your political neighbors. It can challenge them to apply their minds to a problem that you want resolved, even when that problem has no similar urgency for

them.

By such devices, military weaponry becomes a political tool, but its use brings a huge political cost. Republicans say they have been demonized, though they could not have reasonably expected to be loved when they were killing people and destroying property. They were able, at times, to present a charming facade, to win friends in the media and abroad, to inspire an astonishing sufferance, at times, of their brutality, so that severe critics would accept the proposition that they had little choice; but through the 1980s they reached the limit of their potential to convert voters to their cause, and change insisted itself upon them.

'Succinct, courageous and clear-sighted . . . a telling contribution to the literature of Northern Irish politics'

Patricia Craig, *Independent*

The Electoral System of the United States

By **John Hampden Dougherty**

Its history, together with a study of the perils that have attended its operations, an analysis of the several efforts by legislation to avert these perils, and a proposed remedy by amendment of the Constitution.

Author: John Hampden Dougherty
Publisher: G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London
Year: 1906
Language: English
Book from the collections of: University of Michigan

Prison Diary of Michael Dougherty

By **Michael Dougherty**

Prison Diary of Michael Dougherty, late Co. B, 13th., Pa., cavalry. While confined in Pemberton, Barrett's, Libby, Andersonville and other southern prisons. Sole survivor of 127 of his regiment captured the same time, 122 dying in Andersonville alone (1908)

Author: Dougherty, Michael
Subject: United States -- History Civil War, 1861-1865 Prisoners and prisons
Publisher: Bristol, Pa., C. A. Dougherty, printer
Language: English

Dougherty's Shorthand Manual

by **George E. Dougherty**

Dougherty's Shorthand surpasses all others in point of simplicity. This simplicity is secured by adhering to the natural, rational method, which is to reproduce the sounds of which words are composed, in the exact order in which they are pronounced. Thus, we have a sign/shape for each of the various sounds which compose ordinary speech. These "DOUGHERTY'S SHORTHAND" signs, are written one after the other in the order in which the corresponding sounds are pronounced, and they are written without raising the pencil. No thought of position is necessary.

Summarized from “Displacement and Dislocation”

By Jim Mac Laughlin

www.movilleinishowen.com/history/moville_heritage/donegal_making_of_a_northern_county



Glenveigh Castle, County Donegal was the sight of a major displacement.

Patrick MacGill captured the effects of the dislocations brought on by migration and emigration in his classic novel, “The Rat Pit.”



As beautiful as the Hills of Donegal are they witnessed freezing and starvation due to displacements.

Displacement was one of the formative experiences of Donegal families, and rural communities, throughout the nineteenth century and for much of the twentieth century. By this is meant the separation of people from home and native culture, either through physical dislocation or through the imposition of a foreign culture. Displacement can be radical, as evident in the dislocation experienced by World War I raw recruits from rural Donegal and the young women from workhouses transported to Australia in the late Famine years, or no less painful, it could be more subtle, by changes in culture and traditions.

The cumulative effects of the social and economic forces which refashioned Donegal throughout this period effected massive external and internal displacements. The rationalization of the agricultural landscape which followed on from the decline of rundale⁽¹⁾ transformed rural life, drove many to migrate throughout Ulster, and forced others to emigrate. The establishment of workhouses and barracks to control the pauperized caused others, not the least the elderly and the infirm of mind and body, to experience displacement in its harshest forms.

Also in Donegal the displacements were exacerbated by Ireland's entry into a free trade system which was already dominated by England. This hastened the demise of craft industries and caused large numbers of laborers, artisans and craft-workers to seek other employment at home and especially abroad.

The imposition of wider forms of social discipline by Church and State also led to the introduction of new forms of social control which could contribute to a sense of displacement. Viewed thus, displacement

could also occur from within, as when the old and the pauperized were moved from the heart of the community to the cold interior of the workhouse, or when children of the rural poor were removed from the bosom of the family to take up work in unfamiliar surroundings far from home. In so doing they literally located the **surveillance state** at the very doors of rural communities. Moreover, it was in institutions such as these that the poor were not only fed and clothed, but also **monitored** and **disciplined**.

Patrick MacGill captured the effects of the dislocations brought on by migration and emigration in his classic novel, “**The Rat Pit**.” The familiar landscapes of childhood had suddenly become dearer and more precious to those about to leave home.

It was here too that the names of the people were first recorded. Their names are still to be found today in the minutes of the workhouse meetings, in rosters of the 'deserving poor' that were displayed in local barracks, in roll books of national schools, in lists of prison inmates, in marriage and baptismal certificates, in the lists of the forgotten young Donegal men who fought and died in World War I, as well as in passenger lists of ships that transported Donegal emigrants to a new life in North America, Australia and Britain.

My own father once told me that when the Enniskillen Fusiliers came on a recruiting visit to Carndonagh at the start of World War I, it was the poorest sons of town and country who flocked to join the British Army. Many of these were servant boys who looked on the war in France as an escape from a life of drudgery in farms around Inishowen. The enormous sense of dislocation felt by these young boys, who experienced

trench warfare was well captured by Patrick MacGill in his novel *"The Red Horizon."* Here he described how the farmhouse where he was billeted in northern France 'reminded me strongly of my home in Donegal with its fields and dusky evenings and its spirit of brooding quiet.' Then in a poignant opening verse of the novel he laments:

*I wish the sea were not so wide
That parts me from my love;
I wish the things that men do below
Were known to God above.*

*I wish that I were back again
In the glens of Donegal;
They'll call me a coward if I return,
But a hero if I fall.*

Police barracks, workhouses, asylum wards, schools and churches disciplined and controlled all those left behind. Thus workhouses housed paupers, vagrants, the old, the unwanted and the 'deserving poor.' What made them all the more incongruous on the mid-nineteenth century social landscape of Donegal was the fact that they now became places where the unwanted elderly ended their days, rather than being cared for at home, as had been the custom of centuries. Moreover, the poor here received charity not because they were considered 'deserving poor' but because they were no longer regarded as part of Donegal society and were socially excluded from it. The prison system also represented a new form of authority on the Donegal landscape. It incarcerated 'protest' criminals and all those who resisted the process of modernization. It also 'housed' the criminalized poor and all those who engaged in such socially 'unacceptable' activities as poteen-making, smuggling, vagrancy, drunkenness and petty theft.

Schools and chapels for their part taught the children of the poor to accept the authority of 'their betters.'

Donegal's emigrants for their part

literally peopled the frontiers of the world's economies. The county's emigrants not only filled gaps in the international labor market - like 'hiredlings' in the rich Laggan district, they also provided families back home with the cash that contributed to their very survival well into the twentieth century.

We also know that a large number of seasonal migrants from the west and northwest of the country were still moving between Ireland, Scotland and the north of England on the eve of World War I. These seasonal earnings also helped householders back home to keep their homes. Young boys and not a few young women were often literally expected to do a man's work. Girls as well as boys suffered seriously at the hands of their masters. The history of physical and sexual abuse which young servant girls from Donegal undoubtedly suffered in their home county and elsewhere in Ulster, and in Scotland, has still to be written. They are the forgotten victims of social displacement in Donegal who still haunt the social history of Donegal and Scotland.

(1) Rundale farming systems in Ireland existed from the Early Medieval Period right up until the time of the first World War, 1914-1918. The rundale system of agriculture consisted of nucleated villages known as clachans. Usually the land was of poor quality and the population of people trying to make a living was intensive. The main "clachan" area where the small thatched cottages were concentrated, was situated in a cluster on the best land (the infield) which was surrounded by mountain or grazing land of inferior quality (the outfield) where the livestock was grazed during summer or dry periods, a practice known as trans-humance or as "booleying." All the sheep or cattle of the village were grazed together to free up land for growing crops.



Ardmore
Decorated
Standing Stone

*Schools and
chapels for their
part taught the
children of the
poor to accept the
authority of 'their
betters.'*



The Irish have been
disbursed all over the
world.

THE SHIELD OF DONEGAL

King Laoghaire, whom St. Patrick met at Tara, had three brothers living in the north-west of Ireland, one of whom was Conal. Conal was a guest at Tara on that Easter



morning Patrick preached and converted many. Conal extracted a promise from the Saint to visit Tyrconnel ("Conal's country," now "Donegal"), a promise which St. Patrick kept several years later. He came through Barnesmore Gap, down the valley of the Finn, where he founded the church of Donoughmore (Donough is derived from Dominica - the Lord's Day; and wherever the name Donough or Donoughmore is met, it signifies a church founded by Patrick on a Sunday).

It was in the parish of Clonleigh near Ballindrait that St. Patrick met Conal and his two sons, Fergus and Conal (Jnr.). St. Patrick ran forward to bless and salute Fergus, something which annoyed the younger Conal. Patrick explained that a great Saint would be born of Fergus' line - and he had, in prophetic anticipation, saluted him first (in the years to come Fergus became the grandfather of St. Columba). To Conal however, Patrick took Conal's shield and marked it

The O'Dochartaigh Clann Association

Founded in the 1970s, the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association is one of the oldest and largest family organizations of its kind. Membership participation and dues help keep our association thriving and accomplishing many good works for O'Dochartaigh families in all geographic regions of the world (in more than 12 countries), as well as our future generations.

The association is a member-driven, member-guided and member-empowering organization that is on a mission. It would be great to see every member contributing with unselfish participation. Our clan has been scattered all around the globe and been disjoined long enough. It is time we come back together.

Contacts shown on page 2.

Connecting with other members and sharing family genealogy can be done at www.odochartaigh.org

More information about our organization can be learned at www.odochartaighclann.org

New membership enrollment or annual membership renewal can be done at www.odochartaighclann.org/catalog/c1_p1.html

Clan research groups (including our DNA group) can be found at www.odochartaighclann.org/id22.html

with a cross, as a token that he and his should defend the faith - hence the shield of Tyrconnel. (The O'Dochartaighs descend from this same Fergus.)

DOUGHERTY OKLAHOMA

First known as Henderson Flats, Dougherty Oklahoma had a straight-forward frontier beginning. The Town was originally settled by pioneers within the Chickasaw Nation of Tishomingo County, Indian Territory, along the Washita River.

Mazeppa Turner was the original occupant. His wife was a Chickasaw woman who had drew an allotment on the Washita River bottom land in the heart of the Arbuckle Mountains.

It was in 1887 that the community of Henderson Flats became Dougherty. The town was named after the banker **Bill Dougherty** who had moved in from Gainesville Texas. After his death the town decided to name the town in his honor.

The first buildings were erected with lumber brought in from Dennison, Texas in ox-drawn freight wagons. In 1887 the Santa Fe Railroad came through and the Post Office was established. Three years later a newspaper was established in Dougherty and lasted until 1911.

By the turn of the century, the railroad was bringing picnickers for a day of sightseeing from as far away as Texas. The big attraction was "Burning Mountain" which had been burning as long as anybody could remember. Smoke and fire belched out of the mountain with no apparent explanation. Now people know it is caused by natural gas seepage that had been hit with lightning.

Dougherty had the first telephone system in the county going on line in 1901. The switchboard was in the lobby of the McCollum Hotel. Mining was a huge economic boost to the community. Mining of crushed stone, sand, gravel and asphalt employed 500 to 600 men in a town populated by 200 people. By 1943, 5 million tons of had been mined.

By the 1950s the town of Dougherty had never had a jail, police force, fire department, mayor, city council, city water, sewer service nor a paved street. A citizens' committee was formed and all these things were set in motion. Today Dougherty is as fine a small town to live in as any in the country.