

DEDICATION:

FIRST AND FOREMOST THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE PAST AND PRESENT PATRIOTIC AMERICANS WHICH INCLUDES EACH AND EVERY ONE FROM THE FOUNDERS TO OUR SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN OF THIS VERY DAY WITHOUT WHOSE COURAGE AND SACRIFICE WE WOULD (AMONG OTHER THINGS) BE LIVING UNDER THE FLAG OF THE SWASTIKA, THE RISING SUN OR SOME OTHER SUCH FREEDOM LOVING TYPE SYMBOL... WHICH OF COURSE WOULD MAKE THIS “CRITICAL OF CORRUPT COURT JUDGES AND GOVERNMENT ELECTED TYPES” BOOK UNLAWFUL TO WRITE.

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SO, FOR THAT MY THANKS AND MY PRAYER FOR THEM IS THAT THEIR GOD IS AND WILL REMAIN WITH THEM FOR THEIR EFFORTS....FOR HAVE THEY HAVE NEVER QUIT; AND MY PROMISE TO THE ONES THAT CAUSED THE NEED FOR THIS BOOK, *NEITHER WILL I!* AND AS A PROPONENT OF THE SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN THE LAST LINE IN OUR “WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL” PLEDGE, I (THROUGH THIS BOOK) EXPECT THAT PATRIOTIC AMERICANS WILL INSURE THE JUSTICE PART IS VISITED ON THOSE So. Ca. Domestic Terrorists (a.k.a. BETRAYERS OF OUR TRUST) WHO DESERVE NO LESS!!

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THE FOLLOWING INTRO & POEM WAS CONTRIBUTED BY IRISH AUTHOR AND POET *MICHELLE MANGOS*

***FROM* THE STREETS OF COUNTY DUBLIN’S KIMMAGE WHEN FIRST UP WAS ONE’S ONLY CHANCE TO RIDE *THE BEST DRESSED EXPRESS* THAT DAY. AND A BEATING AT THE HANDS OF GODS OWN MESSENGERS WAS GIVEN AS THEIR DUTY TO KEEP YOU ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW. WHERE HUNGER WAS A CONSTANT COMPANION BUT YOUR WORD WAS STILL YOUR BOND, AND COMMON SENSE AND LOYALTY WERE CONSIDERED THE BEST EDUCATION YOU COULD HAVE FOR SURVIVAL-----**

***TO* ACHIEVING THE AMERICAN DREAM, IN A COUNTRY WHERE FREEDOM OF SPEECH WAS A GOD GIVEN RIGHT, AND EVERYTHING WAS PLENTIFUL IF ONE WORKED HARD ENOUGH TO ACHIEVE IT – COMES PAT DORAN, BORN IN THE ROTUNDA HOSPITAL IN 1943 AND BROUGHT HOME TO DURROW ROAD TO MEET THE REST OF HIS SIBLINGS. PAT HAS CHOICE LANGUAGE, A QUICK WIT AND A STORY TO TELL THAT WILL ENTERTAIN, SADDEN, AMUSE, AND BRING YOU TO A SLOW BOILING ANGER AT THE INJUSTICE HE AND HIS FAMILY HAVE ENDURED AT THE HANDS OF THE AMERICAN JUDICIAL SYSTEM, NORCO CITY COUNCIL AND STAFF AND THE RIVERSIDE GRAND JURY. NAMES ARE NAMED AND PROOF IS GIVEN, NO STONE IS LEFT UNTURNED IN THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE PAT AND HIS FAMILY HAS ENDURED FOR CLOSE TO TWO DECADES.**

This is Pat's (and wife Drina's) coming home' story.

COMING HOME

From cold wet streets blanketed by grey
barefoot on cobbles and an empty entre
the hole in ones belly filled with love
by parents and blessings only from above

A fire burning inside for a better life
dreams being fulfilled by man and wife
on the path for America paved in gold
a family embarks and a story is told

With a heart on fire but on empty in pocket
a young mans ambition begins to rocket
for many years and through new generations
their hard work and loyalty repay this nation

Life in Ireland will never be forgotten
yet life in the states will hold something rotten
where ideals are shattered by others agenda
through judge and jury and much propaganda

Trying to build a life with family surrounding
but the hammer falls with little grounding
a dream is shattered and pockets headed empty
from fighting for justice in the land of plenty

Taking on the big man has taken its toll
but justice will come for those who stole
to the homeland they will come and to remain
for the path of gold is now tarnished and stained

They do not come to quietly retire
they come because their justice is dire
yet rest they will not, they will keep up their fight
until the truth is revealed in the broad day of light...

Michelle Mangos.

THE FIRST AND FOREMOST REASON you are getting this via www is, publishers were afraid to print it due to fear of lawsuits but the story still needed to be told. So please accept this as my introduction, **and I ask you to please bear with me while I try to explain the title; and why after reading it I believe because of the actions of those named as such herein you will agree that 'Domestic Terrorists' is an appropriate title..... THAT FIT'S.**

You will also see within these pages (and hopefully understand) that due to my less than Harvard educational background why I have never been a book reader (**and for sure, not a book writer**) however, because of the unfortunate circumstance of being victimized by these S.C.D.T since 1992 to my ultimate realization on September 09, 2003 when a Superior Court Judge Michael Kaiser left zero doubt that there was to be **No Justice** for the Pat Doran family from or through a system we depend upon to administer justice; which in this case was the morally bankrupt City of Norco Government, The Riverside Superior Court, Grand Jury and Court of Appeal system.

My failed effort(s) to achieve a fair/just verdict through them; or even a truthful account written in our local Press Enterprise newspaper (who themselves are in the pocket of the book title holders) spawned the idea to put it into a book form where the truth will speak for itself with the added benefit being to deny them or their supporters the ability to cover-up, twist or delete the true facts already part of/in the court files.

Also, you will see proof that it is fair for me to describe it as more than just an accusation and is justified to describe it as **an indictment against them.** And since there are Judges and attorneys among those named herein, they should have no difficulty wording a slander suit! **Unless, if what is said here is true and provable. TO YOU DEAR READER REST ASSURED, ON BOTH COUNTS IT IS, 100%!!**

In addition, an "overall account" D.V.D. related to the books second half will be made and become a part of this; plus a single and separate one directed to/for each person named, which **I personally** will make and be accountable for the accusations made, which will be clear/precise.

Also, you will see within the D.V.D "the scenes of the crimes" and hear the official recording of the City of Norco Council audio tapes, and those of the Riverside County Grand Jury's **secret and confidential** investigation into the unlawful acts of a Superior Court Judge named Victor Miceli, The City of Norco Attorney John Harper, City Council and **many** Staff members Let's see how The Buggers defend it?

UPDATE Dec, 2009. Due to continued (and very recent) KEEP DORAN QUIET "DECISION'S" by the Riverside Calif. Superior Court Judge Christian "The C. S'er" Thierbach; I ask you to disregard the above paragraph and any d.v.d. references that may be remaining in the following pages, as the new "program" (WHATEVER THE COST) is to have this story told via a Documentary type Video!!

NOTE: The Grand Jury tapes were given to me by a principled "whistle blower" from inside the **grand jury**, who was so outraged because after the investigation was complete, the grand jury failed to recommend prosecution against any of those I had named in the complaint. Easy to understand his outrage when factored in that they had been subpoenaed to testify under oath and knew was being recorded, **and still made statements that support the complaint I had made**, and hearing the tapes will prove they had to know the fix was in. **MORAL BANKRUPTCY.....CORRUPTION TO THE MAX!**

Anyway, in my effort to get this **indictment** put into a readable (and hopefully entertaining) form yet being sure that the in context truth was first and foremost; to the point that there was actually nothing that could be described as being in second place; so that when it is read and the facts verified in the court of public opinion there will be justified calls from voices that will echo mine to secure "Saddam's Rope" and use it on every one of them; with the very same '**wipe out the virus**' purpose as was used re: him!!

It is not an exaggeration when I say my efforts trying to get this between the covers of a book, had me going from one ghost writer to another; and in doing so it had me expressing my ignorance as to the language and/or terms of the writing business and/or the value of the service to be placed on it. Now that is not to suggest that a writer should work cheap or for free, however, if you should have the need for such a service? **Take this advice**, stay clear of Bill Hoffman bill@writerservices.com and Judy, his wife/partner or whatever it is that she actually is to him **until my unfinished business with them is concluded**; (as after which **they will** change the way they do business) As I had contacted him and as part of his (Hoffman's) directions for the Mrs. and I to go to Mississippi (and pay him up front of course) after which he then told us to return to California and for me to write down "events" in my life, with a timeline attached to each and he would then "blend" them to tell the "getting to know me" part of the story. I did my part, I paid him, returned to Ca. and wrote down the "events" and sent them to him; but he didn't do the "blending" part...**So I will leave it just as I wrote it for him (and yes, with the timelines of "events" all scrambled and out of order as they are), BUT PLEASE KEEP IN MIND, THIS IS NOT BEING WRITTEN BY A PERSON "TRYING" TO BE AN AUTHOR, TELLING A STORY ABOUT AN IRISHMAN TRYING TO ESCAPE TO THE LAND OF PLENTY FROM A LIFE OF POVERTY AND WANT**, and not only because that 'misery times' type story has already been told many times; with Frank McCourt's Angela's Ashes video version being one I was unable to keep watching after less than five minutes; and I have not read the book because of the same sad memories the movie had brought. And yes, I understand that some say "time heals all" (and in my case that being in the 50 to 60 year range). Well my answer to that is; **TO LIVE IT ONCE IS ENOUGH!! AND TIME DOES NOT HEAL IT!** And the reason for my "lean times" recounting in this writing, is.....it was Hoffman who said that **it had to be done** in order to tell you who I am; **and if I am successful in that here and now effort** you will then understand why I will **never** give up this fight, **regardless of the consequences or \$ cost!!**

THE REASON THIS IS BEING DONE (my polygraph at **anyone's** request, **and \$**) **IS NOT ABOUT THE DREAM OF BOOK SALES MONEY... IT IS FIRST AND FOREMOST TO EXPOSE THE BOOK TITLE HOLDERS WHO ARE USING THE POSITION OF POWER WE ENTRUSTED TO THEM, ONLY TO HAVE THEM THEN USE IT AS A TERRORISTS TOOL AGAINST US. WHICH THEY HAVE USED AGAINST ME, AND I NOW TAKE IT AS A LOVE OF COUNTRY DUTY TO TAKE WHATEVER ACTION NECESSARY TO RETURN THE FAVOR, BY FIRST EXPOSING.... AND THEN PRAYING THAT THOSE TRAITORS TO LIBERTY AND JUSTICE, GET (as a warning to all who are or would be, similar thinking) A JUSTIFIED FULL MEASURE OF REAL JUSTICE!!**

Also, as you will see (why I wasn't thrilled about the idea of writing about myself) there are some things in my past I (like the majority of people I assume) didn't necessarily want the world to know about. I mean, being bare assed poor, leaving school at 13 with (at best) a piss poor education and topping that off with having my butt sent for a 2 year (government paid) vacation is not at the top of the list of things to brag about. However, I believe you will also see that it was that early life experience that has truly defined me, and at this point in time I am quiet comfortable with who I am. Also, I've heard it said "**tragedy plus time equals comedy**"; and since I've had a little of the tragedy stuff in my life, so too there should be a few giggle's to get you through the read!

Anyway, the following is what I had written and sent to Hoffman “for blending” Oct 26, 2004

Hi Bill, I first want to thank yourself and Judy for your hospitality last week, it was a week Drina and I will also remember Mississippi as being a nice part of the country.

Well Bill, as agreed, I will write down my memories and family facts from childhood up to the present time. I still don't know why anyone would be interested but I assume you know best how to tell the story. As I told you, I expected it to start from about the 1987-1990 time when I moved to Norco; and most all of the facts/proof from that time on is in the case/doc's we left with you.

And, hey Mr. Hoffman, you should have warned me, as I thought the part about me would have been easy, however, it is only since we got back and I started researching and “trying” to put down dates and facts with the help of my brothers and sisters; I now know this is going to take much longer than I thought it might, but I still hope we can accomplish it by next spring.
And also, I already realize the difficulty, but I will “try” to keep the “Timelines” as close to order as possible. However, when I foul up (as doubtless I will) you place them as you see fit and call me with any questions.

Bill, just a little here to try to keep you focused on what this book thing is really about, and **you have my word** (again), it is told to you by a clear thinking person saying, I do not use drugs, and I have not been what could be really called “intoxicated” since my 27th birthday. So, zero excuses for the names, truth and/or context facts I will supply to you.

The “offenders” include two Riverside Superior Court Judges, Miceli and Kaiser (and Riemer added as #3. in 2007) plus as many as three “Commissioners”, The Riverside County Grand Jury, City of Norco legal representatives John Harper, and Maria Aarvig, two City of Norco Managers Lambert and Johnson, Planning Director James Daniels, code enforcer Levario, Building Official Thomas, City Engineer Schenk, Building Inspector Welch, seven City Council Members-With the possibility of an eight, as a former councilman, a Mr. Chris Sorensen has expressed he wants to explain how his “misdeeds” were due to his being a “new and inexperienced” Councilman, being lied to directly and/or by omission, as to Norco's permit issuing, building codes and/or California Sub-division law. This having been done to him by City Attorney John Harper, Councilpersons Wright and Carmichael, Manager Johnson, and possibly the most disgusting two faced spineless one of all, The Planning Director James Daniels.
I know that may sound harsh, but when you get to listen to the grand jury tapes, and then view the supporting documents I have, you will understand. Also, we shall see if Mr. Sorensen keeps his word? If he does not, all I can say to him is; oil yourself up buddy, you too will be fried. **Not a threat, just a promise!** There are more “perpetrators”.....Names later.

The offence I did commit (as seen by them it seems) was protecting my family and our property rights. Rights I believe, as not only constitutional rights, but rights I (as all should) feel honor bound to defend if some someone tries to violate them. **If and when one fails to do just that, it is dishonor to the memory of those who fought, killed and died for us to have those rights.**

I CAN'T SPEAK FOR OTHERS, BUT SPEAKING FOR MYSELF, I WON'T DISHONOR THEM; NOT YESTERDAY, NOT TODAY, NOT TOMORROW, NOT EVER!!!

And as a reader or two may be too young to remember, make sure you let them know it was President Kennedy who (in part) said “WE WILL BEAR ANY BURDEN WE WILL PAY ANY PRICE”.

Well, when he said that, he of course was speaking for the country, and **I as one of millions supported and loved him for it.** However, I, promise these terrorists and their supporters, **I'LL BEAR ANY BURDEN, I'LL PAY ANY PRICE, AND YOU'LL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!**

With the above said and trying to keep the following “events” in a timeline, you know my wish is to make it as clear as possible and defend-ably accurate, so when we get to the second half of this please don’t “create” any events, **no matter how much you feel it could enhance the “entertainment value” part**; as these are accusations of crimes I am making against them; and I’m aware a lie/liar in one part (or anything that could be twisted into appearing as one) can’t be trusted in any part; so, it must be as I give it to you, which (if need be) will make it defensible!

Well, I guess my introduction to Norco actually began in 1973 when I, my two daughters, Patricia Ellen born in Belfast November 1963 and Maura Ann born in Huntington N.Y. in June 1965, along with their mother Phyllis (a self described beauty from Belfast), and even though we have been divorced for over thirty years now, her birth date is being deleted, due to her threats of great bodily harm (to mine) if printed!! We came through Norco while visiting California in 1973, and although I loved the town’s western atmosphere and wanted to stay and live here, we returned to Long Island and it took until 1987 for me to get back (however, minus the beauty from Belfast, but with Drina the now Mrs.) with sufficient funds and a mortgage from the bank to buy enough property to build our home and a horse boarding stable.

So, that is how we wound up here, and I will now try to start that “timeline” thing. Also, I am going to try to keep events separate as to pages; in that way I can add or correct, as additional info gets to me. I just hope it makes enough sense to you. And, (as I’m sure you already know) this writing business is so much more difficult than telling it verbally, but I’m also sure you will know where to fix it...

Timeline 1943:

On the day of my birth, January 17, 1943, the American Dream (or should I say “Their Dream” to return to America) was alive with hope, and had been burning without rest since 1931, in the hearth of two of the most decent, nurturing, self sacrificing parents ever to take breath in this world, My Mother and My Father.

On that date, by then half way through W.W. II, with it’s effect (in the food and nutrition department) being in no small part responsible for causing my mother to lose my twin brother before I was even born.

I entered the world having three sisters and two brothers already waiting at home, with the eldest being my sister Kathleen, who had just had her 13th birthday only two days before. There were two more that followed me, Nuala in December 1944 and Elizabeth in April 1949.

The poverty my brothers, sisters and I were all born into was something difficult for us to recognize or be really conscious of, as we had no previous experiences to compare it to. Plus, the acceptance of the situation being “the norm” was reinforced by the fact that just about all in our surrounding neighborhood was in the same bottom of the rung economic condition. However, my parents having been to the U.S. knew the difference, and so didn’t have the luxury of ignorance; and without realizing the real meaning, I often heard my father say, Ireland was the land of pox, poverty and want; and at that time, unfortunately (especially in our neighborhood) it was.

At that point in time, when one went around with no ass in their pants or shoes on their feet, it would not be an uncommon sight, and I guess it was the pride and self preservation in us, that allowed the bare cheeks and bare toe’s to be hailed as a Fashion Statement. For me, just about the worst part resulting from my participation in that “fashion” was the stone bruises which I often developed on the soles of my feet. I

recall my mother heating water for me to soak and soften them before going to bed, so she could lance/drain them after I had fallen asleep; which she described as nature's anesthesia (the only one available to us then). Sadly, my parents were fully aware (and often expressed it) as to the poor conditions our family was living under; as they knew the difference between "having" and "wanting", as they had lived in the U.S. (Chicago and New York) Mom in 1925 and Dad who followed her (or should I say followed his heart) in 1927. They were married in New York, and my eldest sister was born there (Hells Kitchen) in January 1930. However, due to the depression (and a job offer in Ireland) they move back in 1931

Truth is I only realized the depth of our situation after I got to the U.S. which was in December 1960 (five weeks before I turned 18, the legal age to work in U.S.).

It was not until then that I started to see (and experience) how "the other half" lived. I do not forget for one minute the sense of well being I had. To be not only living in an apartment with a refrigerator, but, thanks to my Father, Brother Jim and Sister Rita, the refrigerator and the kitchen pantry always had food. What a change!!

Over the years that followed, many a time I heard my father jokingly say how he hadn't gotten a good look at me for the first six months or so, as all he got to see was my head in and my ass sticking out of the re-fridge. But, ooooooh the taste of that butter pecan (by the quart, and having it in front of our own television I might add). I'm telling you Bill, to go from coming home and asking Hey Ma, Is there anything to eat? To, what should we cook for dinner to-night? Boy oh Boy! Those who have lived "without" know what I mean! From my heart, all I can say is **Thanks for being there AMERICA!!**

Back then (as it is to this day) our family motto was (and had been sung loudest by my father) **work hard, and produce more than you consume!** Dad's reasoning being (which I heard at least a hundred times) so we would be giving back to America (and he never failed to add), **just as those who came before us had done, for without them there would have been no America for us to come to!** He made sure it was in the consciousness of all his kids, **each must do their part!**

My Father always expressed such love and thanks to/for America, and as an example, when I first arrived here he discouraged me (as he had done with both Sister Rita and Brother Jim) from going to the state unemployment office to look for a job. He said the jobs there were for "Americans" not "immigrants" and that I/we should go out and find a job on our own, even if that meant doing house cleaning or some such. As his philosophy was (if need be), find a job that no one else wants to do, do it well, and you will be always able to support yourself!!

I did just as he had advised; and having done the "housecleaning bit" in and around Huntington, L.I. (and yes, toilets included) and by the end of 1961 (with thanks to the help from Brother Jim) I learned to drive and was the proud owner of my very own fully paid for (all \$150.00) 1953 (as luck would have it) **green** ford pickup truck. This (to my Father's and my delight) put me as the newest entrepreneur in the Trash Removal business!! Man, I was ready willing and able to clean up any yard, loft, garage or house; you name it, if I could get it on the truck? I was willing (for a nominal fee of course) to haul it to the local dump. And truth is, at that point in time I didn't have to hope I would go to Heaven, as the changes in my life were telling me **I was already there!!**

Thanks also, for that secure feeling should (in no small part) go to my sister Kitty and her husband Joe; and, if one wonders why I didn't describe Joe as "My Brother in law"? The reason is, when Joe and Kitty were married it was not just a joining of those two, but (as it turned out) a joining of the Borgess and the Doran families. Joe treated my father as if he was his (and described him as such) Dad; and treated Jimmy, Rita and me as if he was our (big) Brother. I only hope we expressed enough to show we loved him too! And when I think about it now, I recall how much time we spent at their house; and not just for Christmas, New Years, and/or our birthdays, which Kitty **always** cooked for and had us to their home to celebrate. Plus, we were shameless when we would want to see a special television program in color

(since ours was black and white, and Joe and Kitty had a color set) we (my Dad, Jimmy, Rita and me) would use even the most feeble-minded excuses to invite ourselves over, i.e. Hey Kit, would you happen to have an awl cupa coffee to go along with the Dunkin Donuts we were going to bring over for you and Joe (and the rest of us) to have while we are watching T.V.? (Slick Hah!?) Well it must have been, as there was not one single time, **not one**, that I recall us being turned down. And it should be factored in here; Joe was a Pan American Pilot on the New York to Europe route, and sometimes he would be gone 4 to 8 days; and I am sure, the last thing he needed to see when he had just gotten home was us guys; but still, we got the same warm welcome!! So, for that and all the other stuff that would take pages to list; if there was any doubt in anyone's mind as to how we felt about them...I hope this makes it clear! And just thinking about those times back then, I could understand if Joe thought it was just the inclusion of his family (especially his Mom and her Italian cooking) into ours? Well, it was the whole package; with the (delicious) food part being just a bonus that has Italian food being my favorite to this very day (and lucky for me, even though Drina is only half Italian, she cooks as if Kitty had given her The Borgess Family recipes!!)

Wonderful memories just there; however, looking back on my childhood it still hurts when I recall (for instance) seeing my mother getting ready to go to Kilbrides pawnshop to pawn her wedding band (the only item available for her to pawn at that time) and getting down on her knees to ask God to please let her get served by Tom instead of Peter. You see, Tom and Peter were the two owners of, and ran Kilbrides, and with this same ring having been in and out so many times, my mother knew that Peter would loan just 12 Shillings (\$1.80). But, Tom always loaned 14 Shillings (\$2.00). So the place one had in line was just a 50/50 shot as to which one they would get served by. To my mother the difference that twenty cents made was worth asking for God's intervention. And when she was served by Tom, she would say a prayer thanking God. However, when Peter served her she would express words (to the effect) **that dirty fuckin bastard Peter; he must be related to the Devil himself!!**

I can't even guess how many of God's Angels and/or Saints she must have prayed to for help around the time I was born and being taken home from the Rotunda Hospital? My two eldest sisters have told me; back then the policy of the hospital was to not allow the mother and child to leave unless they were in a taxi or private auto, and on more than the one occasion with me, my mother circumvented that policy (well sort of) by having the taxi driver take her (and company) to the nearest bus stop at a cost of one shilling instead of the three it would cost to take us/them all the way home. And given that there was a few pennies cost for bus fare, and there was just 12 pennies in a shilling; to save so little by riding in an unheated bus (in her condition) in the middle of the Irish winter; She was one tough Mama! Not a doubt in my mind, if she had been in the U. S. and among the westward bound Pioneers? Given what is known of them (in that). The cowards stayed home, the weak died on the way, and only the strong survived!! Doubtless, **My Mother would have survived!!**

There is also no doubt (in my mind) the majority of the people who were born and live in this country have little idea just how good we have it!! When people here refer to "The American Dream" I believe they would have to be foreign born; as "Getting" to America is The American Dream, which (for me) is best expressed in the Neil Diamond version of (coming to) America. However, those already living here (U.S. born or immigrant) can aspire to achieve The Dream of America. I had that dream and was enjoying its promise from December 1960 up to and including my first three years in Norco, and it was around 1990 that the dream slowly turned into a nightmare (details in the 2nd half, so, for now I'll try to stay focused here).

Timeline 1946:

The first clear memory of my life was my first day at school in September 1946 when I was 3 years 8 months old (no typo there, 3&8) and I can still remember the joy I felt as I was walked into the school named Saint Agnes. It was run by the Catholic Nuns belonging to the order of The Sisters of Charity. I was walked in being held by both hands between two neighborhood kids named Frank Foley and Francis "Muttser" Funge, who were each no more than 6 years old, and lived less than 20 yards from our home on that Cul-De-Sac named Durrow Road, in Kimmage, Dublin.

I don't recall how long it took for the joy of that first day to turn into terror; but believe me it was not too long, and although I didn't know how to express it then but that is exactly what it was "fuckiiiiiiin terror". Those self described "Messengers of God" could (and did) put the heart crossways in us kids, and not only with the promise that "bad children" were sent into The Fires of Hell!! However, the saving grace was (and lucky for us), it was their "calling" to keep us from going there.

To that end (if need be) they used "persuasion", via their canes and leather belts, with which they could (and did) use to beat the hell out of any child they deemed to be "**a sinner**". A favorite, seemed to be an open hand (which more often than not was delivered from the back/or blind side) across the face; with the ear being the intended target. Support for that being; as a means of control, they often "offered" how would anyone like "a clout across the ear"? They had a way with words those velvet tongued penguin look-alikes did; especially when it came to dishing out their brand of salvation. And without doubt, those frustrated ignorant b-----s ruptured the eardrum of more than one child. And the offence could have been for as minor as being a few minutes late for school, or, for not being able to recite a prayer in the Irish language of Gaelic. The fear of them was so great (and constant) I still remember so many times of begging my mother, with; pleeeeeeeeeeease Ma, let me stay home, don't send me to school today.... Hell, if it worked just one in ten times it was worth it; especially if it was on a Friday, then I did not have to face them until Monnnnnnnnnnnnday; and at that time in my life, three days seemed as far away as the next century.

Conditions didn't change much, and went on that way until the dreaded day in September 1951; when after summer vacation, I, along with the other children in my class (unlucky enough to have graduated to the next grade) were required to report to the school across the street, to continue our education (a better way to describe it may have been "continued indoctrination"), only this time it was under the jurisdiction of The Christian Brothers.

Well, if there are any of you who may be reading this and are not familiar with "them" and/or that time in Ireland? Then let me tell you...."Terrified" would be a description of such improvement over how I really felt during the next few months under their "teaching",,,, suffice to say, I had often thought how unlucky for us Irish children, that "Those Romans" must have missed a lot of "Those Christians"; or mistakenly used overfed lions....or just maybe they were pissed at the Irish and allowed the Christians to escape to Ireland... Whatever the case? All I can say (and I'm sure I speak for a lot of other Irish children too, **as its one way or the other**) **THOSE ROMAN BUGGERS "GOT US"!!**

During the time in which I had no option but to attend the Christian Brothers School, I cried, begged and pleaded with my mother to please get me out of there. It must have worked, as within three months I was transferred to another school named Larkfield; and even though it was about five times the walking distance from our home, I assured my mother that I would not be late for school, nor would I ask to stay home on a school day. Truth is, Larkfield was more a sanctuary than school to me, resulting in my playing hooky for only one half day in all of the time I attended that (my last) school. The difference in my life and the way I felt about school, was such that I was never again late for class. (Possible reason; the teachers were all family men, without a need to prove to God they were doing his work)

One teacher I especially remember was a man named Dunlevy, and next time I return to Ireland, I intend to visit him (or his grave, which is likely where he is by now) and either way, thank him for being the most kind and influential teacher I had in all of my schooling. Being poor, was not something he held against me, I guess it may have been his recognition that I came from the other side of the economic track, as Larkfield was in a slightly better economic area. That (I assume) caused him on more than one occasion to give me the few pennies entrance fee to the local Sundrive Road Cinema. **I will with fond memory, remember him always.**

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My next bout with the religious “fear mongers” (which was something I thought could never happen to me again) came as a result of myself and a friend named Junior Mulligan going into a house and taking (stealing) 35 shillings (\$5.00) from their gas meter collection box.

Being the slick criminals with big mouths that we were, it didn’t take long for the police to get informed, and as luck (the Murphy kind) would have it, I was the one who was picked up first and brought to the police station.

Of course they already had all of the details of “the robbery”, causing me to believe it when they said that Junior had already “spilled the beans”; and since it was not a death penalty offence I decided to forgo the “physical persuasion” that was sure to follow if I failed to do a Mea Culpa, I admitted my part.

Shortly thereafter, I was being moved from one room to another, when I saw Junior and his father being led into the station house. In a heartbeat I realized what had happened, in that I had been “coned” into flapping my gums. Without taking another step, I shouted out, “I was by myself, I did it alone” and the next thing I got was a hand (or foot) sending me flying into the room across the hall.

By that time the police already knew the facts, however, with me now saying that I had been alone, and my knowing that Junior had the protection of his father from any physical persuasion, plus, I too felt protected by Junior and his father having seen me without any persuasion marks; I held my ground, saying I had been alone. Result being, I was the only one charged. The charge in and of itself, being less than a “capitol offence”, which would have normally brought a small fine or some months of probation, however, my failure to implicate Junior, resulted in (as promised by the police) my being sent on October 31, 1958 to a reform school for two years in a place called Daingean, in County Offaly.

With “Mr. Murphy” (and “his” law) by now sitting on both my left and right shoulders, it was not a big surprise when I became aware that “the facility” was run by the Catholic order of The Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Three to four months later, in January/February 1959, the police officer who had pushed for the two year sentence came to see me at the facility and made an offer to get my sentence reduced to “time served”, if I would just admit that Junior had been my “partner in crime” and become an “informer”? I assume you can guess the answer; given that Junior was never charged and I was released over 19 months later on September 24, 1960.

If one wonders why I did not say that Junior was also with me, since the punishment would have been so light for both of us? The stated code of conduct (stated and demanded as family honor by my Mother) was; if you and your friends are doing something that you should not be doing? Then don’t do it; but if you do, and you get caught, just make sure that no other Mother’s Son goes to jail out of your mouth (or even to court for that matter!!). The penalty for “squealing” would result in being unwelcome to come back home; as the worst title one could have in our family was an informer/squealer.

Looking back on my time spent under the jurisdiction of those Oblates, has only served to reinforce my belief that no institution **anywhere in the world** should be put in the hands of those who operate under the cover of “**we are saving you from hell**”.

The conditions under the rule of those “Christian” Pretenders was; Mass every morning, and both morning and evening on Sunday.

One could think (but apparently not them) that the time would have been better spent washing the bed clothes to kill the bed fleas (that is when the D.D.T. poison powder was not getting the job done), or the time could have been given to teaching some of the kids how to read and write, as all “residents” were between 13 and 17, of which the ones most in need were those from Gypsy families who had lived “on the road” in horse drawn caravans. And as far as I could tell, none had attended school, and all seemed to be illiterate. They described themselves as “Travelers” (an upgrade from the degrading term of Gypsy or Tinker) a description also used by and to identify their relatives living here in the U.S. Mainly (my understanding) in a city named Murphy-Ville, in a southeastern state.

They could have also used some of that “Mass Time” to prepare the turf fired water heaters, so we could have a shower more than the once a month (no typo, ONCE A MONTH) except of course if it was summertime and the weather was warm enough then ones shower could be put on hold, as there was a canal that ran alongside the facility, and we would be brought outside the 20-foot high (keep us from running away) granite rock wall for us to have a swim (sort of Holiday Resort Style). That, coupled with the knowledge that after we had the dip in that bog water canal, we would be going back inside to a meal of such quantity and quality, that today my dogs would have me arrested for cruelty to animals if I tried to feed them a similar meal. However, some could argue, the up side of that was no “resident” ever had reason to feel lonely, as he/we always had hunger for company.

I can remember how the singing voices would go up (with each one trying to get it out first) when a new resident would complain about the food, the words would come out in a flash “**we are here for punishment not nourishment**”, with the punishment part being ever available and could be vicious and given in plentiful portions. Truth is, young we were, most seemed to have developed a somewhat (protective) hard shell about them, and were fairly accepting of conditions which were taken in a “we have no choice” stride!! One thing is for sure, they (in majority part) didn’t need Bud Light or Jack Daniels to hook their nuts on for them; which is why I had (**and have to this day**) **respect for their memory!!**

HOWEVER (**on the lighter side**) besides the “unofficial” servings that were dished out,,,,, rule breaking had “**official punishment**” and was dished out by Brother “Louie” Dunne via a flogging.

This (keeping you straight with God) was accomplished with the aid of a double laired leather strap, about 22 inches long and one to one and a quarter inch wide and maybe a ½ inch thick (and not what would be described as being soft or very flexible). The method of the “flogging” was administered with the recipient being in a kneeling position (possibly to allow “the bad boy” to get in a few quick prayers before the fun began) with pants down and shirt raised to expose a waiting bare butt, Louie would then place the recipients head between his knees **and the games would begin**. And given the location of the punishment zone, one never got a good look at the results of their own “**now you will be a good boy, won’t you**” **session**, but believe me, some of those “stripes” as they were called numbered as many as 14 to maybe 16, and left deep blood red welt marks the width of the strap and as much as foot long, and lasted for weeks (I bet that saved more than one “bad boy” from the fires of hell!).

Just how could those Barbarian Ignorant Bastards think it could be the right thing to do???

Possibly worse yet, was when one of “them” was angry (or “on a roar” as it was described by us residents) about one thing or another, that more often than not seemed to inspire them to want to dish out

their own brand of ‘teaching’ to any kid unlucky enough to be available and ‘deemed worthy’. When this happened; word went through that place at the speed of light, giving all a heads-up as to who to look out for and avoid at all cost, if possible, as they had no rules of evidence or engagement (and why should they? since they were judge and jury, **period!**).

I recall one of those ‘teaching sessions’ having been administered (around May/June 1960) to a resident friend of mine named Mickey Keough. It was near 6 p.m. and we were all (about 200) lined up and ready to go to the eating hall for our bread and tea supper. It’s true that there was some ‘talking in line’ (considered a serious breach of the rules) and the Brother on duty (already pissed about something) demanded the offender to step out and “take his medicine”, as no one would go to supper until he/they did. Mickey who was two or three in front of me (leaving me no chance to hold him back) stepped out of the line. The rest of us were then told to proceed on to the cafeteria, with Mickey to stay behind.

After being seated and the bread and tea already served; it was not more than five minutes from the time Mickey had stepped out of that line, when he entered the hall and made his way to “our” table, of which there were a total of eight at each; one at each end and three on each side. Mickey and I sat on either side and at opposite ends, putting him no more than four feet away. There were 2 or 3 other such “Dub’s” tables. Friends and/or “Hometown’ers” were allowed to sit together. The need for two or three “Dubs tables” gave evidence that there were a fair number of Dublin boy’s “in need of saving”.

I do not know how to describe the condition Mickey’s face was in, however, I can honestly say that I have seen most of the fight results from before the Ali v. Frazier to the Morales v. Barrera encounters, and I have never seen a beating put on one human being that was more vicious than had been just given to Mickey (and at the hands of a ‘Messenger of God’ no less).....

It may give the reader an understanding as to just how cruel and unrestrained the beating was; given that all the “residents” were aware of the situation, I recall there was not a word spoken by anyone as we ate. It gave meaning to ‘you could hear a pin drop’. Supper was finished in a flash, and we were directed to an upstairs security hall. On the way, Mickey was called out of line as the rest of us went on up to the security hall and I never got to speak to Mickey again.

Word had it that he had been taken to the hospital in Tullamore (about 12 miles away) and I only saw him one more time about a week or so later (at a distance of about 30 feet). At that time he was brought back to the facility, rushed in and out (with just enough time to pick up his personal belongings I guess). Inside word had it; he had been transferred from the Tullamore hospital to one in Dublin.

Then as now, I can only hope that the treatment was able to put his face and eyes back as they were before that sick bastard assaulted him. I say that because. I recall that although we were both looking in the direction of each other (well sort of) he did not give any indication that he even recognized me; and that would not be Mickey. He had his boys hooked on the right way, he would not give a flying F. as to consequences; Mickey would give you the nod or the wink, even if he was on his way to the wall. In times of trouble, he was one you would want to be on your side, he didn’t know another way to be. He was the special type who gave his word, and (no matter the consequences) **KEPT IT!**

If by chance one of you reading this knows where Mickey is? Please use the attached address to contact me. Same goes for Paddy Scully, Mick Redmond, Abe Rodgers, Norman Coates, Fran O’Brien, Joe English, “Slogger” and “Row” Connelly. There were others whose face I recall but not the names (as most used “nick names”) Pint’s on me, Wacker 520 “no fish”..... **Do it!**

The other administration of a “**teaching session**” happened about two months prior to Mickey’s. I have reason to recall that one, **as it was given to yours truly.**

I was working as part of a group “a batch” as it was called, with a man named Andy Lamb who worked for “the facility”. Mr. Lamb was from the local village, and was in charge of us building rock and gravel roadways outside of the facility wall, and the fact of us being outside was most likely responsible for “the word” not getting to us, that one of the Brothers (a Sweet Old Bird named Cummins, A.K.A. “The Bull”) was not only in the “teaching” mood, but had already given a lesson to two other (equally deserving, I’m sure) residents before my turn came.

It came without warning, as he came from behind me, and since no one had (or felt the need to) give the warning that “one of them” was coming our way (this was done by the common practice of greeting whomever it may be (thus giving all a heads-up) and I was just in the wrong part of the batch that put me closest to him.

I recalled being hit, then hitting the ground head first and feeling many more of the same around the head, neck and back until my next recollection was waking up and being “checked out” by Mr. Lamb. I recall the look of disgust he had on his face and expressing it (in language I had never heard coming from him before) as he was telling me to not try to move while apologizing for being unable to stop the assault; and I don’t recall by who or how I got carted back inside but I spent the next few days or so being allowed to stay in bed (which gave me a chance to clean out some of the stone chips that gotten under the scalp when my head hit the already broken rocks (some of which remained embedded for 15 years before surgery removed them) and it was only around that same time that I learned the ‘lesson giver’ was Brother “The Bull” Cummins.... Which I also became aware, had been pissed because some of the milk cows over which he was in charge were having some sickness problems; and (lucky for me) he was already warmed up from having just given a (as usual unrestrained and with impunity) beating to two other residents who’s bad luck lottery numbers had also come up that day....

Bill, you must have heard about the patients having been in charge of the asylum... Well they had nothing on those bastards, who were (without doubt) in a league of there own!!

Anyway, there was nothing I could do at that point in time; however, on a trip back to Ireland in January 1971, I did (well sort of) get to fulfill the promise I had made to myself after that ‘lesson day’ ten plus years earlier. I went back to that place (and was allowed inside as a “returning” visitor). I sought out, and got to see that cowardly Cummins swine and (without need) reminded him of that spring 1960 day, and I then offered him an opportunity to join me in a neutral off site location to finish what he had started back then? He did as hypocrite cowards might be expected to do when they have a chance of having their ass handed to them.....The slime did as slime does, it squirmed away.

The festering that had gone on inside of me for all of that time, had not diminished one bit, in fact, it had grown, and I can only guess he saw it and knew what the results would be, if there were to be a round two and he were to fall (which he would; for his last time).

Bill, there has not been one time I have thought about that January 1971 day, that I believe anything other than if he had accepted my come off site offer, I would have (as was my full intent) killed him!! (NO, STRIKE THAT; I WOULD **NOT** HAVE KILLED HIM, I WOULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED THE BASTARD) And not what anyone in this world would describe as quick or painless; and the only ones who come close to causing those same “wipe out the virus” type feelings are the “title holder’s” lot here...

Anyway, that visit to the “facility” had not been the only reason for the trip back home, but if it had, the 7000 miles would have been worth it (and 70,000 more if needed). It did not satisfy completely (as I didn’t get to kill the fuck, but I have put it behind me (well sort of) and it may sound a little sick, but I have entertained the idea of looking him up when I’m back and (even if the bastard was barely alive and in a wheelchair) offer a new. I have just never gotten over my desire to kill him!

Update: May 2005.

Inspired by the writing and researching for this, resulted in reconnecting with childhood friends and my inquiries also resulted in discovering that Cummins was **on his way out of the game**, and if I had any desire of at least spitting in his face before he made an exit, I should get there as soon as possible.

The urge was still so strong that I (and Drina) returned to Ireland with priority number one being to get within spitting distance of him.

We got to the Village of Daingean (with the now closed up “facility”) on May 18. On that same day I was fortunate enough to meet Andy Lamb Jr. and expressed my feelings for the kindness shown to me by his father (as Andy Sr. had to all the “Daingean” kids) back those many years ago. He was not surprised, as he expressed he knew his father just as I described him, a good hearted man that treated the inmate kids as (I am sure) he would have wanted others to treat his son if Andy Jr. had found himself in the position we had been in.

However, knowing why I was there, Andy’s response to my inquiries as to where Cummins might be? Brought a slightly saddened look to his face; as he told me that he had died just two weeks ago..... But, that saddened look had apparently been for me, as his response to my further inquiries as to how he felt about Cummins,,,,,, as answered with a “well, he died at a place that was just about three miles from here, and I never went to see him”..... He didn’t have to say another word!

As the rain seemed to be getting a little stronger, we shook hands, and Andy turned and walked on his way in the direction out of the village past the facility. That was just a couple of weeks ago, and I have kicked my butt several times already for not getting his picture; its just that our chance meeting happened as I was just off the street outside the entrance to the closed but still standing “facility” where I was inquiring from another man as to where both Cummins and/or Andy Lamb Sr. might be? And just as he was telling me that Andy Sr. had passed away, but that he had a son Andy Jr. who lived at the other end of the (still little) village, when he said “that’s him right there” pointing to a man who was walking past us not more than 25 feet away. He then called out to him, saying hey Andy, come over and meet this man who knew your father when he was in there, as he pointed at me, and... Well you already know the rest.

Drina and I then went around and took some pictures from the outside, and also some of the inside of the old cow barn that had been part of the facility and still showed numbers left marked on the wall that was the I.D. of the resident(s); one that shows up clear on a photo was 528, who had arrived just eight in line after me.

Ya know Bill, looking at the security walls enclosing that place left no doubt that it was designed to control murderers and other such criminals. But the truth is, of the 400 to 500 “residents” I met while I was there, there was not one (not one single one that I am aware of) was in there for an offence that involved violence of any kind..... NOT ONE! Anyway, my hope to at least spit on Cummins before he died having been denied me (off as it may sound) when I return to Ireland I will locate and piss on the grave of that S.O.B. I will then (**and not one minute before**) for myself and all those other kids he and some of the other Oblate bastards assaulted, call that case closed!!

Timeline 1962: Long Island, New York.

In my search for a “career” job, I had gone through several trade possibilities that included Painter, Machinist, and Landscaping.

However, those and others I had tried had left me not looking forward to Monday mornings, until I got a job as a carpenter’s helper, and it did not take one week for me to know that I had found a job (that was more like a hobby that I got paid to do) I was 100% sure I wanted to do for a living, and at that point, I was also as sure that I was going to be employed by the three persons I was sure would pay me a fair wage; (and be there in good and not so good times) those three were Me, Myself and I. To that end, I changed jobs 3 times, going from one company to another; to companies that specialized in different specialties i.e. in room additions and interior finishing, to roofing, and then to house framing.

The urgency of the “get on with a career” was in no small part a result of being seduced by Phyllis in the fall of 62; and by mid 63, we were married and expecting Patricia, our first child (obviously I was getting a lot accomplished in the here’s another bill you can(‘t) pay. The money crunch was not just closing in on us; it had us surrounded; so after talking it over with Phyllis, we decided I should quit my job with Carlson Construction Co, and give the home improvement business a shot on my own.

The shoestring we started with was stretched to the breaking point more than once; as being ready willing and able didn’t always keep me busy, and by the spring of 1964 I knew that something was missing. The frustration at the inconsistency of work contracts was made worse by that fact that I was getting responses to my advertising, but I was not “closing” enough to keep me as busy as I needed to be.

Those were not the best of times, and more than once I thought about going back to work for a construction company. I guess it was those thoughts of working for someone else that made me think seriously as to the reason(s) for the inconsistent work load.

Given that I was getting opportunities to bid on jobs but not getting enough positive results left the question as to why? The answer was clear; I was plain and simply failing to close the sale.

In an attempt to correct the situation, I responded to an ad in a magazine for a correspondence course on sales through the La Salle University of Chicago.

However, to insure they were getting clients that were not only able to pay for, but also able to finish the course, the process of the school was to interview the prospective student (more so, to insure that they would not have to spend years trying to fulfill their obligation).

A representative of La Salle interviewed me, and after going over my financial status and educational background (or should I say lack there of) he advised me to save the expense and the time that would be required to completing the course; as the training system they had required 10 books to be studied one at a time, with a test at the end of each, and then returned for grading; with the next to be sent after a passing grade was given on the previous one.

My own “easy sell” for him to accept me, was to point out that I had no choice but to try. Reluctantly (**very** reluctantly) he agreed to let me take the course **if I paid in cash, in full, in advance? I did!**

Within a week I received the first lesson book, and I did not read it, I, word by word and line by line, devoured it! Looking back on that time period, the months that followed are more of a blur; as the “sales” information given in the book brought me work that had me busy for six (and sometimes seven) days a week. My income went up 100 to 200% and my advertising cost went way down.

Things went good and just over one year later on June 01, 1965, and just 10 days before Maura (daughter number two) was born; I was able to put the down payment on our first home at 62 Fulton Blvd, Commack L. I.

I didn’t get to send that first (or any other) book in for grading; I didn’t have time!

The result of the information in that single book just kept on giving work (and the few dollars that went along with it) and in 1968 I bought a 2.5 acre property on Roosevelt Blvd in Hauppauge L. I. which I then subdivided into two lots, and on the one addressed as 180, I built my first house.

In 1971 I built a second one on the remaining lot addressed as 200. Building that one gave me the greatest pleasure I'd had building anything before or since; as my retired parents were visiting from Ireland, and my father and I teamed up and from the first to the last, we drove every nail that was used to build that one.

When it was finished, we agreed it was not the Taj-Mahal we had just built; but (given where we had come from) for my father and me it was better than that!!!

Bill, there is just no way to express the feeling. If I could, I would bottle and give it free to the world; as every man woman and child should be 'club members' and share the experience of that parent/child love, admiration and sense of accomplishment between them (and the world would be a better place; for it!!).

Timeline 1963: Brother Jimmy raises sunken cabin cruiser Kitten III and the good times rolled over those Cold Spring Harbor waves.

Spring 1963, my brother Jim was working at a dock serving a private yacht club, in Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y. I recall Jim saying he had gotten an opportunity to recover a cabin cruiser (between 28 and 32 feet) that had damaged the front keel and sunk. The offer being, it would belong to him if he got it out of the location it was in, alongside the dock, as it was putting other boats in danger.

Jim, myself and (as I recall) two or three other pair of helping hands, maneuvered it (about 75 yards) over to and up onto the beach on the next evening of High Tide.

By the time the next high tide was due; Jim had replaced the damaged part of the keel. It was done with a lot of help from me and other similarly qualified boat builders, who did a lot of looking on and giving unasked for advice.

Despite the help from the unskilled, Jimmy got the Kitten III repaired and ready, and was on the water again as the next high tide went back out.

After moving the Kitten III to its new mooring in the harbor 'Captain Jim' assured all that they would be welcome to enjoy the fruits of 'our luck and labor'; and boy oh boy, did we ever; or the rest of that summer, evenings and weekends usually found the Kitten III paying back more than the best stocks on Wall Street!!

Good times would not adequately describe that year's experience, but '**Great Times**' would!

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Jimmy, also, raised a sunken 16 footer with an outboard motor, and then gave one week of after work evenings to repairing the motor (with me mostly looking on). He finally gave up, and after cursing it, saying it was getting no more of his time, he then doused it with gasoline, set it on fire, and 'finished it off' with a bang! bang! sledge hammer!!!!

Then, Jimmy (just being his usual generous self) held out 'the instrument of execution' and offered, if I would care to 'have a few shots at it'? I declined, saying he was doing well enough for both of us (besides, it was a really heavy sledge)!!

Timeline 1968: Phyllis (my first wife) possibly saved my life (or at least severe injury)!!

I had my parents over from Ireland for a vacation. They were staying with us in an upstairs apartment, at 62 Fulton Blvd, Commack. Long Island.

Since I was 25 yrs old, that put me in my last year of eligibility to enter the New York State-Golden Gloves; and I figured (through a mental lapse; or as more than one family member attributed it to my being just a f.n. mental case) it would be a good idea to take advantage of my father's presence, to teach me the 'legal' ass kicking methods of The Sweet Science. I consulted with him and as a result I agreed with his analyzes; (in that) there was not sufficient time to learn 'winning' skills but, there may be enough time for me to get ring fit, as that was the best defense against getting hurt (even in a losing effort). We agreed that he would assist, with the condition that I got fit enough, or I would not enter.

I did my part; I got up before dawn every day and did my road work, and then went to work in the construction business. Believe me when I say, I took both endeavors very seriously. Training came easy and working hard was not "work" to me. I had/have always subscribed to the reality of 'where there is love, there is no labor'; and those ideals had only gotten reinforced by a prayer my father lived by (and advised his children to do the same); simply stated.....

Heaven may be blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing on earth is work!

Months later with my preparation as near its peak as I'd had time for, I felt I was not only ready but I was going to be doing some serious "Butt Kicking"; and with less than 6 weeks to the sign-up deadline and I already had and was using all the training gear which included the track shoes, gloves, skipping ropes, the heavy and speed bag; which I can truthfully say, I never missed, not even one time. It made no difference what I threw at it, left hook, right cross, jab, double jab...AND IT NEVER HIT BACK!! I WAS READY! Now all I needed to complete the training was someone to spar with. However, my dilemma was, I had not one person available in the neighborhood...so naturally, I looked closer to home.

To say the least, the pickings there were pretty slimmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. So I asked my mother? She agreed, saying she had never lost to me in her life, but my father put a halt to that idea, and I didn't ask him (self-preservation dictated, he had already taught me everything I knew, **not everything he knew!!**). There was only one candidate left; **Phyllis, My Darling Wife and Mother of My Darling Daughters...**

I thought it would be a fair match-up, as yes it was true I did have a few pounds and a few inches on her, but she had big breasts (and she could also wear her high heels) hey, that should count for a lot in balancing the scale!!

Anyway, my request for her to put the gloves on and spar was met with words I won't repeat here, but worse, they were combined with such a 'wide-eyed non blinking' look, it was as if I had asked her to climb up and jump off the roof....Well my begging and pleading her got the same reply my begging and pleading had gotten on our first date (although for something else)... NO, **ABSOLUTELY NOOOOO!**

Well, when all else fails (I have been advised) if you have a trump card..... USE IT!!

I'd had none on that first date, but I believed I had one for this particular occasion.....

My proposal to her was.... If you put the gloves on you can hit me and I will only try to block your punches, but I will not hit back..... So how do you like that, I asked? In less than a heartbeat the grin that came over her face should have been warning enough, it should have been, but it wasn't (by that time, I guess I was sporting a little grin of my own) and within minutes, the bed and any other movable items were pushed to one side (since this sordid event took place in the master bedroom) the gloves were on, and, this woman whom I no longer recognized because of the look she was giving me was standing on one side of the room with her hands raised in a defensive stance and inviting me to give the signal to start.

Silly me, I gave the signal.

Within seconds she was in my face and swinging like a windmill; but not to worry, my defensive instincts quickly kicked in and I was blocking lefts, rights and (in her Belfast accent) the verbal assault she was also throwing at me. However, (good as I was doing) somewhere into the second minute of that first round I started to laugh (at her) and lost my concentration. The next thing I knew she had hit me with a roundhouse left on the right temple. Now that wasn't too bad in and of itself, until it caused my head to take a sharp motion in the direction of the floor, and the only thing that stopped that downward spiral was the bedroom dresser, and being the solid indiscriminating type of oak furniture that it was, it used its outside right corner to connect with the outside corner of my left eye, and by the time I could say Oh F#! the blood was already hitting the floor. And within minutes she had run upstairs and brought my parents down to witness her handiwork.

My Mother declared her 'The Champion' and my Father just laughed.

Yes, the blood did stop flowing and the wound did heal (down to the one inch scar she has left me with as proof of her victory). However, my boxing career was over and the gloves never went on again. And to add insult to injury, many times since then she said that I should buy her this or I should give her that.....with her reasoning being, if she had not done as she had, one of those boys from Harlem might have gotten hold of me in a ring corner, kept me there, beat the hell out of me and just not let me fall!! The way she sees it,,,,,, she may very well have saved my life!!

And yes, I have given her many gifts over these last years since, without ever (of course) admitting The Belfast Bomber was almost certainly right!!

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Timeline 1955/7 Liam Gill:

Liam Gill, (The Gill fella) a person I can truthfully say was someone who had a very positive influence in my early teenage years. We lived just two doors from each other on that Durrow road cul-de-sac, which had three row house buildings, consisting of an eight unit on either side, and a four unit at the end. Both Liam and I lived in the four unit one, while our family lived in the second from the left, with Liam's at the right corner, giving both homes a clear view of all who came, went, what was happening and/or what kids were out on the street, which was our playground "**Our Turf**".

Although Liam was just fifteen months older than me, at that time in my/our lives, it was major. Hell, he was already shaving once a month (weather he needed to or not) plus he always seemed to have his own bicycle; and not just any old bike, but a fast one, with the Tour-De-France type tires and dropped handle bars.

In those days it was equal now to one of the local U.S. kids having a corvette.

I recall seeing him coming around Murray's Corner at about a 45degree angle, and at a speed that was anyone's guess. Suffice to say, that red hair of his would be laying flat in the blow-by wind he would create. Also, factor in here, that the Durrow Road cul-de-sac was only about 150 feet long; so Liam would have to get himself and his bike in a vertical position and come to a stop.....(or go ass over head at the end of the street) More than once I heard my mother say, if Liam's brakes ever fail? We are going to have him come through our living room window along with his bike and his broken balls!

Reflecting on The Gill Fella years for this writing, I can only say thanks to Liam; as I had so many experiences that I would otherwise not have had if not for him.

He was the one who first (and many times after) took me on “A Hike” up to Pine Forest in our local mountains. Some time later he took me camping, and as good scout masters should do, he taught me how to make a fire, and the fine art in the heating/cooking of the food. (Mostly brought by Liam) He too, had all the gear, such as the tent, the billy can, the cooking pot, the plates, cups forks spoons and knives.

Another first I had, thanks again to Liam, was when he took me to the sea shore where we rented a row boat, and rowed across to a small island that was inhabited by lots of goats. Hey folk’s, believe me, this was one guy worth having as a friend.

We did the rowboat thing a few times, and I guess we got bitten by the sailor bug. So when a canoe came up for sale at the local Harold’s Cross canal, the only thing that kept us from owning it was the 30 shillings (about \$4.30) price tag. The sight of that canoe put my brain into overdrive, and it caused me to remember, on one of those hikes to Pine Forest, where I had seen an old steel wheel Tram that was just sitting in a field. The part that I especially remembered was the solid brass hand rails that went from the first to the up stair level. Within days, Liam and I had removed those (obviously worthless to their owner, or they would have protected them better) brass rails, sold them at Mullen’s Scrap Yard, and became the proud owners of the only canoe to ever grace Durrow Road.

Preparing for our Maiden Voyage brought joy beyond belief, and although the canal was much closer, we decided the best location for this to take place was on the River Dodder, in the Rathfarnham area; as we planned to not only go “canoeing” but we could also develop our maneuvering skills, as we also planned to do some trout fishing in the future (with Liam’s fishing rod). MAAAAAAN, THIS WAS LIVING!

I don’t know if it was just our lack of canoeing skills or if there was a lesson in the saying that “No joy comes from ill gotten goods”, but I for one nearly drowned in my failed attempts to keep **that thing** upright. It didn’t take long for “The Maiden Voyage” to come to an end, and we hauled **that thing** back to Durrow Road, where it was parked in Liam’s yard (necessary, given that his house was an end unit, with access to the back yard.

To this day, I don’t recall what the actual circumstances were, but we decided to end our partnership in the canoe business. However, rather than just sell it, we put our highly developed brains together, and came up with a “viable alternative”.

We Cut The Canoe In Half!! (Get rid of that smile.....No, it was not length wise)

Liam, being ever the gentleman, took the slightly shorter half. (Fair, since he did the sawing..... with his own saw)

I don’t recall what ever happened to Liam’s half? But I can assure the reader; my half never saw the water again. However, it did on one cold day, see the inside of our fireplace, when I (or my Mother) realized it was made out of plywood.

Timeline October/November 1960:

I don't recall just how or/who the invitation had been extended by; but I recall a young lady (early twenties I guess) was at our house talking with my mother seeking counseling about one thing or another.

It needs to be factored in here; this was a common occurrence at our house as my mother was recognized as a person with a sympathetic heart, and gave counseling advice regardless of the particular difficulty the person was suffering from.

It ranged from as little as someone having had harsh words with a friend, father, brother, mother, sister; or the loss of a job or love interest, or it could be as serious as some poor young lady coming back home (mostly from England) and being pregnant (or, as my mother often described it as 'having a balloon over her toyshop' with 'the toymaker' long since gone).

When one was in trouble, my poor mother had a way of putting the best possible face on whatever the situation.

I recall one in the early 1950's, when a neighbor of ours Mrs. "Ma" Brassil (although living only five doors from us) had sent one of the local children to our door with a request for my mother to allow her to come over for "a chat"? Within one minute of my mother giving the green light answer, the child had returned to Ma Brassil's (about 50 to 60 diagonal feet away) and she was on her way over.

To this day I recall that little heavysset woman, as she hurriedly stepped out of her door while pulling a scarf over her head (and her face) that she kept facing the ground as she made her way to our house.

The reason for the lowered head "look of shame" she'd had, was expressed through tears and uncontrollable sobs as she revealed to my mother, that her daughter Fannie had (unannounced and during the dark of night) returned home from England, without a husband but with a date certain for the delivery of the child she was expecting. The words I especially recall was Mrs. Brassil (not asking) begging my mother for guidance with "Dear Jesus" Doran, what am I going to do? I will not be able to go in or out this street ever again, the whole neighborhood is going to know about it, I will just die from the shame.

I don't recall how long it was, but, by the time it took my mother to sit her down and start making tea, the psychologist part of her brain shifted into top gear.

The thing I remember most (and only saw clear, later in life) was the approach she used, as she (in a not very sympathetic voice) said, now look here Brassil (as using the family name was a common way adults in Ireland addressed each other) as "**we**" know (right away my mother had with the "**we**" put them both as a similar thinking team) children are a gift from God and he would not be sending this child into the world unless he had a very special purpose for it and he is giving it into your care for safe keeping; **so just remember, you are a very special woman who God is just testing**; now, be proud and take care of Fannie and that child and God will look after all of you and He'll give you a special reward for your part.

I don't recall how long Mrs. Brassil remained at our house on that day (less than twenty minutes, for sure) and although I was very young, I will never forget the transformation that had taken place, as it was from our bedroom window upstairs through which I saw her coming, that I saw her return to her house, however, unlike her half covered face, head down and hurried pace when she was coming over, the return trip was made more like a woman who had just received a "Mother Theresa type" award. The pace was now deliberately slower the scarf no longer covered her now raised head which seemed to make ever so slight turns to the left then to the right as if acknowledging applause.

On that particular day THE MIRACLE WORKER had nothing on my mother!!

Mrs. "Ma" Brassil went on to raise that boy child (named David) into his teenage years and she remained with that same positive attitude toward and about him for the rest of her life.

The same (although not as dramatic) ‘feel good about yourself’ feeling my mother gave to many, was also given to a neighbor widow lady named Mason. Mrs Mason was a lone Protestant in a sea of Catholics (and not all of those fitting the ‘Good Christian’ description). Life for her was often made ‘less than joyous’ with unkind words and (for the most part) social exclusion; and my mother was the one who befriended Mrs Mason and showed it openly in our neighborhood by the commonly expressed friendship bond of ‘linking’ arm in arm, as ladies would do when walking to the store or such, or as my mother did when taking her to the movies; thereby giving notice to one and all, that Mrs Mason was her friend and (as such) should be treated with respect. The sudden change in the treatment given to Mrs Mason was a dramatic 180 degree turn for the better.

Fortunately too (for my Mother) that ‘make you feel good’ feeling, was not something she just gave out, but was returned to her by so many children and adults within and around our 20 unit Cul-de-Sac Street. Two in particular, being Wilser and Sadie Dunne, who lived in the corner unit next to ours; where from they kept a loving and protective watch out for her for 30 plus years.

On our visit there in May, I met and thanked Wilser, and at the same time sadly found that Sadie had passed away in 2004.

Not withstanding the above; if there was a single person in that neighborhood that could be singled out by our family for the kindness, love and affection she showed towards Our Mother....

‘The Queen of Give’ award; goes to Linda Breen Hynes.

On May 16, 2005, within two hours of the Los Angeles to Dublin flight landing, Drina, and I as representatives for the Doran Family, did with a hug and kiss, expressed this to Linda at her 41 Durrow Road home. **Again Linda, we love and thank you for being so good to Our Mother,**

Anyway, getting back to the October/November 1960 timeline started above:

That young lady was a country girl who had come to the city and was working as a domestic servant. I did not get to hear what in particular she was there to see my mother about, but just as she was leaving my mother leaned close to her and said; now, I want you to be very careful, because you being a country girl, and a pretty one at that; these fast Dublin men will be after you. The reply came in a flash as she reached out and with a reassuring touch and saying, Don’t worry Mrs Doran, I will be okay. Obviously not being quite satisfied with the response, my mother tried again; saying, these are fast city men, they will be after you and they will be “looking for something”. This time it was she who leaned closer to my mother, and while touching her temple, said; don’t worry Mrs Doran, I have it up here! My mother quickly replied “Oh! I don’t care where you have or hide “it”; these city boys will find it!!

Timeline December 10, 1960; Heading to the U.S. If need be? Give them who began it!!

I had my Passport, my travel ticket to N.Y. a Dublin newspaper for Dad, a pair of drumsticks, one U.S. paper dollar and about as much in coins (phone money, in the event my father was not at the airport). My mother had already given my brother Willie the assignment of getting me to the airport, with strict instructions to not let me out of his sight until I was on the plane..... I was ready to leave.

After the good bye Ma, good bye Son was finished, and I was about to walk out the door my mother told me to, **hold on son** there is a little something I have for you before you go. I didn’t know what to expect, and I was so surprised when she produced a little brown paper bag that looked as if it contained a sandwich or something.

Naturally I opened it and looked inside and then thought that it must be some kind of a joke, as the contents (I believe) was dog dropping so I asked her. Ma, what is this? And she explained it in this way.

She said, son, now that you are going to America and where my experience over there has been, although most of the people are very nice, there are some who are less so, and in the event you have contact with ones that are “less so” and they want to give you a **ration of shit**? You tell them that your mother has already given you all the shit you need!! And be sure to add, that it also came with my instructions *to **not give, and to certainly not accept shit from anyone!** And in the event they insist on giving it... **Make sure you give them “WHO BEGAN IT”.***

If these at Norco City Hall or Riverside Superior Court had really known my mother and/or me there would have been no need for this book..... Stay tuned...The Fat Lady hasn't sung yet!!

.....

Timeline March, 1967. Got Brother Willie to U.S. on The Queen Mary, via “Cash” Ticket:

After so many unsuccessful attempts which included driving from our Commack Long Island home to the docks of New York; to buying drinks for the unable and/or unwilling, my ex and I accompanied by Brendan and Marie Golden (a couple we had first met as singles) finally connected in Jan 1967 with a Merchant Seaman named Campbell (from Belfast) at the Queen Diner on the New York dock; resulting in an agreement of a \$400.00 fee to “assist” Willie’s passage from London to N.Y. It was an event that fulfilled my father’s wish to get all of his children to the United States; the (what should truthfully be) Land of Liberty and Justice.

Only “the parents of Immigrants” know exactly what I mean and the fulfillment my parents must have felt!!..... There is no other way to express it; there is no substitute way to feel it, and I am proud to say (with taking into account that it was against our country’s immigration law) I was the person to help accommodate the most prayed for wish of the two people I loved most, and were the most deserving pair in the world to enjoy this feeling..... My Mother and My Father.

The Queen Mary arrived and (as promised) Willie was delivered onto the dock by Seaman Campbell on that evening of March 13, 1967, where my brother Jim and I picked him up and drove through Manhattan (at the maximum speed allowed) heading for the Queens Midtown Tunnel which led to the east bound Long Island Expressway which would take to our home in Commack in Long Island’s Suffolk County.

I don’t know what possessed Jim and I on that night; especially, given that our brother had just spent the last six days and nights in an unlit part of a cargo hold compartment, in which Seaman Campbell had been able to get food to him just three times) I guess our soft hearts must have took over; with the proof of that being, as we approached the tunnel toll booth we told Willie who had the back seat to himself, to squeeze down on the floor and stay out of sight as this was the last barrier to overcome before total freedom.

We lied... **STRIKE THAT!**... BROTHER JIMMY lied when he told him that it was a **Border Check**; and that those uniformed toll collectors were actually **Border Guards**; but not to worry too much as most of them were of Irish descent, and if they noticed him trying to hide, yes they would order him out and he should comply, however, Jimmy told him if that should happen he should exit on the passenger side and run forward, and we would look for him further inside the tunnel; he also told him to run as fast as he could, but to **keep shouting, don’t shoot, don’t shoot, I’m Irish, please don’t shoot!**

It should also be expressed and factored in here, that Jimmy relieved some of his anxiety by telling him that they never shoot to kill! I guess Jimmy didn’t want Willie to worry too much!!

First thing Willie did when we arrived home, was to ask if I had a pair of clean pants to change into (we can only guess why).

Willie cursed Jimmy and me that night (and many, many times since) However, that has not changed the dark sense of humor of Jim or myself for that matter.....Hey, we are Irish.... and so it goes..... Anything for a laugh..... AS LONG AS NOBODY GET'S HURT!!

Well, Willie joined Jim and me in the home improvement business, and things went along pretty good; that is, until the New York summer heat and humidity kicked in, and it was around that time that Willie started to curse us for bringing him to **a place that had so many unfailling alarm clocks, oversized pickaxes, shovel's and wheelbarrows**. He often asked as to what we thought he might have done so bad that God would be this cruel to him? Both Jim and I told him it would just take a season or so to get acclimatized. Willie always responded the same way; **who the fuck wants to get used to this?** I'm too good looking to be doing this all my life. More than once he expressed that he felt he would be better suited in a profession without sunburn, callused hands and splinters being an unwanted byproduct. To that end, he searched and re-searched until he realized there were so many women that were mistreated by selfish, uncaring, unloving (and so Willie concluded) **"unworthy" men**..... that he decided to dedicate his life to making as many of those love starved delicate flowers as happy as he could possibly make them!! I asked him if he was as concerned (as was I) given that type of "career", I thought it could result in a "fatal incident"..... Willie (apparently not realizing the concern I was expressing was for him) told me not to be concerned about it, as his reasoning was... **We all have to go sometime, and if that should ever happen? Well at least she will go with a smile on her face!!**

To date, Bill (now 70 +) is doing his usual best, and his now partner keeps smiling on!! (No Lie)

.....
Timeline 1966.

Brother Jim introduces me to Milton Potter's Horseshoe Stables.

In the summer of 1966; by that time my brother Jim and I were already partners in our Doran Brothers Home Improvements. He was not only a great partner, but an excellent physically fit worker, with structural engineering problem solving ability, which made him an asset that to this day has not been equaled, since he decided in 1969 to move to the quiet hills of Hillsdale, in upstate New York. Back then we were making a few dollars, both were married, had children and our own homes; things were good.

Being our own boss gave flexibility to our working hours, so when Jim came on the job one day and told me that he had stopped at The Horseshoe Stables sales Ranch on route 25A in Northport, and that I should drop my hammer and nail apron, as he was suggesting that he and I return to the stable. I don't recall what time of day that was; all I can say is, before 7 p.m. the owner of the sales stables (Milton Potter) had his truck unloading two horses at my house on Fulton Blvd. Jim and I were now the proud owners of two of the wildest unbroken pair of horses on Long Island. (It was only later we realized Milton usually stretched the truth)

Having only ridden "borrowed for the night" wagon horses mostly belonging to Gypsy's in Ireland, it was a real challenge to try to ride horses that had been overfed and under worked. "Ass over head" would be a fair description of how Jim and I did over the following months; and changed horses many times. But, as is said about our countrymen **The Irish Never Quit**, with proof of that being in the record books of The Long Island Horse Show Association the Open Division Hi Point Reserve Champion of 1967 was Jim Doran; and, the Hi Point Novice Champion was Pat Doran.

I went on to win the Open Division in both summer and winter seasons in 1968 and 1969. I won all, on the same little (under 15 hands) Strawberry Roan named Peconic King (A.K.A. "P.K.") His name came from the area that the previous owner Billy Stokes who had lived in Peconic Bay L.I. Peconic is now in a pet cemetery on Long Island. In my life, I have owned more horses than I can remember. However, I had owned nothing like him before, and for sure not since. He was a Joy to compete aboard.

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Timeline 1950/1..... Dad finds 10 shilling note:

As I recall... It was late 1950 or early 1951 around 6 p.m. when my father arrived home from his work at the Irish Railroad repair yard in Inchicore. I know it was that time of year as it was already dark outside; in contrast to summertime when it remains light outside until after 10:30 p.m.

Dad's greeting came with an announcement to my mother "Rita, I had found a 10 shilling note (= to ½ of one pound = to \$1:30 u.s) adding, **some "poor soul" must have lost, but they were lucky that he had found it"!!** Going on to express that since he had found it in the street not far from the exit gate of the repair yard in which he worked, it most likely belonged to one of the over 1200 other people who also worked there. Adding that he planned to put a notice on the company bulletin board next day in an attempt to find "the poor soul" who had lost it.

My mother showing no excitement about this "windfall", calmly responded with, "Billy Boy" (**a way my mother often addressed my father when she was disarming him**) is that an Irish or an English ten shilling note? My father (being the less cunning of the two) responded with, Geezzzz I don't recall "**let me see now**" he said as he removed his wallet and took out the treasured find.

Without missing a beat, my mother did not step closer but just leaned forward and very much like a barnyard hen with chicks to feed while looking at a fat worm, she (just as the hen would) snatched that 10 shilling note and within seconds was gone out the back door through ours and the adjoining rear yard of Mrs Clarges, out onto Stannaway Road across to Poodle Park Road and up to Brennans (the Mini Market type) food store.

Mom returned some 15 to 20 minutes later, she had a smile but none of the 10 shillings as she had exchanged it for the contents of the bag she carried; and soon after as we all sat around the table eating, Dad said it was still not right, saying we should have tried to locate the rightful owner. My mother said it was just God's way of helping us out, and he would reward 'the owner' in his own way!

And besides, she said,,,,, if dad had put up a notice of a found 10 shillings, he would most likely have been trampled in the rush of claimants.

Mom figured in that way she may have actually saved him a trip to (and stay in) the hospital. Dad just smiled and went on eating with the rest of us. None went to bed feeling hungry that night.

Timeline:1966

Met Ed Stokes, a man that will live in my memory if I were to live to be a thousand years old. I say from my heart,,,,, If one man could love another (without any of that Rock Hudson type stuff being involved) I loved that man. Also, on that same day (as Ed was riding/showing him for sale when I first saw them both) I bought Peconic King.

In that same time period, I first met (among many others) Rick Maiale and Frank Mastroeni; two who became life long friends, along with both of their parents, brothers and sisters. (I guess they took pity on my not being full blooded Italian or something). However, it didn't seem to have any effect when either Mama Maiale or Mama Mastroeni (as they were both locally known) would sit me down (as they both had more than once done) and start digging for inside info with "now tell me Paddy" how is Ricky doing? Or, as Mama Mastroeni would ask as she pulled her chair close enough to sort of tap-tap me on the hand (her way of insuring I would not lie) Now, how is My Frankie doing? Word had it that they both learned their tactic's from (another local Italian Mama) Mama Corda, whose husband John saved my daughter Maura from suffocating, when as a child she had been playing on Fulton Blvd. with a clear plastic bag and had gotten it lodged over her head cutting off her breathing. Mr. Corda, bless his heart came to her rescue. If I didn't thank him enough back then? I hope this will thank you with a **WE SHALL NEVER FORGET YOUR DEED** Promise!

Frank left us close to a year ago. He was buried in our old neighborhood in N.Y. His passing so affected me that although I was already driving on the freeway I was unable to make it the full 12 miles to the Airport to take the plane to say my last goodbye to him.

There was another "Dude" in that same group I want to make mention of, Ed Eckert (introduced by Mastroeni) was as funny a guy as one would want to be around. Frank and Ed worked with me over several years and I can honestly say I never had an argument with either of them, and I never heard them argue between themselves.

The times spent in their company was not good, **IT WAS GREAT!**

Ed now has (what else, since he's Irish) a bar in Miami, named Eddies Irish Pub. I have asked why he had bought a Bar. His answer: There was no Church for sale!!

.....

Dateline: August/September 1969. Willie one sock!
(Bill, this is not necessarily for inclusion, but it is o.k. with Willie if it is)

My brother Willie called me, saying he had more than he should have consumed, and needed a ride from the bar he was at in Northport L.I. to the Hotel in Kings Park that he had reserved a room in for that night (about eight miles away).

As a matter of clarity; a little background information on my brother Willie should be included and factored in at this point. Bill (as he describes himself) was known to participate in a common Irish Pastime of "Guinnnnnnnnnnness Consumption".

It was after midnight by the time I got to the bar and picked him up; and on the way to the hotel, I helped to set Bill's wrist watch to ring at 7: 30 a.m. as I planned to pick him up for work by 7: 45 later that morning. I pulled up to the three story building stopped and Bill got out and walked (well, sort of wobbled) into the hotel and I then drove on home.

It was just about 7:45 when I arrived back at the hotel; and within minutes of my arrival in the lobby, I saw Bill coming down the stairs. However, he had a look on his face that gave me concern, as I had not seen him with that particular look before.

Willie did not give me as much as a nod or a wink, but instead, went over to the desk where Ed (the hotel owner) was standing.... Obliviously, out of respect for Ed (who was a personal friend of both Willie and me) Willie asked Ed, if he would not say a word and just please listen to him, and then do as he asked? (At that point in time I was so tuned into what Willie was saying nothing could have taken its place) Willie then asked Ed if he would just go up and look at the room and “without commenting” please tell him what the damages were? And he would “make it good” whatever the cost.

Ed, by then in his early sixties (and, those not having been easy years) did just as Willie had asked him and slowly took the stairs one at a time and went up out of sight. In a heartbeat I was next to Willie asking him what the hell was up?

Willie explained it this way....

When I had dropped him off just over 7 hours prior, he had went up to his third floor room without having first taken the time to empty his kidneys. (It should be factored in here; the hotel was an old building that had no plumbing above the first floor level) Willie quickly told me that no sooner had he made it to his room, when he had a “not taking no for an answer” call from his kidneys, and at just about the same time however, he also got word from his tired legs that they were not taking him downstairs and then back up again! Leaving him the only alternative,,,,, **TO PISS OUT THE WINDOW!**

Willie did as he had become accustomed to doing at 38 Durrow Road, Kimmage; however, that relief triggered his need to also relieve himself in the “other” department. Willie’s dilemma then was trying to get his butt to hang out the window without taking an ass over head tumble.. The solution (obviously dictated with the aid of the last couple of drinks he had taken) settled on was, he would do his business in one of his sock’s and sling it out the window. Willie, then went on to tell me that he did just that and with the window still open and his desire to place the evidence of this shameful deed as far from the building as possible (with the room light still off of course) he swung the sock and its content until he was satisfied that it would land as far from the building as he was going to get it to go so he and let it fly.

Willie then told me that he closed the window, and did not remember his head hitting the pillow, and the next sound he heard was his timepiece alarm ringing him awake. Willie then said that the next few minutes were some of the worst he had experienced in his life; as it was only at that point in time that he realized there had been a hole in the toe of the sock and the contents had escaped as he had been swinging it and left the evidence of that hole all over the floor, walls and ceiling in the circular pattern of his swing.

By the time Willie explained what had happened, Ed was coming down the stairs and with a look on his face that I didn’t expect (given that by then I knew what he had just seen) as the look was of confusion, instead of justified anger, Ed walked over to Willie, put his hand on his shoulder and said Bill, its not going to cost you a f#@%*n dime, if you can just explain to me, **HOW YOU GOT YOUR ASS IN POSITION TO SHIT ALL AROUND THE ROOM LIKE YOU DID?**

Willie being one to accept a ‘gift escape’ when he was offered one, quickly told Ed that it would take some time for him to give the details, and since we were already late for work, he would have to explain it to him at some other time!!!

Willie and I left; and I never did get the details of “the story” that Willie gave Ed.

Dateline 1977

Having qualified to conduct business as a licensed General Contractor in California in January 77, I returned to Long Island and in April I moved my furniture and work tools to the more **construction friendly** climate of San Jose, California.

My Sister Nuala, her husband John and son Jason had also decided to call San Jose home, so we split the cost of the U-Haul used to make the move, and John and I drove while Nuala and Jason suffered the Luxury of The Greyhound Express.

What a trip... on the way, the U-Haul blew an oil seal, and we had to unload and then reload from one 24 foot truck into another at a U-haul station in Ohio (sounds easy, but what a nightmare). The only saving grace was having brother-in-law John for company and drive sharing on the nearly 3000 mile trip.

John had lived and grown up in the same neighborhood in Dublin (his home being about 500 hundred yards from ours) and having his "Dub" sense of humor along, made the maximum 55 M-P-H trip not just bearable, but well worth while.

After the fiasco of the breakdown, the unloading and re-loading in Ohio, we got in another thousand miles or so, before we had the second (although minor) mishap.

As part and parcel of the N.Y. to Ca. move, we were also bringing along my daughters dog Poohbear, and sister Nuala's Wizard of Oz type dog Shannon. With Shannon being the well trained "instantly responsive" to the repeated offers by Nuala asking **does baby want a cookie?.....** ***That dog responded to that, AND NOTHING ELSE!***

Anyway, the dirty little bugger escaped from the U-haul cab, and despite the commands to come back (shouted out by John and myself) that scruffy little bundle of hair took off through the pouring rain. It was a price we paid for a fueling pit stop (in Nebraska I believe) and let our guard down. After spending time driving that (fully overloaded) truck with John's car in tow and the rain pouring down, we went round and round looking for that dog. Finally I suggested to John that we had made a good attempt to find Shannon, but we should consider continuing on our way. John agreed as to the good effort made to finding the dog, but as to going on to San Jose without Shannon? John reminded me saying "you know your sister and how much she loves that dog, my life would be in danger if I arrived there without him". He then added a solution, saying we should unhook his car and he would remain behind until he either found Shannon and caught up with me on the road, or died of old age still looking!

We drove round and around some more and ended up back at the gas station at which "the runaway" had taken place, and just as we were starting to disconnect John's car, that dirty little rain soaked mutt came out of nowhere up to the truck.

No need to express how pleased we felt about the return of Shannon. (Of course, the "we" I was referring to there, was John and me). As for Poohbear? I don't think he was quite as pleased; I mean, given that we were only half way to San Jose and Shannon had been making 'bad boy' advances on him even before we had left Long Island, it would be understandable that he would prefer that Shannon had remained out there, lost in the rain.

But, as is said, all is well that ends well, and that could be said in that case as we arrived in San Jose with Poohbear, his dignity (and so all other parts) intact.

San Jose proved to be all that I could have hoped for, with excellent working weather and a sufficient number of homeowners hiring me to fulfill their improvement needs.

As a result of a home improvement ad in August of that year, I was contacted and invited to bid on a room addition at 255 N. 11th Street in San Jose, by the homeowners Henry and Orddy Rangel. After all bids were in, I was fortunate enough to be offered the job.

During the fulfillment of our contract (as I always did the on site work) I was so impressed with the down to earth good nature expressed by Henry and Orddy, to not only my helpers and me, but the love and affection they showed for and to each other and their children, Margaret, Donna, Becky and Henry Jr. that I can say that in my 47 years in the U.S. I have made many friends, but the friendship that developed with those people would be up there at the top of my list.

I say that, not just because they recommended me from one job to the next. These guys had more “amigos e compadres” who kept me busy for the rest of that year and into the next.

We have been friends for over 27 years now; with another 27 to go, I hope!

.....

Timeline 1979:

In the fall of 1979, I was contacted by Pat O’Neill, a childhood friend from our street in Dublin. Pat had been visiting his parents, and had also visited my mother and it was during that visit that Pat told her that he now lived in Long Beach California. My mother told him I had moved from N.Y. and was also living in California, in the San Jose area, and also gave him my phone number.

After the initial contact, I went to visit O’Neill on Christmas Day 1979. It had been 22 years since we had last seen each other. After dinner and catching up on some of the “relevant to us” gossip, Pat suggested that we take a ride to an Irish Pub named Muldoon’s, located on Paramount Blvd. He said it was owned by Marylyn and Danny King, Danny’s father was British and his Mom Irish (so we only ever got half pissed at him) and their partner Joe “God’s gift to women” Brady; who was from our neighborhood in Dublin and less than one mile from Durrrow Road.

My “less than excited” o.k. response, was explained by my recalling a 27th birthday present I had given to myself at The Fort Salonga Inn on 25A in Northport L.I. just on 10 years back, that had left me during those first early morning hours after enjoying my present, holding onto the toilet and giving back everything I had not only drank that night before, but (it seemed) along with everything I had eaten for a week or more.

After throwing up for longer than I could stand up, I found myself on my knees with my head stuck where only my butt should have been, I pleaded and promised God, if you would help me get me over this one..... I will get over the next one by myself.....

Up to that point in time, and to the present, although I have a Bud or two with my dinner meal, I haven’t had to go it alone (or put in another plea for help).

O’Neill assured me that our countrymen and the other “Muldoon’s regulars” didn’t just drink to get drunk (as had been common practice back home) and added, that Darts, Pool and a Sing-along was more the order of the day.

Well, I hadn’t played darts, and I couldn’t sing worth shit; but I had played pool at Mattie Rodgers Pool Hall on Sundrive Road, so with that I figured I would at least be able to keep my buns from being 86th!

Anyway, over to Paramount Blvd we went and within minutes of going through the door of Muldoons, gave what I can only describe as the warm feeling one gets when going home. And as time proved, the

“Cheers” T. V. show and the warm welcome feelings for its patrons it portrayed, would be the best example I could give that could even come close to the feeling one had just being in Muldoon’s.

After The O’Neill Fella gave me the “intro” tour, and a couple of challenge quarters being placed and used up on the pool table, I was invited to play Darts (with the aid of a set of “Bar Darts”), and I can truthfully say, if cocaine or any other of those drugs is as instantaneously addicting to the human as Darts were to me, I could have nothing but sympathy for those the users.

I don’t recall how long it was before I played a game of pool again, but for the rest of my planned week long visit to L.A. I spent each night at Muldoon’s playing (well trying to play) Darts. And it didn’t take the promise of Tony (brother of Joe Brady, part owner and resident “Sam Malone” of Muldoon’s) to find me a place on his dart team; if I were to live in or around Long Beach. But it sure didn’t hurt, or slow things up in my urge to get back.

Given the flexibility I had being the sole owner of “Doran Improvements” construction business, and since I had become so hooked on Darts and the Muldoon’s atmosphere. I guess the fact that I bought and moved into a home in Buena Park (about 30 miles from Muldoon’s) within three months, should not be a surprise to anyone.

I started operating my home improvement business, and at the same time I made inquiries at the Buena Park building and planning department, about building a Motel on the property I had just purchased. Although it had a residence on it, the zoning was commercial, and though I did have plans drawn to fit my design, the thought of building and running a motel lost its appeal and I never did submit the plans for a permit. (A decision I have never given a second thought to)

After living in Buena Park for about a year, and having gone through a couple of stints on the Muldoon’s “B” Division teams that included Pete Moylan (Galway) Mr. and Mrs. Tom Young, Sandy Carmichael (Scotland) and The Dubs, Pat O’Neill, myself and our Team Captain Tony Brady, I “graduated” to the coveted “A” League, and wound up playing on three different Muldoon’s teams with a weeknight schedule, and I usually played in open tournaments on Saturday’s and/or Sunday. And although the majority were held at Muldoon’s, weekend tournaments also included The San Diego open, The Los Angeles Open and The North American Open; which was usually held at The Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

The terrific atmosphere brought to the dart game and the tournaments, was a reflection of the attitude of the players; who would try to trash your ass in a game, and then, win or lose, gave a firm handshake and a THANKS FOR THE GAME; I guess we all realized, without each other we would have no game!

Within the first couple of years I got to play well enough to win a place on the Orange county team; and playing against the Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside and other County teams, and participating (without a prayer of earning a position) in the selection of the U.S. National Team, gave memories that have not faded yet.

With the memories of all those venues (as good as they were) I would not trade them for the ones I’d gotten from Muldoon’s; especially when some of those evenings turned into a singsong (with most of us singing with voices that only a mother could love) were usually joined by Danny King and John Steele (a Belfast boy) playing their guitars. Many a high-point of those sing along nights were had when Sandy Carmichael, Ann Willis or Joe Brady would respond to a request, and give a solo performance. Joe usually did his bit when he was trying to soften the resistance of some “not yet conquered” prey. Thanks guys, thanks for the Great Memories!

But (there is always a f*(@\$*g B-U-T, isn’t there) all good things seem to come to an end; and by 84, the owners of Muldoon’s decided on an ownership change, and from then on, things just weren’t the same.

Timeline mid 1984

I returned to San Jose that year (and of course joined the San Jose dart league) then purchased a building lot on Colleen Drive, designed a house (I'd had in mind for years) that fit the lot, and by November, had acquired the permit's and started to build it.

Things were going along very well, and although the single life had its drawbacks, at that point in time I was not even contemplating a permanent relationship; as I was enjoying the luxury of building anywhere I had chosen to live. And this without the concern of loneliness needing to be factored in; as the voice of experience (Ed Stokes) having told me to "ask them all", (his reasoning was) if only 2% say yes It will be more than you can take care of! Good advice! (And true)

But, changes were on the way (another one of those B-U-T things). The record shows that Drina already had her December 1984 vacation to San Jose planned and booked. Her coming to San Jose resulted in (the not too distant future) putting my "bachelor life" on a "goodbye" notice. However, she graciously allowed it time to give up slowly, and was there when it took its last few breaths. The last one being when we exchanged I Do's on Nov 7, 1987.

But, (yes another one of those B-U-T things) it's not so bad, when the old ball and chain comes with a keeper such as Drina!

Special note here.. That last line was inserted, after negotiations and discussions on the cost of maid service, restaurant dining, and/or fighting our three dogs for a sleeping place on the couch. **Surprising how men become so agreeable, when their creature comforts are on the line!!**

.....

In January/February 87:

After succumbing to the western atmosphere call of Norco and just before leaving San Jose to live there, my sister Beth offered to sell me a dog she had been given as a Christmas gift. I declined her offer, not just because of the \$400.00 price tag, but also because the dog was a mini German schnauzer; I advised Beth that I planned to get a real dog; a "Cowboy's dog", when Drina and I got to Norco. You know something with a little meat on its bones, one that could help to pull the truck out of the mud, if by chance it was stuck? Beth didn't miss a beat as she went on to say, "That's okay", but anyway, I will need you to take care of Murphy for a few week's (and unless you are Irish, its hard to believe anyone would name a German breed dog "Murphy") as she explained, she was moving into an apartment that didn't allow pets and she needed to get in for a few weeks before she would try to smuggle him in. Well, I no sooner got the "okay" out of my mouth when she added, that since I was not going to buy the dog, she would still need the \$400.00 as a loan, and Murphy would just be the collateral!! Yeah, RED FLAGS should have been flying all over the room, but the way she pointed to the chair at my desk, and told me to sit and write her a check.... just disarmed me, and in less than two minutes I had gone from NO, I DON'T WANT THAT DOG, to taking him (without choice I might add) as security on a loan.

With pen in hand and the checkbook on the desk, Beth (again) DIRECTED ME with, YOU BETTER MAKE THAT CHECK FOR \$600.00 instead of \$400.00 (by that time I should have just written the check, but I couldn't resist) I asked her "why"? And the response just flowed...Because if you don't? I'll be short for the rent and security deposit, then you will have Murphy and me in Norco! I wrote the check.

By March, we had moved to Norco, and Murphy was right there with us, and by then had stolen the heart of both Drina and me, and we advised Beth that we wanted to keep him and she should keep the six hundred (and what a bargain he turned out to be) I have owned dogs all my life, and there was not one that was more loving or smarter than little Murphy. Anyway, by the time he was about two years old, and given the loving that little dog gave, which made it so easy to take care of him, there was no question

about it when Drina (who described him as HER DOG) told me that she wanted to take him to the Veterinarian for an exam, as she thought he was going deaf.

Within minutes I was on the phone with a Vet who had just opened a new office in Corona (about 6 miles away) and was offering a special of \$15.00 a visit. The lady asked what day I would like the appointment set for? I said we would like to come right away if possible? She said that would be okay, but it would be considered an emergency visit, and there would be an extra \$12.50 charge.

Well, since we thought more of Murphy than the \$27.50, it only took us as long as to get him in the truck and get to the office. We walked into an empty waiting room and were seen by the Vet right away, and after directions from him to put the dog on the examination table, he asked Drina as to what she thought might be wrong with him. Drina said she thought he was going deaf. The Vet asked her why she thought so. She told him that Murphy was not obeying her commands as quickly as he had done in the past, and especially when he was walking away from her. In about two seconds the Vet held Murphy's ear, took one look and he then told Drina. Lady, there is nothing wrong with your dog, he has just gotten a buildup of hair in his ears, and if you remove it he will be fine.

From the time we went in until the time we left, it had taken more than half of it to write the check; but we were glad there was no problem with our furry friend.

Into the truck, happy and heading back to Norco with a healthy Murphy, Drina pointed to a drug store and directed me to drive into the parking lot (she's an excellent backseat driver) and we soon made our way in and to the pharmacy counter with Drina getting there about eight or ten steps ahead of me. By the time I got there, I had already heard the Pharmacist ask her if there was something he could help her with, and Drina asking if he had anything to remove hair? He responded with, we sure do young lady we have a very good cream product called Nair; Drina then asked him as to how it worked, and he told her that it could be used full strength on her arms or legs, but that she should dilute it if she were to use it on (he then started to put his fingers across his upper lip and eyebrow area) Drina cut him off in mid sentence by telling him, Sir, you don't understand, **I would like to use it on My Schnauzer!!** After collecting himself, the old man leaned forward and in a hushed voice said; in that case lady, I advise you to dilute it good, and don't ride a bicycle for 3 or 4 days!

In the mid 1990's an accident took Murphy from us, and he is resting in "**Arena Center**" the ranch place of honor! **We loved that little dog** (and still miss him).

Timeline: 1987.

Shortly after we had moved to Norco, I set up the dart board and got Drina to begin practicing, and by the end of 87, Drina and I joined the Inland Empire Dart League, and the pleasure of the game was as enjoyable as it had been when I had first played at Muldoon's. Drina learned to play faster and better than anyone I had seen before or since. We were on many league winning teams together and both qualified to play representing The Inland Empire Team; and later The Foothill Dart Association Team.

As an indicator as to how well Drina played; in the fall of 1990 she entered a women's singles tournament and ended up with herself and Bonnie Green being the final two playing against each other, with Drina winning first place (Factor in here) Just two weeks before, Bonnie had played and beat Sandy Retan in the finals of the woman's singles in The Arizona State Open. At that time, Sandy was rated #1 and played internationally representing the U.S.A.

Out of the wall full of awards Drina has won, the one she is most proud of is the one she received for "shooting" a perfect game. It was done at "Characters" located in Pomona, on June 12, 1990. It is our understanding that a "perfect" game had not been accomplished in California since 1984, and had never been done by a female player before. (Or since) For players, it was D16. T19. T19. T19. T20. D19. (And, I was not only the score keeper in that game; I'd been her teacher Ho! Ho!)

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Dateline 1990:

Supported a Petition to Recall Norco Councilmen Ron Wildfong and John Casper, then got the truth, and switched to opposing it. That was the reason and the beginning of/when this Norco nightmare started, and has continued to this day... Unfortunately, more than one of those low life bastards who were involved, have passed away (without any help from me) and without ever having to “pay back”. It’s just not the way it should be.

The words of that “4th of July” song, with the line “Let the guilty pay” would be a justified experience they should have had.

We shall see how the rest of them make it through.....

(December 2004) On direction from Hoffman, to fill in “empty and/or missing times” from what has already been written down; and although I thought there was enough “stuff” about me; the following is an attempt to do as Hoffman advised.
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Timeline 1956:

POOR UNCLE BILLY!

My Uncle Billy Conlon, having gone through many bouts of heavy (very heavy) drinking, decided he would have to stop or just let it go ahead and kill him.

In his effort, he had many setbacks when he ‘fell of the wagon’ (and even more times off his bicycle). So he decided to follow the advice of the parish priest to become a Monk.

The search for a monastery that had an opening and willing to take him (as he had been not only a drinker, but also a womanizer) resulted in there being none in Ireland, Spain, Italy or.... Well anyway, the only positive reply came from a monastery in Greece.

After making the travel arrangements, Uncle Billy left for Greece; and we did not expect to see him again for 5 to maybe 10 years. However, he was back in Dublin only 4 months later and came to our Durrow Road home.

After giving one excuse after another for his leaving the monastery (none of which my mother believed) he finally gave the real reason, and told it in this way.

When he had first arrived at the monastery, he, along with the other 35 to 45 (all Greek) “trainees” were told that there would be a 90 day “probation” period to evaluate their worthiness to be a Monk.

At the end of the 90 days (which passed without incident) the ‘trainees’ were advised that the first test was to take place that day, and were then told to go to the main hallway; where they were to disrobe. And after all were disrobed and in the (about 12 feet wide and 80 feet long) tile floor hallway; they were told that the test was to test them for impure thoughts. This was to be done by all standing with their back to the wall (which they did, with Uncle Billy being in just about the middle) and to remain silent. They then each had a small brass bell taped to their “private part” and the “testing Monk” left the hall, leaving dead silence.

Next thing to happen was the door opened and a young lady (who looked like Sophia Loren) walked through, and was wearing only high heel shoes and a smile.

Walking very slowly to insure that each would be “tested”; there was not a single sound except for her heels touching with each step; that is, until she got about half way to where Uncle Billy was at. She did not even make it past him when he lost control and the bell moved and gave a little Ding! Ding! Billy said it sounded more like Big Ben to him before he grabbed it to dull the sound. But it was too late, as all had heard it. The young lady went on down to the end of the hall without another sound from any other “trainee”.

As expected he was then called out of the line and was told that he would have to leave, as he was showing that he still had impure thoughts. However, Billy said he begged and pleaded with them to give him another chance; saying he would show that he could control his animal instincts. In the end they gave in and allowed him to get back in line for a “re-test”.

When all were in place and the bells were re-taped, the lady (barefoot this time) began the second test. Again there was not a sound; not even when she got to where Uncle Billy was, and in fact very nearly made it past him; until she decided to “increase” the test, which she did by slowly rubbing her breasts as she winked at him and he just lost his concentration. The bell shook and rang so much that it broke the tape, flipped off the love of his life and banged across the hall floor, and only fell silent after it hit the wall.

Uncle Billy said he was so embarrassed, that he walked across and bent over to pick up the bell, when all of a sudden, all the bells went Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Billy quickly put both protective hands over his butt and ran for the exit (and Ireland).

And another thing.....

Timeline January 1987:

Having just recently finished building a new home at 724 Colleen Drive in San Jose, California, with the help of Drina and the call of Norco and it’s western rural atmosphere still singing “return to me” as loud as it had since my first visit there in 1973; I was not only willing to return, finally, I was financially able to; and I/we did.

After a search for available land within our budget, Drina and I selected the Fourth Street property we now reside on. We chose it as a place that would fulfill most of the (possible maybe) ideas we had; and by March we had acquired a home building permit and were putting the house foundation in.

We worked on that project through most of that year, with only two occasions worthy enough to take us away from the site. The first being one of the saddest times in my life; attending the funeral of my Mother, which was held on July 03, in Northport Long Island. She had passed away with my sister Rita being by her bedside in a Dublin hospital, on June 28, 1987.

With the approval of my Mother’s Sons and Daughters, our sister Rita brought her remains to the U.S. to be buried beside our Father, who had also passed away in Ireland (in August 1976) and had been brought to the same burial site, for the exact same “burial in a place of honor” reason. However, I assume it would be accepted, that not all Americans (nor Irish) are fit to live among; but this trash here is certainly not fit to be buried among. Yes, this is a big country, but sea to shining sea would not be sufficient distance to compensate, and “forever” is just too long,, leaving but one alternative; take them to their homeland and place them where they rightfully belonged in the first place.

That also, is not to say that Ireland doesn't have its own trash...It does...**But it will be "their trash" and that is the difference that makes it okay.**

The second reason for Drina and me to drop the hammers and saws, and leave the building site, came in November that year. It was caused by my acceptance that Drina was as genuine and sincere as she "seemed" to be. We had met at the home of her aunt in San Jose Ca. in January 1985 where Drina had been visiting from Santiago Chile. With the aid of her aunt who spoke English and Spanish, and a translation dictionary no bigger than a matchbox, I was allowed to take her to a coffee shop about 200 yards from the house.

I guess "the date" must have gone ok (in that I didn't make an ass of myself in my effort to sweet talk her in a foreign language while we got coffee and pie with ice cream) as I got the green light from her and her aunt to escort her out a second time. Shortly thereafter, Drina returned to Chile and we kept in touch.

(If any of you have ever tried to seduce someone, and each of you only spoke your own language? Buddy, try doing it over the phone with one of those "pure as the driven snow" types? Tough, tough, slow going would be a fair description).

Anyway, phone calls gave way to letter writing; then an ass over head tumble from the main floor to the concrete garage floor below as I was working on the 724 Colleen Drive house, resulted in a cracked wrist accompanied by a few broken ribs, causing the future communication effort to be made through audio tapes.

Given that she had expressed that she wanted to learn English, I just "fell into" a means to "sweet talk" this difficult prize. I knew she would have to have someone translate the tapes I'd send; and the agreement was for her to answer in English, as a means of learning. I am proud to say I must have done an excellent job of "long distance seduction", the proof being she returned to San Jose in the first week of October, 1985, and by Christmas I had convinced her to abandon her plans to return to Chile, and help me finish the Colleen Drive house.

Having been divorced for more than a decade at that point, and not having been living the celibate life, it was difficult to believe she was in such a different category to what I had become accustomed. It was just difficult for me to believe that she was as she seemed to be, and I kept waiting for the inevitable where she would get pissed or some such, and reveal her 'darker side'. And although many opportunities presented themselves over the years for her to do just that, she did then as she has to this day, remained the sweetest, gentlest, most deserving of happiness person I have ever known.

The worst assault she has directed at me over the last 20plus years (usually in response to some half assed thing I had done or said) she has said (in her Spanish/English with a touch of the Irish accent mixed in)..... **you fuckin idiot!!!** (Please don't be surprised there; they always learn the bad words first!)

On November 07, 1987 we were married in S. J, and I've proud to call her **My Better Half** since.
.....

Bill, the "Norco part" of the book begins around this timeline; I hope you already have enough of this prior to Norco stuff about me? As I am anxious to get the second part of this done so Drina and I can get on with whatever is left of our lives.

I will call you within the week after I send this to you.

Paddy.

