

Selections from
The Book of Sullivan

v. sullivan2 1/4/10

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[meehan at stanford.edu](mailto:meehan@stanford.edu).

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<http://www.stanford.edu/~meehan/sullivan/sull.html>

Introduction

I recently revived this project which I had started twenty years ago. At that time I had decided to profile the entire Sullivan clan from the beginning of time to the 1980s. This led to extended pilgrimages to collect Sullivan stories in places like Castletown Beare and Butte Montana, both famous for Sullivans. In effect I was setting out to recreate the Book of Sullivan, the original of which was last seen in the early nineteenth century. These clan books were meant to preserve the glorious history of the Celtic clan.

My research was a lot of fun, sometimes I would have long late-night phone conversations with Sullivans whom I didn't know or meet them in strange places. Later, I put the project on the internet and thereafter hundreds of Sullivans assisted in the project, recreating chronology (years AD or BC) set forth in this book. Later I got busy with other things but then recently I met an eccentric Sullivan gent sporting a huge gold necklace here in the Robin Hood pub in Bangkok. This spurred me to revive the project.

The following is just the first installment of stuff from maybe 20 percent of my files. Eventually I'll get the whole thing together as a book -- but it's all free for the time being.

The book begins with a detailed chronology and then is followed by some detailed notes from both early and more recent times, starting on page 15. Some of the hyperlinks work, some don't. Be patient, I'll get it all sorted out one of these days. Or check out the html version (see page 1).

I hope you will enjoy reading about your cousins (if you are a Sullivan). If you'd like to contribute our own story and give me a link to your stuff, get in touch.

Dick Meehan
meehan at Stanford.edu

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The Master Chronology



Sullivan the Celt:(BC)

Sullivan roots are found in the Celtic lands of central Europe.

- 50000: First humans anatomically similar to today (sullchron)
- 1300 End of Ice Age
- 7000: First settlers in Ireland (sullchron)
- 4000: Irish elm decline (sullchron)
- 3212: French coastal megaliths (sullchron)
- 3199: Irish oaks show sharp chill
- 3190: Heckla eruption, Iceland (sullchron)
- 3150: Iceman of the Alps
- 3113: Mayan Creation date (sullchron)
- 3075: Newgrange Megalithic Tomb
- 3100: Stonehenge foundations dug ()
- 3000: Carnac Megaliths (sullchron)
- 3000: Cessair arrives in Ireland



- 2700: Gilgamesh, King of Uruk (sullchron)
- 2500: Partholon Arrives in Ireland (mythological)
- 2400: Climatic disturbance; meteor impact? (SIS)
- 2100: Celtic Nose Length
- 2000: First Nemed invasion (mythological)
- 1680: Santorini eruption ()
- 1500: Fir Bolg (possibly the Belgae of NW Gaul, per Julius Caesar) (mythological)
- 1400: Goidels at Exodus-1263: Heber and Heremon (Keating)
- 1000: Tuatha de Danann (mythological)
- 500: Galicia
 - 390: Pull beards
 - 335: Asks Celtic Chief's Fears
 - 335: Alexander, Celtics Parley at Danube
 - 300: Sons of Mil (from Spain, possibly Helvetians or Celt-Iberians)
 - 259: Egyptian revolt
 - 189: No sex for her
 - 100: Calls Gauls Bombastic
 - 50: Early Munster Settlers
 - 200: Ascendancy of Eoganacht ancestors of Sullivans
 - 200: AD 47th Oliol Ollum, son of Princess Beara, father of Eoghan, founder of Sullivan line



Sullivan Arrives from Spain (200-1100 AD)

Ancient stories suggest that Sullivan arrived in Ireland from Iberia in the early first millenium. Archaeological study of Iberian culture suggests that this may be a fact.



375: Niall of the nine hostages (Keating)

450: Saint Patrick arrives in Ireland (Keating)

575: Finghin founds O'Sullivan line, younger brother founds McCarthy line (Keating)

600: Fingan, son of Aodh Dubh, King of Munster (Williams)

750: Convert Heathens

950: Suilhubhain the blackeyed p114, generation 101 from adam (sull/burk)

1027: Brian Boru (Keating)

1050: Saint Bridget (sullchron)

1100: Gerald of Wales



Sullivan in the Age of Mac Beth

An eye for an eye.

1123: O'Suilleabhain [and others] deposed; Tadhg son of Muireadach MacCarthaigh, and Cormac son of MacCarthaigh, his own brother, took the kingship from them in (McCarthy,)

1176: MacRaith O Suilleabhain defends Mac Carthaigh King of Munster

1193: Normans force Sullivans from Knockgraffan to Cork and Kerry (Williams)

1200: Rift between Sullivan, McCarthy (O'Murchadha)

1209: Sullivan kills McCarthy with axe over division of spoils (O'Murchadha)

1209: A hosting by Finghin [MacCartaigh].

1214: Sullivan boys killed by McCarthy (O'Murchadha)

1214: Diarmaid [MacCarthaigh] treacherously killed the whole family of

Domhnail Mor O Suilleabhain .. on the advice of many (McCarthy)

1253: Alinn O'Sullivan, Bishop of Lismore, dies (Four Masters)

1280: Sullivan unites with McCarthy against Normans (O'Murchadha)

1317: Sullivans rebel against \mcCarthy, except Flanns; break up into (O'Murchadha)

1320: The monastery of Bantry, in O'Sullivan's country, in the bishopric of Ross was founded by O'Sullivan from Franciscan Friars. In this monastery (Four Masters)

1350: Sullivans displace Driscolls (O'Murchadha)

1398: MacCarthy gave a great overthrow to the family of the O'Sullivans, killed O'Sullivan the Bold, and the two sons of O'Sullivan, the Great (Four Masters)

1404: A war broke out between MacCarthy and O'Sullivan Boy. (Four Masters)

1404: War between McCarthy and Sullivan, Sullivan drowned (O'Murchadha)

1411: O'Sullivan More was treacherously taken prisoner, and blinded, and his son killed, by Donnell Duv. O'Sullivan. (Four Masters)

1451: Dermot, the son of Teige, son of Cormac MacCarthy, was (Four Masters)

1460: Franciscan friary at Bantry founded by first titled Sullivan Bear (O'Murchadha)

1485: O'Sullivan Bear, i.e., Donnell, died (fn Beare, an ancient territory, now a barony in the southwest of Cork. This, as well as the adjoining barony (Four Masters)

1550: 1550: O'Sullivan (Dermot), a kind and friendly man (to his friends) and Fierre and inimical (to his enemies), was burned by gunpowder in his own castle (Four Masters)

1557: Clever Phrases Much Esteemed

1561: Donal O Sullivan born (berleth)

1562: Shane O'Neil visits london (new history)

1564: Pirate Haydon, married ot O'Sullivan's sister, has hq @ bearhaven, dunboy. P303 (o'murcada)

1564: O'Sullivan Beare was slain by a bad man, namely MacGiilicuddy (Four

Masters)

1565: McCarthy mor made earl of clancarthy, surrender and regrant (somerville-ross)

1565: Owen visits england with clancarty (o'murcada)

1565: Owen goes over to English, becomes knight. goes to london (berleth)

1568: O'Sullivan useth long gallies p 726 (cusak)

1569: Humphrey Gilbert, pacification of munster (bottigheimer)

1569: Fitzmaurice rebellion- religious controversy starts (bottigheimer)

1570: Elizabeth excommunicated (bottigheimer)



Elizabethan Conquest of Sullivan Lands (1570-1600)

The conquest of Ireland by the English takes place over the next three decades 1570-1600 and ushers in a century in which traditional Sullivan culture is rooted out by English settlers and landlords. Many Sullivans leave the country for adventure and military service in foreign countries, while others remain at home and endured a fractious relationship with their English masters.

1571: Macarthy resumes title of maccarthy, act of contempt toward english p733 (cusak)

1571: First Desmond rebellion (berleth)

1572: Owen imprisoned in limerick; robin hood escaspe p305 (o'murcada)

1573: Desmond returns from prison-fence straddles (bottigheimer)

1574: Desmond raids maccarthy more p734 (cusak)

1575: Fitzmaurice escapes (bottigheimer)

1575: Sidney in Cork; attended by clacare; desmond loyalty dubious;p 730 (cusak)

1575: Sidney doesn't trust macsweeney pledges p 295 (o'murcada)

1576: Sidneys mission to munster, macsweeney submits p 101 (new history)

1576: Scots mercenaries in Cork p 101 (new history)

1576: Macsweeney executed with banner p 296 (o'murcada)

1578: McCarthy and desmond dispute lands, almost fight p 731 (cusak)

1579: Desmond burns Youghal; ormond v. munster rebels; grey lands (new hist viii)

1579: Fitzmaurice arrivies smerwick p 105 (new history)

1579: Desmond murders english party at tralee p 738 (cusak)

1579: Captain Zouch p 20; Owen beaten by gilbert p 65 (somerville)

1579: Peter White's school Waterford p 138,563 (new history)

1580: Smerwick nov 10; sir james captured, executed oct 3 (new hist viii)

1580: Spenser in Ireland (sullchron)

1580: English attacking desmond, o'Sullivan submits p107; grey "fear not (new history)

1580: Donal took no part in desmond rebellion (bacam)

1580: James sussex of the geraldines seized by queens maccarthy at cork, executed (cusak)

1580: Eugene o'Sullivan chief of Beare put in prison for war duration p23 (o'sullivan)

1580: Lord deputy plunders as far as dingle, takes "Sullivan beare hostage p742 (cusak)

1580: Daniel ravaged english with stones p 26 (o'sullivan)

1580: Maccarthy taking english side against the rebels p744 (cusak)

1580: Sack of Munster

1580: Dermot commands infantry of bear (o'sullivan)

1580: A Native View of O'Sullivan

1580: Desmond rebellion ends 79-84 (berleth)

1580: 30,000 die in Munster (berleth)

1581: Smerwick massacre (bottigheimer)

1581: O'Donovan cattle raid (bacam)

1581: Rising of kavanaughs, o'connors, o'mores; sanders dies (new hist viii)

1581: Sanders dies; tribal warfare (berleth)

1581: Raleigh captures Lord Roche p760 (cusak)

1581: Annals say that Capt Zouch sends macsweeney and o'donovan to carberry to plunder o'Sullivan beare suul w/50 kills 300 (four masters)

1582: Sir John of desmond Killed; pardon proclamation munster (new hist viii)

1582: Cap Zouch kills john desmond (cusak)

1582: Zouch gets john p 190. famine and plague (berleth)

1582: Famine even in munster towns-70 die per day in cork (new history)

1583: Desmond Killed (new history)

1583: Gilbert drowns sept 9; o'hurley arrested, tortured; desmond killed (new hist viii)

1583: Owen o'sull comes in from gerald p 205 (berleth)

1584: General peace after desmond war (cusak)

1584: Perrot returns (new history)

1584: bishop o'hurley executed (new history)

1584: Survey of desmond lands (bottigheimer)

1584: O'hurley executed; norris president munster; survey munster (new hist viii)

1586: Thady o'sull sheltered by owen p 44 (o'sullivan)

1586: munster plantation on macsheehy/desmond lands (bottigheimer)

1587: donal challenges uncle (berleth)

1587: donal challenges uncle; case lasts rtwo years p23 (somerville-ross)

1588: Earl of Clancar claims: Rising Out, 50 Gallowglass, the Giving of the Rod, (sutro)

1588: 1588 Florence Maccarthy marrries Earl of Clancarty's daughter

1588: munster plantation established 2 yrs (new history)

1588: armada (new history)

1588: owen marries daushgters to clancarty illeg son and knight of Kerry son (o'murcada)

1588: Florence Maccarthy story p811 (cusak)

1589: Florence McCarthy jilts Julia O'Sullivan, daughter of Owen. Sir Nicholas Browne (sutro)

1593: Donal gets title at Mallow p 23 (somerville-ross)

1593: Owen's son-in law tries to kill Owen's oldest son (o'murcada)

1594: Owen implicated in desmond rebellion (new history)

1594: Donal Cam, florence maccarthy and o'neil allied (o'murcada)

- 1595: Donal revolts (new history)
- 1596: Earl of Clancarthy dies (somerville-ross)
- 1598: Essex, rebellion, munster overrrun (bottigheimer)



Exile and Wandering (1600-1838)

Many Sullivans leave Ireland for adventure and military service in foreign countries, while others remained at home and endured a fractious relationship with their English masters.

- 1600: Sir owen's son, sir owen fights on side of english against Donal (somerville-ross)
- 1600: florence macarthy "comes in" (new history)
- 1601: Spanish land at Kinsale.
- 1602: The March of O'Sullivan Beare
- 1603: Donal O'Sullivan's march (sullchron)
- 1605: one of Owen's sons a page w/ King james; 2 brothers in spain (o'murcada)
- 1618: Dermot O'Sullivan Beare murdered in Spain (sullchron)
- 1618: Donal O'Sullivan Beare Dies (sullchron)
- 1618: Murdered with Rosary 
- 1633: Diarmaid o'Sullivan copies florence macCarthy's book. P55 (o'murcada)
- 1633: Mac Carthaigh's Book, DA 905 03 compiled for (McCarthy)
- 1650: Daniel More 38th from Eogan More, (Keating)
- 1650: Eoghan is 46th after Heber(Keating p228) (Keating)
- 1650: MacFirbis' Book of Genealogies
- 1692: Birth of Owen, #23 after genealogy p 90; 1692-23* 30=992 (sull/burke)
- 1699: Steals bread from window sill
- 1709: Poet O Rathaille (sullchron)
- 1714: Joseph Sullivan hanged at Newgate. 
- 1714: John Sullivan executed. (sullchron)
- 1723: Master John Sullivan says his family will never see or hear from him

again after he (sull/burke)

1724: Litigiousness of Ensign Alferes Juan Julian O'Sullivan

1735: Master John Sullivan advises Margery that he would like to marry her
see p 26 (sull/burke)

1735: Master John in New England

1736: Master John Sullivan marries Margaret (or 1723???) (sull/burke)

1739: John O'Sullivan of Kerry a "fat, well-fed seminarian"

1739: John O Sullivan at Corsica (sullchron)

1740: General John Sullivan born (sullchron)

1743: New Hampshire Wife Seeks Husband, Begg for Return

1744: James Sullivan born (sull/burke)

1745: bonny prince charlie; sir john Sullivan, who fou (sullchron)

1745: Sings "God Save the King"

1745: 1745 Lord Chesterfield lord-lieutenant of Irelan (sullchron)

1750: Morty Sullivan (sullchron)

1751: Darnod's Boddy and Memory

1752: John William Sullivan (sullchron)

1752: Letter from Cambray, France

1753: Eben Sullivan fights indians, p 16 (sull/burke)

1756: LORD Have Mercy; Last Words of Owen

1756: 1756 Sullivan, Great Hulking Brute

1756: Morty Oge O'Sullivan towed headless to Cork

1758: Young John, A caribbean Fantasy

1760: Hard Drinking

1760: Another Letter, Pitiable

1760: Barry Lyndon beats tom sull, Captain Freeny (sullchron)

1765: Success in New Hampshire

1765: Agreement between john and father p 42 (sull/burke)

1775: Master john studies french at 80+ p9 (sull/burke)

1775: Daniel; Gives Life for English Master

1776: Charms Abigail Adams, But Not Her Husband

1776: Studies French in Eighties

[1777: Throws Soup on Native Americans](#)
[1777: Reprimand from G. Washington](#)
 1777: Borgoyne's captive army including Irish back from (sullchron)
[1778: Sergeant Thomas Sullivan Deserts](#)
 1778: Poet Owen O'Sullivan (sullchron)
[1778: Ailments of General John Sullivan](#)
 1779: John Sullivan defeats Iroquois (sullchron)
 1781: John Sullivan's intrigues, brother Daniel, wooed (sullchron)
[1783: Captain Sullivan & Lady Courtney](#)
[1784: Poet Owen O'Sullivan](#)
 1784: General John Sullivan writing to Ireland for genealogy p 71 (sull/burke)
 1784: Thomas Herbert Sullivan leaves for Holland after (sullchron)
 1790: Gen John (sullchron)
[1790: Robbery Warrants for Owen and Tuige Sullivan of Drom Sullivan](#)
[1790: General, Retired, Sums Career](#)
[1792: Drown Aged Priests](#)
 1795: death of Master John Sullivan p51 (sull/burke)
 1795: gen John Sullivan d (sullchron)
[1795: Death of Master John](#)
 1796: 1796 m John dies at 104 (sull/burke)
[1797: Dennis Sullivan Hanged](#)
[1800: Sullivan among the Blackfeet](#)
[1802: Last Seen Remnants of the Book of Sullivan](#)
[1809: A Visit to Finin Duibh](#)
[1809: Poets Competition](#)
[1810: Chews Flesh, Wife Cleans Teeth with Jackknife](#)
 1810: Samuel Sullivan brother of Mortimer converts to (sullchron)
 1817: James Forester Sullivan Spanish Am war b (sullchron)
[1820: Governor Sullivan Names Indianapolis](#)
 1821: Barry Sullivan b (sullchron)
 1824: Mortimer Sullivans Captain Rock (sullchron)

1825: Sullivans to Canada

1825: mortimer O'Sullivan converts to protestantism (sullchron)

1827: tim dan Sullivan of cork b (sullchron)

1827: Cherokee Sullivan Born

1828: Cornelius Melody's tavern; Touch of the Poet (sullchron)

1832: Another Emigrant

1834: Wexford Colony

1838: Marries Mexican Girl



Famine

Collapse of Ireland's principle food crop leads to famine and massive emigration of Sullivans to the new world.

1845: James Forester Sullivan Spanish Am war (sullchron)

1845: Born in Tralee

1845: James Forester Sullivan Spanish Am war (sullchron)

1845: Stowed away

1846: A Revolutionary Soldier

1847: When at length we journey home..

1847: big wave of immigration for Sullivans (sullchron)

1847: alexander Sullivan b (sullchron)

1848: Sullivans to Oregon ☒

1849: My Sullivans

1850: Old Dan Sullivan

1850: First Bicycle ☒

1850: O'Sullivan Clan in Australia

1850: Loved Wild Blackfeet Indians ☒

1851: Hawthorne writes Blithedale Romance on w newton (sullchron)

1853: James Forester Sullivan Spanish Am war to aus (sullchron)

1853: yankee Sullivan losses title- goes to ca; sh p41 (sullchron)

1855: Lineage of Sullivan's Hollow

1856: louis Sullivan b (sullchron)
1857: will Sullivan b (sullchron)
1858: john I Sullivan b (sullchron)
1858: John Lawrence Sullivan
1859: Lizzie Gets Married (a prediction of her future)
1859: Robert SULLIVAN in Australia
1859: John Sullivan 40 Julia O'Neil 19 Married
1860: Fenian Connections
1861: Hanged and buried (Or Hist Soc)
1862: The Eugene O'Sullivan's Fight for the North
1862: Timothy died Sullivan b (sullchron)
1863: He May Have Had 3 Families!
1864: Murdered at Cascades (Or Hist Soc)
1864: Accidentally shot himself (Or Hist Soc)
1864: Saloon Owner Hides Molly Mcguires ☒
1865: timothy Sullivan, photographer (sullchron)
1866: anne Sullivan macy b (sullchron)
1867: Arrived in NYC
1867: ellen fitzgerald born ireland, Kilorgan (sullchron)
1868: alan Sullivan, canadian writer b (sullchron)
1869: Daniel Sullivan of cork-inflammatory toast (sullchron)
1869: Cork mayor Sullivans inflammatory toast (sullchron)
1870: Shoot First, Ask Questions Later
1870: barry 50 (sullchron)
1870: Julia Sullivan
1871: For God's Sake Save the Piano, Catherine
1871: Richard Meehan born ireland (sullchron)
1872: Louis Sullivan's Delight
1872: Sir Edward 50 (sullchron)
1872: Fell from the cars (Or Hist Soc)
1873: "I'm Glad to be rid of the Place!"
1875: Pine Farm for boys, the Pest house at Angier sch (sullchron)

1875: marg sull born ireland (sullchron)
1875: Tom Sullivan attacks mexican cattle rustlers (sullchron)
1875: Plays Hamlet 3500 Times
1875: Arrives in So. Glens Falls
1876: Down and Under, But Not Down and Out!!!!
1876: Alexander Sullivan murders man (sullchron)
1876: James Forester Sullivan Spanish Am war died 59 (sullchron)
1877: Thrown from wagon (Or Hist Soc)
1877: Battle with Nez Perce Indians (Or Hist Soc)
1878: Murdered at Union (Or Hist Soc)
1879: Accidentally Killed
1880: John H. Sullivan at Hopi res (sullchron)
1881: Beaten, Killed
1881: Phoenix Family Man
1883: Shot at Mineral Creek
1883: Alexander Sullivan ir na le (sullchron)
1884: Jeremiah Sullivan among the hopis (sullchron)
1885: Otto O'Sullivan Knighted
1885: Cup that Cheers
1885: Richard Sullivan immigrates (sullchron)
1886: Presbyterian Minister
1886: Anne Sullivan macy perkins (sullchron)
1886: Sullivan or Sorohan?
1887: Marietta was born and orphaned
1888: John L. Sullivan ill after losing to Mitchell (sullchron)
1889: John L Loses to Kilrean (sullchron)
1890: Sullivans in Montana
1890: Norumbega eben horsford thinks Leif Erickson her (sullchron)
1890: Marg Sullivan immigrates (sullchron)
1891: mary sull born boston (sullchron)
1891: barry Sullivandied 70 (sullchron)
1892: Joseph Sullivan

1892: Mary Sullivan born (sullchron)
1893: julia born (sullchron)
1893: Addio, 1892!
1894: Crooked Pol Turns Fifty
1894: Hit by Falling Brick
1895: Please Help
1895: Satin, Lace, and Diamonds
1895: alexander 50 (sullchron)
1895: Builds House on RR Tracks
1897: Ellen Sullivan works days washing Somerville nig (sullchron)
1897: uncle james born (sullchron)
1898: One Last Visit Home
1899: Thomas russell 50 (sullchron)



Sullivan Established in the New World

Following several waves of emigration in the mid to late nineteenth century, Sullivan begins to establish himself in the big cities of America.

1900: Timothy died Sullivan czar (sullchron)
1900: anne Sullivan macy (sullchron)
1900: Big Tim Sullivan
1900: James Sullivan, boxer rebellion (sullchron)
1900: Baseball in Muncie, Indiana
1900: William Sullivan senator (sullchron)
1900: Giving Away The "O"
1900: big tim Sullivan woos jews and establishes corru (sullchron)
1901: Prize baby (Or Hist Soc)
1901: Elopement. (Or Hist Soc)
1901: Two Visitors
1901: Louis Sullivan kind chats (sullchron)
1902: Great Bend, PA Sullivans
1902: Great Grandfather Disappeared

1902: Nora Born

1902: Harry Stack Sullivan born (sullchron)

1902: Frank 50 san francsico (sullchron)

1902: Timothy died Sullivan congress (sullchron)

1904: John Darias Sullivan

1905: Broods Over Lack of Work

1905: Two Dead in Rhyolite Shootout

1905: Marries Quint

1905: 10/28 wm born (sullchron)

1905: mary sull works in brush factory (sullchron)

1905: John L. Sullivan reformed (sullchron)

1905: Louis Sullivan's decline (sullchron)

1905: John L. Sullivan quits drinking 3/4/05 (sullchron)

1905: tim dan Tim Dan (sullchron)

1905: 10/28 wm meehan born (sullchron)

1906: Gene O'Neill/Montauk Inn (sullchron)

1906: The Making of a Union Man ☒

1907: Only sad tales to tell

1908: John L. (sullchron)

1909: The Good Old Boy

1910: Louis Sullivan, Sad Letter ☒

1910: Bricks Don't Click!

1910: E W O'Sullivan, australia politician (sullchron)

1910: Wild Bill of Sullivan's Hollow

1910: 9/13 mother born (sullchron)

1911: Mary Sullivan!?!?

1914: James Sullivan, Santo Domingo scandal (sullchron)

1915: Marries Gertrude

1916: Weds Regina Doherty

1916: Anne Sullivan age 50 (sullchron)

1916: WWI Soldiers die of Malaria

1917: Strongman, Booze Free, Marries Sweetheart

1917: Joseph E. Sullivan dies in the Diamond Mine
1918: Sullivan Disappears
1918: Boxes Tunney to Draw ☒
1918: Suicide, Unsuccessful
1918: Louis Sullivan, Declining, Hires Salesman to Get Work
1918: John L Sullivan dies age 60 (sullchron)
1920: maurice o'Sullivan, 1904-1950 (sullchron)
1920: Nora Born
1922: Father graduates from English high (sullchron)
1923: Died in the gutter
1924: Mark 50 (sullchron)
1924: Louis Sullivan dies age 68 (sullchron)
1928: Invade the Bronx
1928: O'Sullivan from Bantry Bay
1930: Wallace Stevens, Sort of
1932: A Rueful Life
1935: Mary Barratt Sullivan age 50 (sullchron)
1936: Anne Sullivan Macy dies, age 70 (sullchron)
1936: Anna Sullivan organizes textile workers (sullchron)
1936: Maureen O'Sullivan in Tarzan (sullchron)
1938: Mary, Undercover Cop
1938: Death of JWN
1941: Pawns Army Buddy's Suit
1941: Pawns Army Buddy's Suit ☒
1942: Five Sullivan Brothers
1942: The Seven Sullivans, War Heroes
1942: Harry Stack Sullivan age 50 (sullchron)
1944: Fred Allen, age 50 ()
1947: Alan Sullivan, canadian writer, died age 79 (sullchron)
1948: Wendell Jay Sullivan
1948: Hit By Car
1949: Harry Stack Sullivan dies age 47 (sullchron)

[1949](#): Florence P. Sullivan Invades U.S.A
[1950](#): From Poverty to Wealth
1953: Joe Sullivan declining (sullchron)
1953: Ellen Fitzgerald and Rich meehan die (sullchron)
[1954](#): Four Harvard Sullivans Reach 50
1955: William (Sullivan) Meehan turns fifty (sullchron)
[1956](#): Buried Alive in Poems
1958: Maureen O' Sullivan wins Vatican Award (sullchron)
1961: Maureen O'Sullivan turns 50 (sullchron)
[1962](#): Mia's Mom, Divorce
1963: Wm Sullivan, asst to J Edgar Hoover (sullchron)
1965: We Are Not Alone-Popular science book by Walter Sullivan (sullchron)
1971: Death of Joe Sullivan, jazz pianist (sullchron)
[1971](#): Fired by J. Edgar Hoover ☒
[1975](#): Attends Pompton Plains High
1977: Daniel Sullivan and Eugene O'Neill (sullchron)
[1980](#): Goodbye to a Grand Irishman! ☒
[1986](#): Arizona Leader
[1988](#): That evening I looked in my local telephone directory
[1988](#): New World Meets Old World - and Flees
[1989](#): Dies in Cabin
[1991](#): An Infamous Sullivan
[1991](#): Colleen: Suicide
[1992](#): Bankruptcy Is His Game
[1993](#): Ferriter's Cove
[1993](#): Died in Chico California
[1993](#): Cork
[1995](#): The (un)happy home of my (un)happy ancestors
[1996](#): Book of Sullivan/O'Sullivan
[1996](#): Looking for lineage!?
[1997](#): Coat of Arms
[1997](#): The Sullivan Family is a Circle ☒

[1997: A Legendary O'Sullivan](#)

[1997: The Sullivan Family is a circle](#)

[1997: Proud or Not?](#)

[1998: Sadly Seeking Sullivans](#) ☒

[1998: Song](#)

[1998: Grave Search](#)

[1998: O'Sullivan's - Pride in our History & Future!](#)

[1998: Family Reunion, Aussie style](#)

[1998: Sullivans: Extraordinary people!](#) ☒

[1998: A tale of a boy and his dad in a cybercafe](#) ☒

[1998: Happy St. Patrick's Day](#)

[1998: Sullivan Sucks](#)

[1998: O'Sullivan, Our Struggle](#) ☒

[1998: John L III](#)

[1998: I've found O'Sullivan Beare!](#)

Add your own Sullivan story or poem by clicking [HERE!](#)

Sullivan the Celt: Prehistoric to 200 ad

-3075: Newgrange Megalithic Tomb

Newgrange Megalithic Tomb dates: 4425+/- 45 BP; 4415+/- 40 BP
burnt soil from roof caulking of Newgrange; 4480+/- 60 BP
vegetation from turf beneath main monument; 4399+/- 67 BP from
site 16 near Knowth tomb site (O'Kelly, Early Ireland). (BP =
uncalib) radiocarbon dates: Newgrange Megalithic Tomb

-3000: Cessair arrives in Ireland

Cessair's Name

1. Ireland-whatever is asked of me
I know pleasantly,
Every taking that took her
from the beginning of the tuneful world.

2. Cesair came from the East,
the woman was daughter of Bith;
with her fifty maidens,
with her three men.

3. Flood overtook Bith
in his Mountain, it is no secret:
Ladra in Ard Ladrang,
Cessair in her Nook.

6. I was in Ireland here,
my journey was everlasting,
till Partholon reached her,
from the East, from the land of Greeks.

7. I was here in Ireland,
and Ireland was desert,
till the sone of Agnomain reached-
Nemed, brilliant his fashion.

8. The Fir Bolg and Fir Gailian
came, it was long ago:
the Fir Domnann came,
they landed on a headland in the west.

9. Thereafter the Tuath De came,
in their masses of fog,
so that there was sustenance for me
though it was a long lifetime.

10. The sons of Mil came
from Spain, from the south,
so that there was sustenance for me
at their hands, though they were strong
in battle.

11. A long life fell
to my lot, I shall not conceal it;
till Faith overtook me
from the King of Heaven of clouds.

12. I am Fintan the white
son of Bochna, I shall not conceal it;
after the Flood here
I am a noble great sage.

XXII

1. Capa and Laigni and pleasant Luasad,
They were a year before the Flood
over the Island of Banba of the women;
they were valorous and equally pure.

2. They reached great Ireland
far from the Pillars of Hercules;
they took kingship over every hill-fort
that was in Ireland before them.

3. As a wright and a leech are those
celebrated,
and a ruthless fisherman:
they were the first three men who came
here for a space,
into the great island of the sons of Mil.

4. This is what took them out of their
dwelling-
the three-a wonder unheard-of!
For setting nets into cold water;
and so they reached the fair haven.

By: mythological

Email:

486

-2100: Celtic Nose Length

Celts have the biggest noses in Europe.

Language Nose length, cm

Celtic 54.5

Greek 54.2

Basque 53.2

Turkish 52.9

Latin 51.9

Baltic 51.5

Maltese 51.3

Finnish 51.3

Germanic/English 51.2

Slavic 50.7

Big, heavy, wide headed, wide faced, brachycephalic, long nosed, convex nosed, pink skinned, rotten toothed, blue-brown eyed. These are the physical characteristics of 1100 Cork and Kerry Irishmen, measurements performed under the supervision of Harvard anthropologists in the 1940s and 1950s, see Hooten, E; "Physical Anthropology of Ireland," 1955. This study concluded, with some dissent among the researchers, that the western Irish group studied were probably Upper Paleolithic and Iron Age peoples originally from Alpine-Mediterranean Europe. However these west Irish were probably not the most recent Celtic arrivals, who were more likely to be found in eastern Ireland. Notwithstanding the authors' serious warnings that racial studies

of this type should not be used to place peoples on scale between ape and modern man, the general thrust of the study has a kind of racial tinge to it. Ironically Harvard's long term interest in this subject was much developed by Louis R. Sullivan, "Essentials of Anthropometry." These studies have traditionally been taken to indicate an east-west gradient of genetic heritage suggestive of waves of migration from the edge of Ireland, with the older peoples being progressively pushed to the western peninsulas.

-1400: Goidels at Exodus

The Irish participate in the tower of Babel, and taking the 72 languages of the world and fashioning the Gaelic tongue from them. The text of the Lebor Gabala lists the languages in mnemonic form, and scholars have pointed out that the list has been assembled from a list of places in the world presented by the Philosopher Isidore of Seville, whose marvelous view of the world was eagerly accepted by the Irish in early medieval times and who will be discussed later.

Now Nel and his son Gaedel Glas, having participated in the great tower project, are retained by the Pharaoh as tutors, and the subsequent marvelous events are discussed in the Irish Book of Invasions as follows: So Nel son of Feinius Farsaid dwelt southward in Egypt.

This is the estate which he received, upon the shores of the Red Sea, and around Phi- Hahiroth: and he was there till the Sons of Israel escaped from Pharaoh and from the host of Egypt. Now it fell

out that the Sons of Israel, in that flight, came to the estate where Nel was, and his son, Gaedel Glas. The Sons of Israel took camp at Phi-Hahiroth, on the border of the Red Sea. Then Nel son of Feinius came to converse with them: and there Aaron [brother of Abraham (sic)] met Nel; and Aaron told him tidings of the Sons of Israel, and the miracles and marvels of Moses, and how the ten plagues-[a clearness of testimony!]- were brought upon the people of Egypt by reason of their enslavement. And they ratified a friendship there, and Nel gives wine and wheat to the peoples of God for provision. So Aaron went thereafter to the place where Moses was, and told him of the welcome which he had received at the hands of Nel, and the good which he promised to the Sons of Israel. Moses was grateful to Nel for that.

Now as for Nel, in that very night a serpent stung the little sone tht had been born to him, to wit Gaedel Glas, and death was near to him. [From that circumstance he received his name, Gaedel Glas.] And the lad was carried to Moses, and Moses made fervent prayer before God, and put the noble rod upon the place where the serpent had stung him, so that the lad was cured. And thereafter Moses said: I command, by the permission of God, that no serpent harm this lad, or any of his seed for ever; and that no serpent dwell in the homeland of his progeny. There shall be, he said, kings and lords, saints and righteous, of the seed of this lad; and in the northern island of the world shall be the dwelling of his race. This, then, is the reason why there are no serpents in Ireland, and why no serpent does harm to any of the seed of Gaedel Glas. 120. Then it is that Nel said: Pharao shall come to us, said he, and shall enslave us, for the welcome that we have given you, and for the guilt of failing to hinder you. Come thou with us, said Moses, with all thy people, upon tomorrow's route, and if thou wilt, thou shalt receive an equal share of heritage in the land

which God hath promised to the Sons of Israel. Or, if thou dost prefer, we shall put the pinnaces of Pharao at thy disposal: embark ye therein upon the sea, and stand ye by, to know by what means we shall separate us from Pharao, and thereafter do thy good pleasure.

The company that was in the ships set forth and they stood by to see the transactions of the following day: the division of the Red Sea in the wake of (sic) the people, and the drowning of Pharao with his hosts therein-six score thousand footmen and fifty thousand horsemen, that is the tally which went to meet death, of the people of Pharao, in the Red Sea.

Then they went on a journey that ended in Spain.....

-500: Galicia

What is known is that approximately 500 B.C. the Galician area of Spain, west, wet, and green, much like Ireland itself; green maritime valleys on the warm Gulf stream Atlantic, were colorized by the Hallstat Celts who built forts there. Conceivably these Celts, the Galaeci, later may have mixed with a non-Celtic people known as the Iberians to form a culture known to the ancients as Celtiberians. Now were it not for the fact that some miles of ocean separates these Atlantic facing valleys from the rugged south west coast of Ireland, Banty Bay, one could easily imagine that they were of the same country. A ragged, Atlantic-facing coast, year-around rainfall, a baffling, almost mystical terrain of mist, green hills, boggy little valleys. A fondness for fish, wine, and a form of christianity and poetry that are oddly similar, a quirky garrulous

streak of independence, a fondness for bagpipes, a tendency to live comfortably with Jewish town merchants, a vague recollection of being from somewhere else.

Some consider them to be troublemaking folk...Fidel Castro, whose father came from the village of Lancara 88 miles east of Santiago de Compostella, along with hundreds of thousands of other Galacians who left Spain for Cuba from 1900 to 1920. This and subsequent writings by Herodotus and others place the Celts (Keltoi, Celts, Galli, Gauls, Galatatae to the Greeks and the Romans) in Northern Spain along with the Basques in the Iron age. "there is enough evidence of q-Celtic in Spain to urge the view that the Irish Goidels originated in that country. This idea would certainly be in agreement with the myth of the sons of Mil." (H. D. Rankin, The Celts in the Classical World) In fact, no one really knows when the Gaels (that is those speaking the Indo-European language that became known as Q-Gaelic) actually came to southern Ireland, and the theory that they came from Spain -- supported in some degree by similarity of certain stone fortifications in the Aran Islands and in Spain and northern Portugal, suggesting a possible migration in 133 B.C., when the Romans conquered Spain. seems as good as any.

-390: Pull beards

Celts defeat the army of Rome 12 miles north of the city. Rome is sacked but Romans hold Capitoline Hill, recover the city by paying tribute to the Celtic chiefs. In a celebrated incident the Roman senate stares down the Celtic chiefs until one of them, disbelieving them, pulls on the beard of one of the senators, who responds by striking the Celt on the head. General slaughter of the senate

follows. Celts will continue to threaten Rome during this century, but the Romans will progressively develop their military and organizational skills and develop tactics that overcome the Celtic style of battle. In 340 the Roman consul will prohibit the Romans from engaging in single combat with Celtic chiefs, the preferred method of warfare among the Celtic tribes. "There is a tradition that it was the lure of Italian fruits and especially of wine, a pleasure then new to them, that drew the Gauls to cross the Alps and settle in regions previously cultivated by the Etruscans. Aruns of Clusium, the story goes, had sent wine deliberately into their country to entice them over, as he wanted his revenge for the seduction of his wife by his ward Lucumo, a man in too powerful a position to be punished except by foreigners called in for the purpose." Livy 5.32

-335: Asks Celtic Chief's Fears

Alexander the Great meets a delegation of Celtic chieftains on the Danube. Asking them what they fear, he is surprised to be told only the sky falling. This answer has been given many interpretations, ranging from prescientific native anxiety to the claim that the Greeks misunderstood or mischaracterized what was intended to be an oath of friendship of loyalty.

What was the ancient view of Celtic character? Plato and Aristotle criticize the Celts for drunkenness and bravery arising from mere ignorance and high spiritedness and Aristotle considered it their rashness (as in the Celtic custom of a warrior attacking the sea). The Greek historian Polybius, writing from Rome, would echo this criticism of the Celts, their athesia, a certain volatility or

instability taken to the degree of being a moral defect. Perhaps this impression arose from their reported harshness with their children, their failing to dress them warmly enough.

Aristotle considered it in their favor that they openly esteemed homosexuality because the practice counteracts the tendency toward greed that develops in warlike nations (such as Sparta) where women are given too much license.

For, a husband and a wife being each a part of every family, the state may be considered as about equally divided into men and women; and therefore, in those states in which the condition of the women is bad, half the city may be regarded as having no laws. And this is what has actually happened at Sparta; the legislator wanted to make the whole state hardy and temperate, and he has carried out his intention in the case of the men, but he has neglected the women, who live in every sort of intemperance and luxury. The consequence is that in such a state wealth is too highly valued, especially if the citizens fall under the dominion of their wives, after the manner of most warlike races, except the Celts and a few others who openly approve of male loves." (Aristotle Politics, II, 9, 7).

Other Greek historians of the fourth century B.C. favorably mention their fire music, the Greek-like hospitality, and the philosophical interests of the Celts, particularly in Spain.

-335: Alexander, Celts Parley at Danube

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Aristotle considered it in their favor that they openly esteemed homosexuality because the practice counteracts the tendency toward greed that develops in warlike nations (such as Sparta) where women are given too much license. Here is what the Greek philosopher has to say of the Celts:

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-300: Sons of Mil (from Spain, possibly Helvetians or Celt-Iberians)

300 BC: Sons of Mil (Celts, from Spain, possibly Helvetians or Celt-Iberians); In a story contained in the "Book of Invasions" to be repeated in history in 1588, the Milesians, upon landing at the mouth of the River Slaney, were accused by the spirit race De Danann of landing by surprise, and shamed into reboarding their ships for a proper Iwo Jima-like landing. This proved to be a De Danann trick giving them time to conjure up a storm that scattered the Spaniards fleet. Eber's ship after blowing about for some time eventually made a landing on the coast of Kerry, establishing themselves there after a bloody clash with the local natives. "Celtic Ireland", MacNeill DA 930 M2;

-259: Egyptian revolt

Revolt of Celtic mercenaries against Ptolemy II, resulting in imprisonment of many on an island in the Nile, where many starve to death. During this century thousands of Celts will fight as mercenaries for the Egyptian Pharaohs and the Carthaginians. Celts will make up a major part of Hannibal's army at such battles as

Cannae in 216 bc and at Hannibals last battle with Scipio Africanus in 201.

-189: No sex for her

Chiomara, wife of a celtic chief defeated by the Romans in Galatia in 189 BC who was raped by a Roman officer, kept her as his mistress and later arranged to return her to her tribe for ransom. Chiomara, feigning affection, arranged for his decapitation during the transfer, and presented his head to her husband on her return to her clan, remarking, "a better thing only one man should be alive who had sex with me."

-100: Calls Gauls Bombastic

Greek historian DIODORUS SICULUS, V 25-32, on the Celts:

Physically the Gauls are terrifying in appearance, with deep-sounding and very harsh voices. In conversation they use few words and speak in riddles, for the most part hinting at things and leaving a great deal to be understood. They frequently exaggerate with the aim of extolling themselves and diminishing the status of others. They are boasters and threateners and given to bombastic self-dramatization, and yet they are quick of mind and with good natural ability for learning. They have also lyric poets whom they call Bards. They sing to the accompaniment of instruments resembling lyres, sometimes a eulogy and sometimes a satire. They have also certain philosophers and theologians who are treated with special honour, whom they call Druids. They further make use of seers, thinking them worthy of high praise.

-50: Early Munster Settlers

Belgic tribes (Fir Bulg) settle in modern Ulster and Munster

By: Keating

200: Ascendancy of Eoganacht ancestors of Sullivans

Eoganachta from N. Iberia or S. Gaul (?) under Mug Nuadat (Eogan) colonise modern Munster; Belgic Erainn submit to Eoganachta rule. Connachta (tribe of Conn); Ireland divided into Leth Connachta (tribe of Conn); Ireland divided into Leth Cuinn (Conn's half) and Leth Moga (Mug's half)

By: Williams

200: AD 47th Oiliol Ollum, son of Princess Beara, father of Eoghan, founder of Sullivan line

Sullivan descended from Eber, whose descendants inhabit Southern Ireland. Some generations farther down the line Oilioll Oluim, King of Munster, dying in 234 A.D., has seven sons, one of whom, Eoghan fou?? the "Eugenian" line which includes MacCarthys, O'Sullivans, O'Keeffes. ????? affiliations are important to the Irish Filidh: a genealogy, in their terms, includes the entire group of related families (as opposed to a pedigree, which involves only vertical descent along a male line. King Mil, or Milesius, travelled from his native Spain to Scythia and Egypt with his

people, acquiring on this journey the various arts valued by the ancient Gaels: druidism, judging, poetry, history, story-telling, music, etc.

By: Keating

Email:

Sullivan Arrives from Spain (200-1100 AD)

1100: Gerald of Wales

1176: MacRaith O Suilleabhain defends Mac Carthaigh King of Munster

Henry II arrives to keep Strongbow in check; Strongbow submits and is granted Kingdom of Leinster. Dermot McCarthy, King of Desmond, submits to Henry; southern kings and bishops follow suit

By: Williams

1209: 9 A hosting by Finghin [MacCartaigh]... and there was a

Mac Carthaigh's Book, DA 905 03 compiled for Florence McCarthy by Diarmaid O Suilleabhain in 1633 1123, 1196, 1201, 1214 Slaughters, hosiges and hostage taking of the 12th century. 1123 O'Suilleabhain [and others]deposed Tadhg son of Muireadach MacCarthaigh, and Cormac son of MacCarthaigh, his own brother, took the kingship from them in his presence. 1209 A hosting by Finghin [MacCartaigh]... and there was a fleet to meet him at ViRathach, and they killed a great number of people and cattle. This Finghuin was killed by the Vi Shuilleabhain [in a dispute] concerning division of booty. Gearr Ville's son struck him with an axe. 1214 Diarmaid [MacCarthaigh] treacherously killed the whole

family of Domhnail Mor O Suilleabhain .. on the advice of many, if not the greater part, of Desmond.

By: McCarthy

1557: Clever Phrases Much Esteemed

The English Jesuit William Campion wrote of the Irish in 1577: The people are thus inclined: religious, frank, amorous, ireful, sufferable, of pains infinite, very glorious, many sorcerers, excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, great almsgivers, passing in hospitality." They are "lightly abused to believe and avouch idle miracles and revelations vain and childish. Greedy of praise they be, and fearful of dishonour."

"they are sharp-witted, lovers of learning, capable of any study whereunto they bend themselves, constant in travail, adventurous, intractable, kindhearted, secret in displeasure..."

The clever phrase, whether of praise or criticism, was much esteemed among them.

Elizabethan Conquest of Sullivan Lands (1570-1600)

1588: 1588 Florence Maccarthy marries Earl of Clancarty's daughter

Florence Maccarthy story p811, (McCarthy)

By: o'murcada

Exile and Wandering (1600-1838)

1601: Spanish land at Kinsale.

Spanish land at Kinsale. Mountjoy besieges Spanish; O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell march length of Ireland and besiege Mountjoy. O'Neill's forces botch attack; Mountjoy victorious. O'Donnell flees to Spain

By: cusak

1602: The March of O'Sullivan Beare

The greatest Sullivan story of them all! In the winter of 1602, Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beare, was holed up in the mountains of West Cork after the defeat of the Gaelic chieftains at Kinsale, and the destruction of his fortress by the English (now that's another story). Surrounded by his enemies, running out of food, and with the promised help from Spain sorely lacking, O'Sullivan's plight seemed hopeless...his nearest allies were 300 miles to the north and the Queen had set a bounty on his head. Surrender was the only option.

But not for Donal Cam. Marshalling his people, he set off with 1,000 followers across the mountains of Cork, a desperate journey through the heart of a bitter winter. Although harrassed almost constantly by English forces, or turncoat Gaelic chieftains, the group resolutely made their way northwards as far as the river Shannon. At this point, their horses had to be slaughtered to

provide the skins for currachs (coracles) to bear the group to safety. O'Sullivan continued on his march from the Shannon to finally find refuge with O'Rourke of Breifne. Of his thousand followers, hardly more than fifty had survived. But they had survived, and, in this small way, claimed a victory for a dying way of life, a civilisation soon to disappear for ever. O'Sullivan marched. O'Sullivan died. But through the tragedy and trouble, the O'Sullivan triumphed.

L/amh foistenach ab/u!

By: Tomas O'Sullivan (what else!)

Email: in/"tdjos@student.ucc.ie"

54

1714: Joseph Sullivan hanged at Newgate.

Last night the warrant was brought to Newgate for executing tomorrow Joseph Sullivan, alias Silver, for inlisting men... for the Pretender.

--Dublin newspaper

Executions of Irishmen for recruiting on behalf of the Stuart Pretender James ("Bonnie Prince Charlie"), recognized this year as King of Great Britain and Ireland by Louis XIV, are a principal fare of the Irish press in the early decades of the eighteenth century. In this case Sullivan, a native of Munster and a member of the 1st Regiment of Footguards, London, has been convicted of treason by a hostile English jury and is accordingly "hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd," his head "fix'd to a pole, on Temple Bar."

By:

1724: Litigiousness of Ensign Alferes Juan Julian O'Sullivan

Ensign Alferes Juan Julian O'Sullivan of the Edinburgh Dragoons, an Irish regiment in the Spanish Army, is reviewed by his commanding officer. Reportedly Ensign O'Sullivan "has great ability but his marriage to a lady of quality has involved him in a number of lawsuits, causing his frequent absense from duty."

Recommendation: he is to be brought to heel - or discharged.

Others reviewed include Edwardo Stapleton, who is given to drunkenness, and Cornelio Conway, who is bright in Mathematics, and Captain Domingo Hickey who has "a deceitful nature, shies away from work, and is artful, persuasive, and poisonous."

56

1739: John O'Sullivan of Kerry a "fat, well-fed seminarian"

John William O'Sullivan of Kerry, (a "fat, well-fed seminarian," according to his English detractors) has now left Ireland for several years. Like many of his expatriate countrymen with a taste for adventure he has served in the French Army, participating in the French campaigns in Italy and Germany. Now in his late thirties he has become a tutor to a French Count, Maillebois. O'Sullivan is finding himself "better suited for the sword than the gown" and rejoins the French army in its campaign to subdue rebel action in Corsica. There he wins a reputation as an adept at guerilla warfare and prudent warden of his dissipated commander, Maillebois (1682-1762).

By:

Email:

57

1743: New Hampshire Wife Seeks Husband, Begg for Return

From the July 25, 1743 Boston Evening Post, following an advertisement for the return of "an escaped negro fellow, lusty, stout, and comely," the following: My dear and loving Husband,

--Your abrupt Departure from me, and forsaking of me your Wife and tender Babes, which I humble acknowledge and confess I was greatly if not wholly on the Occasion of, by my too rash and unadvised Speech and Behaviour towards you; for which I now in this publick Manner humbly ask your Forgiveness, and here-by promise upon your Return, to amend and reform, and by my future loving and obedient Carriage towards you, endeavour to make an

Atonement for my past evil Deeds, and manifest to you and the whole World that I am become a new Woman, and will prove to you a loving dutiful and tender wife.

If you do not regard what I have above written, I pray you to hearken to what your Pupil, Joshua Gilpatrick hath below sent you as also to the Lamentations and Cries of your poor Children, especially the eldest, who (tho' but seven Years old) all rational People really conclude, that unless you speedily return will end in his Death, and the moans of your other Children are enough to affect any humane heart....And why, my dear Husband, should a few angry and unkind Words, from an angry and fretful Wife (for which I am now paying full dear, having neither eat, drank nor slept in quiet, and am already reduced almost to a skeleton, that unless you favour me with your Company, will bereave me of my Life) make you thus to forsake me and your Children? How can you thus for so slender a Cause as a few rash words from a simple and weak Woman, chuse you to part from your tender Babes, who are your own Flesh and Blood? Pray meditate on what I now send, and reprove your poor Wife and eldest Son (who take your Departure so heavily) from a lingering tho' certain Death, by your coming home to them again as speedily as you can, where you shall be kindly received, and in the most submissive Manner by your Wife, who is ready at your Desire, to lay her self at your Feet for her past Miscarriage and am with my and your Children's Kind love to you, your loving Wife, Margery Sullivan
Summersworth, New-Hampshire. July 11, 1743

Little is known of how the family headed by the tall, patriarchal schoolmaster John Sullivan and his beautiful, vain, hot tempered wife got on in the pinched, gossipy atmosphere of a small New England town but it is clear that Sullivan, like Joseph Kennedy,

supplemented whatever national ambitions his sons may have held with the basic skills necessary to cut figures in the military and political world at large. But if we consider some of his ex-patriot contemporaries John William with the Pretender Charles Stuart or Thomas, or Owen Roe, or xxx, a certain pattern emerges: linguists by tradition and necessity, did acts of a priestly cast, they left skulking about their native lands to make their fortunes in the world. Penniless outsiders, their service could be as well described as talk and bluff as by the usual praise of honest service as tutors, masters, keepers of difficult young boys and girls. True, as often as not they might be prey to certain hazards of that role, leaving town hastily followed by the threats of some family.

The dangers of the Irish schoolmaster were labor to be proclaimed by English writers including Thackeray, Meredith, and Frocede. In advancing the boys' careers, Master John's change of name and religion doubtless proved advantageous -- his freedom was said to have been bought by a local clergyman. In Puritan New England where, according to historian David Doyle, "papery, Irishmen, continental monarchies, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and servility were all linked in a grand arc of witchcraft threatening the fail light of liberty and pure religion."

Master John's change of name and religion were doubtless prudent steps toward acceptance. Whether the family ever achieved genuine acceptance whatever that may have meant in those functions times, in the town is another matter --

Master John's inclination toward idleness, peripatetic scholarly interests, his noticeable arguments with his wife -- once when John was three his father refused to come home from Boston until his mother apologized for her "rash and unadvised Speech

and Behavior." The tall, patriarchal schoolmaster may have changed his name from the Gaelic Owen to the English John, from the Irish O'Sullivan to the vaguely continental Sulevan, his religion from Catholicism to Anglicism, have let it be known that his redemption had been purchased by a protestant clergyman; but just how effective these disguises may have been in offsetting certain suspicious signs -- a facility in Latin, eccentric and purposeless scholarly curiosity, and a domestic life that featured fiery outbursts of temper from his beautiful Cork-born wife and occasional disappearances to Boston by the Master himself. For none of this behavior would pass unnoticed in a village where Puritan suspicions and horror of idleness prevailed, and it is of credit to Master Sullivan that he managed to find an important role for his character and moreover provide, in that forlorn little mill town, intellectual and sustenance to his spirited sons that would launch them into international prominence.

Exactly how Master Sullivan, the loquacious schoolmaster, fond of big words and ideas, spouting fancy phrases, tinged with a vague irreverence related to his neighbors we can only speculate. But we may presume that the elder Sullivan, arriving at Berwick with his child wife whom he had, they said, paid for in xx, may have been viewed as a barbarian and a scholar, a wild Irishman, and though he might fashion himself the intellectual of the icy little village of Durham, was he not at heart a barbarian, and when in the frosty nights of November the good townsmen heard his spoiled sons, John and James and Benjamin, stumbling through the town, shouting and hooting, with their swaggering Latinisms, it was, they dimly perceived, as if those same Gaelic chieftains had risen from their graves once again to curse the lives and marry the daughters of civil men.

By:

Email:

58

1745: Daniel Sullivan sings "God Save the King"

Daniel Sullivan, Irish counter-tenor, sings "God Save the King" in Bath, England. According to David Garrick he is looking "gay and sensible" as usual, though Mrs. Delaney calls him "a block with a very fine voice" who puts Handel "mightily out of humor". Back in his home town of Dublin Sullivan leases the Crow Street Music Hall for a concert series but quarrels with his partners Storace and Lee, with the result that the lease is cancelled and the hall occupied by an anatomical waxworks.

By:

Email:

59

1751: Darmod's Boddy and Memory

20 June In the name of God Amen. The Twentieth Day of June in the Year of Oure Lord God one Thousand Seven Hundrd fifty and one. I, Darmod O Sullivane Mcffinin duff of Dirrenavirrig in the County of Kerry gent, being sick and weake in Boddy but of good and perfect Memory thanks to Almighty God etc. ..

. I doe will, order, and bequeath, unto My granddaughter Nanney O Sulliv[an] the Number of Cattle hereafter Mentiond viz thirtey incalfe cowes and strapers; Ten Shanafighs; thirty carteeses Irish gearransm and yearlings; Eight Mares and garrens; as her part and proportion proveded She Marries with the Consent of her parents and friends else to be allowed and paid her and English Shilling onely.

---Last Will and Testament of Dermot Mac Finin Duibh O'Sullivan

By:

Email:

60

1752: Letter from Cambray, France

By:

Email:

61

1756: 1756 Sullivan, Great Hulking Brute

Sixteen year old Redmond Barry (alias Barry Lyndon), anti-hero of Thackeray's mid nineteenth century novel, is sneeringly accused of being "only a boy" by his coquettish neighbor, Nora. Barry protests the slight on his manhood by reciting a list of past triumphs including a feisty victory over the local strongman: "Didn't I beat Tom Sullivan, that great hulking brute -- who is nineteen?"

Here, as in other 19th century fiction and drama such as the stories of Somerville-Ross, the native Irish are portrayed as roustabouts or servants of low and crafty character; at such a time a Sullivan would be known to the reader as Munster native Irishman of pure "Celtic" blood. In contrast, Barry Lyndon, the anglo-Irish gentry who goes on to talk and steal his way to Dublin and the capitals of Europe, is taken to be the model of the Anglo-Irishman who has made the great fall so lamented by the Elizabethans like Edmund Spenser ("become more Irish than the Irish themselves.")

(Barry Lyndon's character is in fact modeled after the raffish 18th century Irish fortune seeker Jesse Foot, who ended his days in King's Bench Prison a few years before Thackeray started his novel.)

Another Sullivan appears in the novel a few pages on, and again exemplifies what one would expect of a crafty peasant: young Redmond, off to make his fortune in Dublin, comes upon a what he fancies to be a lady in distress, her carriage surrounded by cackling, peasants indifferent toward, even amused by her troubles;(this is a scene not uncommon in the west of Ireland, Thackeray assures the reader in a footnote to the original magazine serialization of the novel; indeed Thackeray tells us that in Ireland the peasants still "look on at murders.")

"What is this noise, fellows?" said I [i.e. Barry Lyndon], riding up amongst them, and, seeing a lady in a carriage very pale and frightened, gave a slash of my whip, and bade the red-shanked ruffians be off. "What has happened, madam, to annoy your ladyship?" said I, pulling off my hat, and pulling my mare up at a prance at the carriage window. The lady explained. She was the wife of Captain Fitzsimmons, and was hastening to join the Captain at Dublin. Her chair had been stopped by a highwayman; the great oaf of a servingman had fallen down on his knees armed as he was; and though there were thirty people in the next field working when the ruffian attacked her, not one of them would help her, but, on the contrary, wished the captain, as they called the man, good luck. Alas for poor naive Redmond, Lady Fitzsimmons and her scurrilous husband, will prove to be no more than fast-talking owners of a sleazy Dublin rooming house. But for the romantic present the reader, whatever his degree of skepticism, will soon hear, along with the naive young Redmond, who is paying for

dinner, Mrs. Fitzsimmons tale of the unfortunate events of the day, of the hundreds of guineas, jewels, snuff boxes, and watches she has lost to the robber, who is none other than the infamous Captain Freeny, that eighteenth century highwayman and storyteller whose memoirs Thackeray had discovered one rainy night in Galway in 1842, as described in his "Irish Sketch Book." Young Redmond who joins Mrs. FitzSimmons for a fine dinner-- which he pays for-- criticizes himself for arriving too late to stop the highwayman from carrying off her money and pearls; her response is interrupted by her rude servant:

"and sure, ma'am, them wasn't much," said Sullivan, the blundering servant, who had been so frightened at Freeny's approach, and was waiting on us at dinner. "Didn't he return you the thirteenshilling in copper, and the watch, saying it was only pinchbeck?" But his lady rebuked him for a saucy varlet, and turned him out of the room at once, saying to me when he had gone, "that the fool didn't know what was the meaning of a hundred-pound bill, which was in the pocket-book that Freeny took from her."

By:

Email:

63

1756: LORD Have Mercy; Last Words of Owen

May 10

Then called the executioner and he {Sullivan} said, "Don't pull the rope too tight, it is hard for a man to die in cool blood!" After which he cried out: "O good GOD! O good GOD! have mercy on my soul!"

Then said he the Lord's Prayer. Just as he was turned off the cart, he cry'd "LORD have mercy on my soul!"

--Description of the execution of Owen Sullivan, said to be of County Wexford, on his execution on May 10, 1756, for counterfeiting currency in New York. The name Owen Sullivan was said to be an alias, so this is not a Sullivan afer all. But interesting nonetheless that such a man would choose to call himself a Sullivan.

By:

Email:

62

1756: Morty Oge O'Sullivan towed headless to Cork

Death in Castletown Bearhaven, by military ambush, of Morty Sullivan, after O'Sullivan murders a prominent Anglo-Irish settler, Puxley, whom Sullivan believes is informing on his local campaign to recruit for the France's Irish brigade. (Subsequent history of the Puxleys is the subject of Daphne du Maurier's novel "Hungry Hill".) O'Sullivan's body is dragged by boat from Bearhaven to Cork, and his head, once said to have been the handsomest in the French Army that defeated the English at Fontenoy, was displayed rotting on a spike for several years, at the county jail at Cork.

O'Sullivan's character was recreated in the late nineteenth century novel by British historian A.M. Froude, who portrays Sullivan and the remnants of his clan as semi-barbaric remnants of the old feudal order, brooding, reckless, mercurial adventurers who refuse to yield to the beneficial influence of the new chiefs of Dunboy, those god-fearing, Calvinist, British landlords who have

come to Dunboy to spread new ideas of industry and commerce. Froude's novel,

"Two Chiefs of Dunboy", revolves around the rivalry between Colonel Gerdes, the new English chief of Dunboy, whose service for the King in Scotland during the Jacobean revolt of 1745 has been rewarded by a grant of land in western Ireland. There, Gerdes has established the beginning of a fishing, agriculture, and most promising, a mining enterprise, raising capital for the enterprise by selling his slave holdings in the West Indies. Tenants of this progressive and kindly settler are portrayed as moody, sometimes lovable folk prone to distrustful bouts especially when piqued by the nervous ambitions of their self-proclaimed "chiefs" like Sullivan and his trouble-making relatives who continue to skulk around their native lands.

However great a civil threat Morty Oge O'Sullivan may have been perceived by the British, he was popular with the local people in the wild area where he lived; his nurse, on seeing his head forlornly displayed on a post at the Cork jail, is said to have penned a heartbroken Gaelic poem that ends with:

High spik'd on their jail!

That cheek, in the summer sun,

Ne'er shall grow warm;

Nor that eye e'er catch light,

But the flash of the storm!

O'Sullivan's son Murty carried on the tradition; he was killed at age 23 in a duel with his uncle Mark.

By:

Email:

64

1760: Another Letter, Pitiable

Letter from John O'Sullivan at age 60, hoping to induce his old friend James Edgar to put in a good word to the aging Stuart Pretender:

Sir, I profit with the greatest pleasure of the occasion of the New Year to renew me in your memory and assure you a few men liveing wishes you more sincerely all measure of satisfaction and happiness. I wrote to me Lord Alford, to pray him on this occasion to lay me most dutifully at His Majestie's feet and beg the favour of you to d the same. I depend to much upon your friendship for me not to expect yt upon all occasions, you'll pay my Court. Assure His Majesty of my Duty and Zelle for his service, but with all the misfortunes I meet with, nothing gives me more concern than to see yt nothing appears favorably for yt end. The Almighty comfort us and preserve the King and Royal family. I am here alone a month and intend to stay till the New Year, but am afraid all to no purpose, for without protection one can expect no success here. It cant be helpt, we must take patience and expect better times. Once more my good wishes will alwaise attend you and beg you would be persuaded yt I am most sincerely,

Sir, Your most humble and most obedient servant, Le Chevr.
O'Sullivan."

We lose track of John O'Sullivan after this letter, written when the aging exile was age 60. There are indications that his wife died, that he returned to his old role of tutor, perhaps after taking holy orders. Like Donal O'Sullivan Beare, John O'Sullivan had spent, one might say wasted, much of his manhood trying to revitalize and then increasingly recreate the symbols of the old order. But whereas Donal was able the intervening century had drained the resources and hopes of Catholic, Mediterranean Europe which left O'Sullivan spending his sixth decade in pursuit of a doomed and unprofitable cause.

We are in middle age no doubt powerfully attracted to relive recreation of the past, and perhaps that is our best and most creative function; but in contemplating John O'Sullivan's fifties we are forced to think of the style of this pursuit, where the high romance of Don Quixote decays to foolish and undignified pursuit of lost causes and unworthy clients.

For my own part I like to think that O'Sullivan did in fact in the end recognize the futility of the Stuart cause, spending the last of his days tonsure, contemplative, thoughtful, sitting in this summer garden, grey stone wall, commenting on the writings of a ten year old child, perhaps his own. O'Sullivan's son, Thomas Hubert Sullivan, was evidently inspired enough by his father's example to join pirate John Paul Jones in a similar role to his father's relation with Charles. However, Jones and the younger Sullivan quarrelled in 1779, and Sullivan fought with the British General Clinton in America. Leaving America in 1783, he fought with the Dutch, died in 1824

Mr. O'Sullivan (1700?-1761?) who was Marechal Maillebois's (1682-1762) aid du camp in Corsica (1739).

"The Prince was never easy but when this agreeable Irishman

By:

Email:

65

1775: Daniel; Gives Life for English Master

Few Sullivans appear in Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland. The first, Daniel, is to be found on page 285 of volume 4 under the entry for ORPEN OF GLANEROUGH: Richard Orpen acquired very considerable property, and from his activity and determined courage, appears to have taken the lead amongst the protestant settlers in that part of Kerry. In 1688 [during the Irish rebellions of the late 18th century] Mr. Orpen garrisoned his house at Killowen, and received into it all the neighboring Protestant families; but Captain Phelim McCarthy, with three thousand Irish soldiers, appearing before the garrison, took it. Having surrendered under terms that were later "shamefully violated" by the Irish, Orpen went to England, became a Captain in the army of King William, and participated in the victory over the Irish at the battle of the Boyne, which again subdued the natives.

Orpen's grandson, Arthur, who m. a French lady, and brought her to reside for some time at Killowen. Disliking however the country, and wishing to return to France, Mr. Orpen and his wife put all their property on board a small vessel belonging to him, and sailed from Kenmare. A storm however overtook them off the Hogg Island, and the vessel went ashore, when the only chance of escape was to venture in the boat; but Mrs. Orpen refusing to do so her husband would not leave her, and they both perished. It is

related that, while the crew were departing from the wrecked vessel Mr. Orpen said to one of them, named Daniel Sullivan, "Will YOU desert me too?" The faithful servant returned to the ship and perished with his master and mistress. His widow was allowed a pension for life by the Orpens.

III. Thomas, died Trinity College, Dublin. This gentleman was on board when the melancholy accident befell his brother Arthur, but escaped in the boat, and landed with the sailors at Derrinane..

By:

Email:

67

1776: Charms Abigail Adams, But Not Her Husband

On December 21, 1775 General John Sullivan, having encamped in Cambridge at Winter Hill, waits his fate in the planned attack against the British batteries occupying Bunker Hill. Old Borwas and Jack Frost are now at work building a bridge over the Charles River, which when complete will be the access to Charlestown which Sullivan is determined to retake, or perish in the attempt; Sullivan would have learned this river crossing trick from his father, Master John Sullivan of Berwick, a scholarly Irishman who would have been familiar with Anteneas' history, in which the Romans were much impressed with the Gaulish military strategy of crossing frozen river, a matter about which they naturally knew little. Sullivan writes to John Adams, urging him to exhort the those timid slaves in Washington to abandon their moderation. He adds that when an opportunity to fight presented itself if I should not have courage myself, I should do all in my power to encourage others to join the fight. These kind of comments did not win Sullivan friends in Congress.

Benjamin Rush, who hated Sullivan, claimed that John Adams hoped that Sullivan would be among the first to get a ball through his head. But Abigail Adams, visiting Sullivan at his post in Cambridge that December, reported to her husband that Sullivan had a "warm constitution", that he was "when once roused not very easily lulled," but otherwise easy, social, and popular with the men.

Meanwhile Sullivan was growing impatient with the pace of the war and the slow freezing of the Charles. On December 29 he tried to mount a surprise attack by walking across the frozen river at night but the ice began to crack, or, some say, a musket discharged accidentally, and his 300 man force had to retreat.

Sullivan raged and fumed, quarrelled about provisions and money, gave urgent orders and advice; writing to one officer in New York he noted Your men are frequently to be cautioned against offering any insult or abuse to the Indians, as one act of rudeness in a soldier might involve America in a dangerous war with a savage enemy. But Sullivan never got another chance to retake Bunker Hill. When he stormed the hill in March he found, fortress defended by lifeless straw sentries. General Howe had slipped out of Sullivan's grasp, retreated from Boston. According to his biographer Charles Whittemore Sullivan was brave to the extent of folly, ambitious, desirous of popularity, but inclined to be arrogant and unduly sensitive.

In fact the details of the battle of Bunker Hill have been controversial. In 1825 William Sullivan took the deposition of some forty Americans who claimed to have been survivors of that famous event. Critics disdained the attempt to revive the

reputation of the Irish-American general, who was widely disdained among American historians. The effort to document Sullivans role at Bunker Hill was described as a tale that "drew more on the imagination than was fit for historical evidence."

By:

Email:

66

1776: Studies French in Eighties

Master John Sullivan, now in his eighties, borrows a French grammar dictionary, and some French books from his son, General John, lately returned from Quebec, where he conducted an unsuccessful assault on the British. The retired schoolmaster claims that French may be useful to him some day. A few months later he writes an essay, in passable French, to his son.

By:

Email:

68

1777: Throws Soup on Native Americans

Eben Sullivan, youngest son of Master John of Berwick, Maine, is held as a hostage by Indians for the fulfillment of a treaty. One evening Sullivan, having been dealt with in an insulting manner by some young Indians, throws a ladle of boiling soup in the face of his captors. Sullivan is saved from the angry braves only by intervention of his fellow prisoners.

Eben was a lawyer like his brothers John and James. Like the rest of his family and descendants he considered himself an assimilated American, marrying Abigail Cotton in 1772. Eben went on to be a

major in the Army during the revolutionary wars and, once again captured by the Indians, was required to live a wandering life with the tribe under difficult circumstances, witnessing on one occasion the building of a large fire on which he was scheduled to be burned to death. He escaped captivity during a drunken celebration by jumping into a river, drowning a savage dog whose barking threatened to expose him. In his later life Sullivan maintained a law practice in Berwick, Maine. According to Eben's great nephew, Judge John Sullivan of Exeter, NY, writing in the 1850s, "Dangers had no terrors" for Eben. "He was a man of pleasure, gay, hospitable, generous to a fault." An elderly lady remembered him as "very mild gentlemanly man, one of the kindest and most indulgent men she ever knew. She never saw him excited but once, and then his voice and manner were terrific."

By:

Email:

69

1777: Reprimand from G. Washington

After some hard times Washington had met his first military successes at Trenton and Princeton, the previous winter of 1776. General John Sullivan from New Hampshire had been with Washington and had fought well and hard at these triumphant moments.

True, Sullivan's military career had not gone uncriticized. Retreats rarely draw glory, and Sullivan's leadership of the agonizing American retreat from Canada in the summer of 1776, if conducted with bravery and toughness, was a retreat nonetheless. More seriously, Sullivan's forces had been soundly

defeated at Long Island in August of 1776, and Sullivan had been captured.

Prior to his exchange and resumption of command under Washington, he had conveyed peace offers from Lord Howe to Congress, which had led to suspicions about his loyalties among some radicals and among others who didn't like him.

Like many men George Washington wisely sought association with others who balanced his own qualities. At his worst Washington could be dour and overcautious and perhaps on that basis found the presence of the vain, mercurial, and sometimes reckless General John Sullivan of New Hampshire a contrast. But there were limits, and when in early March 1777 after passing on various promotions of his senior commanders Washington received a testy letter from Sullivan saying that "thought I never wish to complain I can't help the Disagreeable feeling So common to mankind when they find themselves slighted and Neglected" and begging Washington to tell him his faults so that he might quit the army and "Rid the Continent of an officer who is unworthy to Trust with command." Washington was annoyed. Sullivan's letter was whining in tone. It amounted to blackmail. Washington's reply is perhaps one of history's most memorable, stern and paternal reprimands:

Morristown 15, March, 1777.

"Do not, my dear General Sullivan, torment yourself any longer with imaginary slights, and involve others in the perplexities you feel on that score. No other officer of rank in the whole army has so often conceived himself neglected, slighted, and ill treated as you have done, and none I am sure has had less cause than

yourself to entertain such ideas. Mere accidents, things which have occurred in the common course of service, have been considered by you as designed affronts. But pray, Sir, in what respect did General Greene's late command at Fort Lee differ from his present command at Baskenridge, or from yours at Chatham? And what kind of separate command had General Putnam at New York? I never heard of any except his commanding there ten days before my arrival from Boston, and one day after I had left it for Haerlem Heights, as senior officer. In like manner at Philadelphia, how did his command there differ from the one he has at Princeton, and wherein does either vary from yours at Chatham? Are thee any peculiar emoluments or honors to be reaped in the one case and not in the other? No. Why, then, these unreasonable, these unjustifiable suspicions? Suspensions which can answer no other end than to poison your own happiness and add vexation to that of others. General Heath, it is true, was ordered to Peekskill, so was General Spencer, by the mere chapter of accidents (being almost in the country), to Providence, to watch the motions of the fleet then hovering in the Sound. What followed after to either or both was more the effect of chance than design.

Your ideas and mine respecting separate commands have but little analogy. I know of but one separate command, properly so called, and that is in the Northern Department, and General Sullivan, General St. Clair, or any other general officer at Ticonderoga will be considered in no other light, whilst there is a superior officer in the department, than if they were placed at Chatham, Baskenridge, or Princeton. But I have not time to dwell upon subjects of this kind. In quitting it I shall do it with an earnest exhortation that you will not suffer yourself to be teased with evils that only exist in the imagination, and with slights that have

no existence at all, keeping in mind, at the same time, that if distant armies are to be formed there are several gentlemen before you in point of rank who have a right to claim a preference."

Could Washington continue to depend on Sullivan as one of his highest commanders? True, Sullivan had shown initiative; the first battle of the war had been Sullivan's raid on Fort William and Mary near Portsmouth. In Boston in 1776 Sullivan had served well during the siege. Sullivan's dislike of the English was perhaps typical of the Irish and Washington might capitalize on that and did by appointing Sullivan to lead a celebration of Saint Patrick's Day. But then there had been the debacle at Trenton. Congress had been angrily seeking someone to blame for that. Sullivan had been captured and had returned with messages from the British commander Harve. Susceptible to flattery, mercurial in temper, Sullivan's persistence and loyalty could be questioned. So Washington was in a quandary. He might cut Sullivan off, throw him to the dogs. Sullivan was not a brilliant commander; most of his military learning came from reading books. In that sense he was probably replaceable. But on the other hand Sullivan, better at beginnings than endings, overly sensitive, quick to pout and quit and feel sorry for himself when other men might continue with the task. But the man was spirited, and spirit was in short supply with winter. And if Sullivan himself was short in combat experience, he certainly came from a fighting tradition. Washington knew he needed Sullivan.

At the same time it must be said that 1777 had not been an easy year for John Sullivan.. He had been captured at Long Island, seduced by Howe to carrying peace overtures to Congress. Released, he resumed command. The victories at Trenton and Princeton should have gone a long way toward cleaning up any

suspicions of his loyalty, competence, and bravery. But in matters of revolutionary war it was not that easy.

Then there had been matters of health. Days in winter camp made Sullivan restless; he thought too much. Sullivan's stomach had been bothering him. There were opportunities to brood. On February 22 John Adams wrote to him complaining that though his constituents were paying for a great army, they were not receiving their money's worth in good news. They didn't even know where the army was. Adams addressed Sullivan: "In truth, my old friend, I wish to hear, more than I do, of the vigilance, activity, enterprise and valor of some of our New England generals." The eighteenth century was well tuned to the subtle insult. Sullivan, a sensitive man, could sense Adams' true attitude toward him. To Benjamin Rush, who hated Washington and his generals, whom he considered a band of drunkards, Adams had the previous fall been more blunt on the subject of Sullivan -- he wished that Sullivan had taken the first bullet at Long Island. Meanwhile there were complaints from various southern gentlemen about the performance of the northern armies. To these, Sullivan responded:

I have always had an aversion to fighting on paper for I have never yet found a man well versed in that kind of fighting that would practice any other. To Sullivan, Southern valor appears to be a composition of boasting and conceit. As for the fighting spirit of Yankees, No men fight better or write worse than the Yankees of which this letter will be good evidence.

Arriving back in New Hampshire on a short leave (3/20) to take care of pressing business at home Sullivan found soldiers, ordered to Ticonderoga by Washington, unequipped with either clothing

or arms. His complaints about the condition of arms supplied were answered by accusations that the soldiers and officers were failing to care for what was supplied to them. Meanwhile news from Connecticut that Howe's army, aided by the "neutral gentry" was achieving early successes against the American militia, caused Sullivan to fume against the tory traitors, "ungenerous animals" now "rearing their heads in every part of the continent." Sullivan angrily urged the NH Committee of Safety to rid the country of them..

In early June, (6/2) the British made another attempt to win Sullivan over to the King's cause: "You will be one of the first sacrifices to the resentment and justice of government, your family will be ruined, and you must die with ignominy; or if you should be so happy as to escape, you will drag along a tedious life of poverty, misery, and continual apprehensions in a foreign land," an old Tory friend wrote to him, suggesting that it was not too late for Sullivan to tread back the steps he had already taken and bring New Hampshire back to King and country.

In early June Sullivan received a letter from the gadfly Benjamin Rush complaining that a Major Sullivan under General Sullivan's command had beaten one of Rush's servants, and that Sullivan was clearly delinquent in not effecting proper punishment. The same day he received a letter from his brother Ebenezer, a British prisoner of war, begging that he use his influence to arrange for his redemption.

On the military front it was a harrowing time for Washington's generals. Howe's forces outnumbered their own, and they continually expected an attack. Many days passed when Sullivan expected that the next day would be the one when he would fall

in battle -- gloriously he hoped. But Howe's movements were oddly desultory and apparently indecisive. It was an atmosphere of continuing tension, in which slight disputes were liable to be magnified.

Some time in June, Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, and Henry Knox discovered that a Frenchman, Philippe du Coudray, had been appointed major general by Congress -- a foreigner given a superior position to them, who had been carrying the burnt of the resistance. The three generals wrote an angry and to some, disrespectful, letter to Congress complaining of the appointment. On July 1, Sullivan wrote to Hancock about the rumor of du Coudray's appointment: "If this report be true I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of quitting the service." The next day found him begging Washington's influence to relieve his brother Ebenezer of the "amazing difficulties" attendant on his role as a paroled prisoner of the British.

On July 5 he again threatens to resign in a letter to Washington, explaining that he had been challenged to a duel by a medical officer of lower rank as a result of some argument over medical services. The officer had backed down but Sullivan then came under criticism of his fellow generals for accepting a challenge from an inferior. Sullivan is in a frenzy -- should he accept invitations to duel from everyone? ("I am by no means an enemy to duels; I most sincerely wish that Congress had encouraged instead of prohibiting them.") How should he handle such insults from majors? From sergeants?

On July 7 Congress resolves that the complaint of Sullivan, Greene, and Knox regarding the Frenchman's appointment constitutes "an invasion of the liberties of the people, and

indicating a want of confidence in the justice of Congress" -- the generals were invited to either apologize for "so dangerous a tendency" or retire. Meanwhile he had the day-to-day problems of a restless and half-clothed, barefoot, and inadequately armed body of troops to deal with -- regular desertions, demands for leave, incidents of misbehavior or theft of civilian goods by the soldiers, quarrels and discipline problems among the men, and the constant half-seen shifting of Howe's forces. Two of his men, Brown and Murphy, having been convicted by court martial for stealing civilian goods while drunk and ordered by Washington to be executed, Sullivan received a single pardon to be issued to a man of his choosing at the moment of execution. Sullivan, having at the urging of one of his officers, chose Murphy as the one to be saved, his pardon to be announced after Brown had been executed before the assembled troops; only, at the moment the noose was being placed around Brown's neck, another officer rode up to say that Brown had been an innocent, albeit By:

Email:

drunken bystander to the whole incident... In early August, Sullivan is overcome with bleeding ulcers and writes to Washington: Hanover August 7th, 1777 Dear General I Joined my Division Three Days Since but am Exceeding weak & what is Still more afflicting I am Extremely apprehensive that I shall never perfectly Recover Doctr Jones says that my Excessive Fatigue has So much Injured The whole nervous System that nothing but a Long Continuation of the Cold Bath accompanied with a Strict Regimen can Restore me to a perfect State of Health -- all Solid Food & all Drink Except water must be abstained from. Spirits I must never again use but with the greatest Caution (if at all) as he Conceives that the free use of them has in great measure assisted in bringing on my Complaint & if continued will always have the Same Effect. This being the fourth time I have Bled he

apprehends That the Bleeding has almost become habitual & will (if not prevented in the above mentioned manner) prove Fatal. I will however do all in my power to perform my Duty in the Division So Long as my new mode of Living will afford me strength sufficient for the purpose -- hand, Sullivan's rebuke to the officer was so severe that the officer deserted to the British and complaints from Washington's staff that he wasn't filing proper reports of his troop strength. Meanwhile Sullivan's published remarks vaguely impugned the loyalty of General St. Claire, who had withdrawn his troops from Ticonderoga in July, resulted in a demand from St. Claire for a "clarification" of the strong suggestion that satisfaction would be demanded in the absence of such an explanation -- "it is therefore left to yourself to explain, and that Explanation, whatever it is, I expect you will be good enough to send me by the Bearer. The Gentleman is one of my Aids de Camp and will wait for it." The August 22 raid was very much in the Sullivan style -- daring, but energetic, but not successful, with 25 American casualties and over a hundred of the raiders captured. Though Sullivan's troops killed or wounded many of the British troops and Tory sympathizers, troop discipline was poor and many were trapped on the island as a result of confusion over the timing and location of boats meant to carry them back to New Jersey. Though Washington generally approved of the raid, he consented to Congressional demands that an inquiry into Sullivan's conduct be made, though Washington, needing Sullivan's services in the upcoming confrontation with Howe's army, which was moving toward Philadelphia.

Thursday, September 11, found Sullivan commanding the right wing of Washington's forces. Confused or faulty intelligence resulted in Howe's troops outflanking the Americans, and the collapse of Sullivan's part of the line. Sullivan, unable to rally his

men, joined the adjacent division where his horse was shot out from under him and, according to one officer "his uniform bravery, coolness, and intrepidity, both in the heat of battle, rallying and forming the troops when broke from their ranks, appeared to me to be truly consistent with, or rather exceeded, any idea I had ever of the greatest soldier." Others, especially North Carolina's Thomas Burke, accused Sullivan's blundering as being the cause of the loss of the battle. The defeat occurred at a time when Congress was growing impatient with the performance of Washington's army, and Sullivan was suspended from the army. For many months afterwards, he found him dealing with depositions and criticism and hearings. From all of these he would be ultimately acquitted.

70

1778: Ailments of General John Sullivan

In early August, Sullivan is overcome with bleeding ulcers and writes to Washington: Hanover August 7th, 1777

Dear General

I Joined my Division Three Days Since but am Exceeding weak & what is Still more afflicting I am Extremely apprehensive that I shall never perfectly Recover Doctr Jones says that my Excessive Fatigue has So much Injured The whole nervous System that nothing but a Long Continuation of the Cold Bath accompanied with a Strict Regimen can Restore me to a perfect State of Health -- all Solid Food & all Drink Except water must be abstained from. Spirits I must never again use but with the greatest Caution (if at all) as he Conceives that the free use of them has in great measure assisted in bringing on my Complaint & if continued will

always have the Same Effect. This being the fourth time I have Bled he apprehends That the Bleeding has almost become habitual & will (if not prevented in the above mentioned manner) prove Fatal. I will however do all in my power to perform my Duty in the Division So Long as my new mode of Living will afford me strength sufficient for the purpose -- In August, Sullivan was troubled with insubordination from one of his officers on the one hand, Sullivan's rebuke to the officer was so severe that the officer deserted to the British and complaints from Washington's staff that he wasn't filing proper reports of his troop strength. Meanwhile Sullivan's published remarks vaguely impugned the loyalty of General St. Claire, who had withdrawn his troops from Ticonderoga in July, resulted in a demand from St. Claire for a "clarification" of the strong suggestion that satisfaction would be demanded in the absence of such an explanation -- "it is therefore left to yourself to explain, and that Explanation, whatever it is, I expect you will be good enough to send me by the Bearer. The Gentlemen is one of my Aids de Camp and will wait for it."

The August 22 raid was very much in the Sullivan style -- daring, but energetic, but not successful, with 25 American casualties and over a hundred of the raiders captured. Though Sullivan's troops killed or wounded many of the British troops and Tory sympathizers, troop discipline was poor and many were trapped on the island as a result of confusion over the timing and location of boats meant to carry them back to New Jersey.

Though Washington generally approved of the raid, he consented to Congressional demands that an inquiry into Sullivan's conduct be made, though Washington, needing Sullivan's services in the upcoming confrontation with Howe's army, which was moving toward Philadelphia.

Thursday, September 11, found Sullivan commanding the right wing of Washington's forces. Confused or faulty intelligence resulted in Howe's troops outflanking the Americans, and the collapse of Sullivan's part of the line. Sullivan, unable to rally his men, joined the adjacent division where his horse was shot out from under him and, according to one officer "his uniform bravery, coolness, and intrepidity, both in the heat of battle, rallying and forming the troops when broke from their ranks, appeared to me to be truly consistent with, or rather exceeded, any idea I had ever of the greatest soldier." Others, especially North Carolina's Thomas Burke, accused Sullivan's blundering as being the cause of the loss of the battle. The defeat occurred at a time when Congress was growing impatient with the performance of Washington's army, and Sullivan was suspended from the army. For many months afterwards, he found him dealing with depositions and criticism and hearings. From all of these he would be ultimately acquitted.

By:

Email:

71

1790: Robbery Warrants for Owen and Tuige Sullivan of Dromsullivan

Robbery Warrants are issued for Owen and Tuige Sullivan of Dromsullivan, "notorious Tories, robbers, and rapparees in arms on their keeping, of the Popish religion."

Provincial records indicate that the following year the two will be captured, rewards of 40 pounds each having been issued for their capture with a 20 pound bonus paid for the head of Owen.

By:

Email:

72

1795: Death of Master John

Sullivans in my own family have been noted for longevity. Evidently this trait is not universal; Master John Sullivan, the eighteenth century New Hampshire schoolmaster who fathered a Revolutionary War general and a governor, once noted that though he himself had lived too long, the rest of his branch of the Sullivan family had long been known for their short life span, few of them surviving much beyond the age of fifty. Curious as to whether this might be a Sullivan trait, I once examined a sample of seventy prominent nineteenth century American Sullivans, comparing their longevity with a comparable sample of Smiths. The distribution of age at death is shown in the graphs.

Evidently Sullivans two generations ago had a mean natural life span of 70 years ($\sigma=12$) slightly exceeding the 67 year mean of their Anglo-American counterparts.

The Book of Sullivan

1802: Last Seen Remnants of the Book of Sullivan

Last of the Ardea Sullivans. In this year a commissioned English genealogist named Beltz visits an isolated cottage in the Bearra mountains seeking information on the dispossessed Sullivans of Ardea. An old man refuses to admit him to his humble cottage but the next day by agreement meets the Englishman by appointment at the site of the crumbled ruins of the castle of Ardea. There Beltz finds the old man assembled with the last of the family and holding in his arms the mouldering remains of parchments charting the history of various land grants to the Sullivans of Ardea.

By:

Email:

74

1809: A Visit to Finin Duibh

From the wife of the third Marquis of Landsdowne on a visit paid to Dereen a few weeks after the death of the last Finin Duibh
1809 :

"At the bottom of a conical hill was McFinninduff's house. He was the representative of the O'Sullivan Mores (sic) (who were princes of this part of Ireland) and had not long been dead. The moment one boat reached the land, all the inhabitants of the bay, who had assembled themselves on some high ground near the shore, began to howl and lament McFinnin and continued to bewail him the whole time we staid and till our boat was well out of sight. The howl is a most vivid and melancholy sound and impresses one

with the idea of real sorrow in the people, and as we heard it at Kilmacalogue echoed by the rocks and softened by the distance nothing could be more striking and affecting."

---(From Diary of Louisa Lady Landsdowne, 1809)

It is reported that up to the death of the last Finin Duibh in 1809, his sister staged a competition in his honour for poetry.

By:

Email:

75

1810: Chews Flesh, Wife Cleans Teeth with Jackknife

In 1810, Thomas Sullivan arrives at what will later be known as Sullivan's Hollow, in the center of Mississippi, carrying all his possessions and young wife, pregnant with first child. Thomas will eventually sire 21 children and gain a reputation as a fearsome fighter. One of Thomas' fights was said to have lasted a whole day, and ended with the two opponents chewing each others flesh so that their wives had to pry the flesh out of their teeth with jackknives.

By:

Email:

116

1820: Governor Sullivan Names Indianapolis

The city of Indianapolis was named by Judge Jermiah Sullivan in 1820. The city of Indianapolis only exceeded in its number of Sullivans by New York City Chicago, and Boston and has more than Montana. The State of Montana may have more Sullivans per

capita than any other State, but Indy may have more Sullivans per capita than any other major city. I have more information. Have you read Smiths Survery of Kerry & Smiths Survey of Cork?

By: Jim Sullivan

Email: jrsulliv@dialin.ind.net

135

1832: Another Emigrant

Our Ann Sullivan - born 1811 emigrated with her husband Edward Turner, born 1877, and their two children Edward and Louise set sail in 1833 - to establish their fortune in Canada. They have now settled in Bourg Louis, county of Port Neuf in Quebec Canada and now have a family including Robert, and Edward Robert was later to marry Margaret J Gillanders whose parents left Ireland in 1833 and settled in Beauce , Quebec, Canada They would love to hear from their friends.

By: Lorne Turner

Email: laturner@knet.flemingc.on.ca

76

1838: Marries Mexican Girl

Frank Sullivan, formerly of New York, born 1838, marries Pasquala Contreras. They have one daughter. Sullivan will die in the Los Angeles Old Soldiers home of stomach cancer ("bravely, even cheerfully")

By:

Email:

158

1849: My Sullivans

My Thomas b1800 I think in Co. Kerry and married to Margaret Healy? emigrated with children Thomas Mary, Michael, Bridgit and Johanna before 1850 to Essex , NJ. Thomas died shortly thereafter. Son Thomas also died young. He worked on the ferry between Elizabeth NJ and NYC. One day while pushing off he fell in the water. Someone threw him a rope but did not hold the other end and Thomas drowned. His wife was left with five children to raise. She did so by having a rooming house. Unfortunately there are no Sullivans to carry on the name. The males had no males. I made one trip to Ireland in 1991 and had very strong feelings of going home. It started my Family History search. So far I have traced all Great-grandparents to Ireland. If I can determine where they came from I will go back to look for relatives. Other names -Brady, Rooney, Dougherty, Haley, Kief, McCann and Gerrity.

By: Robie

Email: r212728@epix.net

152

1850: O'Sullivan Clan in Australia

Most of the O'sullivan history from about 1850's is based when some of them went to America,

There is a very large number of o'sullivan's in Australia.

I don't know much as I am still looking into the history of the Australian Chan.

By: Samantha Bainrot

Email: jessie@dynamite.com.au

137

1850: Old Dan Sullivan

When it was time for my great grandfather Danial Sullivan of New York City to make his confirmation in the catholic church he was asked what he wanted for his confirmation name. Being a very practical young man he stated with some emotion, or some I was told, that he was very satisfied with the name Daniel, and that was the name he took at confirmation. No mention filtered down through time on how the most holy Bishop took to two same names. From that point on he was known to all hands as Dan Dan. He had a cousin over in Jersy City about the same age who was known as "Noisy" Dan. This of course was not approved by the Catholic Church or the Bishop of Jersy City.

By: John Higgins

Email: ikoti@aol.com

123

1855: Lineage of Sullivan's Hollow

I NEED INFORMATION (AS MUCH AS ANYONE HAS) ON THE PREDECESSORS OF THOMAS SULLIVAN (1785-1855). HE FOUNDED "SULLIVAN'S HOLLOW," MISSISSIPPI AND MOVED THERE FROM BISHOPSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA. ANY INFORMATION ON HIS FAMILY TREE IS GREATLY

By: BREWER

Email: brewski@teclink.net

127

1858: John Lawrence Sullivan

I'm looking for information and am hoping you know the missing answer that will help me solve my family puzzle. On October 15, 1858, John Lawrence Sullivan (the boxer) was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts to Michael and Mary Sullivan. Both Michael and Mary immigrated from somewhere in Ireland. I am looking for Mary's maiden name. Any help you can give would be most appreciated. Thank You. Jean Zimmermann

By: Jean Zimmermann

Email: jzzoo@cdsnet.net

132

1859: John Sullivan 40 Julia O'Neil 19 Married

John Sullivan and Julia O'Neil were married at St. Mary's RCC in Potsdam N.Y. They moved to Oswego N.Y. They had six children. John died in 1867. And married Cornelius Buckley. He died in 1888 in Colton N.Y. and Julia died in 1918. She smoked a clay pipe and took a drink now and then. Julia was buried in an unmarked grave. Her greatson had a marker placed on her grave and would like very much to find John Sullivan Parents Family Burial Plot

By: William Sullivan

Email: Unionbill@aol.com

128

1860: Fenian Connections

I am afraid I do not have a Sullivan story to tell. I am a Spanish student who is doing research into Fenianism, and I am trying to find descendants of Fenians in order to find out whether there is any sort of family tradition about it. But it is very hard to do genealogical research the other way round!! So, please, if any Sullivan has any information whatever on the subject, I would be

eternally grateful. I would especially like to find descendants of Alexander Martin Sullivan or his brother Timothy Daniel, both owners of Dublin newspaper The Nation during the mid 19th century, but also any Sullivan Fenian. Please e-mail to address below fil1296@pinon.ccu.uniovi.es

By: Marta Ramon

Email: fil1296@pinon.ccu.uniovi.es

144

1862: The Eugene O'Sullivan's Fight for the North

Eugene O'Sullivan enlisted in the Union army, in 1862, in Company K. 18th Missouri volunteers. He was promoted to Sergeant then his company was mustered in at Camden point and assigned to the second brigade, second division, 17th corps army of Tennessee. His wife Mary refused to be left behind, so she and her two children James and Elizabeth enlisted right along with Eugene. Mary was never to leave her husband's side during the entire three years. She nursed the company's wounded, while 6 yr. old Elizabeth entertained and tended to the company's soldiers.

During this time Nuns travelling up from New Orleans witnessed the pretty "Lizzie" playing around the wounded soldiers, and was given the name of the ("Darling of the company"). These nuns, The Matres of the Notre Dame asked Mary if they may take little Lizzie away from the horrors of war. In return they would educate her and keep her safe from harm. Mary and Eugene agreed, and off went Lizzie to Indiana, till the end of the war. Meanwhile little James 7 years old was given the job as the company's drummer boy. He was the youngest drummer boy in the regiment and maybe even the entire war! Eugene fought bravely in the Battle of Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, and the siege of

Atlanta. He lost a leg at Corinth and was captured at Shiloh. He was imprisoned for four months at Cataba and eight months at Macon.

All of this time Mary never left her husband's side. Meanwhile little James marched on to Atlanta with Sherman and was cited by Pres. Lincoln as the youngest recruit, and one of the bravest youngsters he ever met! The entire family earned their honorable discharge in St. Louis April 17th, 1865. Lizzie soon came home to help her mother run a boarding house called the St. Louis Hotel. The family retired to Kansas City, Mo. where Eugene joined the G.A.R. Eugene is buried in Kansas City, Mo. Mary later on, was laid to rest along side her husband, Lizzie met and married an Irish-Canadian Michael J. Cosgriff, and young James went onto Denver, Co. where he was very prosperous in the Hardware business!

By: Genie Cosgriff Schubert
Email: GenieShoe@aol.com

By: Genie Cosgriff Schubert
Email: GenieShoe@aol.com

129

1870: Julia Sullivan

We have a Julia Sullivan married to Timothy McMahon, at St. Mary's of the Lake Roman Catholic Church of Watkins, NY I'm told she is a cousin of the great John L. Sullivan. I know Timothy was born in County Clare, Ireland Jan. 6, 1839

By: Tim McMahon
Email: timjoan@worldnet.att.net

145

1871: For God's Sake Save the Piano, Catherine

My third great-grandfather Michael and his wife Catherine (Foley) Sullivan could have lost everything in the Great Chicago Fire. They were a moderately prosperous family, living on a street that still bears their name. Apparently, they were also what is referred to as the "Lace Curtain Irish." When the smoke began to rise in the distance, Michael and Catherine heroically saved the one item that meant the most to them--their grand piano. By burying it in the yard. After the flames died out, they may have lost the house, but they still had their piano. True story. Sine.

By: Mickey Rogers

Email:

118

1873: "I'm Glad to be rid of the Place!"

This year Thomas Sullivan and his wife Ellen (Fitzgerald) leave Kilorgin Ireland for Boston, where fiddle-playing Tom will work as a stonemason until he is disabled by a falling brick while working on the construction of the Boston Public Library. Meanwhile Ellen cleans houses on Beacon Hill by day, cooks for the children and boarders at home in the South End, then returns to work cleaning floors at Filene's by night. "It's a grand place," she tells me of America when I stay with her in Jamaica Plain in the forties. As for Ireland, "I'd not care to go back, even for a visit."

By:

Email:

77

1879: Accidentally Killed

Sullivan, Thomas; accidentally killed near the gorge of the Galisteo Creek, October 13, 1879.

By:

Email:

79

1881: Phoenix Family Man

Frank Sullivan, formerly of New York, born 1838, marries Pasquala Contreras. They have one daughter. Sullivan will die in the Los Angeles Old Soldiers home of stomach cancer ("bravely, even cheerfully")

By:

Email:

78

1881: Beaten, Killed

Sullivan, a farmer, badly beaten and killed. Nov 30, 1881

By:

Email:

80

1883: Shot at Mineral Creek

Sullivan, "Red"; shot by Charles Logan at Mineral Creek, January 1, 1883.

By:

Email:

81

1885: Cup that Cheers

Sergeant Sullivan, the actual discoverer of White Hills Gold Mine, a good fellow, generous and brave, a final victim of "the Cup that Cheers". MS684

By:

Email:

159

1885: Otto O'Sullivan Knighted

There has been a story floating around the family for all of my life about my great-grand Uncle Otto being knighted. By whom and for what reason remains to be discovered. This mystery man and his story has so far been impossible to trace but a picture of the event hung in my great grandmother's dining room until 1946. That has also disappeared. His family came from Ireland but ended up in Liverpool, England in late 1885. Was that where he was born? Why was he knighted?

By: Valeria

Email: rfd96b@prodigy.com

82

1886: Presbyterean Minister

Sullivan, N.B.; a young Cherokee Presbyterian minister, died Monday evening. 1886.

By:

Email:

120

1886: Sullivan or Sorohan

My father was born Patrick Sorohan in Townland Denbane, Barony Loughtee Upper, Parish Denn, Constabulary District Ballyjamesduff, Sub District Crosskeys, County Cavan, Ireland. It was recorded in this way in the 1901 Census of Ireland. It also revealed my grandfather, James family name was Sorohan and not Sullivan. When my father immigrated to the US his name was recorded as Patrick Sullivan. When my grandfather died in Ireland in 1907 his name was recorded as James Sullivan. A Sullivan cousin in Ireland explains that in Irish the name means the same. I also know Suilleabhain is Gaelic for Sullivan. In this 1901 census the town of Denbane or Denbaun only listed Sorohan or Soroghan no Sullivan's. Is there anyone that can verify that Sorohan also is a Sullivan?

By: gerald Sullivan

Email: sarahan@snet.net

134

1887: Marietta was born and orphaned

My grandmother, Marietta O'Sullivan, (May to her friends), was born in Boston to Michael O'Sullivan and Anna Ahearne. Both had emigrated from Cork, Ireland, but I don't know the year. When Marietta was 3, Anna died. Michael died when Marietta turned 7. She, her sister Esther and her brother William, were sent to an orphanage and shortly separated from each other when sent to different foster homes.

Marietta knew little about her parents, Michael and Anna. She remembered only that her father had curly blond hair and had said that his brother, David, was a sea captain. All that she recalled of her mother was the dark color of her hair and her beautiful singing

voice. Marietta and her sister, Esther, had a close relationship until Esther died at age 35.

William ran away from his foster home at an early age and Marietta didn't hear from him again until 30 years later. He had joined the Merchant Marines and later settled in San Francisco. (I was a child when they reunited and I will never forget it.) Marietta married James Mulligan, one of 10 children, in Swampscott, Massachusetts. They had one child (my mother, Esther Marie Mulligan).

By: Sharon Fentiman

Email: sharonf@u.washington.edu

83

1893: Addio, 1892!

(Sullivan was the great-grandson of Revolutionary War General John Sullivan, whose reputation was impugned by Henry Cabot Lodge in his Revolutionary War history. Ironically, the General's great-grandson, a schoolmaster turned respectable society dilettante, had been one of Lodge's tutors in the 1850s)

b. Nov. 21, 1849 d. June 28, 1916. Wrote "The Courage of Conviction" 1902, "Boston New and Old" 1912.

December 26. Bitterly cold Christmas weather which always puts me into the best of spirits. H.C. Lodge called. He is here about the vacant United States Senatorship, to which he seems more than likely to be elected. So may it be! We dined together at his mother's, then went to a new play by Pinero -- "May-fair." It is really a translation of an old Sardou comedic, -- "Maison Neuve"; interesting, and fairly well performed. After this, we went round to

the Union Club, and talked of "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses" over a hot fire, cigars, and brandy and soda, until 2 A.M.

December 31. Finished to-day the Thackeray paper. So ends "the failing record of the dying year," to quote from that masterpiece of contemporaneous dramatic literature, "The Black Crook." Although I have turned off a fair amount of work in it, old '92 does not close for me in a very enlivening way. My second volume of short stories is done, and will, I hope, appear bound up next June. My long novel is out of the way, still in Alden's hands. But the little glow I felt at the end has passed, and of its future and the verdict upon its future, I have grave doubts. Financially, my life is one from hand to mouth. I save nothing, and work body and soul to keep out of debt -- a woeful struggle! Always there is the fear of being forced to bury myself in the wilderness, and live on oatmeal there alone. This and other things make a mournful background, while I cut capers and laugh, wholly at ease in the eyes of the world; compelled to say nothing when a New York acquaintance writes me that I am "a prince and enfant gate of Fortune," as one did the other day. Well, I am determined not to complain. Let the big years do their worst, and we shall see how I can bear what they bring! About this journal, I don't know. Sometimes it seems to me an affected conceit, mere posing. The pose is never very high and mighty, and the whole thing is slight, superficial. I have not learned the trick of the depths. Yet, perhaps, some descendant (alas! not of me) may find, long hence, his moments of amusements in it. If so, my time and trouble in writing here will be well repaid. Addio, 1892!

By:

Email:

84

1894: Hit by Falling Brick

My great grandfather, Tim, a Kerry Sullivan who played the fiddle, worked on the building of the Boston Public Library until disabled when struck on the head by a falling brick. My great-grandmother, a Fitzgerald, worked on a janitorial crew evenings at Filenes, cleaned houses on Beacon Hill days, kept a large merry household with borders in Boston's South End. My mother used to cite this as an example of life being a matter of attitude, not comfort and ease.

I remember Nana as a large cheerful woman with a great Irish brogue. When I visited her in her Jamaica Plain three-decker in the 1940s I would be assigned to sleep in the same bed, a single. She snored loudly and had a Big Ben clock that ticked all night. I was about five years old. My first encounter with sleeplessness. She had emigrated from Tralee in the 1870s, never went back to Ireland, never wanted to. She didn't much like priests.

By:

Email:

103

1894: Crooked Pol Turns Fifty

The majority of the Irish in Chicago hate Alexander Sullivan, a man as hard as the medieval Sullivan chiefs. but allow themselves nonetheless to be dominated by Sullivan and his friends, a band of five or six hundred unprincipled politicians who are a disgrace to them: "toughs," ward "heelers," gamblers, liquor dealers and thugs, all of whom would leave him tomorrow if he was "thrun down" as a politician..." (according to John Devoy, Chicago political spokesman)

Alexander Sullivan, Chicago lawyer from the society described by Finley Peter Dunne and Maggie of the Streets has a colorful if criminal past that includes two probable politically inspired murders, a brilliant and beautiful wife who conspires with her husband in his jury fixings and writes books on art and history, and leadership of the Clan-na-Gael which is variously associated with dynamiting British railway stations and running Chicago politics. At age 50, Sullivan is lying low having been suspected of arranging the murder of the beloved Irish community leader Doctor Patrick Cronin, who had attempted to lead a reform group from under Sullivan's control.

By:

Email:

85

1895: Builds House on RR Tracks

P. Sullivan of Solomonville, Gila Valley, objects to railroad building through his property so he builds a house on the tracks and moves his family in. According to the Seaport News and Mail, San Deigo January 9, 1895 pp1, Sullivan and his wife are now in jail

By:

Email:

86

1895: Satin, Lace, and Diamonds

April 25 1895:

The architects, McKim, Mead, and White, gave a reception this evening in their beautiful Public Library to Abbot and Sargent, the

painters, whose decorative work was unveiled for the first time. There were two hundred guests, men and women, forty of whom came over from New York for the night. It was a splendid affair of brilliant jewels and costumes which can never be repeated, for the building now becomes the People's Palace, making further fashionable exclusion there impossible. An orchestra played on the landing of the marble staircase, up and down which the pretty women strolled in all their glory of satin, lace, and diamonds. It happened to be a very warm night, and through the open windows of the court the fountain flashed and sparkled, throwing its tallest jet almost to the roof....

Sullivan, grandson of General John Sullivan, was a gentleman, playwright, former tutor to Henry Cabot Lodge, something of a dandy and social hanger-on.

By:

Email:

124

1898: One Last Visit Home

My great-grandmother, Anne Sullivan married James Noone, 20 Dec 1861, in Kilmaine, Co. Mayo. They were the parents of at least 7 children, one being my grandfather Michael Noone. Michael left home at an early age, reportedly to go to England. Having had enough of England, Michael decided to head for America but he would stop and see his beloved mother first. As Michael, who had not been home for years, stood in the doorway of the family cottage, his mother Anne, her back to him, tending the fire said "Ah Michael you've come home."; Without ever looking up Anne knew that her Michael had come home. That was the last time Michael ever saw his mother, Anne Sullivan Noone.

My great-grandmother, Anne Sullivan married James Noone, 20 Dec 1861, in Kilmaine, Co. Mayo. They were the parents of at least 7 children, one being my grandfather Michael Noone. Michael left home at an early age, reportedly to go to England. Having had enough of England, Michael decided to head for America but he would stop and see his beloved mother first. As Michael, who had not been home for years, stood in the doorway of the family cottage, his mother Anne, her back to him, tending the fire said "Ah Michael you've come home." Without ever looking up Anne knew that her Michael had come home. That was the last time Michael ever saw his mother, Anne Sullivan Noone.

By: Loretta Barnard

Email: LGB1@ix.netcom.com

147

1900: Baseball in Muncie, Indiana

I have a great-great grandfather, named John J. O'Sullivan who was a baseball player in Muncie, IN. In fact there is a statue in his honor in the park there. I wish I had more info on him but I don't. He had a son, also named John who married a Katherine Elliott, One of their daughters, EMMA is my grandmother. She told of stories when she was little and they owned a bar and her father would come home late at night, this was when they had moved to Covington, KY. Her father would come home and the houses all looked similiar then and no one would bother to lock the doors. If he wasn't home by morning she would call neighbors and find out which couch he ended up sleeping on. If anyone might have more info on John J. O'Sullivan or Katherine Elliott please let me know. Thanks.

By: Kay Vonderschmidt

Email: K387P@aol.com

139

1900: Big Tim Sullivan

This is more an inquirey than a story. I am desperately seeking info on Big Tim Sullivan who, with John w. considine founded and financed the Sullivan and Considine vaudville circuit in the early 1900's. I have searched your homepage and saw his name but no reference to anything about him. If you can help me please e-mail Th8Ball@aol.com. Thanks so much.

By: Janis Blank

Email: Th8Ball@aol.com

106

1901: Two Visitors

Anne

In the summer of 1901 the great inventor Alexander Graham Bell received two visitors at his Nova Scotia vacation home, a retreat to which he periodically retired to escape lawsuits and exercise his interests in aeronautical kites. Both of Bell's visitors were Sullivans, both were children of Irish immigrants raised a few miles apart in County Cork, Ireland. It happened as well that both lived in rented accommodations in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Dana and Cambridge Streets, respectively. As far as I can tell from examination of their papers, they were entirely unacquainted.

More.

By:

Email:

130

1902: Great Bend, PA Sullivans

My great great grandparents were Michael and Mary (Sheridan) Sullivan, born in Ireland 1830 and 1842 respectively. They immigrated to Great Bend PA where they died, 1902 and 1915. They had 9 children, one of whom was my great grandmother Margaret Sullivan Cary. Am in the process of tracing back to Ireland - I know they came here in 1850 and 1853, but from where? Any info, please email me.

By: Tom Quiendon

Email: tguiendon@jhancock.com

97

1902: Nora Born

My mother's name was Hanora(Nora), was born in 1902 and emigrated to the US in 1920 or so. Our family went by the further identifying name of William because of all the Sullivans in the area. Does any of that register or is there some other identifying characteristic that you can think of? I'll ask my sister about any possible Casey connection because I believe I heard that name from my parents. You did a great job with the Sullivan Home page. Hope you keep it up. Any help required?

By:

Email:

96

1905: Two Dead in Rhyolite Shootout

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED PERSONS SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE JOSEPH DONNELLY, EX-OFFICIO CORONER OF THE COUNTY OF NYE, STATE OF NEVADA ON THE 15TH DAY OF DECEMBER 1905 TO INQUIRE INTO THE CAUSE OF DEATH OF J.C. CLAYTON AND JOHN SULLIVAN. HAVING BEEN DULY SWORN ACCORDING TO LAW AND HAVING MADE SUCH INQUISITION AFTER INSPECTING THE BODIES LYING AT THE UNDERTAKERS IN THE SAID TOWN OF RHYOLITE AND HEARING THE TESTIMONY ADDUCED UPON OUR OATHS EACH AND ALL DO SAY THAT WE FIND THE DECEASED WAS NAMED J.C. CLAYTON AND JOHN SULLIVAN AND THAT SAID CLAYTON WAS ABOUT FORTY YEARS AND THAT JOHN SULLIVAN WAS AGED ABOUT THIRTY-TWO YEARS THAT THE SAID DECEASED PERSONS CAME TO THEIR DEATH BY GUN SHOT WOUNDS THAT OF CLAYTON BY SHOT STRIKING INTO THE ABDOMEN ON THE RIGHT SIDE AND PASSING THROUGH THE BODY. THAT THE SAID SHOT WAS

FIRE BY JOHN SULLIVAN THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF SAID CLAYTON AND THAT JOHN SULLIVAN RECEIVED A GUN SHOT WOUND FIRED BY THE DECEASED J.C. CLAYTON PENETRATED HIS RIGHT BREAST PASSING THROUGH THE BODY WHICH WAS THE CAUSE OF SAID SULLIVAN'S DEATH AND THAT SAID SHOOTING WHICH WAS THE CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF THE SAID DECEASED PERSONS OCCURRED IN BEVIS (?) AND TURPIN'S SALOON ON MAIN STREET IN THE TOWN OF RHYOLITE, COUNTY OF NYE, STATE OF NEVADA ON THE 14TH DAY OF DECEMBER BETWEEN THE HOURS TEN AND ELEVEN O'CLOCK PM IN THE YEAR 1905.

By:

Email:

157

1909: The Good Old Boy

Joe Sullivan lived with his immigrant parents in a tenement, or double decker as they are known in New England, where he passed the years as a dutiful son and devoted brother. Outside of the home, however, Joe lived quite a different life style. After working hard for a number of years, Joe had acquired a tavern in the north end of New Bedford, where he could be found conversing with his patrons, many of whom were political and financial powerhouses in the community. They sought out Joe for his keen insight and quick wit, so "the shop", as Joe liked to call his establishment, was usually filled with dynamic men who controlled area politics and finances. Thus, they gathered on their way home from work, or in the evenings, or both, to mingle and keep their fingers on the pulse of the city. Joe moved among them, an Irish charmer, warm and witty, ready with a glad hand, an amusing story, making every patron a friend. An invitation to his weekly

polka game in an attractive game room in the back was considered quite a trophy.

As time passed, Joe acquired sophistication and an appreciation of beauty that increased along with his rapidly burgeoning net worth. A sharp businessman, he decided to purchase his own distillery and produce spirits under his own label, which would be a huge money maker. He added warehouses necessary for storing his products. Life was good; and then he fell in love. Ada was twelve years younger than Joe, only nineteen when they met and she first cast magnificent sapphire eyes up at him. Perhaps it was the differences that impacted on them so hard. She was tiny and lush, he was big and bulky; she was blonde, he was dark; he was easy going, she was passionate and electric; he was Irish, she was English. He was Catholic. She was Protestant. The only apparent similarity was the mutual hatred of each other was the mutual hatred that their parents had brought from the old country and now attempted to foist upon their children. Until their deaths they never exchanged a word except for the curses that they hurled at their children when reminded of their love. Still, Ada and Joe married, and sooner than it was proper, became the parents of a sweet daughter. Ada enjoyed the life that Joe provided for her; her comfortable home, the glamorous clothes, lovely jewelry, and liveried chauffeur who drove her around town in Joe's extravagant car. One Christmas soon after her marriage, Ada tried to soften Mrs. Sullivan's heart with a Christmas gift that she asked Joe to deliver to his mother. Upon his return she asked him what his mother had said when he gave her the gift. "She wouldn't open it," he replied. "She said, 'Sure'n it's like throwing water on a drowning rat!'" Ada never tried again. Suddenly, it ended. Joe fell ill and required surgery, such as it was in 1916, the result of an old hip injury turned nasty. Complications set in; Joe died, leaving a

bereft twenty-six-year-old widow with a six-year-old child to raise. At Joe's funeral, numb and heart sick, she overheard discussions of something that the government was going to do to make the sale of liquor illegal. She became frightened and asked some of Joe's closest friends to explain what was happening. They told her about the government's intention to outlaw the sale of liquor. They assured her that this Prohibition would be financially ruinous to her, but, out of their friendship for Joe, they would take the liquor off her hands and assume the liabilities themselves. Ada was touched at their kindness, and gratefully, the bereaved young widow sold all of Joe's properties, and assets, including "the shop", and all its contents, the distillery and all its contents, the trucks, and the warehouses and all of their contents to Joe's loyal "friends". They paid her ten cents on the dollar...four days before the onset of Prohibition, which created instant multimillionaires of those with large stores of liquor to sell.

By: Fran Weeks

Email: fifi@pop.ma.ultranet.com

By: Fran Weeks

Email: fifi@pop.ma.ultranet.com

87

1910: Wild Bill of Sullivan's Hollow

"He killed numerous individuals -- some say as many as fifty, although seldom could anyone name a victim. Others said he was the meanest son-of-a-gun that ever walked the face of the earth, and that he took his grandfather's place as the tyrant of the valley. His mother called him leadproof, the clan called him wild, and his enemies called him everything their imaginative ire could

think of. He drank heavily and brawled weeknights as well as on Saturdays, fouling the air with curses and drunken shouts."

--The Sullivans of Sullivan's Hollow

Sullivan's descendants still live in Sullivan's Hollow, Mississippi.

See Wild Bill's father, 1810.

By:

Email:

110

1915: Marries Gertrude

My wifes Sullivan line comes from Bantry, Cork Co. Ireland. Her Grandfather Robert Sullivan married Gertrude Kitzmiller on the 9th of June, 1915 in New Castle, Colorado. Has anyone ever submitted to you a Sullivan line with the Surnames Kitzmiller ? I would also like to "subscribe sullivan" and be added to your list.

By: Robert L.

Email:

117

1916: WWI Soldiers die of Malaria

While serving in Salonica Greece during the First World War, my grandfather Jeremiah Sullivan died of malarial fever in July 1916. At the moment I am engaged in correspondence with the War Graves Commission to find out where the grave is. He was the son of Michael Sullivan who is supposed to have come from the Cork area, born about 1842.

By: John Michael O` Sullivan

Email: josullivan@compuserve.com

111

1917: Joseph E. Sullivan dies in the Diamond Mine

Butte, Montana March 22, 1917 That the deceased Joseph E. Sullivan came to his death at the Diamond Mine on the 22nd day of March, 1917 City of Butte, County of Silver Bow, State of Montana. Cause of death, shock from injuries received by falling down a chute from the 9th floor of the 1800 foot level, a distance of about 70 feet. Joseph E. Sullivan aged 38 years, leaving his wife, Mrs. Mary J. Sullivan , and two children, father and mother, two brothers, Edward of Helena and Julian of Spokane; one sister Mrs. W. Sparling of Deming, N.M.; nephew of James and cousin of Alvin Tull of this city, brother in law of George A. Horkan of Forsyth Montana.

By: Daniel J. Sullivan

Email:

101

1917: Strongman, Booze Free, Marries Sweetheart

John L. Sullivan, The Great John L., age 50, divorces his wife and marries his schoolboy sweet heart, Kate. During his forties the former Boston Strongboy has pawned his diamond belt, acted in vaudeville, failed in the bar business in both Boston and New York, and having reformed his drinking habits, become a popular temperance lecturer in his late forties. In his midcifties Sullivan will buy a farm in Abington, Massachusetts, and become a kind of gentleman philosopher.

By:

Email:

88

1918: Suicide, Unsuccessful

Sullivan, John; made two attempts to kill himself at Albuquerque.

By:

Email:

109

1920: Nora Born

My mother's name was Hanora(Nora), was born in 1902 and emigrated to the US in 1920 or so. Our family went by the further identifying name of William because of all the Sullivans in the area. Does any of that register or is there some other identifying characteristic that you can think of? I'll ask my sister about any possible Casey connection because I believe I heard that name from my parents. You did a great job with the Sullivan Home page. Hope you keep it up. Any help required?

By: Denis O'

Email:

125

1928: O'Sullivan from Bantry Bay

Terence Augustine Sullivan son of Hannah and Denis O'Sullivan, brother to Peter, Michael, Noni, Nelli, Eileen, Kitty (and 6 others I think) was born on 16th February 1928. Terry (as he is better known) from what I know had a labour intensive childhood. Leaving school at an early age Terry had various odd jobs in Bantry and in Cork until he decided to head for London.

Terry quickly developed a wander lust (which he has passed on to his children) In 1949 Terry, working as a valet met and dated Barbara Bell, who was a secretary working for a major company in London. After a dispute with a another suiter for Barbara, Terry was sacked. Barbara was also sacked for her involvement with Terry. Terry asked Barbara to come to Australia with him where they would eventually marry. They married in Melbourne on 16th December 1950. They move around alot between Perth Western Australia, Melbourne Victoria and back to London.

Terry also travelled to Canada to find work but it was th middle of winter and the dole queues were long. Terry and Barbara raised four children under strong Catholic beliefs: The children are Peter Sullivan was born in Perth on the 6th October. Peter became a Maths Teacher and a Missionary. He know lived in the Tien Gen provence China teaching English as a second language to chinese employees of American companies.

Linda Sullivan (Andrews) was born in Perth on the 9th May 1955. Linda worked as Executive Personal Assistant for a marketing company in Perth. Linda is extremely gifted artist and now owns and operates a sign writing company in Perth. Linda and Greg (her husband) are happily married and have four children Sean, Leah, Brett, Dana. Live in Perth

Denis Sullivan was born in London on the 1st February 1959. Denis is a Civil Egnineer and is happily married to Judy. They have 2 children Luke and Cara. Live in Perth and of couse theres me: Michael Sullivan was born in Perth on the 27th April 1970. Michael is working for a major austrian insurance company in Sydney and still enjoying the single life. Although his mother keep reminding him that i'm going to have to settle down with a nice girl at some

point.. Terry and Barbara: Terry worked on the Fremantle Wharves for many years before a nasty accident which caused major damage to his heel. Terry had major health problems in the later part of his life heart disease and cancer of the optive nerve. Terry finally contracted liver cancer on died in June 1993. Barbara still lived in their house and is happy. Hopefully she will ge over the loss soon. Thankfully she is surrounded by Denis and Linda and mums grandchildren. Mean while Peter is in China and Michael is in Syndey. Faith: All raised Roman Catholic and the children beleif in God and everlasting life. Family Strength: Once settled in Perth , Western Australia Terry always reminised about his beautiful Ireland. Now that i'm a bit older I can notice that during his trips back with the family in 1975 and 1981 he was searching for something. I can't quite put my finger on it bu it would seem he wanted to feel like he belong. But due to circumstanced I don't think he ever could. Terry was also a fairly insecure man. Needing his family near by him but never like them to associate with anyone he didn't know. Terry can be proud although he was very well educated he was very astute and dreamed of seeing his kids educated in good schools. I think he could be fairly proud of us and just a shame he found it hard to tell us. I think though one trait that is extremely well developed and I wouldn't be suprised is common to the Sullivan clan. " It's to fight for what you believe in" Whether that be Career, family and yourself. The clan hasn't died we're getting bigger.

By: Michael Joseph O'Sullivan

Email: Michael_Sullivan@amp.com.au @ internet

By: Michael Joseph O'Sullivan

Email: Michael_Sullivan@amp.com.au @ internet

89

1930: Wallace Stevens, Sort of

Sullivan, the editor of the business magazine *Duns Review* in the 1930's was a devoted servant of enterprise and industrial enthusiast who arranged to have his poems published by his own magazine. From a selection which includes such unpromising whitmanisms as "Cement Mixer," "Radio Tube," and "The Excavation" I picked a short poem that I like and that seems to me represents a quaint antithesis of our current age of environmentalism:

DYNAMITE

Dynamite,
Crawling into a little hole,
Throws out his chest,
And makes room
For man.

Notwithstanding the quaint anachronism of Sullivan's later poetry (which, good public relations man that he was, he managed to scatter throughout the world's libraries) Sullivan managed in his earlier verse (1929) to capture some feeling that strikes me as close to the Celtic heart:

DAWN

The things that matter are not things at all,
But ghosts who haunt the corridor of dreams,
Weaving a song we shall forget at waking;
They scurry down the dim familiar hall
When Dawn intrudes, and sober Fact blasphemes
And things that do not count demand the making.

The Book of Sullivan

456

-13000: End of Ice Age

About 15000 years ago the last age ended with temperatures raising several degrees C.

By:

Email:

462

-3199: Irish oaks show sharp chill

Tree rings in Northern Ireland are narrow in 1153 B,c 1628 B,c 3199 B,c and 4377 BC. The 3199 BC value is associated with an acidity peak in Camp Century ice cores dated at 3150 BC demonstrating unquestionably that adverse weather conditions, probably du

By:

Email:

466

-3150: Iceman of the Alps

On September 19, 1991, two German hikers, Helmut and Erika Simon, noticed what appeared to be a body sticking out of the glacial ice at an altitude of 3200 meters in the Alps -- just over the border in Italy, as it would later turn out. Within a few days

By:

Email:

484

1650: MacFirbis' Book of Genealogies

Character traits delineated in MacFirbis' 17th Century Book of Genealogies are classified on predominant racial origin, whether DeDanann, Firlbogian, or Milesian: "Every one who is white [of skin], brown [of hair], bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth, and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat; they are the descendants of the sons of Milesius, in Erinn. Every one who is fair-haired, vengeful, large; and every plunderer; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances; who are adeps in all Druidical and magical arts; they are the descendants of the Tuatha De Danann, in Erinn. Every one who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable person, every slave, every mean thief, every churl every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, and the promoters of discord among people, these are the descendants of the Firbolgs. However, that it is possible to identify a race by their personal appearance and their dispositions I do not take upon myself positively to say; though it may have been true in the ancient times, until the races subsequently became repeatedly intermixed. For we daily see, in our own time, and we often hear it from our old people, a similitude of people, a similitude of form, character, and names, in some families in Erinn, with others; and not only is this so, but it is said that the people of every country have a resemblance to each other, and that they all have some one peculiar characteristic by which they are known, as may be understood from this poem:---
"For building, the noble Jews are found, and for truly fierce envy;
For size, the guileless Armenians, And for firmness, and Saracens;
For acuteness and valor, the Greeks; For excessive pride, the

Romans; For dullness, the creeping Sazons; For haughtiness, the Spaniards; For covetousness and revenge, the French; And for anger, the true Britons.--- Such is the true knowledge of the trees.--- For gluttony, the Danes, and for commerce; For high spirit the Picts are not unknown; And for beauty and amorousness, the Gaedhils;--- As Giolla-na-naemh says in verse, A fair and pleasing composition." The hereditability of traits of family likeness, voice, and disposition is attested to by no less than Saint Patrick himself, who set down that paternity suits were to be resolved by comparison of children's traits with candidate men. " "The Medieval Castle" DAG10.5 I suppose California is another Irish Otherworld, another story of Finn McCool visiting the fairy mound, entertained by general spirit hosts sitting on crystal benches, served cups of old wine that never empty, presented with nightly successions of heartbreakingly beautiful harpist, each--not to neglect talk over sex-- "fair and wondrous her conversation"

By:

Email:

531

1699: Steals bread from window sill

Darby Sullivan, born in Dublin County, Ireland, stowed away on an English ship to America to avoid arrest for stealing two loaves of bread from a window sill. He married Elizabeth Snowdall, resided in Westmoreland Co., VA. and died in 1699. My roots have been traced by my father, J.P. Sullivan. So, in his honor, here's our fraternal line: Darby Sullivan (-1699) Westmoreland Co., VA Darby Owen Sullivan (-1729) King George Co., VA Darby Sullivan (1722-1799) King George Co., VA Daniel Sullivan (-) King George Co., VA Thomas Sullivan (1786 - 1845) Stafford Co., VA Jonas

Sullivan (1821 - 1896) Stafford Co., VA Lorenzo Sullivan (1847 - 1929) Stafford Co., VA Lorenzo Sullivan, Jr. (1887-1982) Stafford Co., VA Julian Sullivan, (1929 -), Stafford Co. VA Jay Sullivan, (1956 -) Stafford Co., VA

By:

Email: oma00042@mail.wvnet.edu

By:

Email:

532

1850: Loved Wild Blackfeet Indians

My Sullivan family was descended from Michael 'O' Sullivan, who came from an area just above Cork City, on the River Lee. He came to Boston in early 1800, with his father, a wealthy man "off to seek his fortune", as my father used to say. I remember being very upset that my family did not come over in steerage during the potato famine. I also remember that my Great-Grandfather said that they had deck chairs & woolen leg warmers. This was most depressing to me. I had a romantic view of people tossed & weary "unto death" barely alive when landing in the "New World". My Great-Grandfather, Daniel Sullivan, decided to "Go West, Young Man, Go West" & headed to Montana Territory with his young bride, Jane Rainey Sullivan. He loved the place! He loved the wild Blackfeet Indians. He followed them from the area around Helena, (Townshend, MT) to "the Highline", an area just below the Canadian line, where he became, (in the words of Historians) "a ruthless cattle baron". My father said that "the old man" would have loved that term. My Great-Grandfather brought his widowed

sisters from Boston, with fine, young, strong sons, whom he promptly married off to the daughters of prominent Blackfeet War Chiefs! It is from this stock I descend! My father once said that it was a fairly fey experience to see feathered warriors, my Grandpa & Great-grandpa coming home horseback, singing, "Sweet Molly Malone". Shelby, Cutbank, Valier & Conrad have more than their fair share of Sullivans. The Blackfeet Tribal roles are full of Connelleys, Murrays & Sullivan descendents of the widowed sisters of Daniel Sullivan. (And a cattle empire is still present.) When I was about 8 years old, I asked my Grandpa Sullivan, (Edward Aloysious Sullivan) how long we had raised cattle. He looked at me, squinted, & replied; "Oh, about 6,000 years, my girl". He said, "You know, these Blackfeet could have been Irish, in fact, they could have been Sullivans, they were that oppressed by the British." That settled it for him, as we urged our horses on to town, where we would enter "Lum's Sweete Shoppe" & eat Banana Splits & drink Sasparilla before heading back to the ranch. Sullivan Bridge Road, where the over 100 year old Sullivan Ranch still stands, is still much used over the Marias River in Northern Montana. There's Sullivan stories by the hundreds in the local library, (which is run by a descendent of Daniel Sullivan.)

By: Maureen Sullivan

Email: moe@bigsky.net

----- Mon
Nov 10 00:58:12 1997

1859: Robert SULLIVAN in Australia

On 10 Sept 1852, Robert SULLIVAN, widower, married Mary Annie BOOKER (Mrs WALDRON) in Goulburn NSW Australia. It is said that Robert was born at the Battle of Waterloo, where his

father, Daniel SULLIVAN was a soldier and his mother Mary nee BUTLER was a nurse. He appears to have emigrated to Australia from Manchester, England, but nothing is known of his early life as yet. In Australia he settled and became a farmer at Boree Creek, NSW. He died there on 26 June 1887 aged 80 and is buried at Stone Quarry Cemetery, Taralga NSW Australia. His second wife Mary bore him a son Robert b20 Jul 1860 and three daughters, Jane born 20 Dec 1861, Ellen born 20 Nov 1863, and Anne born 21 September 1865. Ellen married Charles SPICER. Jane and Anne married John Thomas WILLIAMS and John's brother James WILLIAMS, respectively. Robert never married, and thus, sadly, that was the end of the SULLIVAN name.Unless we can find out who his first wife was and whether she bore him any sons. Perhaps we'll find one day the name SULLIVAN continued in this line! Please let me know if you come across him!

By: Kay Williams

Email: williams@terrigal.net.au

By:

Email:

533

1948: Hit by a car

Barney Sullivan of So. Glens falls NY Died today as a result of being hit by a car. Mr. Sullivan who had been drinking all day refused treatment at the glens falls hospital and went home to his 3 sons and 1 daughter. He passed away in the morning. Sullivan was in the moving business and was widely known for his booming laugh.

His oldest son carried on the business and became a allied van lines franchisee until 1969. He passed away in 1981. More later

By: Mike sullivan

Email:shawn1952@webtv.net

Fri Nov

14 15:31:19 1997

1997: Great Site!

Thank You for this insight into my husband's character!

By:

Email:

By:

Email:

534

1907: Only sad tales to tell

My Father, Timothy Denis Sullivan, was born in Kerry on March 3, 1907. He never spoke much of his Father because he only had sad tales to tell. So he never told us about his father Denis Sullivan (Big Din) who was a boxer in his youth. How can I get information about Big Din? I would like pictures or articles if they exist!

By: Peg Sullivan

Email:MCHRI 14161

By:

Email:

535

1875: Arrives in So. Glens Falls

1875 Michael Sullivan marries his wife Ellen. they build a house on 2nd street in So. glens Falls NY which is still occupied by Sullivans today. They have quite a few children including Barney, Jim and Cornieliuos. Barney marries Ann Gridley in about 1920. Ann couldnt stand living with all the hard drinking Sullivan men so she abandoned Barney 3 sons and a daughter. Barney jr john alice and floyd. That generation of Sullivans all stayed in the adirondack area except for Floyd. Floyd served in the army attended Boston Universtity and taught school in Miniola ny for 30 years before moing to arizona. More later

By: Mike Sullivan

Email: shawn1952@webtv.net

By:

Email:

536

1923: Died in the gutter

My great-grandfather, John L. Sullivan was born sometime this year and was named after (I am assuming) the boxer of the same name. It is rumored that the great John L. Sullivan was a friend of the family and that he was my great-grandfather's godfather. John L. married Florence E. Stoeber and they had one child, Thomas

Lawrence Sullivan. The only things I have been told were that he was a broker on Wall Street, had a drinking problem, and died in the gutter when my grandfather was an infant. (1923-1924???) I want more than anything to know more about who my great-grandfather was....

By: Tracy L. (Sullivan) Beauregard
Email: ETIENNE75@aol.com

By:
Email:
537
1918: Boxes Tunney to Draw

My Great Uncle, John L. Sullivan, was an outstanding athlete from Butte, Mt. He held the Inter-Mountain Golden Gloves Championship before enlisting and going to France with the American Expeditionary Force. While waiting to go home after the Armistice, he was part of a special unit that put on boxing exhibitions for the troops. Although he had a bad cold, he was asked to fight a marine who turned out to be Gene Tunney. The fight was a draw and Tunney who later became the Heavy Weight Champion of the World reputedly stated that it was one of the toughest fights of his life.

According to my Great Uncle, we are related to the great "John L." through the Murphy's. His mother was Mary Murphy from Reenmeen near Glengarriff.

I'm seeking info on this.

By: Dan Sullivan
Email: dsully@mt.net

By:
Email:
540
1867: Arrived in NYC

I am looking for information about my great great grandparents. All the information I have is that Cornelius and Catherine Sullivan arrived in New York from County Cork sometime around 1865-1870. If you know any more, please E-mail me. I'll tell you my side of family history.

By:
Email: ckent@idirect.com

By:
Email:
541
1993: Died in Chico California

I am searching for any information regarding a John Lawrence Sullivan from San Francisco Ca. Born: ? Died around 1973 at San Francisco General Hospital, (mission district). He was married to a Violet Carlson (adoted). They had about six children. A son named Dan, a daughter named Pat and a son named John L Jr. The rest of the names, I don't know. Violet died around 1938 and John's sister Vera raised the children. John L. Sullivan Jr. was born July

26, 1928 in San Fransisco and died june 11, 1993 in Chico Ca. He was a master sergent in the U.S. marine core and retired from such. He also worked as a librarian at the Chico State University Library until he died. He was married to a Shirley Brown who is still alive in Chico. They have four sons. Brian, Stephen, Jeffrey and Shawn. I am engaged to Jeff Sullivan and we are very interested in any info. regarding family history.

By: Michelle Padilla

Email: JnMSully@aol.com

By:

Email:

542

1845: Born in Tralee

My Great- Great Grandfather Eugene O'Sullivan was born in Tralee in Dec 1845. His father was John, and his mother Mary McCarthy. Eugene married Ellen Foley, and they had my Grandmother Mary. Their oldest child Ellen was killed in a playground accident around 1886. For years even though I was born in Tralee, I did not have any info on my family. I do however remember as a child seeing a large family picture of a man and woman and child, but, in later years, each time I asked about it, I was told it did not exist. To make a long story short, when the last of my older relatives died, I went back to Tralee, (I now reside in Canada)I searched through the house, and low and behold, I found that same picture in the attic. I brought it back to Canada, and from there I got started on my family tree. How I love looking at that picture of my great

grand parents, and my grandmother. I am still working on the tree, and maybe someday will make a connection.

By: Kathleen (Healy)Coburn
Email:cbcobur@awinc.com

By:
Email:
543
1845: Stowed away

Daniel Sullivan of Greenup,Ky

My Great Grand Father was Daniel I. Sullivan, born in Cork Ireland around 1831 He susposedly swam out to a ship and stowed away. He finally came to the U.S. around 1845-1850.I found an old paper that talk of how strong a man he was and that he would bet he could carry a water barrel from one end of town to the other. This he would do to pay for his beer. He became a U.S. citizen in 1851 and worked at the Buffalo creek furnace in Greenup,Ky He is burried in a family plot near Greenbo Lake

By:
Email:trc@wwd.net

By:
Email:
544

1980: Goodbye to a grand Irishman!

This was the year my dad, Murt J. Sullivan, died of IFR weather and a VFR rating. He loved his flying, though. He was en route, at the time, to visit myself, husband and then 15-month-old son. He was a devout member of St. Edwards' Catholic Church in Carlsbad, NM, where he was the proprietor of Sullivan Insulation Co. Dad's flying was a lifelong dream, although he only took flying lessons at the age of fifty+, when the family achieved some financial comfort and Mom overcame her own lifelong fear of flying to some degree. It was Mom who actually gave him the gift of flying lessons, wrapping the certificate in a large box with a cinderblock, causing him several weeks of fruitless guessing before that Christmas, when he almost threw away the certificate in the haste with which he opened the box. Dad flew whenever he could, often taking kids and grandkids on tours through the wide open New Mexico skies.

By: Avis M. (Sullivan) Cawley
Email: 75613.2621@compuserve.com

By:
Email:
545

1941: Pawns Army Buddy's Suit

Florence Patrick O'Sullivan, who later invades America in 1949, son of Patrick and Catherine O'Sullivan of Allihies, West Cork, served an obligatory stint in the Irish Freestate Army.

As was common with all of O'Sullivan's of the Bearnach Clan, he was generous to a fault. One spring morning a fellow soldier asked Florry for a few quid "just until payday" and he would pay his benefactor back. Florry was only happy to give him a loan of a few quid because besides being generous, Florry was also a sober businessman who, was known for his resourcefulness and had an uncanny knack for saving money. The transaction was completed with a gentleman's handshake.

Well, payday came and went and Florry never heard a word from "Dan." "Ah he must have forgot, the poor divil," said Sully. "Sure when he sobers up he'll pay me back with interest." Well Florry saw more paydays than he saw pay from "Dan" and he didn't have the heart to demand the repayment. His lack of heart however, did not translate to a lack of starch for Florry suffered from an affliction known as "larceny of the heart."

After several months passing, "Dan" was on a three-day pass and Florry needed a suit of clothes for a dance. Too thrifty to buy his own expensive suit, and knowing that "Dan" surely wouldn't mind, Florry breached "Dan's" footlocker and availed himself of a fine suit of clothes that would impress even a "lace curtain" Irish lass.

The next day O'Sullivan found that he had spent a little more trying to impress the ladies than he intended and was financially challenged. Now what was he going to do? He needed some cash to go home for a visit to Castletownbere and was in a quandry as to what to do. Before long though, his enterprising imagination came through for him and he thought, "Sure, this suit of clothes is worth three times what "Dan" owes me."

A week later "Dan" inquired of O'Sullivan, "So Florry, how was the dance?" "Ah 'twas great, Dan," replied Florry. "And how did the suit fit, Florry," asked Dan with a twinkle in his eye. "The suit? Oh the suit was a perfect fit, Dan. God, I can't thank you enough for the loan of it."

"Ah, that's grand Florry. I didn't mind atall. I'm going to a dance meself tonight you know," declared Dan. "By God, I wish I was goin with ya, but I'm on sentry duty tonight. Have a great time now, Dan," declared Florry.

"Say Florry, does me suit need to be pressed?" Dan queried. "Oh I shouldn't think so, Dan. I took great care of it," Florry said. "Great!" Dan said with a broad grin, "So is it in your locker then?" "Oh, not atall, Dan," Sully responded.

"Well then where is it for Christsakes, Florry? I'll be needin it now," demanded an impatient Dan.

O'Sullivan handed him the pawn ticket and said, "Its here Dan. You better hurry now. They close at five."

By: Chris Sullivan
Email: bearnach@telis.com

By:
Email:
546
1902: My Great Grandfather Disappeared

Eugene Sullivan who was born to Eugene Sullivan and Mary Healy in Manchester New Hampshire around 1863. He was supposedly a widower when he married Annie Sullivan in New York on October 31st, 1901. She was 26 years old was born to Roger or Robert Sullivan and Margaret Scanlon in County Cork Ireland. The witnesses to the marriage were Dennis Sullivan and Mary Shea. My grandfather also named Eugene Sullivan was born August 16, 1902. His father is listed on the birth certificate as an Engineer. Supposedly the marriage ended a short time afterward either due to divorce or annulment. The rumor persists to this day that my great grandfather was a Bigamist and Annie left him when she found out. Nothing is known of this man after they separated. However, a rumor persists to this day, that he was a bigamist and not a widower when he married my great grandmother. If that's true, we must have other family members somewhere out there, and I really would like to set the record straight.

By: Patricia (Sullivan) Bollander
Email: bollic@banet.net

By:
Email:
547
1993: Ferriter's Cove

Not directly O'Sullivan related but the photo shows the view of Ferriter's Cove near Ballyferriter on the Dingle Peninsula in Co. Kerry (not Cork) In the background right and cloud covered (it always seems to be) is Mount Brandon, Ireland's 2nd highest. Background left are the "Three Sisters". Background center is

Smerwick Harbour, sight of an infamous slaughter of some Spanish soldiers by the local British garrison. The year escapes me but it's in all the history books. Directly behind the photographer are the Blasket Islands.

By: David O'Sullivan

Email: osullda@gw.startribune.com

By:

Email:

548

1847: When at length we journey home..

IN 1847 DENNIS AND ELLEN SULLIVAN O'SULLIVAN ARRIVED AT N.Y, LONG FROM THE IRISH SHORE. ELLEN HAD A SON ABOARD SHIP, JERIMIAH, [ASSUME THEIR FIRST POTATO HEAD]. DENNIS AND ELLEN LOVED THE FARMS, AND LANDSCAPE OF THE NORTHERN CAROLINA'S, MORE SO THAN THE RAILS. WHILE GATHERING HAY ONE MORNING, DENNIS WAS KICKED BY A HORSE AND LATER DIED OF GANGREEN. ELLEN MOVED TO SPARTANBURG CO. S.C. AND LIVED W/ HER GRAND DAUGHTER, KATIE. ELLEN DIED ABT. AGE 93. ON HER BEAUTIFUL TOOMSTONE READS, " ELLEN S. O'SULLIVAN PASSED MARCH 18, 1909. A NATIVE OF IRELAND AND A FAITHFUL MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH." I'M PROUD OF MY G G GRANDPARENTS.

By: NANCIE O'SULLIVAN

Email: NANCIEO@BELL SOUTH.NET

By:

Email:

549

1916: Weds Regina Doherty

" - A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Joseph's Church, Douro, Ontario, Canada by the Reverend Father McGuire when Mr. John Sullivan and Miss Regina Doherty were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The Bride, who looked charming in pink silk over Georgette creppe, with pink tulle hat, was assisted by her cousin, Miss Mary Doherty, and the groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Frank Sullivan. After the marriage ceremony, the wedding party drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a dainty breakfast was served. The happy couple, left on a short honeymoon to Toronto, and on thier return, will reside in Peterborough. "

-Peterborough Examiner: Thursday June 29, 1916 Note: John and Regina had nine children; one of which is George "Red" Sullivan, NHL hockey Player, for Chicago, Boston and New York; From the late 1940's until the late 1960's.

By: John and Aedan Shaughnessy

Email: RSHAUGHNESSY@trentu.ca

By:

Email:

551

1825: Sullivans to Canada

Jeremiah "Darby" Sullivan, age 52, his wife Alice, (nee Kelly) age 50, and their ten children, Timothy, 28; Mary, 26; (m. Anthony Allen) Catherine, 24; (m. Michael Mahoney) Michael, 22; (m. Mary Allen) Kitty, 20; (m. Timothy Leahy) John, 18; (went to Otonabee Township, East of Peterborough, Ontario, Canada) Denis, 16; (m. Mary Condon) Note: Denis was my G.G. Great Grandfather. Jeremiah, 14; (m. Mary Walsh) Johannah, 12; Alice, 10; were part of the Peter Robinson settlement to the Peterborough Area, of Upper Canada, (Ontario) in 1825. They were on board the ship Regulus. Their origin was from Brigown, Cork, Ireland. Family tradition says that Darby died two days before the ship docked, and Alice hid the death from ship's officers, because she did not want him to be buried at sea. She succeeded in having him buried on land, but the location of the grave is unknown.

By: John and Aedan Shaughnessy
Email: RSHAUGHNESSY@trentu.ca

By:
Email:
552
1827: Cherokee Sullivan Born

Lucinda Sullivan was born in Tennessee. I don't have any specific particulars on parentage or any connections to the "Trail of Tears" and I would be greatly interested in any knowledge that anyone might have. Lucinda later moved to Oklahoma and then

was married in Crawford County, Missouri to David Bressie. David Bressie died in the Civil War.

By: Cheri Riley
Email: rileys@fidnet.com

By:
Email:
553
1850: First Bicycle

I am Kevin Leslie Sullivan, born 1951 on the Wirral island by the shores of the Irish Sea. My father's home was in County Meath that is now run by my namesake cousin that is doing well. I now reside in Sydney Australia. where I run the Sydney Sculpture Studios.

We are a good family and one to be proud of.

I can remember tales told of an ancestor in the 1850s that was credited with inventing a peddle bicycle, totally made of wood but was told that the peddles were too low for the stony uneven roads of the day. This same Sullivan also invented a form of hang glider for flight. He made it in the shape of a V from seven large goose wings arranged in formation and would leap from hilltops and achieved small sustained flights. However in one of his flights the wings broke and he died of the injuries sustained. This information is well worth researching for this man was a genius ahead of his time. The info can be found in the Irish County List records. I will see if I can dig it up in detail for this web.

By: Kevin L. Sullivan
Email: SSS@au.com

By:
Email:
554
1928: Invade the bronx

My grandmother came from Killically glen in the county of cork. i have tried to find her heritage to give credence to my existence but to no avail. she was born to a large family of about eight her name was josephine. I didi not know her but heard many stories of her. Being Irish she had affermnity known as alcoholism. Shee was cast into society as a wash women and superintendandt of an apartment buildsing. Born to her were five children, Timothy (the oldest and first to got to college), Catherine (the matriarch of the clan), Mary (themiddle child), Josephine (the female baby), And Danny (the spinal menengitis casualty). Today the Sullivan girls are as strong as the sod of Eire. They have remained steeped in family ties and have never lost there affescion of eachother, even through the hardest of adversity. Thesew three women have reared over 20 children and are a credit to the stock of Ireland. As one of the many children of these women it is with great admirationa and affection that I count myself as one of the children of Ireland. Thank You, Joel Gossman

By: Joel Gossman
Email: jg0929g@aol.com

By:

Email:

555

1892: Joseph Sullivan

My grandmother Bridget Hart came to America when she was 19 yrs old. She arrived at Ellis Island and went to live with her cousins, who owned a bar in New Jersey, where she met and married Joseph Sullivan. She became a citizen because grandpa was born in America. Grandpa had two sisters, one whose name was Agnes the other I believe was Lizzie. Both were unmarried. My grandparents lived in Long Branch and Orange New Jersey before settling in Park Slope, Brooklyn, New York. Where they raised five sons. John, Francis, James, Edward and Joseph. My father Joseph was born 6/6/16 and his father died when he was 12 yrs. old. Which is approximately 1928. The stories I heard was grandpa was the type to go out for bread and show up five months later like nothing had happened.

By: Regina Ryan

Email: reg2@msn.com

By:

Email:

556

1906: The Making of a Union Man

My grandfather, John M. Sullivan, was 10 years old in 1906 when two men from the Boston & Maine Railroad came to their house in

Somerville, Massachusetts to inform my great-grandmother, Margaret, that my great-grandfather, Dennis, had been killed on the job that morning. Although only ten years old, he never got over the fact that these men told his mother that they "wouldn't dock him the day's pay" even though he hadn't finished working that day.

In large measure because of this experience, John M. Sullivan became a Teamster (he really was a teamster - a man who drove a team of horses in making his deliveries - and was a union official in Boston for years.

By:
Email:

By:
Email:

557

1998: John L III

I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY GREAT STORIES ASIDE FROM EVERY SINGLE OLD GUY ASKING ME IF I'M RELATED TO THE FAMOUS BOXER. I KNOW THAT MY NAME IS SEVERAL GENERATIONS LONG, (EVEN THOUGH I'M THE 3rd, MY FAMILY SEEMS TO LIKE TO RESET EVERY SO OFTEN) MY FAMILY COMES FROM JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY. MY DAD (JR.) GREW UP THERE AND IN ASBURY PARK. IF ANYONE THINKS THEY MAY BE RELATED, DROP ME AN E-MAIL.

By: JOHN L. SULLIVAN III

Email: JLSIII@COMPUSERVE.COM

By:

Email:

558

1950: From Poverty to Wealth

My grandfather, Thomas Marshall O'Sullivan, Sr, was born and raised in St. Louis, MO. His family was very poor, and his character as a child can only be described as a city scrapper. His schemes for money were infamous; he'd take his family nearly dead cars down the hill their home was set upon to a car dealership and trade it in for money or another car when it was useless before the company could realize what he was selling them. His family was heirs to a very wealthy small empire, of what name I'm not sure, but somehow got on their bad side and were excluded from their name. When he was older and more honest, he tried several times to start a successful business; for a long while his entire family was in the nursing home business until his brother's nursing home burnt to the ground, becoming the largest nursing home fire in history during the 1950's. He finally succeeded with O'Sullivan Industries, a home and office furniture company. Worth well over \$1 million, he is now retired and owns several other companies, including O'Sullivan Rentals, a company that rents and sells houses in several towns, and O'Sullivan Properties, a company that sells properties in several towns. It's pure Irish spirit to come from nothing to everything!

By:

Email:

By:

Email:

559

1998: O'Sullivan, Our Struggle

Seems to be a mystery
and perhaps a little more
Stories told so many times
and, you ask, what for?
Time has made a riddle
of a forgotten fame
whose successors prospered
and grew proud upon their name
Quick to temper, shrewd and sleek
successful, smart, and proud
standing strong, fighting defeat
voices brash and loud
We've built up empires, strong and vast
known wealth and poverty
We have been through everything
what else is there to see?
Castle ruins, missing books
they hold our history, our past
But with the confusion of our name
Will our wondrous legacy last?
Ancient kings, the Hill of Tara
War heroes, old and new
Stories lived and stories told
yet known are very few

Our tragedies have been so great
our victories have been great, too
And we grew strong amidst turmoil
Among us weak are few
Past mistakes have held great cost
Irish oppression took half our name
denying descendance, wanting new lives
Confusion's all we've gained
Theres no use for regret
you can't undo whats been done
Yet still I wonder bleakly
whats to become of O'Sullivan?

By: Davin Black

Email: starfire2001@hotmail.com

By:

Email:

560

1998: I've found O'Sullivan Beare

I'd like to add a story but later. I need to know about O'Sullivan
Lawrence. I've found O'Sullivan Beare. My husband's mother was
quite proud of the fact she was O'Sullivan Lawrence

By: Diana Cratty

Email: Dcratty@worldnet.att.net

By:

Email:

561

1895: Please help

Also, have you heard of any of these Sullivan's, if so please let me know. Hello, I am new to this so please be patient.

I am researching this for a friend who doesn't have much time left, but would like to give something to her children and grandchildren.

Here goes.

Grandfather was Daniel Patrick Sullivan born S.F. Grandmother was Jane Harrington born S.F. Daughter Doris Jane Sullivan Born 1898-1900 died 10-21-50

Grandfather maybe John Sullivan lived in Oyster Bay, N.Y., he was a tailor Grandmother unknown but was possibly a hatmaker. Son Francis William Sullivan Born 7-15-1895, he died 1973, he was an Oakland fireman.

Doris Jane and Francis William married, and had Eileen Francis and Donald Richard Sullivan.

Names of Relations are as Follows.

Leana Sullivan S.F. Nellie Sullivan Barbary Coast, S.F. she ran an ill repute home there. Tillie Sullivan Jack Sullivan Lillian Sullivan Bob Sullivan New York, he was a police man Josephine Sullivan Daniel Patrick Sullivan Margarat Ellen Sullivan Oakland she married

Frederick Agustave Lope. Peter and Marcella Sarge who gave up there child for adoption.

This is all I have been able to find out so far. There were Oharrigans which dropped the O when landed in the U.S.

I am researching O'harrigans, Volmars, Lope, Loeb, Sullivans, Sarges, which are all related somehow, I need to find out The Great Great Grandparents, and where from Ireland they came from. Please help me make an old lady happy. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Marie Parlet

By:
Email:

By:
Email:
562

1876: Down and Under, But Not Down and Out!!!!

Well I'm the proud bearer of 3 more Sullivans, 2 Boys and 1 Girl (Dallas b-15/8/1988, Kodie b-23/10/1989, Letetia b-28/11/1992) oh well I did help a bit, so I'm keeping up my end of the SULLIVAN Clan and family name in Australia. I'm after anyone with information that could help me trace my family origin. As far as I can get back is Ernie (Ernest) Albert Sullivan b-26/7/1876 married Rachel Cobden b-29-4-1884 I have no dates for this they had 10 children (Ernie JR, Arthur, Eva, Elsie, Jessie, Frederick, Amila, Henry, Jean, Marjorie). My Grandfather still living Henry Edward (The Eighth born) b-8/10/1918 married Violet Emily Farrent

b-25/9/1918 d-21-6-1982 and had 4 children (Marlene, Lola, Dianne, Garry). Garry Henry b-27/12/1948 married Rhonda Gale Rowland b- 24/2/1948 and had 4 children (Glenn, Jamie/d, Jade/d, Rebecca). Myself Glenn Garry Sullivan b-26/4/1967 married Vicki Marie Fisher b-9/9/1967. I don't know what it is but I think it has something to do with the amount of Alcohol we drink. Every Sullivan in my family has trouble remember Dates or Names of anyone else in the family. So what I am looking for is someone not a Sullivan who can remember Dates and Names that might have some information.

By: Glenn Garry Sullivan
Email: tekit@mtisa.topend.com.au

By:
Email:
563
1918: Sullivan Disappears

Sullivan is my wife's maternal line. This story is all we have on this line, anyone that can help us trace the ancestors of these people are encouraged to reply.

DEATH IS FEARED Prominent Belle Plaine Farmer Missing since Friday night. (10/31/1918) Daniel Webster Sullivan was last seen when he got off the late train at the station here at 10:20 pm. that night and then completely disappeared. All the bottomlands have been searched and dragged. The river theory is based on the fact that when last seen, Mr. Sullivan went out the south door of the depot, when he would have gone out the north door and

walked around the building to the sidewalk leading uptown. One thing is recognized as a certainty and that is that Mr. Sullivan of his own will did not choose to disappear. He was a man of splendid moral character and financially prosperous.

This story appeared in the Belle Plaine, Minnesota Herald on 10/31/1918. Daniel Webster Sullivan was born June 24, 1859 in St. Thomas, LeSueur Co., MN to Daniel J. Sullivan and Mary McCarthy. The latter were both born in Ireland and it is the ancestors of these people that I am searching for. Daniel Webster Sullivan was found dead in the Minnesota River 7 months after his disappearance.

If anyone has information on the ancestors of Daniel Webster Sullivan (b. June 24, 1859 d. Oct. 31, 1918) and his parents (Daniel J. Sullivan and Mary McCarthy) please email me. I would also appreciate mention of any resource that is available that might contain the records of these ancestors.

By: Doug Royer
Email: royers@ames.net

By:
Email:
564
1911: Mary Sullivan!?!?

Does this name mean anything to you? I'm researching my mother's family line, and I think that this may have been her grandmother's or great-grandmother's name. Somewhere along

the way I think she married into the Grady (or O'Grady?) family. My grandfather's name is Donald Grady. I think he was born around 1911 -1914. He now lives in Falmouth Mass. with his wife Lorain (Gaynor) Grady. If you have any information about this part of the Sullivan line please write to me. N.Rolerson Hc 60 Islesboro, Maine 04848 Sorry, I don't have an e-mail address.

By:
Email:

By:
Email:
565
1905: Marries Quint

My grandmothers last name was sullivan untill she married quint so there is some sullivan blood in me we the family lived in the eastern usa new york boston and other new england towns we could very well be related. if you know of any murphy sullivan connections than we are of the same stock i have a dont really give a damn attitude and really only care about beer and music i love irish jigs and reels and play bass. im a great story teller when telling stories and poetry just seems to happen. email me at ebass@hotmail.com and tell me more. edge. edward henry quint IV

By: edward henry quint the fourth
Email: ebass@hotmail.com

By:

Email:

566

1998: Sullivan Sucks

ONCE APON A TIME THERE LIVED A MAN NAMED SULLIVAN HE
WAS CRAZY THEY TOOK HIM TO A HOME HE DIED THERE THEN
THE WORMS CAME I HATE WORMS THEY MAKE ME CRAZY . I
WAS CRAZY ONCE THEY TOOK ME TO A HOME I DIED THERE
THEN THE WORMS CAME I HATE WORMS THEY MAKE ME
CRAZY

By: JOHN WAYNE BOTTIT

Email:

By:

Email:

568

1904: John Darias Sullivan

My grandfather, John Darias Sullivan died in Washington, DC in
1916. He had 7 children:fred, Richard, John, Marie,
Catherine,laura and a daughter whose nickname was Pete. What I
believe to be true is that his mother was Bridgette O'Donoghue,
but I don't know from where she hailed. I have no one I can ask -
mother is living but at 85 memories fade. I hope someone will
recognize my Sullivan/O'Sullivan story. I left out one important
part: He married Anna Elizabeth Thornburgh, circa 1904, and they
honeymooned in Atlantic City, NJ.

By:

Email: idigres@aol.com

By:

Email:

569

1890: Sullivans in Montana

Dennis Sullivan married Mary Anne O'Neill. Both were in Butte, MT. Both born and raised in County Cork within just 4-7 miles of each other, but never met until in United States. Dennis was gentry; Mary Anne was not.

Dennis was about 5'6" and 150# at best. Mary Anne was 6'2" and 235# and in excellent physical condition until her death about late 1940s.

Dennis bought a farm in Columbia falls, MT, gave it to Mary Anne on Christmas Eve about 1894 for birthday and Christmas present. Together, they proved up several farms and ranches in MT, including 2 or 3 in what is now Glacier Park.

Dennis got together a wagon and mule and took family north from Butte to Columbia Falls. Mary Anne spent the winter, OCT to MAY alone in the dugout house on the homestead with three kids, about ages 5,3,1. She only saw two other adults the entire time, one day about APR when a couple men dropped by and asked if she needed supplies from town.

Mary Anne went on to raise her family and be a landmark personality in Northwestern Montana. Her son Gene was the Glacier Parks Road Superintendent who was buried in an avalanche about 1954 and dug out hours later. Gene shot the largest grizzly ever killed in Glacier Park. Tim was a noted farmer and head of the Kalispell Fair Board for about 35 years. John Sullivan earned about 200 patents, was one of the inventors of plastics and bakelite and the bi-metallic process for US coins. There is a chair named in his honor at NM Inst. Tech (Socorro). At least 4 in the next 2 generations have been noted chemists and chemical engineers.

By: Rolla Rich
Email: RollaRch@aol.com

By:
Email:
570
1998: Happy St. Patrick's Day

I enjoy this Sullivan page a great deal. It annoys me however when some people get onto it and "arse around!". There are some wonderful Sullivan stories to date and I'm looking forward to reading many more and contributing a few more myself. Many of my Sullivan, Shaughnessy, Doherty, Fitzgerald, relations will be out painting the town of Peterborough, Ontario, Canada green so I'd be best to bid all you Sullivan con-freres adieu until next time .
Happy St. Patrick's Day!

By: John P. Shaughnessy

Email: SHAG_83@hotmail.com

By:

Email:

571

1998: A tale of a boy and his dad in a cybercafe

21/3/98 Cafenet, Guildford, Surrey, England.

Frankie (8) and Michael (37) left their house in Woking, Surrey today to collect some items from a shop in Guildford. Never been shopping here before. We live in the UK now, since 1990, father a software spalpeen and mother a social worker. Left Ireland due to persistent crop failure - whats new? - with a 6 month old baby and ended up in Hull. Mild prosperity and another child have followed.

On the way to Guildford - we live in Woking now - Frankie says he is worried about a project for school ('my family' etc.). I was glad to hear about the death of psychiatry on your home page. It helped us to sort of 'pull of a chair to the fire' (or 'URL' as my great grandmother would have said).

We did our Debenhams bit, felt thirsty, stumbled across a cafe (with a backbone, so to speak) and here we are. Father to son: 'Why dont we go in and surf the Net? Son to Father: 'Sure, can I have a sausage roll and an orange juice? [œ4.30! memories arent cheap these days] Father to Son: 'Maybe we could use the Net for your project, and so URL to URL leads us to the Sullivan Stuff here in Stanford.

Oh by the way, we are Sullivans too ! Just in case you hadn't guessed. 'So where do we come from then Dad ?' (the non-biological question, I am relieved.)

Frankie: we are going to printout the Sullivan list here to stick into my Project Book. Thank You.

[Postscript: Resonance. I (dad) had just read the 1873 entry - Boston, Filene's etc. I was there last week. Software spalpeens get around these days. Work, love, pain, families, circles, stories.]

By: Frankie and Michael
Email: mixul@yahoo.com

By:
Email:
572

1998: Sullivans: Extraordinary people!

My sister has been doing the family history and the Sullivans are still in America in 1790's. We have vowed to obtain the name of the guy who got off the boat. The one outstanding thing is the artistic abilities that run in the Sullivan family. My grandfather played the guitar, I have several uncles and aunts that either play instruments, write or draw. My father is builder and designer and both of my sisters draw and write. I have at one point or another; drawn & painted, written, and played the guitar. Another thing; horses have been a part of my family all my life. Most of my father's siblings had horses at one time or another. Does this have

something to do with the Celtic blood that runs through our veins? The Celts were some of the greatest horsemen in the history of the world. One other thing, how about Irish music? Does it just hit you some where down inside? I did not grow up listening to Irish music, I just love it. Again is it just something ingrained in us as Sullivans?

By: Sandra J. Sullivan

Email: xcaliburknight@hotmail.com

By:

Email:

573

1863: He May Have Had 3 Families!

My greatgrandfather Eugene Sullivan was born in 1863 to Eugene Sullivan and Mary Healy in Manchester, New Hampshire. He married my greatgrandmother Annie Sullivan in New York on October 31, 1901. She was born in County Cork, Ireland and her parents were Robert (or Roger) Sullivan and Margaret Scanlon. Eugene was a 38 year old widower, and this was the first marriage for 26 year old Annie. The witnesses to the ceremony were Denis Sullivan and Mary Shea. Eugene listed his occupation as an Engineer. My grandfather Eugene was born on August 16, 1902. Sometime within the next few years, the marriage between Eugene and Annie was nullified either by annulment or divorce. Annie remarried, but the eventual whereabouts of my greatgrandfather remain a mystery.

By: Patricia (Sullivan) Bollander

Email: bolski@banet.net

The Book of Sullivan

595

1998: Family reunion Aussie style

The Sullivan 100 committee are attempting to locate Sullivans who are descended from Jeremiah Sullivan who married Mary Murphy on 1st January, 1923 in Ireland. Their children were all born at Knocks, Kilkerranmore. Three of his sons, Denis, John and Patrick took up a selection of land in the Springsure district in 1898 and the committee wishes to write an historical book and have a celebration on 14th & 15th November, 1998. Two other brothers were Timothy and Jeremiah, and their sisters were Honorah, (Religious Sister of Mercy - named Sr. Mary Antonio), Mary and Ellen. Mary married Patrick Crotty and Ellen married Martin Crotty. Denis Sullivan married Elizabeth King, John married Katherine Kavanagh and Patrick married Florence King. Timothy married Margaret Kavanagh and Jeremiah married Madge MacGinley. To complete our family tree and issue invitations to all the families we would like any descendants to please contact

By: olive

Email: olive@tpgi.com.au

596

1941: O'Sullivan Bearnach Pawns Army Buddy's Suit

CHECK NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS

By: Chris Sullivan

Email: CSull65702@aol.com

617

1910: BRICKS DON'T CLICK

My greatgrandfather was Patrick Timothy O'Sullivan. He and his wife Annie M. (maiden name unknown) O'Sullivan immigrated to NY around 1865 - 1870. Annie was born 8/6/1840 in Ardfarn Townland, County Donegal, Ireland. We have no record of where P. T. was born but know he was a hotel keeper. Some time prior to the turn of the century he and his Irish bride moved to Texas, after moving around up north for a while. Several children were born prior to their "immigration" to Texas

By: Timothy O'Sullivan

Email: DougWater@aol.com

618

1783: captain sullivan & lady courtney

captain sullivan of county cork fought with wolfe at quebec & in the american rebellion, married lady courtney. their son dennis fought with sir james yeo in the war of 1812. he married the widow hilyard insaint john n.b. a protestant. On His death bead, the catholic priest arrived to administer the last writes. Mrs. Hilyard took a broom to him & we have been protestants ever since.

By: H. A. Sullivan, M.D.

Email: sumroo@Nb.sympatico.ca.

619

1998: O'Sullivan's - Pride in our History & Future!

As I have enjoyed reading many of the entries on this wonderful web page, I am reminded about how the O'Sullivans are so typical of the Irish overall. Those of us who enter these stories today are the proud descendents of a race of survivors who have suffered

terribly and yet (with God's help) prevailed. The forces of history have been rather harsh for the Irish. We have suffered from a geographical proximity to one of the most greedy and manipulative governments the world has ever known - I refer (of course) to England. Unfortunately for the Irish, the so-called "British Empire" has been humbled over and over again throughout the world and it is only on its own virtual doorstep that it continues to pretend to be a world power. Its manipulation of the Irish people in Northern Ireland is one of the few remaining examples of the exercise of British "political influence". The English people are really no different than the Irish. Unfortunately, it is the sons of average English families who serve in the British regiments in Northern Ireland and these are too often the casualties of the on-going struggle between Unionists and Republicans. Regardless of what we (in 1998) think of the IRA and "terrorism", we should remember that the British government installed the issues of religious hatred by bringing Protestantism to Ireland and using it as a means of up-lifting Protestants at the expense of Catholics. In these modern times, anyone who does not understand this historical fact has no proper perspective to critically attack the Republican movement or to dismiss it as simply "terrorism". For today's "terrorists" are often tomorrow's "freedom fighters" depending upon whether or not they succeed. And, as is the case here in America, our "freedom fighters" are now considered American and world heroes. If we can keep the memory of those who suffered and went before us in mind, we can do honor to so many - now dead - who never experienced even a small portion of the comforts and freedoms we enjoy today. To be aware of the history of the O'Sullivan's is to have a truer picture of the nature of the Irish people generally. Those who immigrated to other parts of the world - the USA, Australia, New Zealand, etc., carried the hopes

of so many others - living and dead - who had lived their entire lives trying to survive famine, poverty and the plundering of the meager resources of their small island by a greedy imperial neighbor. The immigrant O'Sullivan's also suffered in their new environments as well - for relatively few left Ireland with any real assets. But being poor in finances did not make them poor in terms of ambition or their willingness to work hard and earn the respect of those with whom they interacted with in their adopted countries. The real greatness of the O'Sullivan's - as with so many other immigrant families (of many nationalities) is that they were willing to spend their entire lives creating a better life for their children and their children's children. Too many went to their graves hoping that they had - at the very least - succeeded in opening a few doors for their sons and daughters. The O'Sullivan's have succeeded more often than they have failed. I (for one) always try to measure my accomplishments and challenges in life in terms of how they compare with the limited opportunities and problems faced by my parent's and grand-parent's generations. If one keeps this perspective - our opportunities are so much greater and our challenges (problems) are so much smaller that we cannot help but be encouraged. I will close by mentioning my father - Florence Patrick (O')Sullivan (Bearnach) of Allihies - Castletownbere, County Cork, Ireland and my mother - Norma Jean (Mc Cabe) Sullivan of Anaconda, Montana (both - by the grace of God - now living in Southern California). My dad, in his quiet and steady way - showed his sons how to be responsible adults and take pride in their heritage. For the greatness of America is built on the sacrifices of immigrants and the O'Sullivan's and the Irish in general are an important part of that foundation. To those O'Sullivan's who read these words - I remind you to share your knowledge of the sacrifices of our ancestors with your descendents and encourage them to take pride in what we have

become as well as to be mindful of what we can be. We are all a part of a chain and every one of us is a link in that chain. Our children should be able to look back on us with the same kind of pride we express in our ancestors. If they don't - shame on us all! God bless the O'Sullivan's - past and future! "Lam foisteanac abu" (the Gaelic motto of the O'Sullivan Beare Clan "The gentle hand to victory").

By: Joseph P. Sullivan

Email: joe_sullivan@eee.org

620

1998: IN SEARCH OF A GRAVE

Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beare was mortally wounded in Madrid, Spain 16th. July 1618. He was reportedly buried the following day in the Monastery of Saint Dominic in Madrid by family and Spanish nobles. The Monastery was destroyed in 1870. Has any O'Sullivan out there found the grave of the great O'Sullivan? If you have information on the location of the grave I would appreciate if you could e-mail me at the following

By: Jack O'Sullivan

Email: beara@wmc.ie

621

1998: Song

Cycles and Symmetry by Cat O'Sullivan Seattle, WA Cycles and symmetry, Clock'in the hours and disturbance. Beautiful lovers and unbearable acquaintances. So pass me another pint of Guinness lad And let me bury the anxiety one more time. As the generations before hath taught. Cycles and symmetry. And all the new lessons yet unlearned. Holding the grudges like a sword. The ugly ones deserve nothing less. No use making peace with the wicked. Just

another knife around the next block. Cycles and symmetry. We stand alone in the end. Murked only with the brand of pride. Be nothing more or less than your word. And make each one count. Because there's really not much else but... Cycles and symmetry. copyright '98 When I think of my heritage this is the one poem that I tend to refer to time and time again. I spent two weeks in Ireland attempting to find the past. I didn't write a damn thing the entire time. I think that I was a bit overwhelmed. Thank you for the work that you have completed on this site. I found it inspiring. Peace out!!! Cat

By: Cat O'Sullivan

Email: cat@speakeasy.org

622

1900: Giving Away 'O'

My Dad, Patrick Sullivan (b 1950) told me that his parent told him Patrick Sullivan b? died aged approx 60 in 1992 and Teresa Mary o'sullivan both of Kerry that we gave away the 'O' in exchange for potatoes. Is this true?

By: C. Sullivan

Email: coral.sullivan@redwood-publishing.com

623

1864: Saloon Owner Hides Molly Mcguires

Legend has it that my great-great grandmother owned a bar in the coal mining region of Pennsylvania. She kept a gun under the bar in case of trouble. The Molly Mcguires used to frequent the "saloon". When they causing problems, she would hide them in the basemen of the bar. Her name was Hannah O'Shea Sullivan and she

lived in Gordon, Pa. If anyone has any information on this family, I'd like to hear from you. Great site!

By: Janet Sullivan-Hampton

Email:

624

1859: Lizzie Gets Married(a prediction of her future)

Elizabeth Sullivan, daughter of wealthy gentleman, Martin Sullivan and wife, Bridget, (both originally from Co. Clare, Ireland.), married today in St. Francis Roman Catholic church in Melbourne, Australia. As I peer into her future I see adventure and tragedy. I see four happy years and the birth of two beautiful daughters. Her husband, Christopher Doyle,(a Hotel Keeper), will journey with them back to Brooklyn, New York, where they will live for several years, have more children, and where he will learn upholstery. They will return to Melbourne to be with Lizzie's beloved family and she will bear two more children there. However the heartache of watching four of her eight children die will take it's toll. She will die in 1880, aged 36.

By: Amanda

Email: cmurphy@webtime.com.au

625

1846: A Revolutionary Soldier

The following is transcribed from an obituary which was found in the basement of my grandparents; the late Charles and Emma Sullivan. This document led our family to Berwick Maine where it was learned that our family is related to the Famous "Berwick Sullivans". Benjamin Sullivan was the son of the eldest son (also Benjamin) born of Master John and Margery Sullivan.

A Revolutionary Soldier DIED in Dover, N.H. on the 7th. Of November, 1846. Mr. BENJAMIN SULLIVAN, aged 86 years.

Mr. Sullivan was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1761, where his remains were carried, and buried under Arms. --- Military honors being performed by the Dover Artillery.

In 1776 He enlisted and served for two months in the REVOLUTIONARY WAR. In 1777, shipped on board the Rowly, Capt Thomas Thompson. The first United States ship that sailed out of Portsmouth. After cruising a month they took two large British ships, carried them safely into St. Louis, France. They then sailed into the English Channel, where the outward bound Jamaica fleet, under convoy of 8 or 10 armed vessels was discovered; two of them which were taken and carried into the port of St. Louis. Then he returned to the United States, and went to Rhode Island in 1776 under Gen. SULLIVAN-was in the battle and in the rear guard when he made his retreat.

In 1779, shipped on board the privateer SULLIVAN, of Portsmouth Capt. Thomas Manning- was taken prisoner by the British frigate 'Roebuck', and carried to Newfoundland, where he was confined in irons for two months, when he was exchanged and sent to Boston. Then shipped on board a merchant vessel at Portsmouth, bound for the West Indies. Again taken prisoner and forced to do duty on board an English frigate for two months; then taken to New York - put on board the old Jersey prison ship; here he remained for five months and ten days with the bare timbers for his bed ----- a scanty allowance of bread and beef --- half a pound of each pre day; after an exchange, he again enlisted, was ordered to Portland, under Col. Joseph Prime ---

was employed in building the fort which closed his services in this war.

In 1813 he enlisted and served one year under Gen. Hampton on the lines.

Mr. SULLIVAN was a staunch and unwavering republican of the old school, and strongly attached to those principles which recognize the natural and inalienable rights of all men; which is to enjoy liberty. His last sickness, which was long and painful, he bore with patience, and sought with deep penitence the pardoning mercy of God, which enabled him, without a murmur, to say in his dying moments 'THY WILL BE DONE'. He has left a numerous circle of friends to mourn their loss - but they mourn not as those without hope.

By: Paul Sullivan

Email: paul10x@erols.com

626

1998: Sadly Seeking Sullivans

As rich as the history of Ireland is and as strong as my connection to it may be, I still have not found those who gave me that connection. My father was Michael John Sullivan, a twin born 14 November 1928 in Birmingham Michigan. I have not seen nor heard from him in 40 years. Hence my lost heritage. Michael John Sullivan was the son of William Jeremiah Sullivan and Onieta Hurley. William was born 21 November 1898 in Detroit Michigan and Onieta was born 5 February 1899 in Coldwater Michigan. They have both been gone now for many years. William's parents were Patrick Henry Sullivan of Ireland and Ellen Lambert, an English nursemaid. Patrick Henry did well for himself after settling in

Detroit Michigan but where was he before then? Did he leave Ireland because of the famine? Where in Ireland was he born? I have so many questions about my Sullivan heritage and those who could have educated me are gone. . .or are they? Maybe you can bring myself and my five brothers and sisters back into the family.

By: Chris Thomas

Email: ct9965@gte.net

Add your own Sullivan story or poem by clicking [HERE!](#)

The Book of Sullivan

629

1944: Fred Allen, Age 50

FRED ALLEN: Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum, what is your reaction to American music? MIM: Thanks to American music, I am meeting my husband, Pierre. ALLEN: Pierre likes music? MIN: Life to Pierre is a song. He is courting me with singing. ALLEN: When he proposed? MIN: Pierre is singing "Let me Call You Sweetheart." ALLEN: When you were on your honeymoon? MIN: We are arriving at Grossingers. Pierre is singing "Down the Old Lox Road." If such stuff of the year 1946, conceived and written by 52 year old Fred Allen, born in Cambridge Massachusetts Fred Florence Sullivan, warmed the heart of postwar America and allowed me, then seven, an extra half hour of radio time on Sunday night, (though I would much have preferred to have been outside playing roly-up with the Greek kids across the street) Allen's nostalgic vaudeville popularity was not long lived. It remained then for Allen, a genial Irishmen putting words in Jewish mouths, or the opposite, as Edgar Bergen was to do for Charlie McCarthy in the following half-hour slot. Allen's fifties were difficult years in which the once magic of his radio wit eroded with the advent of new forms of entertainment followed by the giant success of television. Stop the Music snatched Sunday evening away from Allen, and the attempt to redo the Allen style in such tv adaptations as The Colgate Comedy Hour were mercifully short lived. Chronic high blood pressure and a series of ominous circulatory mishaps provided an ominous warning. Drink had once threatened to get the upper hand, so he had forsworn it in his forties.

On Oct 13, 1950: Dear Groucho:

. .every sunday, after mass, we stop for breakfast at the stage delicatessen. at this hour Max, the proprietor, is host to a motley throng, horse players, bookmakers, cream soda lovers and sturgeon gourmets. how I, a gentile, get in there, I dont know. since the same characters meet every sunday there is a friendly atmosphere rampant that no airwick can subdue. When the lox is running good and the cream cheese is spreading easily those assembled, between smacking their chops and wiping their greasy fingers on their vests, will discuss some topic that is currently engaging the general public. Yesterday, the air conditioning not functioning at the stage, there was a gamey flatulent essence dominating the room but the flanken was lean and spirits were high. talk turned to the Talulah show. Every tout, every bookie and every questionable customer present had seen the program. eating was suspended, chicken fat was shaken from fingers to point them. Novy was shredded from snags of teeth to make way for encomiums....

Allen was writing to his friend groucho Marx about the new 90 | minute Sunday evening radio extravaganza, the Big Show, radios last attempt to compete with television. Hostess was Talulah Bankhead and among the array of stars signed up for the \$100,000 a week show were Allen and Marx. I was in the 6th grade. The show closed with a millioncdollar loss in its second season. Nor did the televised Colgate Comedy Hour, introduced that same fall to compete with ironically The Ed Sullivan Show, fare much better. Fred Allen, it appeared, was not going to make the transition from radio to television.

But Fred Allen had friends... John Steinbeck, Herman Wouk, Edwin O'Connor... with the latter, recovering himself from a stroke, visited Ireland in the mid 1950s....

Acerbic, sometimes inclined to be a little sharp tongued when riled, he was loyal to both the young writers who had once worked for him and to a motley group of scattered drunks and jailbirds to whom he often sent money, as often as not anonymously. Lacking a formal education, he was widely read had a way with words that other writers and wits whom Allen had helped in some way along the way especially if they were either Jewish like Wouk, or Groucho Marx or Irish like Edwin O'Connor and John Steinbeck. They helped him overcome bitterness. It occurred to him that he could overcome his obsolescence. It was John Steinbeck and O'Connor especially, then in his best writing years with *The Last Hurrah* in progress, who encouraged Allen to write, and so in the last half of his fifties he produced his popular memoir to radio comedy, *Treadmill to Oblivion*. Self reflexive and testimony to the impermanence of the word, and perhaps in that sense testimony to the everpresent opportunity for freshness. He died with an unfinished letter to Groucho Marx in his typewriter, of a sudden heart attack, at age 61.

By: rlm

Email:

709

1975: One More

There was some fear this part of the Beare Clan would die out as all other males had produced only female offspring. On March 1st this was saved by the birth of Paul Todd Sullivan at Exeter, NH. He returned to Ireland to work briefly in 1997 and 1998 returning to

NH after a bout with the appendix (now missing). Whether he returns to Ireland or not, there is still hope O'Sullivan Beares will live on

By: DAD

Email:

710

1935: Tony's Tatoo

My father, Anthony Sullivan, usually called Tony, has a tatoo on his forehead he has had since childhood which reads

By: D. Sully

Email: dsullivan@tmcnet.com

711

1890: Weds Bridget

In 1888 my grandmother came to the US from Co Leitrim. Soon after she met my grandfather, who was a teamster, and they wed and raised 5 sons At the turn of the century they moved the family to Park Slope, Bklyn. We stayed there for three generations. Now the family is dispersed throughout the country and I'm trying to construct a family tree so the generations to come know their Sullivan ancestors.

By: Reggie

Email: reg2@msn.com

712

1916: Oldest Man in Centralville

Mortimore O'Sullivan, one of the oldest residents of Centralville (Lowell, MA) died yesterday at his home, (aged 78) after a brief

illness. Deceased had been a member of St. Michael's parish since its organization and always took a deep interest in parish affairs. He leaves four daughters, Mrs. Margaret Shea, Mrs. Hugh Leonard (Kate) Mary O'Sullivan (she always insisted they were O'Sullivans, as opposed to the dropped O) and Mrs. James Riley, and one son, Daniel J. Deceased was a member of the Holy Name Society and Division 11, American Order of Hibernians. The obituary failed to mention that he had spent ten years in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and has lost his wife, Mary, six years earlier.

By: Kerry Sullivan

Email: kerry.sullivan@roche.com

713

1998: Chicago Sullivans

My great grandparents Eugene and Mary Sullivan of Belvidere, Illinois had nine children. The second eldest was Roger Charles Sullivan who became a prominent political figure in Chicago before the turn of the century. He was the first president of the Democratic Cook County Party and a political "boss" as head of the Sullivan-Nash "machine." Sullivan High School on the north side of Chicago is named for him. His brother, my grandfather Francis Joseph Sullivan was the youngest minority leader in the history of the Illinois House of Representatives. He was a trial lawyer. My brother Frank Sullivan, a reporter for the Chicago-Sun Times. He evidently served as Mayor Daley's press secretary. He was the person who announced Daley's death.

By: Margaret Sullivan Moga

Email: mmoga@execpc.com

714

1998: That Gambling Sullivan

My father's father Robert Lesley Sullivan was a wild and infamous character. He owned a bar/gambling joint near Nampa, Idaho. He had to be sort of secretive because his father Claude Latimore Sullivan was the sheriff. Unfortunately Robert had a tendency to get into a lot of bar brawls which made his father Claude look kind of foolish being that the bar/gambling was illegal. So Claude kicked him out. Robert migrated to Nevada with a young family consisting of his 3rd wife, my grandma Emma Myra Tiffany and two sons Jerry and Gene. He thought he would start a new bar/gambling hall/boarding house in Golconda, Nevada. At first the venture was successful because the road was being built through Nevada and the crew needed somewhere to stay. But Golconda never did amount to more than a few houses and a bunch of tumbleweeds. So when business/gambling went bad Robert the professional gambler and entrepreneur hit the road. He didn't remember to take his young family with him; he just got another one in California where he landed next. That guy was a wild thing! I am looking for ancestors of Parker Sullivan who may or may not have been the first ancestor to come to America from Ireland

By: Angie Sullivan

Email: 28393@udel.edu

715

1842: O Sullivans in New Zealand

My great great grandfather being John O'SULLIVAN, born on Corpus Christi Thursday 1806 in the parish of Kilmeen, County Cork, Ireland. John being the son of Daniel O'SULLIVAN of the same place of the race of the "Beare and Bantry" in the County of Cork. John emigrated to England 1824, 1831 married to Ellen O'CONNELL and together they had nine children. In 1841 John

left England and emigrated to N.Z. Ellen followed shortly after with four of their children, they both landed at Nelson and there they started their new life and produce a further four more children. [they lost one child before leaving England]. I am the great granddaughter of their youngest child DENIS O'SULLIVAN who married Elizabeth Ann HIGGIN.

By: Josie SHEAFF

Email: petejosie@xtra.co.nz

717

1946: Travelling Sullivans

From the years of 1946 thru 1964 we traveled the United States over. My dad, Leonard O. Sullivan, his brothers, James and Guinn Sullivan, and their dad, James N. Sullivan were all insulators from Corpus Christi, Tx. They were in a union out of Corpus but traveled from Detroit, Michigan to Brownsville, Tx., between Lincoln, Nebr. to Oak Ridge, Tenn. They worked mostly on power plants, insulating with fiberglass or asbestos, these items kept what ever that was running thur the pipes, hot or cold. I remember well, lots of Fridays we'd come home from school and Daddy had been layed off. He'd call Corpus to find out where another job was and we'd pack up our trailer (home) and off we'd go. The following Monday we'd be in another state and at a new school. When I graduated from high school I had attended twenty-three schools over my twelve years in public school. Most people don't understand how our family could have been so stable after all this moving, but I think it was because it didn't matter where we were, the fact that mama and daddy were always there made us six kids feel at home.

By: Anna Penny

Email: apenny@glade.net

719

1847: Brother of Wild Bill

I am looking for any information on the descendancy or ascendancy of my great great grandfather Alexander (Eleck) Sullivan. He was the son of Thomas Sullivan and Mary Polly Workman, and the grandson of Thomas Sullivan, SR. who founded Sullivan's Hollow, MS near Raleigh. Eleck was the brother of Wild Bill Sullivan, the violent and eccentric local character who is center of many regional books and stories. Please write to me at the following email address if you can help... or if I can help you!

By: Connies

Email: plinderoth@cncs.co.us

720

1867: Ireland to Newfoundland

I am looking for the Sullivans connection from Ireland to Newfoundlandanywher frm 1800 to 1867. My husband's grandfather Jeremiah came from the south of Ireland with two brothers, one of whom was named Tom. they went first to the U.S. then returned to Nfld. we know very little except thar he was a tinsmith. We would be grateful for any help.

By: Vivian Sullivan

Email: sullivan@cnx.net

721

1846: A Revolutionary Soldier

This story is about my 4th great-grandfather... Benjamin Sullivan the text of the story is written as it appears in the original text

which was found in the basement of my Grand Parents house...the late Charles and Emma Sullivan. Through this document and some of research, it was learned that my family was descended from the "Berwick Sullivans" which include "Master" John and his wife Marjory. I would be interested in hearing from others from this lineage.

A Revolutionary Soldier

DIED in Dover, N.H. on the 7th. of November, 1846. Mr. BENJAMIN SULLIVAN, aged 86 years. Mr. Sullivan was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1761, where his remains were carried, and buried under Arms. --- Military honors being performed by the Dover Artillery.

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was confined in irons for two months , when he was exchanged and sent to Boston. Then shipped on board a merchant vessel at Portsmouth, bound for the West Indies. Again taken prisoner and forced to do duty on board an English frigate for two months; then taken to New York - put on board the old Jersey prison ship; here he remained for five months and ten days with the bare timbers for his bed ----- a scanty allowance of bread and beef --- half a pound of each per day; after an exchange, he again enlisted , was ordered to Portland, under Col. Joseph Prime --- was employed in building the fort which closed his services in this war.

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By: Paul Sullivan

Email: paul10x@erols.com

722

1880: Coal Mine Sullivans

My Great GrandParents Daniel and Mary Cain Sullivan lived in on near Centralia, Pa where they gave birth to Terrance My Grandfather(1880s)(married Rose Mahan) This was a coal mining family, money poor and family rich ..there where other children by

my GGrandparents ... Daniel, Michael, Mary (Hothersal) Nettie (Haney), Anna (Echols), Katherine (Starck) Elizabeth (Drake) and Margaret (Ruetter). Terrance left Cantralia for NYC than later moved to Holmesburg Pa were My Aunt Rose (Fehcete/ Brown) and Mother Helen (Bott) where born. Daniel/Mary who where thier parents and where are ALL thier descendents?? Maybe your one of them (decendents that is)if you think so or know someone who might be write me

By: Joe Francis Sullivan Bott

Email: eojttob@aol.com

724

1850: Grandfather Arthur Told Me

My grandfather Sullivan told me that my great-great grandfather Mike O'sullivan fled Eire in the mid 1800's. He was a member of the I.R.B Whistlers, Signal Corps, County Cork. The signal corps literally whistled to warn of approaching British troops. He was confronted by a British official in his home one evening and what ever the circumstances he ended up thrashing the guy with his cane. After the confrontation he made his way out the back door with his family and ended up in America. When he arrived in America he dropped the O off his name and settled down.

By: Kenneth E. Hannah

Email: whtzit@gte.net

725

1915: General Pershing's Driver

My grandfather, Jeremiah Bernard Sullivan, Jr., was General Pershing's driver in WWI. In General Pershing's memoirs, he noted that "Sgt. Sullivan was most resourceful at finding items that were

needed, especially tires for the staffcar". My grandfather married Catherine Garvey, I believe both from Fitchburg Mass about 1915 or so. He passed away in 1964.

By: Kevin Sullivan

Email: spepper@kvnet

726

1845: Sullivans in Niagara

My Great, Great Grandfather was named John J. Sullivan and is believed to have come over to Canada in the height of the Potato famine. He settled in St Catharines Ontario was married to Margarite whose maiden name also was Sullivan. He is believed to have been born in county Kerry but I haven't found that yet. It has always been said that the Irish were ditch diggers, well, John and his son's went one better by working on one of the biggest ditches, the Welland Canal. They all worked as sailors or dock workers. John and his one son Patrick born in 1858 both worked on the 2nd canal as locktenders. Both John, Patrick, and Patrick's son Frank(my grandfather) and my father Victor had at least 7 or more children This is just one part of the Sullivan family. We are vast in number. I am still finding out more each day of the history of this line. If anyone happens to know anything to help me feel free to drop me a line.

By: Patrick Sullivan

Email: psullivan@execulink.com

727

1864: Meifs Mary E. Sullivans prayer Book

When my father passed away, my half sister passed on to me two books and some pictures of lost relatives. One book is dated 1864

and scribe on the front cover Bridget last name not readable. The second book's cover was scribe Meifs Mary E. Sullivan's prayer Book Otonabee, Ontario. I know from reading this site that Jeremiah "Darby" Sullivan and Alice(nee Kelly) came to Canada with their many children in 1825. One of the children's name was Mary. My grandfather was William Gregory McCarthy and my Grandmother was Frances Edna Ryan of Hurley Wis. resettled to Flint, Michigan in the 20's or 30's. How the Sullivans tie into our lineage is a mystery to me. Anyone know anything about the Sullivans of Otonabee?

By: EDNA ROLSTON

Email: utter@webtv.net

728

1888: Killed in Rocklin

the Sullivan siblings in America

By: Julie Hu

Email: johnhu@ccms.ntu.edu.tw

729

1890: First of Five

(1) John Sullivan (d. 1943) moved his wife the former Nora O'Sullivan (d. 1948) from County Cork Ireland to Forge Village MA in 1890 (no inbreeding jokes!!). He was a horsetrainer, she a governess. In America they were factory workers. They had a son (2) Francis (1894-1954) a lawyer whose distinguished career is capped when, as legislative head of the American Legion, he helps to write and pass the G.I. Bill. In the pictures and films of the signing ceremony he can be seen immediately to the left behind Roosevelt. His son (3) Richard (b. 1939) also a lawyer, retired from

the government after spending most of his career at the Department of Commerce. Richard's son (4) Kevin is planning to add (5) another boy Sullivan in OCT '98).

By: Kevin Sullivan

Email:

730

1872: John L. Visits, Shows Belt

my gma grace sullivan (tresham cole) born d.c. dec 17, 1872 told a story about john l sullivan visiting their home when she was a child in staten island or brooklyn, n.y. he held up his championship belt for them to see.... she never said he was a relative, but perhaps he came from the same place??? did he come from county Kerry? her father dennis j. sullivan b eng parents b ireland was 30 on the 1880 census in staten island, he had married frances louisa beach b baltimore parents born va, probably 1870 71...many children incl joseph and louis, fredrick died young in brooklyn. dennis and frances louisa disappear about 1893.....WHERE DID THEY GO?????????where from??? HELP!!!!!!

By: joan rosand

Email: jrosand@webtv.net

731

1998: Sullivan Goes Home

The great great grandson of Denis Sullivan of County Cork and Mary Driscoll of Ireland (exact place unknown) Paul T. Sullivan of Hampton, New Hampshire had the fortune to be the grandson of Michael and Catherine (Monigle) Cantwell of Cork City and Malin Head, Donegal. He was thus able to claim his due citizenship in the

old/new country and has returned to Dublin to seek his fortune.
Will this be the start of a new movement of Sullivan's?

By: Paul (Dad)

Email: dottynpaul@hotmail.com

732

1988: Gigalo O'Sullivan

I being a first generation American was very young when my father realized that yes his father Edward Sullivan was indeed a "gigalo." It was in 1988 that my father James Michael met his older brother Edward O'Sullivan, for the first time. It is apparent that my grandfather was known to impregnate women marry them and then run off only to marry and impregnate another. So in turn I have some cousin over there on the emerald isle. A flamin Eamon and a Fiona. As for my grandfather I never met who is to assume that he was a bad man for running up in all sorts of women. I suppose someday I may come to find I have cousins and relatives all over the world because of the looseness to my grandfathers belt.

By: Kathryn Sullivan

Email: kls215@is7.nyu.edu

733

1820: Kerry O'Sullivan

Im a Tralee O'Sullivan with quite a lot of O'Sullivan history - we've traced back as far as Callinafercy, Killorglin, Co Kerry in 1800s but church records were burned before that so looking for any info

By: micki

Email: michelle.o'sullivan@dgl6.cec.be

735

1998: Connemara Sullivans.

I'm doing some family tree investigations to determine how long my family roots exist in this part of Ireland. I have traced direct lineage back to 1770, and from other families named Sullivan in this region I would estimate that Sullivan's have been here for a couple of centuries previous to this. I am inferring this from the geographical dispersion of existing families and note that none indigineous to this locality have an O' as a prefix to their name. I would be interested in hearing of any comments or suggestions that would extend my knowledge. Thank you.

By: jim sullivan

Email: jsully@tinet.ie

736

1998: We Take Care of Our Own!

In this story I constrained from using some specific information for reasons that I hope will become clear. All my life my grandmother told me "... if nothing else my dear, you must always remember that we take care of our own. When you think there is nothing left, you still have family.". It wasn't until a few months ago that I learned how much she lived her life by this credo. My grandma, Cate, was the middle of nine children born to John and Lizzie Sullivan. When she was 16 she dropped out of school and went to work in a factory to help support the family. In her mid-twenties (which was approaching spinsterhood in those days!) she married my grandfather inspite of her parents adjections. "It was the first time I ever defied my parent, but then I had a husband, so it didn't matter anymore!" Together my grandparent worked through the boom and bust of the 20's&30's, got a house, raised

my aunt, and cared for my granddad's aging mother. Then as my grandmother was approaching her mid-forties her youngest sister had "gotten herself in the family way" and been shipped away. My grandparents decided to adopt the baby. People told her she was crazy. She was too old, my granddad health was not very good, they already had a grown daughter, why would they want to start all over. She would smile and cripticly reply "We take care of our own.". Since only a very few close family members knew who the real mother was, her statement was open to many interpretation. This story was told to me by two different family member's, but it only confirmed what I had always felt down to my bones. I am a Sullivan. Maybe not in name, but in something stronger than words, IN BLOOD! Too many people, that don't know one of my parents is adopted, have told me all my life that just by looking at me they knew I was a Sullivan, or that I have the "Sullivan" laugh or temper. If you have any comments or would just like to say hello you can E-mail me at the address below.

By:

Email: BanSidhe13@aol.com

737

1937: Life after JWN

I was amazed to find the story of John William Navin Sullivan and his reported demise by Time magazine in 1937. I can continue the story and answer speculation as to "raising rosey cheeked children in a London suburb." To my knowledge he had one child, a son named Patrick Evelyn John Sullivan, who was indeed born in a London suburb! JWN was my grandfather, and I'm intreged as to who sent in this story as I've never seen the Time obit, though I do have the obit from The Times newspaper (I believe JWN was

The Times' science correspondent). Please contact me if you have anymore information.

By: John Patrick Sullivan

Email: john.sullivan@bskyb.co.uk

738

1941: San Francisco Doctor: WWII Hero

Dr. James M. Sullivan born May 7 1892 responded to US Army summons after WWII broke out in Europe. A Medic in WWI, he had kept active in the Reserves. Now it was the fall of 1941. He was needed. "Go to the Philippines and convert the Sternberg Hospital into a military one." It was a call and the most difficult decision of his life. He was a family man with a beloved wife, Marguerite, and five growing children. Months later on Corregidor when given the choice by General McArthur to go with him to Australia, he was quoted by a surviving Bataan nurse as saying, "I will stay; the men need me." And they did - as the army retreated before the advancing forces of the Japanese forces, he performed surgery on the wounded without the equipment and sanitary conditions of a hospital operating room. Later, a fellow "Hell-Ship" survivor, Sgt. Sydney Stewart, in his late 20's then, wrote Marguerite and said, "Colonel Sullivan had been injured on the second boat at Takao, Formosa (both cattle ships were carrying surviving prisoners to mainland Japan, and were bombed by US planes). Even with his injuries he did all he could to help the other injured men on the boat.. The doctor would hardly rest at all because he felt he must do all he could for the boys the minute we reached the shore, even administering to the wounded Japanese and they would not even give him so much as a drink of water. .Colonel Sullivan died the second day after we arrived at Moji [Camp Fukuoka, Kyushu] Feb. 1, 1945. He was such a good man. When we arrived there

were 120 of us left. By March there were only 26 of us alive.."
P.S. [Use your discretion whether to add this.] I visited Japan, Hiroshima, Moji, and the city of Fukuoka in 1995 as an act of forgiveness and reconciliation with the Japanese people. Going through the Hiroshima Memorial, my father's death shrank to dwarf size. I went on to Kyushu with my Jesuit priest cousin on my father's side and we prayed at Moji and Fukuoka for all the families and survivors of WWII on both sides of the conflict. On the way to Tokyo, I stayed at a Convent School with which I had ties. One of the Sisters told me after hearing why I came to Japan that her father died at Hiroshima. We embraced. May Peace among people come globally.

By: Joan Therese Sullivan

Email: jtsullivan@batnet.com

740

1998: Where Are The Rest Of Them?

My name is Vicky Lynn (sullivan) Dishman I know Im a Sullivan my birth certificate says so, but i think the rest of my family all disappeared. You see I was born to a Kenneth Lee Sullivan and Phyllis Ann (Sturges) Sullivan on May 1, 1953 at camp Attebury in Edinburg Indiana or at least thats what my birth record says. My Dad disappeared after that and Mother remembers nothing anymore. But this is what I do know

By: Vicky (real)

Email: Vdishman@aol.com

741

1581: Half Breed Liam O'Sullivan: Future Pirate.

The time was fall of 1580 one week after Samhain, the English Soldiers marched into County Cork. On their murderous bloody trail was a house, the woman who's name was Shenian O'Sullivan. The only surviving member of her immediate family she worked hard in the fields. But she was helpless against the soldiers who raped and abused her. (I refuse to go into detail as this part upsets me greatly.) The summer brought along with it's beautiful warm days a beautiful baby boy. She named Liam. She made it a point to never tell her only child of the tragedy that befell his mother, and thus spare him the agony and horror of Elizabeth's soldiers's deeds. The boy was a burden on her for years but her beauty brought her a wonderful husband who was a fisherman. They raised the boy as their own for seven years. One morning the boy was walking through the village. The local drunkard, (incidentally also a sullivan but by a different line) Took the boy aside. And said. "Poor lad, wish your mother my best blessings and let her know that I tried to rush to her aid as soon as I heard but I arrived as the bastards were gettin' there." Curious as all hell. Young Liam asked what the man was talking about. And the Drunkard spilled the whole story. Starting with... "Aye boy your sure old enuf to hear it...." Horrified Liam rushed home, not mentioning a word of it to his parents. But asked his father if he could learn to sail. And spent the next 9 years of his life doing nothing but sailing, fishing, and swordfighting. At the tender age of 16 he convinced a friend (An O'Neil) to take poor O'Neil's fathers boat across the channel to England. The Seas were rough but they soon landed in Wales. And Liam bid his friend a fond farewell. The O'Neil boy never made it back to Ireland. Liam on the other hand made the trek from Wales to London. and in six months lost his accent. One night as he had planned he fell asleep in a tavern. Her majesty's Gaurds Shanghighed him and rushed him on horse to where a ship was waiting for him. They set sail the next day. Liams drunken stupor

that lasted more than 24 hours ended as the ship was casting off for sea. Unlike the others in his place, this was exactly what he wanted. He at 16 was the most experienced sailor aboard. And was made the Captain's Cabin boy within a month. The ship traveled to Spain and then returned to England. Then as she set sail for a trip to Calais' the captain became ill. And that night died in his sleep. Liam told the crew in the morning that the captain's last wish was that the crew enjoy the first night in France together and mourn for the captain by drinking heartily. With that they made Calais within the morning. By 4pm the entire crew was ashore save the First mate and the quartermaster. Liam took the opportunity to steal the captain's jewelry and head into town. Within two hours Liam had 15 men to come with him to the ship. The Frenchmen persuaded by Liam and some gold, And a horrific story brought to life of treachery by the Queen, were more than happy to take the ship. Liam was a very persuasive figure standing 5'10" with bright blue eyes and curly brown hair with red highlights. He was as honest to anyone as their mother was, as far as they were concerned. And so the Frenchmen slaughtered the First mate and Quartermaster and left them on the pier. The newly recommissioned "Shenian O" set sail for the Mediterranean. With a huge lead on anyone who might come after him, Liam set about collecting resources to head for the one place he could do the most damage to her Majesty's undertakings. The Caribbean. little more is known from this point on, but it is rumored that by the time he was 23 he has sunk over 15 of her Majesty's ships. He never mistreated his crew, but I sure wouldn't want to be one of those unlucky enough to survive a sinking of my ship by him. Some say that his ship was the most well fed of all. With fresh meat. But come on. Sullivan's aren't that revengeful, are we?

By: Paul "Spinner" Sullivan

Email: Spinwhip@earthlink.net

742

1920: Lost Sullivan Brother

This was obtained from Riobard O'Dwyer's excellent compilation "Who Were My Ancestors". It confirmed a recollection my late uncle had shortly before his death in 1979, of something the rest of the surviving family had apparently been unaware of. My Grandfather Jeremiah (Jerry) Sullivan, who was born 24 Jan 1877 in Eyeries Parish, County Cork, Ireland, had an older brother, Pat, or Paddy, who was born Feb. 1865 in the same place. The brothers apparently fell out of communication except for a death notice for "Uncle Pat" received by my grandfather's family about 1920. We think "Uncle Pat" was a copper miner and that he settled in the Michigan UP copper country, where he may have been killed in a mining accident there. I don't want to disturb anyone's privacy, but would appreciate any leads on "Uncle Pat" or his descendents and am certainly interested in making contact with living relatives. As the O'Dwyer book states, my grandfather emigrated to Arizona (according to some family accounts at about age 12; some family accounts have it that he was orphaned in a house fire, with Uncle Pat (or possibly others?) having emigrated previously; in any case, no family members accompanied my grandfather to the US) which is where the book leaves off. My grandfather's four children, including my dad, were born in Arizona, with the family finally settling in El Paso, Texas, where my grandfather died in 1948. Several more facts came to light at about the time I was able to get Mr. O'Dwyer's book (late 1970's). My uncle, who died in 1979, thought he remembered seeing a Sullivan female vocalist on the Lawrence Welk Show who was from the Michigan town that Uncle Pat was from -- but he couldn't remember the name of the town. Also, my aunt and uncle, who had just visited Ireland in the late

1970's and were the leads for my getting the O'Dwyer book, met a Bernard O'Sullivan in Eyeries Parish, Castletownbere, who would have been my third cousin and who at that time (late 1970's) spent half the year in Castletownbere and the other half in the Boston, Massachusetts area. I would be interested in making contact with Bernard O'Sullivan if that is still possible (I live in Virginia, where third cousins are not considered distant relatives!) and also in finding out which Michigan town "Uncle Pat" was in, where his grave is, etc. My grandfather was apparently also sponsored into the US (an immigration requirement at the time) by a "Cousin Alice" who had also emigrated from Ireland. I have no leads on her at all and do not even have a last name for her. I've asked a lot of questions here. If anyone can provide any leads I would really appreciate it.

By: Patrick Sullivan

Email: psullivan@aol.com

743

1927: Adversity Is Not a Problem

The S.S. Scythia arrived in Boston on 2 September 1927 with JULIA SULLIVAN (19 years) and ELLIE HEALY (18 years) prepared for a new life in America. Julia's passage was paid for by brother Bart Sullivan of New York City, Ellie's by sister Mary Healy (address unknown). Both were from Castletownbere, Co. Cork and had sailed from Cobh on 26 August 1927. Each are listed on the manifest as 'domestics' with fresh complexion and fair hair, with \$25 in her pocket. First stop the home of Margaret Healy of Charlestown. No further information is known regarding the Healy's, we pray them good fortune. My mother, Julia, was stricken with appendicitis. When surgery was performed her system was weakened by an overdose of ether. Sometime after

her recovery she set out for Butte, Montana to be with an aunt, Nell. (I wish I could remember 'my great' Aunt Nell's last name.) Julia boarded a train, which got trapped by a particularly nasty snow storm and spent 4 days stranded in the Dakotas before rescuers arrived. A diagnosis of tuberculosis followed and ten years in a sanatorium. Her health never quite returned but the spirit remained intact. A few years after marriage to my father, Henry C. Jennings, in Salt Lake City in 1942 a baby boy was stillborn and mother was instructed NOT to have another child as she was not strong enough. She spent eight months in bed to insure the birth of a daughter in 1949. I was named Maryellen after my grandmother Sullivan. By then brothers, John and Patrick (Patty), were also in America. Brother Bart had died before my birth, 'my brother' Uncle John lived in Salt Lake City and the only things I know about Patrick are he enjoyed his bar-time, jumped from airplanes in WWII, loved his infant niece, and died in the early 50s. Another brother, Denis, lived in London with wife Anita and their family. My mother never learned the definition of "no". The only limits she ever experienced were her own, and they were few. She worked hard (ran a 12 unit motel single handed for 10 years), prayed hard (a like faith I've yet to encounter), and possessed an inner peace like no other. Parenting was serious business...and that 5'2" Irish-woman wielded a mean fly-swatter! I was so proud at the age of 8, when I climbed the willow behind the motel and got on the roof. I called and called so that she could see what I had done. So proud! The only time I heard my mother screech... "Maryellen, you get down from there this instant." Not so proud now! She let me go to Brownie camp in the mountains when I was 9, I remember the tears when I came home. "Tears because I'm so glad you're home." she told me. That moment made a lasting impression about what love really is. I cried with her. In May of 1960, the doctor made mother go to the hospital for a "rest".

She would not follow his orders to take it easy, so he insisted. I remember her telling me before she left (more tears), "Remember, honey, the sooner I go the sooner I get to go home." It wasn't until much later, after her funeral, that I realized she hadn't said she would 'come home'. She woke four days into her 'rest' (the day she was to be released), joked with the nurses, ate, prayed, had lunch and asked for a priest to be sent in. She needed to talk to him... upon his arrival she requested that he perform Last Rites. When he was through, she closed her eyes and said thank you. My father and I arrived 45 minutes later to pick her up, completely unaware. I am so proud to be of Sullivan stock. The forbearance, tolerance, and patience; the quick wit, positivity, and willingness to laugh in the face of adversity. The warmth and capacity to love unconditionally. These are all traits I attribute to my mother, Julia SULLIVAN Jennings. Someday I hope to take my daughter, Julia, and son, James to Ireland where we all can see, feel and experience the place and the people that made us possible.

By: Maryellen Hankins

Email: mary_in@webtv.net

906

1905: All I Know

The only Sullivan story I have is the one my maternal grandmother would tell me as a child. She would tell me stories of her growing up in Boston. She would also tell me stories of my famous ancestor who was John L. Sullivan, the boxer, of Boston. He was the first bare knuckle fighter. I also know that when my family left Ireland they went to Canada first before settling in Boston, MA. That is all I really know about my maternal side of the family because we are no longer in contact with them. But if

someone knows or is related to this person maybe they can tell me more about my family lineage. Because he is the only link I know of about my family.

By: Tara

Email: ttwo171@aol.com

907

1998: Sullivan's at Notre Dame

The University of Notre Dame, a bastion of Irish Catholic Culture in the mid-west, is currently home to 62+ Sullivans. 48 of whom are students. This means that one in 215 Notre Dame Students is a Sullivan. My father, John J Sullivan Jr, graduated Notre Dame in '66, and I will graduate in '99. The 131 in my email address indicates that I am the 131st Sullivan at Notre Dame since this naming format was established. There are even two other Michael Patrick Sullivans here. Lam Foisteanac Abu

By: Michael Patrick Sullivan

Email: Michael.P.Sullivan.131@nd.edu

909

1776: Love In Those Days

my mother told me that our great great great grandmother ellen sullivan fell in love with the groomesmans son the family would not have it so they ran of in a carrige and jumped a ship to be together in America. They settled in America I believe a first cousin to General John Sullivan as they always told me we were all related to that clan of Sullivans. Also I read a book a few years about the clans of Ireland and in one of the stories it was noted that 14 of the Sullivans all committed suicide rather than be taken prisoner by the English. I live now in Chicago and have looked up

alot of History on the Sullivans still trying to find out how we are all related to everyone we had a Medal from the Rev. War that was stolen from a Sullivan still have A Civil war medal from them but don't know from which one. We are Sullivans from Greenwich Village New York City and I guess we were there for generations we lived at 274 12th Streetmy grandmother Ellen Sullivan had a brother John and a sister Annie also a younger sister lily died at 17 any info would be appreciated. Noreen

By: Noreen

Email: [cspapperi@aol ,com](mailto:cspapperi@aol.com)

910

1999: Tidewater Virginia Sullivans

The most interesting story in my family is of Richard Maxwell Sullivan of Lancaster Co., VA who refused to fight in the Civil War but was a Privateer. After the war he moved to King George Co., VA where he married Rosella Green. Richard nicknamed "Black Dick" because of his swarthy looks (black Irish?) traded horses and mules. While out on a trading trip his pregnant wife fell through a broken board on the porch and died. Richard came across her funeral procession on his way home and went insane with grief. His surviving three children were farmed out to other family members and he was found months later at Rosella's gravesite, dirty and ragged. He was captured and placed in an insane asylum. His son (my ggfather didn't know what his real birthdate was (he was 7 at his mother's death) so he picked St. Patrick's Day.

By: Diane Covert Broderick

Email: Tracingfam@aol.com

911

1907: John Shack Wins Ecology Award

My great uncle was named John "Shack" O'Sullivan. He was my father's uncle, and my father was born in 1907 when John was already about 30. He was a literary recluse who lived by himself on the bank of the Platte River in Omaha. He lived in a shack, eschewing civilization and studying the flora and fauna there all of his life. He was very hospitable, despite his hermit-like nature, and my father had memories of much ado being made by John involving his silver tea service, whenever anyone came to call on him. He meticulously catalogued all the ecology of the wetlands near the Platte, (and recieved an award for this from, I believe, the governor of Nebraska). His work was truly outstanding-- for instance he had records of the tadpole population going back at least sixty years. He was descended from the O'Sullivan Beares, whose specific story I know very little of as compared to the personal sagas of the O'Flynn branch of my family. [involving such tribulations as, yes, coming to America in steerage; and the razing of the family holdings by the evil landlords.] My father and I shared a common recurring nightmare, unbeknownst to each other until my adulthood, involving a steerage-like environment with people surrounding us who are very ill, as in violent seasickness etc. I sincerely believe that certain Irish people share traits that can only be explained by our racial heritage, whether inherited through some kind of collective memory as in flatworm experiments, or due to some intrinsic traits of the Celts. Unfortunately racist dogmas like the Naazis espoused make reasearch into this idea too politically incorrect to entertain. I feel that it is helpful to our individual mental health to know if we have relatives who exhibit unconventional behaviours that we find ourselves reincarnating; so I am happy we have this site.

By: A.T.O'Flynn

Email: arcadia@nidlink.com

912

1999: Ed Sullivan

we got a computer for Xmas, and Mum decided she wanted to find out about her mother's cousin THE "Ed Sullivan" (as in Ed Sullivan show") this is what we know - the family were O'Sullivan and came from County Kerry Ireland, they left (probably during the famine) to American via England. In England John O'Sullivan got off the family had now dropped the "O") the rest went to America. John's brother (we don't have his name but it could be William) settled, married and had 2 sons we know of, one was Ed (Edward Vincent Sullivan) and the other was William. John meanwhile was married to a Mary Barrie (or Barry - we don't know if she was English or Irish) and had 6 children, one who was Mary Ellen Sullivan (my grandma) if anyone can help with the jigsaw it would be great

By: Lesley

Email: michael_r.knight@Virgin.net

913

1903: To Canada and then to N.Y.C.

My great grandfather arrived in Saint John NB Canada in the very late 1800's when he was 14 years. He became an indentured servant but later became a "full citezen". He had seven sons. i am decended from the youngest who stayed in canada. the rest all went to New York City and Boston. I would be interested in hearing from anyone who is decended from Edward Sullivan of from the south shore of Killarney lake who moved to Saint john NB.

By: Pat Sullivan

Email: pesull@nb.sympatico.ca

914

1859: John Sullivan Weds Julia O'neil

John Sullivan weds Julia O'Neil in St. Mary's RCC Potsdam N'Y Jan 1859 they have 6 children Dan, John , James , Mary , Dennis ,Jeramiha, Then John Died Oswego N.Y. 1867 ? and then Julia Married Con. Buckley And lived in South Colton N.Y. in 1865 John was 45 and Julia was 26 and John was Alein This story is still ongoing as We are looking for John's Brith place and who his parrents are will continue This story as information is gathered Any Help will be appreciated Belive John Came through Canada And settled in The St.Lawerance Valley The Feinen movement invaded Canada in 1867 Agroup of feinen crossed lake Erie in barges and held there position until the Us Cut off supplies and they Surendered Who were these men was John one of them

By: Bill Sullivan

Email: Unionbill@aol.com

915

1845: Timothy Daniel Sullivan in Love

My great-great-grandfather Timothy Daniel Sullivan was best known as a fiery politician, Lord Mayor of Dublin, Member of Parliament, and author of reams of patriotic verse. However he also published the following verse

By: Mark Magner

Email: promo@conservativeforum.org

917

1800: Thomas Sullivan Kicked Out

I don't have much to go on, but my father tells me that my great-great-grandfather Daniel Thomas Sullivan was shipped over to New York at the age of 13 or 14. My father claims that the story passed down says Thomas was kicked out of the family, although we know what happens to stories when they go through enough people. I don't know the year, but it would have been around late 1700's or early 1800's. He started a dairy farm in New York that lasted till my dad was an adult. His son was Hyrum Sullivan and his family called him John L. for whatever reason. Anyway, any information on this would be helpful.

By: Richard Sullivan

Email: edsul@xpressweb.com

918

1895: Sound familiar??

My great-grandfather was born in County Kerry in 1895. By 1900, his parents had brought him to America. My grandmother was born to him in 1925, Mary Dorothy Sullivan. She was one of nine children. her mother's name was Mary, and in 1945 she married John Patrick Campbell, from Wishaw, Scotland. If this sounds familiar let me know. Or if you are a Sullivan from County Kerry, or a Campbell from Wisha, you have a long lost cousin who is looking for you.

By: Heather Mary

Email: gaelicgoddess@innocent.com

919

1835: Lost Sullivans

This is the year my 3rd great grandfather, Henry Sullivan was born somewhere in Tennessee to Jeremiah Sullivan and Mary Elizabeth

Johnson Sullivan. We've not been able to find out where Jeremiah came from or any of the family before him. This particular bunch of Sullivans were and still are farmers. They eventually ended up in Kansas and for the most part have stayed put the past 100 years. Now, I have been told that it is entirely possible my Sullivan family did not originate in Ireland, but England instead. I, for one, don't believe it. Some popular Sullivan names in our family were Thomas, Henry, Joseph, Eliza, Sarah, Robert, Owen and Ada. Through whatever fates there be, I have now made a circle back to the British Isles. I moved here last July from Kansas to marry my husband, a Brit, whom I met via an internet chat room.

By: Nan

Email: nancy@rotherhurst.demon.co.uk

920

1848: Patrick Sullivan, Dunbeg Co. Clare

My grandmother, Sarah Sullivan was the daughter of Michael Sullivan and Bridget Marren. Michael came from Dunbeg Co. Clare and his parents were Patrick Sullivan and Mary McInerny. I would like to know more about Patrick and Mary, I know that they had another son besides Michael, named Luke but would really like to round out this family. Thanks for any help

By: Norma Garvin

Email: agarvin@massed.net

923

1959: Called Sully in Japan

These are my maternal grandparents from Corning, Iowa. They lived on a farm about five miles W. of town and raised beef cattle when I was young, though they had raised dairy cattle, pigs and

chickens along with a great variety of other animals when my mother was a girl. My mother, Kathryn, was the oldest of two girls and the 4th child of seven. Her siblings, older brothers, Leo, George, and Vincent and her sister Margery and her younger brothers, Tom and Edward were all born at home. My mother, Kathryn graduated from High school at the age of 15 and after lying about her age began teaching in a one room school house with all eight grades!!! At the age of 20 she applied to teach school overseas for the American Army dependents. Without knowing a soul she traveled west to San Fransisco to sail to Japan!! There she taught for 6 years, where she came by her nickname of 'Sully' before being transferred to Germany and other parts of the world!! More stories to come !!!

By: Marcus Sullivan Loidolt

Email: mmkl@indy.net

924

1959: Kicked Grampa's Leg

It is hard to remember much about my grandfather (Charles Sullivan) as he died when I was only six years old. I do remember that he would always offer me a piece of hard candy from a jar in the pantry and that he was sometimes a bit on the grumpy side. My most vivid memory of him was when he allowed me and my brother to knock on his wooden leg. The wooden leg was the result of a combination of a circulatory problem and his doctor who refused to treat his leg on a weekend.

Grampa Sullivan worked in a book bindry in Cambridge MA and before that, he was a motorman on a trolley system (probably Cambridge).

By: Paul Sullivan

Email: paul10x@erols.com

925

1968: Where Is My Mother?

My name is Scott Alan Sullivan, at least that's what it was before I was adopted in 1968. I always wonder desperately where I came from although I have always known my real name I only wish I knew my true Sullivan roots. I've read several stories in here but one sticks out. The one about Sullivans love for horses, music and other certain traits, which really boggles my mind because I have a love for all of these things such as horses and my greatest love for the guitar. Because you see I may never know where I gained the talents that I have. I guess I'm writing this in a last ditch effort that some Sullivan out there may know who my mother was that had me May 28 1968 at 3

By: Scott Alan Plunkett

Email: josh5990@webtv.net

926

1920: Kills Chicken Named Mike

My grandfather Lawrence Sullivan Sr. was born poor in Patterson NJ somewhere around 1910. He had seven brothers and sisters. His father's name was William and his mother's name was Leonia Dewilde Sullivan. My grandfather although a city boy was agrarian in nature. At one point in his childhood he was given two chickens which he named Mike and Ike. According to my grandfather, who was a man of very few words, his chickens used to follow him around. One day as my grandfather was passing through a door with his chickens following, he must have had a momentary lapse and he slammed the door, thus killing the

chicken Mike. Ike made it through. Somehow I can't help wondering if I'm the namesake of a chicken...

By: Michael Sullivan

Email: msullivan@bigfoot.com

927

1999: Where the Heck Is Everyone?

Hello all, I'm not really here for a story. I was curious to find my father and grandfather. My father's name is Kevin Patrick Sullivan and I believe he lives in Michigan. My Grandfathers name I do not know but he lives in Riverstick, County of Cork, Ireland. I have a son on the way and would like to share the news. I have not seen either of them since i was 8. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

By: Matthew John Sullivan

Email: Excidiumi@aol.com

928

1898: A Long Journey

This year Daniel Sullivan passed away. He is survived by his Wife Ellen (McQuire) and son John. Daniel and Ellen immigrated from Cork Ireland to Warwick New York. John has gone on to become a carpenter and married Catherine Byron Dwyer. Dennis and Katherine, Catherine's parents are also from Ireland. Dainel and Ellen immigrated from Ireland during the famine. It was a long hard journey and as they landed in New York at Ellis Island, Daniel is said to have kissed the ground and praised the Lord.

By: Hilary Lambert(Sullivan)

Email: helambert@erols.com

929

1812: War of 1812

July 19, 1883 obit from Urbana (Champaign County), Ohio
newspaper Head

By: Don Sullivan

Email: donsulvn@dtc.net

930

1880: Seek Their Fortune

In 1853, in the Parish of Toor, county of Kerry, Ireland, Mary Sullivan (now married to Michael O'Doyle), gives birth to Michael O'Doyle. I do not know this family's story, but I do know that Michael O'Doyle (the son), marries Mary O'Sweeney, born May 22, 1858 in Parish of Toor, County Kerry, Ireland and they travel together to Massachusetts in 1880, to seek their fortune. On October 1, 1881, in Palmer, Mass., they gave birth to their first child, Mary Cecelia O'Doyle, my maternal grandmother. They had 8 more children. One who was called Danny, who lost his leg working on the railroad. He ran away from home and was never to be heard from again. It is thought that he came to California. I believe that they moved to a house on Pleasant Street, but there was a fire and the house burned down, leaving the family destitute. My grandmother, Mary Cecelia O'Doyle, at the age of 12 went to work in a silk factory, in Palmer?, Mass. where she was a weaver of fine silk until she married her husband in 1907. If anyone else can add to this story, I would be most appreciative!

By: Kathleen Scott

Email: kscott1946@hotmail.com

931

1858: Murdered on a riverboat?

My great, great, great grandfather Lawrence T. Sullivan married Anna McCabe in Ottawa Illinois. They moved to East St. Louis Il/ St. Louis Mo where they had four children

By: shar

Email: heblf@uwstout.edu

932

1895: Delivers Kegs of Beer

My granddad Joseph Sullivan was a teamster and owned a delivery wagon and team of horses. Grandma had come to America and was staying with relatives when " A fine cut of a man came to deliver kegs of beer to the barkeep." Grandpa may have come to drop off something but when he left that day he had Grandma's heart. Together they raised five boys and today the descendants are working on the sixth generation. When I see pictures of my cousin's and their families I can't help but think if my Grandparent's had any idea of what a clan they started here in America.

By: Reggie

Email: reg2@msn.com

934

1925: Pioneer Judge Called to Rest

Peter O'Sullivan, first judge of Wallowa County (Oregon) died last Friday night, Sept. 11, 1925, in a hospital in Portland... The body was brought to Enterprise on Monday & funeral services were held Tuesday morning at the undertakers's chapel, and burial was at the Enterprise Catholic Cemetery... Peter O'Sullivan was born in

Ireland in 1841. He came with his parents when a small child to the US and first lived in Vermont, then in Indiana and later in Missouri, where he worked as a young man in a store and was a member of the town council and later mayor of Knobnoster. In 1880, he came west to Oregon to the upper Willowa Valley and took up land south of Enterprise, where he lived for 26 years. His place lay on both sides of the recently built county road which runs from town south. Part of it is now the farm of John D. Laird and part is the Marion Langston farm. Selling his land, Mr. O'Sullivan moved to La Grande in 1906. Later he went to Pendleton and then to central Oregon where he embarked in the sheep business in 1913, when he was past 70 years old. However, he retired shortly thereafter and moved to Portland. In 1868, Mr. O'Sullivan married Mary O'Brian. Mrs. O'Brian passed away while they were living in Enterprise, OR. (This information above was taken from a newspaper clipping probably the Enterprise newspaper. If anyone has any info on Mr. O'Sullivan or Miss O'Brian, please contact me. Thanks.

By: Chuck

Email: magnoliablossom@arkansas.net

935

1990: Jasimer Linus Sullivan

Jasimer Linus Sullivan (b. June 15, 1974) died March 1, 1990, in Underhill, VT, from injuries sustained in a snowmobile accident. He left his parents, David Leo and Ruth Mary (McLane), and 5 siblings, David Jr, Suzanna, Caroline, Winifred, and Nate.

By: S. Brown

Email: Suzanna L Brown@amat.com

936

1999: O'Sullivan in Nova Scotia

I came accross this web site and was amazed by the ammount of history there was recorded on the Sullivan/O'Sullivan clan. My branch of the family came to Canada (Nova Scotia) in the early 1900's from Irland and now span four generations. Most of us are into Bussiness, teachers, contruction workers, cooks, technical engieners. Some of us are into art, as in painting, photography, cartoons, music and video. Even though I am only 19 now, I am experienced in Animation, Interactive Multimedia, Digital imaging, Drawing, Computer repair, music and Video. I plan to make the name O'Sullivan well known in the entertainment industry. It may be difficult, but this is what I enjoy doing and if you make a carrer out of somthing you enjoy, you can not lose. (except if you end up in a tragic farming accident.)

By: Shane O'Sullivan

Email: shane_o19@hotmail.com

938

1850: Sullivan Cherokees

Hey, while I'm at it, does anyone have any information on any of the following people? They are ancestors of mine, but I've got a few blanks here. The help would be greatly appreciated! Here's a quick recap of what my Daddy told me

By: Robin Sullivan Ball

Email: robinsnest.com@worldnet.att.net

940

1602: Munstermen to Ulstermen

According to my family's oral history, that of my father and his father, our anglicised family name is Moyna(Minnagh)and means little. In Irish however it is Muinneach translates as "Man of Munster". We are descended from those people(36 men and 1 woman) who remained in Ulster after Donal Cam's exit to Spain. The clans people of O'Neil gave us the displaced name to protect our ancestors true identity from the Lord Deputy and his his assassins. Sadly my source of information, my father died? in a "house search" in 1977 in our home in Belfast, at the hands of Bath's successors. My mother survives and has all his legends and stories, I hope she'll part with them this year. Grat Site for the Clann gan Parduin. Slan go foill Bhfuil lahm foisteanach abu beannachtai Caoimhin Muinneach, An Cam Nua Eabharc

By: MicIgo O'Suilibheain

Email: inisfillum@aol.com

941

1999: Beara Web Site

hi just to tell you that the[o sullivan back home] are building a web site. on the web site will be the march of o sullivan beara or[beare] all about the beara peninsula , we are developing a walking route from dunboy on beara peninsula home of o sullivan ,to leitrim. and lots more we hope to link to your site if that is ok . we will send a story to print later. web site is <http://www.midnet.ie/beara-tourism/>

By: jim o sullivan

Email: jimandaileen@tinet.ie

Add your own Sullivan story or poem by clicking [HERE!](#)

Sullivan stories, starting 6/9/96. Your new addition is added at the end of this page! Thanks!

Add your own Sullivan story by clicking [HERE!](#)

1905: Two Dead in Rhyolite Shootout

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED PERSONS SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE JOSEPH DONNELLY, EX-OFFICIO CORONER OF THE COUNTY OF NYE, STATE OF NEVADA ON THE 15TH DAY OF DECEMBER 1905 TO INQUIRE INTO THE CAUSE OF DEATH OF J.C. CLAYTON AND JOHN SULLIVAN. HAVING BEEN DULY SWORN ACCORDING TO LAW AND HAVING MADE SUCH INQUISITION AFTER INSPECTING THE BODIES LYING AT THE UNDERTAKERS IN THE SAID TOWN OF RHYOLITE AND HEARING THE TESTIMONY ADDUCED UPON OUR OATHS EACH AND ALL DO SAY THAT WE FIND THE DECEASED WAS NAMED J.C. CLAYTON AND JOHN SULLIVAN AND THAT SAID CLAYTON WAS ABOUT FORTY YEARS AND THAT JOHN SULLIVAN WAS AGED ABOUT THIRTY-TWO YEARS THAT THE SAID DECEASED PERSONS CAME TO THEIR DEATH BY GUN SHOT WOUNDS THAT OF CLAYTON BY SHOT STRIKING INTO THE ABDOMEN ON THE RIGHT SIDE AND PASSING THROUGH THE BODY. THAT THE SAID SHOT WAS FIRED BY JOHN SULLIVAN THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF SAID CLAYTON AND THAT JOHN SULLIVAN RECEIVED A GUN SHOT WOUND FIRED BY THE DECEASED J.C. CLAYTON PENETRATED HIS RIGHT BREAST PASSING THROUGH THE BODY WHICH WAS THE CAUSE OF SAID SULLIVAN'S DEATH AND THAT SAID SHOOTING WHICH WAS THE CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF THE SAID DECEASED PERSONS OCCURRED IN BEVIS (?) AND TURPIN'S SALOON ON MAIN STREET IN THE TOWN OF RHYOLITE,

COUNTY OF NYE, STATE OF NEVADA ON THE 14TH DAY OF
DECEMBER BETWEEN THE HOURS TEN AND ELEVEN O'CLOCK PM
IN THE YEAR 1905.

By: rlm

1902: Nora Born

My mother's name was Hanora(Nora), was born in 1902 and emigrated to the US in 1920 or so. Our family went by the further identifying name of William because of all the Sullivans in the area. Does any of that register or is there some other identifying characteristic that you can think of? I'll ask my sister about any possible Casey connection because I believe I heard that name from my parents. You did a great job with the Sullivan Home page. Hope you keep it up. Any help required?

By: Denis O' Sullivan

1915: Marries Gertrude

My wifes Sullivan line comes from Bantry, Cork Co. Ireland. Her Grandfather Robert Sullivan married Gertrude Kitzmiller on the 9th of June, 1915 in New Castle, Colorado. Has anyone ever submitted to you a Sullivan line with the Surnames Kitzmiller ? I would also like to "subscribe sullivan" and be added to your list.

By: Robert L.

Sun Jun 30 23:35:57

1996

100 BC: Calls Gauls Bombastic

Greek historian DIODORUS SICULUS, V 25-32, on the Celts:
Physically the Gauls are terrifying in appearance, with deep-

sounding and very harsh voices. In conversation they use few words and speak in riddles, for the most part hinting at things and leaving a great deal to be understood. They frequently exaggerate with the aim of extolling themselves and diminishing the status of others. They are boasters and threateners and given to bombastic self-dramatization, and yet they are quick of mind and with good natural ability for learning. They have also lyric poets whom they call Bards. They sing to the accompaniment of instruments resembling lyres, sometimes a eulogy and sometimes a satire. They have also certain philosophers and theologians who are treated with special honour, whom they call Druids. They further make use of seers, thinking them worthy of high praise.

By: Richard L. S.

----- Fri Jul 5 11:56:50

1996

1917: Joseph E. Sullivan dies in the Diamond Mine

Butte, Montana March 22, 1917 That the deceased Joseph E. Sullivan came to his death at the Diamond Mine on the 22nd day of March, 1917 City of Butte, County of Silver Bow, State of Montana. Cause of death, shock from injuries received by falling down a chute from the 9th floor of the 1800 foot level, a distance of about 70 feet. Joseph E. Sullivan aged 38 years, leaving his wife, Mrs. Mary J. Sullivan, and two children, father and mother, two brothers, Edward of Helena and Julian of Spokane; one sister Mrs. W. Sparling of Deming, N.M.; nephew of James and cousin of Alvin Tull of this city, brother in law of George A. Horkan of Forsyth Montana.

By: Daniel J. Sullivan

----- Sat Jul 6 21:57:16 1996

1917: Strongman, Booze Free, Marries Sweetheart

John L. Sullivan, The Great John L., age 50, divorces his wife and marries his schoolboy sweet heart, Kate. During his forties the former Boston Strongboy has pawned his diamond belt, acted in vaudeville, failed in the bar business in both Boston and New York, and having reformed his drinking habits, become a popular temperance lecturer in his late forties. In his mid©fifties Sullivan will buy a farm in Abington, Massachusetts, and become a kind of gentleman philosopher.

By: Dick Meehan

----- Sat Jul 6 22:07:33 1996

1954: Four Harvard Sullivans Reach 50

There are four Sullivans in my father's 1929 Harvard class (of 952 students altogether). In 1954 they reached the age of fifty, plus or minus a year or two. Their bios, self written, are contained in the traditional Harvard alumni "Class Reports." How did they fare? Daniel, a surgeon, had abandoned the Democratic Party in 1947. He was disturbed with the "attempts of Truman and Company to foist socialized medicine upon the American people" and "at the menace and danger of communism. I live in hope that these people may take a more realistic attitude towards the danger of communism in the United States," he said.

Ten years later, in 1964, surgeon Daniel had divorced and seemed to be living an upper class life in Nashua, New Hampshire. His report of that year is a somewhat pompous recitation of

memberships (chief of staff and trustee) and directorships (Indian Head National Bank).

Francis Sullivan had died in 1926, causes unstated.

John Sullivan was a small newspaper owner in Caldwell, New Jersey. By 1964 he had just joined the Coronary Club.

Paul still lived in Dorchester where he had been born. He was an administrator with the Boston Schools. By 1954 he was finding himself within site of another possible goal - that of principal of an elementary high school. His private life was unspectacular but satisfying, centering around a happy ("and permanent") marriage and a modest American home.

By: Dick Meehan

----- Sat Jul 6 22:17:00 1996
1894: Crooked Pol Turns Fifty

The majority of the Irish in Chicago hate Alexander Sullivan, a man as hard as the medieval Sullivan chiefs. but allow themselves nonetheless to be dominated by Sullivan and his friends, a band of five or six hundred unprincipled politicians who are a disgrace to them: "toughs," ward "heelers," gamblers, liquor dealers and thugs, all of whom would leave him tomorrow if he was "thrun down" as a politician..." (according to John Devoy, Chicago political spokesman)

Alexander Sullivan, Chicago lawyer from the society described by Finley Peter Dunne and Maggie of the Streets has a colorful if criminal past that includes two probable politically inspired

murders, a brilliant and beautiful wife who conspires with her husband in his jury fixings and writes books on art and history, and leadership of the Clan-na-Gael which is variously associated with dynamiting British railway stations and running Chicago politics. At age 50, Sullivan is lying low having been suspected of arranging the murder of the beloved Irish community leader Doctor Patrick Cronin, who had attempted to lead a reform group from under Sullivan's control.

By: Dick Meehan

----- Wed Jul 10 13:06:42

1996

1991: An infamous Sullivan

Interesting investigation for you: James Vincent Sullivan originally from Boston MA. Moved to Macon Georgia then to Atlanta and Palm Beach. Don't know where now. Suspected in murder of second wife in Atlanta in 1986? and other mishaps. Never convicted. Article in Spy mag. on him in 1991. Atlanta Constitution (newspaper) has a lot of stuff on him. You could have a vote on if people think he's guilty or not.

By: Seamus

NECROLOGY FROM ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

Thanks to Richard Sullivan for this material. Richard notes that the general suggestion of wild and uncivil conduct may reflect that the articles in the local press may have been aimed to meet the prejudices of the local readership in these predominantly Mormon states. On the other hand, it may also have been that these Sullivans were a rough bunch.

Arizona

1881: Frank Sullivan, formerly of New York, born 1838, marries Pasquala Contreras. They have one daughter. Sullivan will die in the Los Angeles Old Soldiers home of stomach cancer ("bravely, even cheerfully")

1885: Sergeant Sullivan, the actual discoverer of White Hills Gold Mine, a good fellow, generous and brave, a final victim of "the Cup that Cheers". MS684

1895: P. Sullivan of Solomonville, Gila Valley, objects to railroad building through his property so he builds a house on the tracks and moves his family in. According to the Seaport News and Mail, San Deigo January 9, 1895 pp1, Sullivan and his wife are now in jail

My Life and Times, Tom M. Sullivan Jr. Phoenix Books, 1986. Story of a hard drinking roustabout Phoenix Irishman who reformed his ways in his mid thirties and went on to become a prominent Arizona Political Leader, proud father and family man.

1989: Michael J. Sullivan. Found dead in his cabin a stone quarry near Tucson, March 26. Contractor who built Main Library at the University. Arizona Daily Star 3/26/89, pp4.

New Mexico

1879: Sullivan, Thomas; accidentally killed near the gorge of the Galisteo Creek, October 13, 1879.

1881: Sullivan, a farmer, badly beaten and killed. Nov 30, 1881

1883: Sullivan, "Red"; shot by Charles Logan at Mineral Creek, January 1, 1883.

1886: Sullivan, N.B.; a young Cherokee Presbyterian minister, died Monday evening. 1886.

1918 Sullivan, John; made two attempts to kill himself at Albuquerque.

Mark, The Shape of His Head

On Monday, November 27, 1899, Mark Sullivan, a 25 year old senior at Harvard College, presented himself for examination at the Philadelphia office of John L. Capen, M.D. Capen's examination was brief. The young man presented no significant organic problems beyond certain neurasthenic symptoms common among those of the Celtic race, predispositions no doubt aggravated by the strain of upcoming winter examinations and his forthcoming midyear graduation. Capen gave particular attention to the head, the shape and size of its various lobes, in accordance with the specialized principles in which he had been trained. Gently probing with word and eye, squinting at the subtlest movements of the eyes and lips, the doctor allowed his intuition to work freely as he prepared to apply his two hundred year old diagnostic method to this early and significant specimen of 20th century man.

The subject of Capen's examination was the youngest of seven sons born of Irish immigrant parents who had settled some years before on a 50-acre farm in Pennsylvania Quaker country. Though his subject seemed urbane and even sophisticated, Capen correctly perceived that this appearance was a facade only recently acquired. Sullivan's early life had been that of a pre-modern peasant; the family planted potatoes and tended cattle in the manner of their western Irish ancestors. Later in his middle age when his Harvard world collapsed and he began, as men are inclined to do, to seek comfort and wisdom by plowing back into his origins, Sullivan reminisce over those boyhood evenings when his aging father, Cornelius fiddled through his repertoire of Irish folk songs. The memory of one of them could still wrench Sullivan's heart:

Shool, shool, shool a grah, I wish I was on yonder hill. 'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill Till every tear would turn a mill...

Both of the elder Sullivans were shy rural creatures. Their forbearers had been Irish tenant farmers for seven generations in the village of Banteer, a few miles north of Cork City. Back in Ireland Cornelius Sullivan had been a kind of schoolteacher, unaccredited but respected for his knowledge of that traditional sort of knowledge respected in the Irish countryside. The strain of famine and emigration had permanently affected the nerves of his mother, Julia Gleason Sullivan. Or so her son speculated. She was subject to fits of worry over money. She henpecked her sons to get education, whatever the expense. Sullivan once noted that his mother was afflicted with a peculiarly Celtic perversity and waywardness, traits which appeared sporadically in his own character as bouts of whimsical unconventionality; ordinarily rather Victorian in his manner, Sullivan once shocked company by lighting up a corncob pipe while visiting the White House. Once again he was seen wearing a pair of Indian moccasins at the opera.

In 1895, when he was twenty-two, this ruddy-faced young Irish-American had, like most neighboring boys and each of his brothers before him, left the family farm. Of the sons Mark was the bookish one. That distinctive blend of curiosity and reclusiveness frequently found in journalists drew him to the nearby town of West Chester and then to Phoenixville where he made a promising start by purchasing and a small local newspaper, the Phoenixville Republican. The town steel company provided a loan for the purchase.

In those days young engineers came from distant cities to work at the Phoenixville ironworks, a rising young enterprise destined in

the coming decades to provide steel sinews for America's age of industrialization. Like young Sullivan these young engineers took up residence in boardinghouses. Sullivan was impressed by their sophistication and urbanity, their Whitmanesque identification with American muscle and enterprise. One evening the fiancée of one of these technocrats visited the boardinghouse. Hope Cox was her name; she was the daughter of a prominent Cincinnati justice and law school dean, and much above Sullivan's station in life. He watched her as she played "On the Road to Mandalay" on the boardinghouse piano. She was as beautiful as a queen, he thought. She loaned him a novel, "The Damnation of Theron Ware" which he would treasure for the rest of his life. Hope Cox made a project of the dazzled young man. Even forty years later Sullivan's otherwise subdued emotions would flicker to life when he remembered the moving guidance that issued from the lips of Hope Cox. "She did not bother with any correction of my gaucheries, she went to the heart of the matter. She told me that I must go to college, I must go at once, the coming fall, and I must go to Harvard -- no other would do." $\\$Among Sullivan's papers I found a draft of the section of his memoirs describing Hope Cox. In a typical first draft, Sullivan writes: "With Miss Cox personality and cultivation went elevation of background." This awkward sentence was naturally deleted by Sullivan's editor. This was written in the 1930s, after Sullivan had been writing professionally for forty years. Sullivan was not a "natural" writer. Nor was he a good student later at Harvard. Typical grades: History 13, D; Economics 3, D-; English 2, C-.>

Sullivan wrote of this urgent aspiration to his brother, no doubt borrowing phrases from Hope Cox herself. "There is no discounting the value of an education, and the acquaintances and associations formed at a big university. It simply transforms a man.

After those four years are over, he looks at things from a different attitude. He is no longer the same man...." Hope Cox had triggered the process of transformation. Almost at once Sullivan found himself ashamed of his simple country manners, his primitive Catholic religion. Her command that he become "no longer the same man" exiled him from the Quaker country of eastern Pennsylvania to the "enlarged and elevated world" of Harvard University. And now, four years later and a few months before his graduation, his spiritual journey had brought him to the office of Doctor John Capen practitioner of the Moral and Intellectual Science of Phrenology.

Sullivan does not discuss his years at Harvard in his autobiography, "The Education of an American". It is a peculiar gap considering that Harvard was a central experience in his life. For thirty years, until much of his world collapsed around him and he returned once again to the gentle simplicity of the family farm, Sullivan attempted to be everything a Harvard man should be. Perhaps it was because he felt himself so improved by Harvard that he was unable to discuss the matter directly in his memoir, as if for fear of stirring up envy or a sense of loss among those of us who have never attended Harvard. Sullivan was a kindly man; it was always his custom to give cash gifts to his servants and employees in early December, so that they might buy small things for their families.

We can understand that the acquisition of twentieth century urbanity in such a massive dose as to later create national status must have been something of a shock to this peasant farmer's son. The wrenching psychic dislocation is described in a short story which Sullivan wrote in his English class the first winter at Harvard. The story is titled "An Apostate Coward". Its central

character is a 26 year old doctor who opens a practice in the small town of Shellyville (for which we may read Phoenixville.) The doctor has been raised as a Catholic but having decided to start a new life abandons his religion. Seeking company, he begins to attend a weekly meeting of a Christian Evangelical group. There he meets a young woman of progressive character -- not unlike Hope Cox, we assume. He proposes marriage to her. One afternoon a man abruptly knocks on the door of the doctor's office while he is daydreaming and looking out the window; the doctor quickly picks up and pretends to read a medical journal so as not to be caught at this idle, solitary, and shameful activity.

@QUOTA = The visitor opened the door and stood very straight and erect in the doorway. If one should judge by his plain black suit, one would take him for a professional man or man engaged in almost any business in which brain rather than brawn was active. Judging by his cadaverous figure, his thin lips, his sunken sallow cheeks and large restless eyes, one would take him for an ascetic student or priest.

@QUOTA = There was the suspicion of a sneer on his face as he stood in the doorway watching the doctor's back. Had he been able to read the doctor's mind he could not have judged any better the precise moment when the doctor would cease his affectation and turn round to greet him. The visitor anticipated that moment by just a few seconds.

@QUOTA = "Ah Jamie, you're nicely fixed here," he said as he stepped toward the center of the room. "That's a very good copy of Raphael you have there," he resumed hastily as he turned toward a painting on the wall and pretended to scrutinize it long enough to allow his host to recover from the excitement which

had caused him, at the sound of his visitor's voice, to jump half out of his chair and then sink helplessly back again.

@QUOTA = "You here!" exclaimed the doctor.

@QUOTA = The visitor turned and for the first time looked directly at the young man's face. It was a searching look and the young man turned his eyes toward the window to escape it.

The visitor turns is a Jesuit priest from the doctor's home town. The priest is angry. Does the doctor think that he can simply throw aside his religion? He must go back at once to the sacraments. The priest himself has taken over the local parish and will from this day on make a point of monitoring the doctor's religious observances. The young doctor, terrified, begins to cross the street when he sees the priest in town. But it is no good. He cannot live with his fear of the past; he pusillanimously cancels his engagement to the Protestant girl and leaves town. Sullivan might have added, "for Cambridge."

Sullivan's Harvard English instructor annotated the story with heavy criticism. Sullivan's theme, the price of rising above primitive religious fear, seemed to have escaped the instructor. "Though there were dramatic possibilities in the irreconcilable differences in creed", the instructor noted, the fear was inexplicable, unconvincing. "After all, he was not in danger of his life if he left the Church." The story was graded a C.

Sullivan wrote "An Apostate Coward" while living in a Cambridge boardinghouse. His admission to Harvard being conditional, he was not granted the privilege of living in student dormitories. His mediocre grades, mainly C's and D's, were minimally acceptable.

Much as he profited from his experience at Harvard, the University did nothing to provide him with a specific plan for action. There is the suggestion of growing melancholy. What was the identity of this new Mark Sullivan, "no longer the same man"? That sort of guidance he now sought, on the eve of the new century, from the less orthodox wisdom of Doctor Capen.

Today we are inclined to think of the "Moral and Intellectual Science" of phrenology -- the cover sheet of Dr. Capen's typed report on Mark Sullivan describes it thus -- as a comical and faintly dangerous 19th century fad, a geography of the head. And yet a serious presentation of the axioms and techniques of the practice may be found in seven pages of as recent edition as the 1895 Britannica. Of course even a sympathetic reading of this scholarly essay would show that the phrenology's founder, Austrian physician Franz Joseph Gall, was scientifically naive by current standards of laboratory protocol. Gall's furtive teatime mensuration of the bodies of clergymen's daughters, his midnight experimentations with violent criminals -- many carried out in the shadows of disreputable taverns where the doctor employed drink to experimentally fan the rage of psychopathic subjects whom he thought displayed novel skull shapes -- these now strike us as the sort of merry Boswellian adventures that passed dubiously for science in the latter 18th century. Even in those ribald times Gall's theories aroused outrage and criticism among those who preferred moral to naturalistic argument. And yet too strident censure of Gall's theories, then and now, seems curiously weak.

Disregarding, as in all fairness we must, the primitive aspects of Gall's observational technique, or the doubtful reproducibility of the particular correlations and taxonomies which he advanced, we are faced with the fact the doctor offered the world a

concept both novel and durable: that thoughts and feelings can be associated with particular parts of the brain, that they are grounded in the physical world rather than that world of the spirit. The concept, inconceivable before the 18th century, is as up-to-date as this week's Science magazine, in which one will more likely than not find reference to "neurotransmitters" and "receptors" which are said to "cause" neuroanatomical or behavioral changes in man and animals. If we accept the literal truth of these contemporary metaphors we find ourselves admitting that it is only an adjusted chemical version of Dr. Gall's phrenological science that has triumphed in the end.

We can then understand that here in the last days of the nineteenth century this young Harvard graduate, in entering Dr. Capen's office, in seeking solace from a man of science rather than a man of God (that consultation, or rather confrontation, having evidently already occurred in Phoenixville) was departing the world of his parents, a world populated by saints and fairies, and entering the portals of a new domain, a world of physics and chemistry, in which the world of spirit invariably manifested itself in the physical. But this is a world for which there is a price for admission. Depending on one's metaphor, that price may be measured in terms of the timeless pains of a burning hell or in a never-forgotten sequence of secretions within the noradrenergic forebrain projections. It is a new world in which redemption is sought not through intercession of saints and virgins, but through the physical world of Henry Adams' dynamo, or its walnut-sized contemporary equivalent, the benzodiazapine/GABA receptor ionophore complex. Sullivan, in those saturnine late days of November, 1899, was stepping out of the dark cave of archaic understanding, a region where the heart still had its reasons, into the modern world.

But I do not wish to undermine credibility by too strenuously insisting that the reader accept literally the principles of phrenology. Whatever one may now make of phrenology's scientific robustness or fear in the "racist" dangers of its intellectual foundations, Doctor Capen's report, based as it was on a single office visit, was undeniably a shrewd and prophetic piece of counseling to this young man -- or let me now suggest -- to many other Sullivans. Mark Sullivan always kept the report among his most valued possessions.

In accordance with phrenological method, the doctor's examination began with observations of Sullivan's cranium, progressing thereafter to other portions and proportions of the body. Capen's typewritten report, which now may be found in the archives of the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto California, presents findings:

@QUOTA=Craniology

@QUOTA=Your head is a little larger than the average but you have a much greater advantage over the masses in the quality of your brain than you have in its quantity. It is probable that the cortical portion is relatively great and this is what gives the thoughtful tendency.

@QUOTA=Constitution

@QUOTA=It is not one that would commonly be called very strong, and it is sensitive to abuse, but this sensitiveness may be a means of preserving health and prolonging life. You can apply to

practice what you know of hygiene better than if you had a more insensible organization.

@QUOTA=Your head must care for the body and is inclined to do so and this is an indication of reliability in health as well as in other things.

@QUOTA=You are able to do much mental work provided it be agreeable, but you could not well endure the strain of contention or the liability to mortification from failure. Your life should be an active one, but it should be peaceable and agreeable.

@QUOTA=If your brain were a little better nourished you would have greater confidence and if "Your nerves were not so bare" you would not suffer so much from little annoyances.

@QUOTA=You will profit greatly by a good selection of a diet that is nourishing and not too difficult of digestion.

@QUOTA=Your life work is to be of the head, but if you can have some regular exercise in the open air it will be of great advantage to your health, but if you add hard muscular labor to a full day's work of the brain it would be "Burning the candle at both ends."

We find little in what we know of Sullivan to dispute these of Dr. Capen's observations directed at his physiology. The noted sensitivity bordered for Sullivan on a condition of lifelong pain, though we shall see that he progressively succeeded in transforming what might have been a physiological handicap into a strength. Later in life Sullivan would be known as a man needing a good night's sleep. Wherever possible he avoided clocks and alarms because they suggested the necessity for scheduled arising.

The one overtly angry memory that he allows himself to express about his parents is of being awakened in the frigid dawn to bring in the cows. It is as if any sudden crash of the physical world into his tender morning consciousness was difficult for him to bear. He hated telephones and traffic. He favored quiet rooms and he was known to carry out the daily composition of his newspaper column in a deep meditative trance. His relations with others were carefully buffered by Victorian formality and manners. He seemed a gentle, considerate man. His secretary and companion for many years said he never once saw him become angry.

@QUOTA=Temperament

@QUOTA=The Vital motive and the Mental apparatus are in good proportion and the temperament is not badly balanced, though there is a real predominance of the thoughtful over the others. This will therefore be the power by which you will live, though it should not be allowed to greatly outgrow other conditions. You may profit by keeping in mind that Horace Greeley said, "The mind wants a body more than the body wants a mind."

@QUOTA=Intellect

@QUOTA=The intellectual lobe of the brain is large. You think about all that you do. That which some persons would do from impulse you think about. You plan and calculate everything. In this respect you are cool and some who think that they know you will call you "Cold" on that account, but your deliberation does not come so much from a want of earnestness as from a greater degree of thought.

@QUOTA= You criticize yourself and always wish that your work were better done. You may not be strong enough in your style to make an impression, and it may be necessary to cultivate positiveness. It is not in your nature to say as did the Irishman: "I've lost a knife and you stole it; there now is a broad hint for you." But when you are sure of a thing you should teach yourself to say so in a manner that cannot give offence to any honest person and yet in a manner to be understood....

@QUOTA=When you are telling a prosy story you will do well to tell it directly and you may make up for it by making your verses particularly sweet...You have a better command of your pen than of your tongue...

@QUOTA=Some Personalities

@QUOTA=Your great sensitiveness causes you to suffer more from imperfections than you ordinarily enjoy when success is only moderate...

Evidently Sullivan showed those qualities that Thackeray, an English student of Irish ways, once attributed specifically to the native Irish: "shrewd and delicate of perception, observant of society, entering into the feelings of others, and anxious to set them at ease or gratify them". Stock in trade for the good journalist. But like all virtues they have their darker side, for they can be as well described as an excessive tendency toward deference (worrying about the rules too much) an inclination to be too readily affected and intimidated by others and prone to excessive self-criticism.

With respect to humor Dr. Capen continues with a curious observation:

@QUOTA=You have a serious, earnest mind, even your large mirthfulness makes you serious by causing you to be on your guard against doing anything that would be ridiculous. You have a great dislike of being laughed at except when you are sure that you are right.

Capen delicately enters a particularly sensitive zone of the Irish psyche:

@QUOTA=You have a fair degree of intellectual independence. It seems as though you had been cultivating independence and you have made a fair degree of success, but your self-confidence and self-satisfaction come along much more slowly.

@QUOTA=If you had greater confidence you would be better adapted to debate for your own interests. You are ashamed of being too selfish and you will sometimes suffer considerably rather than quarrel, but when you are insulted you have no further sensitiveness and do not lack spirit.

@QUOTA=If you had more "brass" it would be easier for you to succeed, but the variety of success that would be brought about in that manner is not what would now give you satisfaction.

@QUOTA=You are not so likely to have full credit for what you do for others as you would be if you were both more proud and selfish, for then you would give with a flourish that would attract attention, if you gave at all....

@QUOTA=You may not make friends fast, but you keep your good friends well and the few -- more or less -- who love you are not likely to desert you in time of need, partly because you do not call on them when you can avoid doing so....

*** At the first of the year, 1900 Sullivan returned to Harvard to study for the midyear examinations. Knowing as I do so well the geography, both physical and emotional, of Harvard Square, I find it easy to put myself in the place of Mark Sullivan in that winter of 1899, the evening gas lamps catching the first falling flakes of snow on Brattle Street, Sullivan scurrying over the crackling sidewalks back to his room, muffled Christmas songs and the musical laughter of a woman behind brass-knocker doors on the greens and in the brick alleys off Harvard square. Mark Sullivan had achieved his objective, he was no longer the same man that he had been when he left Phoenixville four years before. It should have been an easy spring:

@QUOTA = January 1. Snow in forenoon. First of winter. Read Thackery. Argued Anglo-American alliance with V. Custis.

@QUOTA = January 10. Loafed. In evening made trip to Hyde Park to see Miss K.

@QUOTA = January 15. Went to Hamlet. Weighed 147. Stopped in gym. Bruno came, 2nd bottle Sunset claret borrowed.

@QUOTA = February 10. Kant exam. Sat for photos. Bought shoes. Dinner at Victoria in evening. Carried umbrella down Summer St.

@QUOTA = April 8. Visited Miss Rawson at Bryn Mawr.

@QUOTA = June 25. Paddling at Riverside. Miss J. and Miss Y.
Lunch. Card tricks.

He did not want to leave Harvard to go back to Pennsylvania. Riffing through the Harvard catalogue, he thought how he might remain on in Boston. There were two hundred courses offered at Harvard in 1900 -- one entirely devoted to the Bagdad Caliphate! Sullivan possessed a full measure of Veblen's primitive virtues -- curiosity and craftsmanship. If his academic capacity had been up to it, he could have become a professor. A pleasant fantasy flooded his mind; imagine just staying on at Cambridge, taking every course in the catalogue! The project would take the 50 years. But of course this was silly. He must move on into life. But how? He procrastinated. He was 26 years old. He rationalized his timidity: "If hesitancy about going out into life came to me, who had already had contact with the world, how much more must it come to those younger and less experienced than I."

Boston had marked his character. The city lolled in the melancholy autumn of its golden years, with its tradition of learning and literary excellence, founded on steady enterprise, Puritan thrift, tenacity, qualities that Sullivan admired. Sullivan was drawn to the city, he felt his character was the right match for New England, and he studied its spareness, its understated grace. On Brimmer Street and Beacon Hill and the Back Bay Sullivan sensed the undying vigor and aggressiveness of the Puritan tradition, that "strenuous dominating spirit" that had always strangled doctrines not in agreement with their own. "The Puritan went to church with a bible in one hand, and in the other a musket for hostile Indians," he wrote. He thought about the milder less aggressive spirit of his own Pennsylvania, Quaker mildness and docile

immigrants like his father and mother. He began to make notes on the subject. Mildness -- it was stamped on his character. He worked to graft Puritan virtues onto his Irish peasant root. The effort of synthesizing Irish passivity and fatalism and Puritan aggressiveness was evident in the details of his life, in his developing literary taste. He announced that Sarah Orne Jewetts' *Country of the Pointed Firs* and *Somerville and Ross'* stories of ancestral western Cork *All on the Irish Shore* were the books he would take with him to a desert island.

Harvard had been his salvation. Harvard, in his view, empowered the individual through knowledge. Sullivan illustrated what he thought of as the superior Harvard style in an article he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*. He contrasted imaginary letters of introduction as they might be written for young men from Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The Philadelphia letter described the applicants' genealogy and social connections, the New York letter the applicant's track record as a business hustler. The Boston letter represented Sullivan's ideal: "Permit me to introduce Mr. Jones," it begins, "who graduated with highest honors in classics and political economy at Harvard; he speaks and writes French and German, and if you employ him I am sure that his learning will make his services extremely valuable to you."

Sullivan worked to combine what he was and what he admired in the context of the emerging America of the twentieth century. "America Finding Herself", the title described both his country, and clearly himself. America's new century offered men like himself an opportunity to become figures notable in history. In the nineteenth century a secure and dignified life of the type he wanted would have been beyond reach of a farmer's son. In his father's day in Ireland with hard work and the right connections a

man of Sullivan's temper might at most hope to become a clerk in a great house, a librarian or dancing master or tutor to some distinguished family's son. But Sullivan believed that the twentieth century offered a new social fluidity, a chance for a young man to leap upward in society in a single generation, breaking through class boundaries. To achieve this while maintaining dignity Sullivan saw from the examples of successful businessmen that he had to develop a national marketplace for his own particular palette of talents and inclinations. He set out as best he could to consider his career rationally, in that industrial planning mode that was beginning to capture the early twentieth century American imagination and seemed to be the foundation for and mark of its phenomenal success. He considered his operating assets: his modest analytical and expressive talents; his Harvard degree; geographic mobility; an intense curiosity, an instinct for craftsmanship. He consulted his phrenological profile. These were his raw materials.

What of going to some new area in the West, say a romantic cattle town such as Cheyenne, Wyoming? Perhaps starting a newspaper there? For much of his life Sullivan was subject to an urge to become a publisher; in later years he described these urges as "recurring fits of disquieting ambition for the wrong thing." Now it seemed to him that a place like Cheyenne might grow spectacularly over the years, become a Philadelphia and Boston of the future. He undertook a methodical research program. He sent for copies of small town newspapers. He used his press credentials to secure a free railroad pass. In the summer of 1900 he travelled with the surging tide of a hundred thousand migrants to the end of the B&O line in Fargo, North Dakota. But the west seemed crude, raw, disappointing. His autobiography makes light of the whole venture, remarking in his light self-deprecating way that it

was a good thing he hadn't carried out the Cheyenne newspaper plan, because nothing ever came of the town anyway.

So he returned east. He filed his notes and his feelings. They'd be of use some day. But for now, he had to get on with his life. Indecisive and troubled, he returned to the farm, that "refuge and sanctuary in times of indecision or other disturbance of spirit."

Sullivan slid into a state of mind that "caused me something approaching dismay." We note the cautious "something approaching"; the word "dismay" hangs tenuously, almost off the end of this sentence. Sullivan wishes to be confessional, but he is careful; he does not want to suggest a constitutional melancholy. By the time he wrote his memoirs he had been for years a part of Teddy Roosevelt's robust circle of red-blooded men who believed that one had to overcome shortcomings by vigorous action, least of all by public rumination. But Sullivan, Irish at heart, cannot help but seek relief through expression; plunging on, his memoir leaks more damaging evidence of his weakened mental condition.

"During the month or two after graduating I moped on the farm." We discover from chronological examination of the events in the next few pages that "a month or two" was from mid-June to mid-August, that is, a full two months. He is trying to minimize the time. But are we to believe that Mark Sullivan really "moped" for two whole months?

@QUOTA="Moped" is perhaps too strong a word; while it has been my nature to make a thorough job of discouragement when I was in it, the mood has rarely lasted long.

Why all this waffling, this "month or two," this "perhaps," this "rarely"? Sullivan wants to tell us is that he fell into a profound

depression for two months after he graduated from Harvard. He wants to reveal this, both as a means of relieving himself of that even heavier melancholy that settled on him and prompted his middle-aged memoir. It is that characteristically Irish, perhaps Irish-Catholic, relief that comes from confessional autobiography. It is more than self-indulgent; it has a social value in its narrative of how one at last summoned the elements of character necessary to succeed, to overcome difficulties. Sullivan's later success and achievements might inspire some other young person faced with that perennial melancholy of the recent college graduate. But the confessional impulse, so strong in middle age, struggles here with the self-protective need for secrecy, important to a vulnerable person like Sullivan.

So that summer of 1900 Sullivan goes home to Pennsylvania, dejected, back to the farm. The poverty of the place is embarrassing to a Harvard man (What would Hope Cox think?). His mother wears those faded rag dresses that show too much of her old woman's skin. She stubbornly refuses to use any of the modern furniture that Mark and his brothers have brought home to improve the place; she perversely has it put in the barn. She protests his attempt at an improvement project, a new window which will improve the barn's "architectural balance." Sullivan's aging father snores away the afternoon by the stove on a dirty cushion, clutching an old horse blanket. Exasperated, Sullivan carries the blanket and cushion, along with a broken-legged table and two chairs that his mother refuses to throw away, out into the orchard and burns them. "That Markie is a destructive boy," his father says to his mother, as the two parents watch their son burn their favorite things. In later years the memory of this will cause Sullivan pain.

What is it like for Sullivan back at the farm, the peasant life from which he so badly wanted to escape? His nervous mother, his aging father, his farmboy older brother. He "mopes". His father rambles repetitiously at dinner of his days as a gang laborer on the railroad, the hard years of work necessary to for the down payment on the farm. At dinnertime his mother nervously shuttles between dining room and kitchen, tending to those artificial emergencies and chores that seem always to keep her in that floating condition of maddening nervousness. Why cant she sit down? And Sullivan, sitting miserably with a plate of simple food -- can it once have been his favorite dish. Must he pretend? His dinner unfinished, he watches the patch of unshaven hair on his father's neck as the old man rambles on, voice getting higher each year. Nervously Sullivan anticipates that moment when his father will stop talking and look at him with those pale watery eyes, old man's eyes that say "I was once more the man than you are" or is it only "what do you have to say about that Mark?" At worst.... And then there is brother, whose acid but unspoken thought will be: "Yes, tell us what they think -- at Harvard -- tell us about that, Markie." And his mother will fly up again and flutter out of the room as the tense understandings grow among the men. Or is it all in his imagination?

Fall was coming now; the rain plastered the sad brown hills, and Sullivan had to do something. Desperate, he took a job as a cub reporter with the Philadelphia North American, a once staid paper that had just been bought by a wealthy democrat who used the paper to hack at Pennsylvania's corrupt Republican political machine. The new owner was eager to adopt the sensationally successful Hearst techniques which included use of phtographs. Sullivan was coached on the art of stealing family photographs from parlor mantles of accident victims and assigned put a

stakeout on an aging archbishop; in another loathsome assignment to assist a photographer in obtaining a closeup picture of the mayor's missing right eye socket! The vulgarity of this new style of journalism disgusted him. After a month of it he quit.

Sullivan recognized that his heart was still in Boston, at Harvard. He returned to Cambridge and registered at the Law School.

Sullivan now faced three years of expenses, and he had no money. As an undergraduate he had come to enjoy reading Boston's staid Transcript the articles in which were "so well written and of such elevated standards that almost they might have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly." Accordingly he now put himself to the task of devising a plan to write freelance articles for the newspaper. Sullivan thought long and hard about what might interest the Transcript -- he was keenly aware that an article, to be published, first had to be sold to an editor, and herefore needed a fresh angle pleasing to the reader. The rest of the plan followed logically. Sullivan was able to follow up his original ideas with patient research -- he likened it to detective work. His first Transcript submittal, written in his senior year, 1900, smoothly combined Sullivan's own strongest and freshest feelings with the prejudices of many of the Transcript's most influential Boston readers. Thoroughly researching the Harvard roots of New York's popular governor, Theodore Roosevelt, Sullivan developed a point of view flattering to both Harvard and Roosevelt. Harvard's style had long been maligned in Sullivan's view. The misconception centered on the character of the "true" Harvard man; he was supposed to be rich, bored, indifferent toward achievement or progress, cynical, and above all never to be caught exhibiting any sort of enthusiasm.. In Sullivan's view the character of Theodore Roosevelt demolished this false stereotype. Here was a man who

could not be described without exclamation marks! A man who as an undergraduate had leapt from a second-story window in his nightshirt to control a team of stampeding horses! Who had gone on as New York police commissioner to deal a tough hand with Tammany ruffians! Who had taken San Juan Hill with his "Rough Riders"! Who amused himself on long train trips by reading Lady Gregory's translation of that great Irish hero epic, the Cuchulain! Here among the sons of Harvard was the dynamic Roosevelt, the brilliant "steam engine in trousers," now vice-president to a president whom he had once boldly described as having the backbone of a chocolate éclair!

The article serves as an example of one of the great creative powers of journalism, its capacity to promote a warm relationship between a rough-edged democratic leader and a suspicious but powerful aristocracy.

Other Transcript articles followed this popular opener. Sullivan translated his dislike of the west and his sensitive appreciation for nature into a conservationist defense of the endangered Western buffalo, then being casually slaughtered by the the "wanton ruffians" whom Sullivan had seen -- and disliked -- on his recent exploratory trip. Sullivan had little enthusiasm for the new pioneers: "Your true westerner reverences nothing but utility; he would use his grandmother's tombstone as a doorstep," he wrote.

The success of this conservation theme prompted Sullivan to write other articles calling for the salvation of birds, the protection of whales, the careful nurturing of all the "famished forest folk." Sullivan's whimsical, pointy, first-person travel pieces became a regular fixture in the Transcript, and payments from the paper supported him in Law School and paid expenses for travel.

Sullivan's writing was a chronicle of his own search for a moral order, his conversion from what he now saw as the moral spinelessness of his Irish-Quaker background to the vigor of the urban East. For the Atlantic Monthly under a pseudonym he wrote an article attacking the culture and politics of his home state ("The Ills of Pennsylvania") pointing out the failings of Quaker meekness in contrast to Puritan sternness. "When the Quaker caused the Puritan commonwealth to spread a doctrine which the Puritans didn't like, the Puritan beat him and drove him out; and when the Quaker came meekly back to turn the other cheek, the Puritan hanged him." The article was anonymously written. No doubt Bostonians would have been amused to find such a vigorous defense of New England Puritanism from a young man with the same name as that hero of the Boston Irish working classes, John L. Sullivan. The Atlantic Monthly editor accepted the article, but ran it in October, 1901 under a pseudonym, explaining to Sullivan that the "force of the article would be lost" if readers knew that it had been written by a student. Sullivan was able to repeat this explanation decades later without ever seeing its condescending suggestion. Sullivan was always proud of the article and years later would claim that it was "the first article of political muckraking."

Sullivan went on to finish law school. His subsequent attempt at practicing law in New York were "brief and briefless." But the age of muck-racking journalism had arrived, and Sullivan was able to continue the successful pattern he had established while working his way through law school. In 1904 he was hired by Edward Bok, crusading editor of the Ladies Home Journal, to develop some evidence favoring Bok's defense in a massive retaliatory lawsuit against his magazine brought by the makers of a patent medicine

known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, following Bok's mistaken claim that the popular remedy was laced with morphine.

Newspaper work was a world where hard drinking and personality quirks shortened the careers of many good journalists. Sullivan's sober and balanced ways soon propelled him to the top of magazine journalism. By trial and error, seemingly almost by accident, he had established his pattern. It was a pattern that agreed with his basic temper; "To find a career to which you are adapted by nature, and then to work hard at it, is about as near to a formula for success and happiness as the world provides," he would later write. By nature both gentle and shy, he was nonetheless fascinated by the exercise of power, and he was able to use his native talents -- a gentle but tenacious curiosity, an instinct for story-telling, a steady sense of craftsmanship -- to establish a kind of symbiotic relationship with those rough chieftains who held power in the early twentieth century. From 1904 to the First World War Sullivan rose through a series of editorships in the principle crusading magazines of the day -- The Ladies Home Journal, McClure's, and Collier's, positions which provided him with access and made him useful to men like Teddy Roosevelt and later Herbert Hoover, both of whom would become his friends and idols.

By the late 1930s Sullivan had achieved the trappings of American success; his Washington neighbors were supreme court justices, his wife a Virginia aristocrat, he held honorary degrees from Brown and Dartmouth, he went fishing -- in starched collar and tie -- with the former president. With less urgent matters on his hands, he put his energy into writing self descriptions which he would have send to students who might enquire after biographical information:

@QUOTA=To say that Dr. Sullivan is America's foremost commentator on national politics, is but to repeat the opinion universally held by newspaper men themselves, who feel that he has brought dignity and conscientiousness to their profession, and by the large segment of the American people, running into the millions, who have been reading his Washington letters for years. In the field of political analysis and comment, there is Mark Sullivan -- and the rest.

But this is moving ahead too quickly toward certain problems and crises of Sullivan's middle age, toward the diminished opinion of the man that one feels compelled to render in the end. For by then, in the midst of the Depression, a time when many of his assumptions and attitudes were severely challenged and replaced by New Deal concepts that have held sway since the 1930s, Sullivan, like his friend Herbert Hoover, had fallen into a cranky personal depression marked by attempts at self-justification that are today painful to read. It is the kind of language that has made this type of public figure such an easy target for New Deal critics. "Provocative in its style, Jeffersonian in its principles, factual though anecdotal in its argument, superficial in its analysis, and moralistic in its conclusions," writes historian David Kennedy of Sullivan's early political journalism, which he considers "rooted in an outdated individualism derived from a yearning for an irretrievable past".

But just now, sitting this rainy afternoon in the archives, reading through the flaked pages of Mark Sullivan's personal notebooks from the months after his phrenological examination, I am disinclined to criticize and able to slide backwards into what sounds like a enviably pleasant life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, aa time

when the past seemed inspired and the future hopeful beyond any past dreams. January 1, 1900. He reads Thackeray. Loafs. Trolley to Hyde Park to see Miss K. Talks religion. Whist. Weighs himself, 145. Sees Hamlet and goes on long walks with Bert. Spends money on carfare, shoes, beer.

He is off again, expenses paid by the Transcript In Nova Scotia he walks on late summer afternoons, his sweater on his shoulder, his few belongings on his back, jotting notes in his little book.

@QUOTA=Bet on Yale

@QUOTA=Jews who change their names

@QUOTA=Story based on the fact that woman wants to be loved not for her goodness, nor for gratitude, but because she is beautiful.

@QUOTA=Knife sharpened.

@QUOTA=Write Miss Whitaker.

@QUOTA=I am the slave of thy servant.

@QUOTA=Spat vigorously.

@QUOTA=What has become of the sons of famous men.

@QUOTA=Miss Lydia West.

@QUOTA=Tennis shoes.

@QUOTA=By what devious path I arrived at meeting Marie.

@QUOTA=There was a young man from the west, Who courted a maiden with zest; So hard did he press her, To make her say Yessir, That he broke two cigars in his vest.

@QUOTA=Boston people educated beyond their intellects.

@QUOTA=If an Indian wants a thing, its intrinsic value is a matter quite important to him.

@QUOTA=Molasses and cream sentiment.

@QUOTA=Roosevelt is like Tiberius.

Within the month, his Pennsylvania article will appear on the newsstands. Evenings he stops at hotels, listens to eccentric stories of the locals. The Nova Scotians are notoriously anti-Catholic and a man tells him that Irish house builders leave little compartments next to the chimneys for priests to spy on the common folk. One afternoon he rents a horse and trap and rides out to the summer home of the great inventor, Alexander Graham Bell.

From the village of Baddock and the point of Mr. Bell's peninsula it is eight miles to drive around the head of the bay or a mile and a half to ride across. For the pleasant September afternoon the glimpse of the road, winding among the basalms on the water's edge and up the mountain side, were tempting, and I drove. As I hitched my horse in front of the laboratory I saw three elderly men busy with apparatus just within the door.

Alexander Bell and his distinguished scientist guests are amusing themselves by photographing a kitten dropped onto a pillow to determine how it lands on its feet. The twinkly-eyed inventor receives his unannounced guest cordially, suggesting a dozen plans for his entertainment. That evening after dinner there is the kind of rich conversation of forgotten days. Bell shows his visitor the private telegraph station at which the inventor receives news from the outer world. They listen, and Sullivan hears some news that is very important indeed. President McKinley has been shot, life is fast ebbing, and a messenger has been sent to upper state New York, where the vice-president is on a hiking and hunting trip. Within the week, Theodore Roosevelt will be president of the United States.

Anne

In the summer of 1901 the great inventor Alexander Graham Bell received two visitors at his Nova Scotia vacation home, a retreat to which he periodically retired to escape lawsuits and exercise his interests in aeronautical kites. Both of Bell's visitors were Sullivans, both were children of Irish immigrants raised a few miles apart in County Cork, Ireland. It happened as well that both lived in rented accommodations in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Dana and Cambridge Streets, respectively. As far as I can tell from examination of their papers, they were entirely unacquainted.

The first of these was a young woman named Anne, or Anne Mansfield Sullivan, as she sometimes fancied herself after the whimsical fashion of the time for made-up names. For the past decade Doctor Bell had served as father substitute for this young woman. Fertilized with his wise advice, watered with small financial contributions, Anne had grown from a half-blind poorhouse orphan to a woman whose story could (and did) bring tears to the eyes of the queen of Greece. Bell had grown very fond of Anne. He believed that she possessed an extraordinary native genius for expression and communication, a talent rivalling in some ways his own theoretical and practical contributions to the subject. If Bell's talking machine allowed a child to speak to its mother across the Atlantic Ocean, it had been Annie who had devised, with no more than native instinct, a means of speaking to a human soul entombed securely forever in black silence. It was a feat surely beyond the powers of his clever coils and carbon granules. Bell sometimes wondered whether there wasn't something in the sadness of her story that gave her special powers. She was a vivacious though sometimes sharp witted girl, with a familiar dark streak in her. Scottish born, Bell knew those highland moods,

their alternating blacks and luminescent yellowgreen tones, those bellicose compulsions and devotions. More than once he had risen to her defense when Anne's enemies, real and imaginary, had tried to crush her. He was glad for her company. "I would much prefer to have people despise me as they certainly would if they guessed how full of distrust and contempt my heart is towards my fellow beings," she once wrote to him "I want you to know just how detestable I am. I find people hateful and I hate them." But he had a way of calming her. With him, she would later write, she felt "released, important, communicative." In his presence "all the pent-up resentment within me went out." So it pleased him that she had enjoyed a glorious summer swimming and sunning on his houseboat, sailing the coastal bays, even visiting the great white fleet back in Halifax harbor from war with Spain. Though she was now thirty five, Bell understood how circumstances had secluded her from certain natural aspects of life, and he now sensed in her restless manner and her growing plumpness a vitality, a ripeness which if otherwise unexpressed could go bad on her. He felt she needed a man. But all of this would somehow have to be explained to Helen. Dear little Helen! Would she understand? The second of Bell's visitors was a Sullivan too, a student at Harvard Law School, in his mid-twenties, a cautious young fellow with cornflower-blue eyes and a formal manner that shielded a temperament inclined toward sensitivity. Mark Sullivan's walking tour through Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and visit with the famous inventor had been sponsored by Boston's conservative Evening Transcript. He had arrived at Bells' on September 5, 1901, a few weeks after Anne's departure, stayed with the Bells for a few days -- it was the week that President McKinley was assassinated -- then filed his story of the visit by mail. Boston readers found it in their Evening Transcript of October 12, 1901.

It seems curious that Sullivan mentions nowhere in his dispatch the Bells' previous visitor, Anne Sullivan, his namesake and Cambridge neighbor. Surely Bell had talked about her to the reporter. Surely the two Sullivans had passed on Brattle Street many times during those two or three years. Surely there was no mistaking the two women, Anne and Helen, in and around Harvard Square. But neither Sullivan's papers nor his notebooks or his autobiography or his oddly forgettable 6-volume history of the era, *Our Times*, ever mention the name Anne Sullivan. It is a curious omission because Mark Sullivan had a good nose for a story; here he had a good one indeed, for in the minds of many Americans, especially those who were still inclined toward a more spiritual or humanistic view of the world, a certain scene, repeated each morning at the front door of 76 Dana Street, was nothing short of a miracle. In comparison to Sullivan's other Transcript subjects -- the disappearance of the western buffalo or the sleazy doings in city pool halls -- this daily scene was a triumph of the human spirit over nature's indifference. Or at least it seemed that way to some Bostonians. And yet it is as if that scene, so memorable and easily accessible, has been cut from Sullivan's memory, in much the same way as so many pages have been razored from his notebooks. In much the same way as other Bostonians, those of the better sort, Mark Sullivan had come to ignore, even to dislike, Helen Keller and her teacher.

A pale October morning sun splashes over a young woman, her face a deft stroke of creamy pink, framed in gray, her green wool dress receding in the dark rich shadow of the doorway. Around her waist a dim scumble of lace. White, she thinks, unsure of the color. Pink is her favorite color, she remembers. The color of a baby's cheeks. Has she no right to a favorite color? To enjoy Mr. Sargent's portraits in the library? Just because she is blind?

Now in this pale autumnal sunlight Helen Keller's mind is fresh and softly impressionable. Later her head will be crammed with the jostle and tumble of Homer and Horace, Racine and Schiller and Spencer, debating, declaiming, expostulating in their native tongues. Her brain will ache by evening, trying to remember what they are saying, what her Harvard professors say about what they are saying... But just now in the clarity of the morning Helen Keller strains to detect -- in the musky smell of red and brown leaves wet on the street -- the scent of her own feelings. Aren't feelings like colors? Sometimes she thinks she can catch them, sometimes not. Often she wonders: are they real, are they just undigested bits of Racine? Or imitations of what teacher feels? Or John? But surely she must have her own feelings! Surely she is not a just a copy or extension of her teacher or anyone else. Surely beneath and within, there is a true Helen! Her professors, especially Doctor Copeland, encourage her to think that way. They tell her that she must express her own feelings! Oh, it is so difficult! But she must try.

Helen's feet feel water running through the pipes, the solid tread of Mrs. Crimmins clearing the spoons and egg cups from the table. It will be a few minutes before Anne comes, before they leave for the lecture hall. Time for a moment of literary composition. She feels the sun on her face; her mind struggles at it's tether, loosens, rises, soaring sweeping in the early summer breeze off Boston Harbor up away from the trudge of weary feet on dirty city streets, up now over the blue hills it is summer again, happy green summer, and below in the world she can see green fields that tumble and roll and climb in riotous gladness. Anne and John had liked that phrase. Now she had a new one to add to it. She would recite it to them tonight. It was about canoeing. She had worked

it out in her head. They had been canoeing one evening on King Philips pond, at Wrentham: I cannot, it is true, see the moon climb up the sky behind the pines and steal softly across the heavens, making a shining path for us to follow; but I know she is there, and as I lie back among the pillows and put my hand in the water, I fancy that I feel the shimmer of her garments as she passes. Sometimes a daring little fish slips between my fingers, and often a pond-lily presses shyly against my hand...

That had lots of s's, like her description of sailing that summer in Nova Scotia Bay, those soothing wondrous hours we spent in the shadow of the great, silent, men-of-war. Teacher and John said that the s's were very nice; the ocean sounded a bit like that, soothing wondrous hours spent shadow silent. That had a nice rhythm to it too, the words bobbing like boats in Halifax Harbor. How glorious it had been, sailing! One day there had been a big storm. Doctor Bell had kind hands and wonderful devices. He made a little boat for her. The boat was pulled by a kite. Someday Doctor Bell promised he would invent a kite that could lift a whole church full of people. But not the great battleship, Indiana, largest and finest of the fleet: how exciting that had been. Would it be proper to reuse that little description she had written in her letter to Nina, describing what she felt on board the great ship? That was a feeling. That wouldn't be plagiarism, would it, just because she had written it in a letter? Plagiarism was such a horrible thing. I touched the immense cannon, and felt the places where she had been pierced with shells. On their departure Doctor Bell had told her that Teacher might someday wish to marry. Helen feels Teacher's step approaching on the wood floor behind her; Anne's fingers brush her palm, lightly tickly tapping. Remember, they spell, you have a test this afternoon. The pressure from the fingers is harder on the word test. They don't allow teacher in the building

when she takes her tests. That must hurt Teacher. As if they don't trust her. And something else to worry about, Anne continues to tap on her palm. This afternoon. Another newsman wanted to call on them. Should they see him? What a bother. That last one had been so dull, so stupid and so curious!

Helen remembers how Anne had made such fun of the poor man. And he never knew it! Teacher can be so wicked and so funny! Helen smiles now and the two women step into the street, leaving the warm smells of muffins and eggs for the sharp tingle of cold New England air, a whiff of acid from the factories, the ceaseless tramp of feet on the dirty streets. They walk down Dana Street, hand in hand.

@BIGCAP = That fall of 1901 Helen Keller was beginning her sophomore year at Radcliffe College. The two women, Helen and her teacher Anne, lived in a pleasant rented apartment two blocks off Harvard Square. It had been thirteen years since that afternoon in 1888 in Tuscumbia, Alabama when Anne, an unknown charity graduate of Boston's Perkins School, had thrust Helen's hands into the cool stream of water issuing from the Keller's well, and the little girl had suddenly understood the meaning of water.

For some time after the "miracle", Helen and Anne had lived public lives, adored by wealthy patrons in New York and Boston. But troubled times came with the new century; strikes and riots and Boston, the Athens of America, filling with drunken Irish and pistol-packing Italians and moneygrabbing Jews and not always kindly negroes, overwhelming in their teeming masses the patience and the family trusts and moral ideals of Boston's golden age. And then too for Helen there was another reason for declining support; her teacher Anne Sullivan; the woman's

domineering and edgy belligerence. All of this topped off by that terrible Frost King business, a sad case of plagiarism. After that there had been efforts to separate the two of them, suggestions that Anne's influence on Helen was no longer all for the best. But Helen, increasingly fragile and nervous, had always resisted, and no one, not even her mother, had the heart to force the separation, Anne had stayed with her.

So it was on this bright morning in the autumn of 1901 that Helen, now 21 years of age, was accompanied, as she would be almost every day of her life for the next thirty-five years, by Anne Sullivan. Faintly notorious, half blind herself, Anne was a flawed bottle-glass lens through which sweet Helen "saw" Boston, basking in the gentle autumn of its best century, flustered at the dawn of a new economic and moral order.

Already proficient in Greek, Latin, French, and German, Helen was managing to keep up with her classmates. But she would later confess that behind the girlish cheerfulness that people had come to expect of her there was a growing sad emptiness, sometimes a souring temper, even, in her worst moments, a hint of viciousness. She wondered whether she wanted to forever plough these stony Puritan fields. Excellence, they called it. Sometimes, especially now as the long New England winter nights came on, she wanted to give it all up. Every word, every letter of each day's lectures and reading, Josiah Royce's neo-metaphysics, Werther's sorrows (written in that difficult old German script so difficult for Anne to read to her!) Moliere and Racine, Spencer's Faerie Queen, all those words, words, words that Boston so carefully draped over what it called feelings, must necessarily pass through the sensibilities of a half-blind Irish orphan girl, thence through the tips of her fingers to the palm of deaf-blind Helen.

Six, even eight hours a day. Then too it seemed that neither Boston nor Radcliffe had much patience with Helen's handicaps. Harvard's President Eliot had never troubled to receive them. Radcliffe in its Victorian severity had made little effort to accommodate her special needs, especially during examinations, which in her case were double proctored. As if to suggest a special danger of cheating!

There was the perception that sweet golden-haired Helen, whose gay laughter and eager affection had once brightened the best salons, had fallen beneath her teacher's shadow. Perhaps it was only to be expected; they were a rough people, the Irish, at times almost a medieval pestilence, and it was commonly and at times darkly suspected that Anne Sullivan was a severe mistress, an Irish nun whose impatience and appetite for vengeance drove her to cruel domination of Helen. Anne had little enough respect for Harvard. She often seemed motivated by a blasphemous wish to make the blind Helen see better than the rest, and to prove it with a summa cum laude. It seemed that Anne Sullivan was moved more by a desire for revenge than by charity and goodness, and in thinking back over what they had created in rescuing Anne Sullivan from her dismal past some Bostonians thought with irony that no good deed went unpunished.

Born to be a sweet Southern belle, Helen too sometimes had her doubts about Teacher's grim program. Anne insisted that the work be done to perfection. Nor was it sufficient that Helen graduate with first honors. Helen should put her spare time to use. Let them say that Helen had no thoughts or feelings of her own. Anne -- and Helen, of course -- would show them otherwise. Helen's proper sphere would be the inner world, and Anne saw to it that she developed a controversial talent for expressing what was in it.

So it was fitting, when the days' Greek and the philosophy was done, that Helen should work on writing a book, her autobiography. It would contain special emphasis on Teacher's role in the "miracle." Teacher set goals and assignments and enforced them with an iron will. "I find it a burden, not a pleasure, and at times I HATE it," Helen wrote of this added responsibility to Anne, to become a writer of the first rank.

Expertise was now called for. The two women were joined in the evenings by their neighbor, a sophisticated and threadbare young Harvard English instructor named John Macy. During that fall of 1901 Macy had begun to help them compile some of Helen's undergraduate writing exercises into an extended narration of her life. The collection would appear serialized in Curtis Bok's Ladies Home Journal. the following spring, and be issued as a book the summer of 1902. The title would be *The Story of My Life*, and for the rest of the century it would be recognized as a classic 20th century American autobiography, with its centerpiece scene in which Anne helps Helen discover the meaning of "water". Anne recognized how it improved with retelling. It was an enduring scene exalting the power of language, and it continues to fascinate. In the 1920s the two women, short of money, would make it into a stage act, touring the country with troupes of tap dancers and trained animals, Helen on the vaudeville stage shouting "water, water" under the gaze of her teacher. That same "water" scene would later become the subject of a celebrated play, William Gibson's *The Miracle Worker* and no less than three movies. The author Walker Percy once credited Anne's miracle as the starting point to his personal answer to the mysteries of life.

@BIGCAP = Consider the men, satellites to them. So if Boston's establishment had now abandoned this untamed, fiery, intertwined

couple, Anne and Helen, they had found alternate resources. There is Alexander Graham Bell. Lurking now in the background his personal secretary John Hitz, bearded and eccentric, with whom Anne Sullivan has maintained a flirtatious correspondence for years.

To these we now add John Macy, handsome and brilliant, a Harvard scholar, class of 1899. Mark Sullivan would have known him as editor of both the Harvard Advocate and the Lampoon. Macy's family was from Nantucket, Yankee fishermen long grown lean with the decline of the whale oil markets. John's Harvard friends were cultivated and fashionable young sophisticates who had come of age during the nineties, the mauve decade. They were fond of talking of Beauty and Decay. They cultivated the thirteenth century over the twentieth. If Nature were to be undraped, they preferred it to be by their hands, and certainly not be before the gaze of Science.

Could it have been a matter of discriminating eccentricity that attracted John to this chunky Irish girl fifteen years older than he? Anne was a woman of formidable appetites, growing fat on her own rich cooking. She did not lack any of the "animal spirit" so admired by Professor Santayana. She loved to throw her thick body about, to make huge bonfires and ride wild horses and swim in the lake during thunderstorms. When she wasn't goading Helen she was inclined to drift into a tropical dreamworld. Just now she had a vague plan to go to Cuba, to be a nurse in the Spanish-American War. That fall of 1901 she and Macy and Helen were spending a good deal of time together. Some thought it odd, an expanded version of the famed "Boston marriage" of Helen and Anne. They were becoming, in the dry memory of Helen Howe's

Boston memoir *The Gentle Americans*, "the most extraordinary prefabricated triangle in history."

John Macy knew he was in love. But whom did he love?

He later wrote of them: "Half of Rome believes that Annie Sullivan is just a governess and an interpreter, riding to fame on Helen's genius." The other half believed that Helen is only a puppet, "speaking and reading lines that are fed to her by Annie's genius." In later years John Macy would drink away the evenings brooding about Helen and Anne. There was something fascinating about the two women; something of the odd attraction of twins. Anne's eyes were badly damaged, she suffered when she read Goethe. Something deep and a little strange in John Macy found these things attractive. Anne's fingers dancing in Helen's palm. Anne's tart tongue wagging in Helen's honeyed mouth. Sweet Helen, difficult Anne! He called them Bill and Billy.

It seemed to him that he was in love with the wild and difficult Anne, for there was no doubt that he was caught in the spell of this fiery Irish girl, saucy, droll, alternatively buoyant and black. But then there was Helen, now she could lead him into a secret garden, sweet, southern, perfumed, dark, silent. Was he not in these explorations also winning the most intimate penetration of the dark sweet folds of Helen? At least one cynical Macy cousin thought so. John's professed love for Anne was regarded by the Macy's as "the reverse of petting the calf to get to the cow." It was really Helen that John wanted, they said.

But then, there were times that bland Helen seemed powered by Anne's fiery engine. Who else could write a letter like Anne?

@QUOTA = Dear Heart:

@QUOTA = I was very sorry to say good-by to you yesterday after the pleasant hours we spent together. The sense of being at home comes to me so deeply when I am near you that I am always a little shivery when you leave me, as if the spirit of death shut his wings over me, but the next moment the thought of your love brings a rush of life back into my heart.

@QUOTA = The house seemed very empty to me when I got home in spite of the fact that it held the dearest thing in all the world to me until a couple of months ago -- dear, dear Helen. The evening was very beautiful and I took Mrs. Ferreri and Helen out in the canoe. They talked and I thought. Later after everyone had gone to bed I went out onto the porch to say goodnight to the fragrant, beautiful world lying so quietly under the pines. There was only the sound of one bird talking in his sleep to break the stillness. The lake had lost the glow that earlier in the evening had made it look so alluring and looked white and peaceful in the twilight. Somehow, I feel out of sympathy with the calm loveliness of the night. My heart was hot and impatient. Impatient because the repression and self-effacement of a lifetime -- and my life seems a century long as I look back upon it -- have still not stilled its passionate unrest.

@QUOTA = I sat a long time trying to find a reason for your love for me. How wonderful it is! And how impossible to understand! Love is the very essence of life itself. Reason has nothing to do with it! It is above all things and stronger! For one long moment I gave myself up to the supremest happiness-- the certainty of a love so strong that fate had no dominion over it and in that moment all the shadows of life became beautiful realities.

@QUOTA = Then I groped and stumbles my way back to earth again -- the dreary flat earth where real things are seldom beautiful.

@QUOTA = Dearest -- this is the first letter I have written to you and I am afraid I have said things in it that you will not like. You will say we have no right to test present happiness by harping on possible sorrow. It is because your love is so dear to me beyond all dreams of dearness that I rebel against the obstacles the years have built up between us. But you will not leave off loving me, will you -- not for a long time at least...

@QUOTA = I Kiss you my own John and I love you, I love you, I love you

@QUOTA = Nan July 2, 1902<>

So in the end John asked Anne to marry him. Anne of course turned him down. There was a matter from the past that had not been worked out. There had been another man in the life of Anne Sullivan, and that man was now very much present and a even now he was a danger to Helen's book. So it now fell on John Macy to undertake the peculiar mission of seeking out the man who had first fallen under the charm of the woman who now claimed his love, had indeed been in a sense the author of the whole drama in which John Macy was now involved. If Anne was to marry John, he would first have to deal with this man. So it was that one day in 1902 John Macy boarded the trolley at Harvard Square. It was almost an hour's ride to South Boston in those days, and late in the morning he disembarked at the Perkins Institute. He had an appointment to see its director, Michael Agnagnos.

1956: Dale Sullivan, Canadian Poet

ABIDE

I will abide my age
the impending disaster
of the mindless mass
having outgrown its
own hands and feet
-- another, a friend
hanged himself
from the ceiling beam
last Halloween

I plan nothing more
than to bury myself
alive -- in poems
full of the imminent
disease, the other,
and the desperate
who have forgotten
how to strike first,
before the next meal.

Add your own Sullivan story or poem by clicking [HERE!](#)

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1932: J.W.N. Sullivan "But For the Grace of God" -autobiography

Sullivan rues his lack of success in life in this bittersweet middle-aged memoir. This Irish-born science journalist displays scorching if ephemeral passions for mathematics, Beethoven, and women that keeps the reader going, reminding one of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Toward the end of the book, when we imagine the writer to be in his thirties, he is loafing amongst the European literati, obsessed by a morbid sense of sin and futile daydreams.

I had reached, nevertheless, a state of almost complete inanition. I had become a great dreamer of day-dreams. And the day-dreams were of that peculiarly degenerate and futile species which consists in planning what one would do if one was very rich. I cannot say how this obsession first took hold of me. Perhaps it arises naturally when one reaches a certain level of moral weakness. But I know that I spent days, even weeks, in planning what I would do if I had half a million pounds.

"I suppose that most men, sooner or later, arrive at the stock-taking time of life" Sullivan begins. He has lived through several passions and now finds himself left high and dry at middle age, "a person of certain indubitable limitations, and with certain doubtful capacities." Sullivan attempts to sort through his experiences, in none of which he finds a great deal of satisfaction, in a moving effort to salvage some guidance regarding his place in the universe.

It seems that I am a man without any marked talents. The point of living, for such a man, is not to be found in his work. The real purpose of his life is to be found where most people have found it, in the rearing of a family.

Will JWN go on to marry and raise rosey cheeked children in a London suburb? See 1939.

I had arrived at that time of life when adventure is over and when, further, there is no desire for it. It is not, to begin with, a

peaceful state. One still suffers, occasionally, from undisciplined desires and unjustified hopes. There may even be random attempts to make of life something more moving and coloured than it has become. Perhaps a secret belief in the possibility of miracles may still, for a time, persist. I know that once or twice, during those days of indecision, I came near some kind of rash outbreak. I resisted my growing realisation that the experimental period was over and that, unconscious and haphazard as may actions had been, I had none the less shaped myself and my life, and that no radical changes were now possible. At times I would have welcomed almost any change rather than face that conclusion. But now the feeling of rebellion has grown fainter and I am free to wonder, dispassionately, at the process.

I have thought it well, before coming to a decision, to spend part of my savings on securing the leisure necessary to make some sort of survey of my life. This book is the result. I wanted to write it, and I had an idea that it might help me. Not, of course, to solve the practical problems connected with my future. They, as I have said, are trivial enough. But, having arrived at this point, which I feel is the end of life in the sense that it is the end of growth, I am curious to see whether I can trace any sort of coherent pattern in the process. For I cannot believe that any future that I can anticipate will appreciably modify the significance of what is past. Seeming waste, fruitless suffering, unfulfilled hopes, will none of them receive any meaning from the future that they do not already possess.

Sullivan is the son of a working class man, a strong fierce, rebellious man, of whom his more delicately refined son is both proud and ashamed.

1930: A.M's Poetry

Sullivan, the editor of the business magazine *Duns Review* in the 1930's was a devoted servant of enterprise and industrial enthusiast who arranged to have his poems published by his own magazine. From a selection which includes such unpromising whitmanisms as "Cement Mixer," "Radio Tube," and "The Excavation" I picked a short poem that I like and that seems to me represents a quaint antithesis of our current age of environmentalism:

DYNAMITE

Dynamite,
Crawling into a little hole,
Throws out his chest,
And makes room
For man.

Notwithstanding the quaint anachronism of Sullivan's later poetry (which, good public relations man that he was, he managed to scatter throughout the world's libraries) Sullivan managed in his earlier verse (1929) to capture some feeling that strikes me as close to the Celtic heart:

DAWN

The things that matter are not things at all,
But ghosts who haunt the corridor of dreams,
Weaving a song we shall forget at waking;
They scurry down the dim familiar hall
When Dawn intrudes, and sober Fact blasphemes
And things that do not count demand the making.

1910: Wild Bill Sullivan (1851-1932)

"He killed numerous individuals -- some say as many as fifty, although seldom could anyone name a victim. Others said he was the meanest son-of-a-gun that ever walked the face of the earth, and that he took his grandfather's place as the tyrant of the valley. His mother called him leadproof, the clan called him wild, and his enemies called him everything their imaginative ire could think of. He drank heavily and brawled weeknights as well as on Saturdays, fouling the air with curses and drunken shouts."

--The Sullivans of Sullivan's Hollow

Sullivan's descendants still live in Sullivan's Hollow, Mississippi.

See Wild Bill's father, 1810.

1895: from the Diary of Thomas Russell Sullivan

April 25 1895:

The architects, McKim, Mead, and White, gave a reception this evening in their beautiful Public Library to Abbot and Sargent, the painters, whose decorative work was unveiled for the first time. There were two hundred guests, men and women, forty of whom came over from New York for the night. It was a splendid affair of brilliant jewels and costumes which can never be repeated, for the building now becomes the People's Palace, making further fashionable exclusion there impossible. An orchestra played on the landing of the marble staircase, up and down which the pretty women strolled in all their glory of satin, lace, and diamonds. It

happened to be a very warm night, and through the open windows of the court the fountain flashed and sparkled, throwing its tallest jet almost to the roof....

Sullivan, grandson of General John Sullivan, was a gentleman, playwright, former tutor to Henry Cabot Lodge, something of a dandy and social hanger-on.

1894: Hit by falling brick

My great grandfather, Tim, a Kerry Sullivan who played the fiddle, worked on the building of the Boston Public Library until disabled when struck on the head by a falling brick. My great-grandmother, a Fitzgerald, worked on a janitorial crew evenings at Filenes, cleaned houses on Beacon Hill days, kept a large merry household with borders in Boston's South End. My mother used to cite this as an example of life being a matter of attitude, not comfort and ease.

I remember Nana as a large cheerful woman with a great Irish brogue. When I visited her in her Jamaica Plain three-decker in the 1940s I would be assigned to sleep in the same bed, a single. She snored loudly and had a Big Ben clock that ticked all night. I was about five years old. My first encounter with sleeplessness. She had emigrated from Tralee in the 1870s, never went back to Ireland, never wanted to. She didn't much like priests.

-- Richard Sullivan, Boston.

1892: Dairy of Thomas Russell Sullivan

(Sullivan was the great-grandson of Revolutionary War General John Sullivan, whose reputation was impugned by Henry Cabot Lodge in his Revolutionary War history. Ironically, the General's great-grandson, a schoolmaster turned respectable society dilettante, had been one of Lodge's tutors in the 1850s)

b. Nov. 21, 1849 d. June 28, 1916. Wrote "The Courage of Conviction" 1902, "Boston New and Old" 1912.

December 26. Bitterly cold Christmas weather which always puts me into the best of spirits. H.C. Lodge called. He is here about the vacant United States Senatorship, to which he seems more than likely to be elected. So may it be! We dined together at his mother's, then went to a new play by Pinero -- "May-fair." It is really a translation of an old Sardou comedic, -- "Maison Neuve"; interesting, and fairly well performed. After this, we went round to the Union Club, and talked of "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses" over a hot fire, cigars, and brandy and soda, until 2 A.M.

December 31. Finished to-day the Thackeray paper. So ends "the failing record of the dying year," to quote from that masterpiece of contemporaneous dramatic literature, "The Black Crook." Although I have turned off a fair amount of work in it, old '92 does not close for me in a very enlivening way. My second volume of short stories is done, and will, I hope, appear bound up next June. My long novel is out of the way, still in Alden's hands. But the little glow I felt at the end has passed, and of its future and the verdict upon its future, I have grave doubts. Financially, my life is one from hand to mouth. I save nothing, and work body and soul to keep out of debt -- a woeful struggle! Always there is the

fear of being forced to bury myself in the wilderness, and live on oatmeal there alone. This and other things make a mournful background, while I cut capers and laugh, wholly at ease in the eyes of the world; compelled to say nothing when a New York acquaintance writes me that I am "a prince and enfant gate of Fortune," as one did the other day. Well, I am determined not to complain. Let the big years do their worst, and we shall see how I can bear what they bring! About this journal, I don't know. Sometimes it seems to me an affected conceit, mere posing. The pose is never very high and mighty, and the whole thing is slight, superficial. I have not learned the trick of the depths. Yet, perhaps, some descendant (alas! not of me) may find, long hence, his moments of amusements in it. If so, my time and trouble in writing here will be well repaid. Addio, 1892!

1810: Sullivan in Mississippi

In 1810, Thomas Sullivan arrives at what will later be known as Sullivan's Hollow, in the center of Mississippi, carrying all his possessions and young wife, pregnant with first child. Thomas will eventually sire 21 children and gain a reputation as a fearsome fighter. One of Thomas' fights was said to have lasted a whole day, and ended with the two opponents chewing each others flesh so that their wives had to pry the flesh out of their teeth with jackknives.

Add your own Sullivan story by clicking [HERE!](#)

1809 A Visit to Finin Duibh

From the wife of the third Marquis of Landsdowne on a visit paid to Dereen a few weeks after the death of the last Finin Duibh 1809 :

"At the bottom of a conical hill was McFinninduff's house. He was the representative of the O'Sullivan Mores (sic) (who were princes of this part of Ireland) and had not long been dead. The moment one boat reached the land, all the inhabitants of the bay, who had assembled themselves on some high ground near the shore, began to howl and lament McFinnin and continued to bewail him the whole time we staid and till our boat was well out of sight. The howl is a most vivid and melancholy sound and impresses one with the idea of real sorrow in the people, and as we heard it at Kilmacalogue echoed by the rocks and softened by the distance nothing could be more striking and affecting."

---(From Diary of Louisa Lady Landsdowne, 1809)

It is reported that up to the death of the last Finin Duibh in 1809, his sister staged a competition in his honour for poetry.

1777: Revolution

After some hard times Washington had met his first military successes at Trenton and Princeton, the previous winter of 1776. General John Sullivan from New Hampshire had been with Washington and had fought well and hard at these triumphant moments.

True, Sullivan's military career had not gone uncriticized. Retreats rarely draw glory, and Sullivan's leadership of the agonizing American retreat from Canada in the summer of 1776, if

conducted with bravery and toughness, was a retreat nonetheless. More seriously, Sullivan's forces had been soundly defeated at Long Island in August of 1776, and Sullivan had been captured.

Prior to his exchange and resumption of command under Washington, he had conveyed peace offers from Lord Howe to Congress, which had led to suspicions about his loyalties among some radicals and among others who didn't like him.

Like many men George Washington wisely sought association with others who balanced his own qualities. At his worst Washington could be dour and overcautious and perhaps on that basis found the presence of the vain, mercurial, and sometimes reckless General John Sullivan of New Hampshire a contrast. But there were limits, and when in early March 1777 after passing on various promotions of his senior commanders Washington received a testy letter from Sullivan saying that "thought I never wish to complain I can't help the Disagreeable feeling So common to mankind when they find themselves slighted and Neglected" and begging Washington to tell him his faults so that he might quit the army and "Rid the Continent of an officer who is unworthy to Trust with command." Washington was annoyed. Sullivan's letter was whining in tone. It amounted to blackmail. Washington's reply is perhaps one of history's most memorable, stern and paternal reprimands:

"Morristown 15, March, 1777.

"Do not, my dear General Sullivan, torment yourself any longer with imaginary slights, and involve others in the perplexities you feel on that score. No other officer of rank in the whole army has

so often conceived himself neglected, slighted, and ill treated as you have done, and none I am sure has had less cause than yourself to entertain such ideas. Mere accidents, things which have occurred in the common course of service, have been considered by you as designed affronts. But pray, Sir, in what respect did General Greene's late command at Fort Lee differ from his present command at Baskenridge, or from yours at Chatham? And what kind of separate command had General Putnam at New York? I never heard of any except his commanding there ten days before my arrival from Boston, and one day after I had left it for Haerlem Heights, as senior officer. In like manner at Philadelphia, how did his command there differ from the one he has at Princeton, and wherein does either vary from yours at Chatham? Are thee any peculiar emoluments or honors to be reaped in the one case and not in the other? No. Why, then, these unreasonable, these unjustifiable suspicions? Suspicions which can answer no other end than to poison your own happiness and add vexation to that of others. General Heath, it is true, was ordered to Peekskill, so was General Spencer, by the mere chapter of accidents (being almost in the country), to Providence, to watch the motions of the fleet then hovering in the Sound. What followed after to either or both was more the effect of chance than design.

"Your ideas and mine respecting separate commands have but little analogy. I know of but one separate command, properly so called, and that is in the Northern Department, and General Sullivan, General St. Clair, or any other general officer at Ticonderoga will be considered in no other light, whilst there is a superior officer in the department, than if they were placed at Chatham, Baskenridge, or Princeton. But I have not time to dwell upon subjects of this kind. In quitting it I shall do it with an earnest

exhortation that you will not suffer yourself to be teased with evils that only exist in the imagination, and with slights that have no existence at all, keeping in mind, at the same time, that if distant armies are to be formed there are several gentlemen before you in point of rank who have a right to claim a preference."

Could Washington continue to depend on Sullivan as one of his highest commanders? True, Sullivan had shown initiative; the first battle of the war had been Sullivan's raid on Fort William and Mary near Portsmouth. In Boston in 1776 Sullivan had served well during the siege. Sullivan's dislike of the English was perhaps typical of the Irish and Washington might capitalize on that and did by appointing Sullivan to lead a celebration of Saint Patrick's Day.

Sullivan in Boston; Gates, treat to resign.

But then there had been the debacle at Trenton. Congress had been angrily seeking someone to blame for that. Sullivan had been captured and had returned with messages from the British commander Harve. Susceptible to flattery, mercurial in temper, Sullivan's persistence and loyalty could be questioned. So Washington was in a quandary. He might cut Sullivan off, throw him to the dogs. Sullivan was not a brilliant commander; most of his military learning came from reading books. In that sense he was probably replaceable. But on the other hand Sullivan, better at beginnings than endings, overly sensitive, quick to pout and quit and feel sorry for himself when other men might continue with the task. But the man was spirited, and spirit was in short supply with winter. And if Sullivan himself was short in combat experience, he certainly came from a fighting tradition. Washington knew he needed Sullivan.

1777 had not been an easy year for John Sullivan.. He had been captured at Long Island, seduced by Howe to carrying peace overtures to Congress. Released, he resumed command. The victories at Trenton and Princeton should have gone a long way toward cleaning up any suspicions of his loyalty, competence, and bravery. But it was not that easy.

Days in winter camp made Sullivan restless; he thought too much. Sullivan's stomach had been bothering him. On February 22 John Adams wrote to him complaining that though his constituents were paying for a great army, they were not receiving their money's worth in good news. They didn't even know where the army was. Adams addressed Sullivan: "In truth, my old friend, I wish to hear, more than I do, of the vigilance, activity, enterprise and valor of some of our New England generals." The eighteenth century was well tuned to the subtle insult.

Sullivan could sense Adams' true attitude toward him. To Benjamin Rush, who hated Washington and his generals, whom he considered a band of drunkards, Adams had the previous fall been more blunt on the subject of Sullivan -- he wished that Sullivan had taken the first bullet at Long Island.

Meanwhile there were complaints from various southern gentlemen about the performance of the northern armies. To these, Sullivan responded:

"I have always had an aversion to fighting on paper for I have never yet found a man well versed in that kind of fighting that would practice any other." To Sullivan,

"Southern valor appears to be a composition of boasting and conceit." As for the fighting spirit of Yankees,

"No men fight better or write worse than the Yankees of which this letter will be good evidence."

Arriving back in New Hampshire on a short leave (3/20) to take care of pressing business at home Sullivan found soldiers ordered to Ticonderoga by Washington unequipped with either clothing or arms. His complaints about the condition of arms supplied were answered by accusations that the soldiers and officers were failing to care for what was supplied to them. Meanwhile news from Connecticut that Howe's army, aided by the "neutral gentry" was achieving early successes against the American militia, caused Sullivan to fume against the tory traitors, "ungenerous animals" now "rearing their heads in every part of the continent." Sullivan angrily urged the NH Committee of Safety to rid the country of them..

In early June, (6/2) the British made another attempt to win Sullivan over to the King's cause: "You will be one of the first sacrifices to the resentment and justice of government, your family will be ruined, and you must die with ignominy; or if you should be so happy as to escape, you will drag along a tedious life of poverty, misery, and continual apprehensions in a foreign land," an old Tory friend wrote to him, suggesting that it was not too late for Sullivan to tread back the steps he had already taken and bring New Hampshire back to King and country.

In early June Sullivan received a letter from the gadfly Benjamin Rush complaining that a Major Sullivan under General Sullivan's command had beaten one of Rush's servants, and that Sullivan

was clearly delinquent in not effecting proper punishment. The same day he received a letter from his brother Ebenezer, a British prisoner of war, begging that he use his influence to arrange for his redemption.

On the military front it was a harrowing time for Washington's generals. Howe's forces outnumbered their own, and they continually expected an attack. Many days passed when Sullivan expected that the next day would be the one when he would fall in battle -- gloriously he hoped. But Howe's movements were desultory and apparently indecisive. It was an atmosphere of continuing tension, in which slight disputes were liable to be magnified.

Meanwhile the generals were tracking the movements of the British General Howe, who was expected to attack the outnumbered Americans at any time. Some time in June, Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, and Henry Knox discovered that a Frenchman, Philippe du Coudray, had been appointed major general by Congress -- a foreigner given a superior position to them, who had been carrying the burthen of the resistance. The three generals wrote an angry and to some, disrespectful, letter to Congress complaining of the appointment.

On July 1, Sullivan wrote to Hancock about the rumor of du Coudray's appointment: "If this report be true I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of quitting the service." The next day found him begging Washington's influence to relieve his brother Ebenezer of the "amazing difficulties" attendant on his role as a paroled prisoner of the British.

On July 5 he again threatens to resign in a letter to Washington, explaining that he had been challenged to a duel by a medical officer of lower rank as a result of some argument over medical services. The officer had backed down but Sullivan then came under criticism of his fellow generals for accepting a challenge from an inferior. Sullivan is in a frenzy -- should he accept invitations to duel from everyone? ("I am by no means an enemy to duels; I most sincerely wish that Congress had encouraged instead of prohibiting them.") How should he handle such insults from majors? From sergeants?

On July 7 Congress resolves that the complaint of Sullivan, Greene, and Knox regarding the Frenchman's appointment constitutes "an invasion of the liberties of the people, and indicating a want of confidence in the justice of Congress" -- the generals were invited to either apologize for "so dangerous a tendency" or retire.

Meanwhile he had the day-to-day problems of a restless and half-clothed, barefoot, and inadequately armed body of troops to deal with -- regular desertions, demands for leave, incidents of misbehavior or theft of civilian goods by the soldiers, quarrels and discipline problems among the men, and the constant half-seen shifting of Howe's forces. Two of his men, Brown and Murphy, having been convicted by court martial for stealing civilian goods while drunk and ordered by Washington to be executed, Sullivan received a single pardon to be issued to a man of his choosing at the moment of execution. Sullivan, having at the urging of one of his officers, chose Murphy as the one to be saved, his pardon to be announced after Brown had been executed before the assembled troops; only, at the moment the noose was being placed around Brown's neck, another officer rode up to say that Brown

had been an innocent, albeit drunken bystander to the whole incident... In early August, Sullivan is overcome with bleeding ulcers and writes to Washington:

Hanover August 7th, 1777

Dear General

I Joined my Division Three Days Since but am Exceeding weak & what is Still more afflicting I am Extremely apprehensive that I shall never perfectly Recover Doctr Jones says that my Excessive Fatigue has So much Injured The whole nervous System that nothing but a Long Continuation of the Cold Bath accompanied with a Strict Regimen can Restore me to a perfect State of Health -- all Solid Food & all Drink Except water must be abstained from. Spirits I must never again use but with the greatest Caution (if at all) as he Conceives that the free use of them has in great measure assisted in bringing on my Complaint & if continued will always have the Same Effect. This being the fourth time I have Bled he apprehends That the Bleeding has almost become habitual & will (if not prevented in the above mentioned manner) prove Fatal. I will however do all in my power to perform my Duty in the Division So Long as my new mode of Living will afford me strength sufficient for the purpose --

In August, Sullivan was troubled with insubordination from one of his officers on the one hand, Sullivan's rebuke to the officer was so severe that the officer deserted to the British and complaints from Washington's staff that he wasn't filing proper reports of his troop strength. Meanwhile Sullivan's published remarks vaguely impugned the loyalty of General St. Claire, who had withdrawn his troops from Ticonderoga in July, resulted in a demand from St.

Claire for a "clarification" of the strong suggestion that satisfaction would be demanded in the absence of such an explanation -- "it is therefore left to yourself to explain, and that Explanation, whatever it is, I expect you will be good enough to send me by the Bearer. The Gentlemen is one of my Aids de Camp and will wait for it."

The August 22 raid was very much in the Sullivan style -- daring, but energetic, but not successful, with 25 American casualties and over a hundred of the raiders captured. Though Sullivan's troops killed or wounded many of the British troops and Tory sympathizers, troop discipline was poor and many were trapped on the island as a result of confusion over the timing and location of boats meant to carry them back to New Jersey.

Though Washington generally approved of the raid, he consented to Congressional demands that an inquiry into Sullivan's conduct be made, though Washington, needing Sullivan's services in the upcoming confrontation with Howe's army, which was moving toward Philadelphia.

Thursday, September 11, found Sullivan commanding the right wing of Washington's forces. Confused or faulty intelligence resulted in Howe's troops outflanking the Americans, and the collapse of Sullivan's part of the line. Sullivan, unable to rally his men, joined the adjacent division where his horse was shot out from under him and, according to one officer "his uniform bravery, coolness, and intrepidity, both in the heat of battle, rallying and forming the troops when broke from their ranks, appeared to me to be truly consistent with, or rather exceeded, any idea I had ever of the greatest soldier." Others, especially North Carolina's Thomas Burke, accused Sullivan's blundering as being the cause of

the loss of the battle. The defeat occurred at a time when Congress was growing impatient with the performance of Washington's army, and Sullivan was suspended from the army. For many months afterwards, he found himself dealing with depositions and criticism and hearings. From all of these he was ultimately acquitted, and he continued to serve Washington subsequently in...

1991: Colleen, Suicide

Colleen M. Sullivan, a former executive editor of Manhattan, Inc., who also held editing positions at several newspapers, including the New York Times, was found dead Thursday in a motel room in West Hollywood. She was forty.

-- San Francisco Chronicle obituaries, February 20, 1991

I had come across Colleen's name before; I remembered reading someplace that she was from Butte, or her family was. I had a hunch that she would be an interesting case, that she wouldn't mind my looking into the circumstances of her death. And I was right.

"She was in a lot of ways very evasive," said one of her teaching associates. Even her best friend, a former student and practicing journalist for the Gainesville paper, didn't know her very well. "You'd see her and then not see her for weeks," she told me. Colleen had told her that once she had locked herself in her apartment for two months, having her food delivered. Later I was told that her father was from Montana, that he owned some radio stations there, that he had made a lot of money. "The whole family is in big money," one of her colleagues told me, but others said that it was more a matter of unusual talent and brains; but these kinds of stories were a little vague and everyone agreed that Colleen kept a lot of things to herself, so who knows.

"Drugs," said a woman friend when I showed her the first paragraph of the obit. Then she added "Never had any children. Colleen was out to prove something, and she couldn't do it."

She didn't get on well with her mother, who now owned a business in Seattle; she had a theory that her mother had ruined her father's life,, but then there was friction with the father, too, though it was Colleen who took him in for a month after he had some heart surgery. Her father was the most brilliant man in the world, Colleen told her friends; she loved him, but then they weren't very close, either; it seemed that Colleen never called or went back to family on holidays. There were fights too with her three brothers, one of them she hadn't talked to since 1982; but she was close to Steve, a musician-writer, age 32.

Her itinerary had been Butte-Seattle-New York-Gainsville-West Hollywood. She was born in Seattle in 1950, graduated from NYU and received a law degree from Fordham University in 1976. Somewhere along the line she had a brief youthful marriage.

After I read the obituary I went out and bought one of her books, *The Woman's Health Cookbook*, "Sound advice for living without PMS, stress, depression, hypoglycemia, and fatigue." Co-authored with a woman named Lis Bensley, also formerly of the *New York Times*. The premise of the book is that many women suffer. The suffering is exhibited and measured in terms of irritability, depression, mood disturbances. The cause of the suffering is metabolism and the cure an adjustment of diet.. After discussing these problems and presenting advice on avoiding addictive substances such as salt, caffeine, alcohol, the book presents recipes minimizing refined sugar, suggests lots of rough carbs.

I just interrupted piece to call her coauthor, Lis Bensley, in New York. I felt a little funny about this, calling someone about a friend who died, but I reminded myself that my aims were certainly

sympathetic, that I was really interested in making some positive sense out of something that most people might dismiss as an aberration.

Lis Bensley was painting a closet and her kids were yelling in the background when I called but she took a few minutes to talk. She said that after law school Colleen went to business school. Then she worked for the Times and started to write books about investing. High Risk, High Reward Investing, 1982, was her first followed by another on money market funds the following year. She got interested in woman's health problems and ghosted a book on PMS with a doctor who was trying to establish a network of specialty clinics based on the PMS syndrome. During the eighties -- her 30s -- Colleen held a couple of New York magazine editorships. She had connections in the fast moving New York magazine world, friends at Spy. She had been involved in the national launch of Manhattan, inc, and served as editor for that magazine for a year in 1986. Even at the top she felt unstable, impermanent. She told a friend later that her favorite article in Manhattan, inc was the 1984 story of a woman journalist who decided that she had done what she could do, and then carefully orchestrated her death. She recommended it to anyone who wanted to make it to the top. She wrote a book titled High Rolling and another on the Disney takeover, Project Fantasy, another on Vatican intrigues, another on insider trading. "Colleen was very bright" Lis told me. "Always full of ideas. Too bright for her own good sometimes. The whole family is like that."

Colleen's interests were evidently focussed on risks, crashes, scandals, highs and lows, both financial and personal. One imagines that these interests and her literary productions were in some

sense a reflection of the extreme terrains of her internal geography.

In 1986, age 36, she took off for Florida to teach journalism at Gainesville, supported on a Gannett Distinguished Visiting Professor of Journalism. When she arrived in Florida she weighed 200 pounds; when she died she weighed 120. The Florida move was what one might have expected. "She was running away from her life in New York," a friend told me. "Colleen was a small town girl." At Florida she taught magazine journalism courses. She had no tolerance for spoiled, indifferent, conservative, or stupid students, and made it clear to everyone that she thought that Florida had more than its share of those. But she would do anything for those she liked, those who put themselves in her hands. She'd plan their lives for them. For them, it seemed that she was on top of the world, in complete control. But on the whole she taught that Florida had been a step down from New York, that she was on the skids. "Andy, bag lady" she told one of her friends. She was not a good money manager and had serious indebtedness. Many of her students hated her.

Her recent articles listed in Reader's Guide were all on the subject of woman's hair styling. Return of the Flip: a Favorite Sixties Hairstyle Makes a Comeback. Another: Talking Heads: Over Forty and Sensational, Harpers Bazaar, August 1990. It seems her interests were getting menopausal, or perhaps she was just working a formula for the money. A friend said that most of her recent writing had been just for income, though she also had an interest in Fifth Amendment issues and had been active legal research on the subject of obscenity in rap. Her view was that rap was a kind of legitimate language with its own origins and that it

wasn't the prerogative of white people to decide that it was a bad influence on the public.

Lis said she'd put me in touch with someone in the family. I don't know whether I'll pursue that or not. But Colleen herself would no doubt approve. "Suicide, like bizarre murders and the sex lives of celebrities, holds a morbid fascination for even the most civilized among us," she wrote in a full chapter on suicide in her 1983 book on PMS.

I had a theory, based on how she had come to focus on the temporal, even physical sufferings which she captured under the rubric of PMS, that Colleen she would see suicide as a relief from the pain of life. But now I saw a different pattern; Tempting fate, like moths that fly too near a flame, is as deliberate a contest for some as a chess match. At stake is not an intricately carved knight, nor a queen, nor a king, but oneself Colleen was a player, a chaser of the impossible dream, and for her suicide was not so much a means of relief from the pain which any player pays for his or her highs, but a new and ultimately thrilling game in itself. Suicide was playing for the highest stakes of all. If the prize is oblivion, there is in even that a kind of unmatched cool and final purity, when the suicide can say like, Sylvia Plath to a lover:

I am too pure for you or anyone, Your body Hurts me as the world hurts God. I don't know whether a chapter on suicide is what one might expect in a book about PMS. Perhaps it's my ignorance of a woman's view of life that makes it seem so startlingly out of place. (After all those mens' jokes about womans' periods, can it really be that serious?) I couldn't help but feel, though, that Colleen was signalling a move when she headed the chapter with a

quote by Dostoevsky: "Forty is deep old age. It's indecent, vulgar, and immoral to live beyond forty."