



The Archives of Let's Talk Dusty!

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Author

Topic

goin back

Little by little
★

United Kingdom
519 Posts

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 01:12:14

Thought I'd just put this in somewhere... the family motto seemed appropriate! 😊



Clan: O'Brien

Origin: Irish

Coat of Arms: Red with three lions, front half gold, back half silver.

Crest: An arm holding a sword, issuing from a cloud.

Motto: Lámh láidir in Uachtar.

Motto Translated: The strong hand uppermost.

First found: County Clare.

Kathy

Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★



Australia
6508 Posts

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 03:16:15

How appropriate for Dusty that the lions on the coat of arms appear in two halves, ie silver and gold. Silver for Mary O'Brien and Gold for Dusty Springfield.

XX
Kathy



daydreamer

Moderator
★★★★★

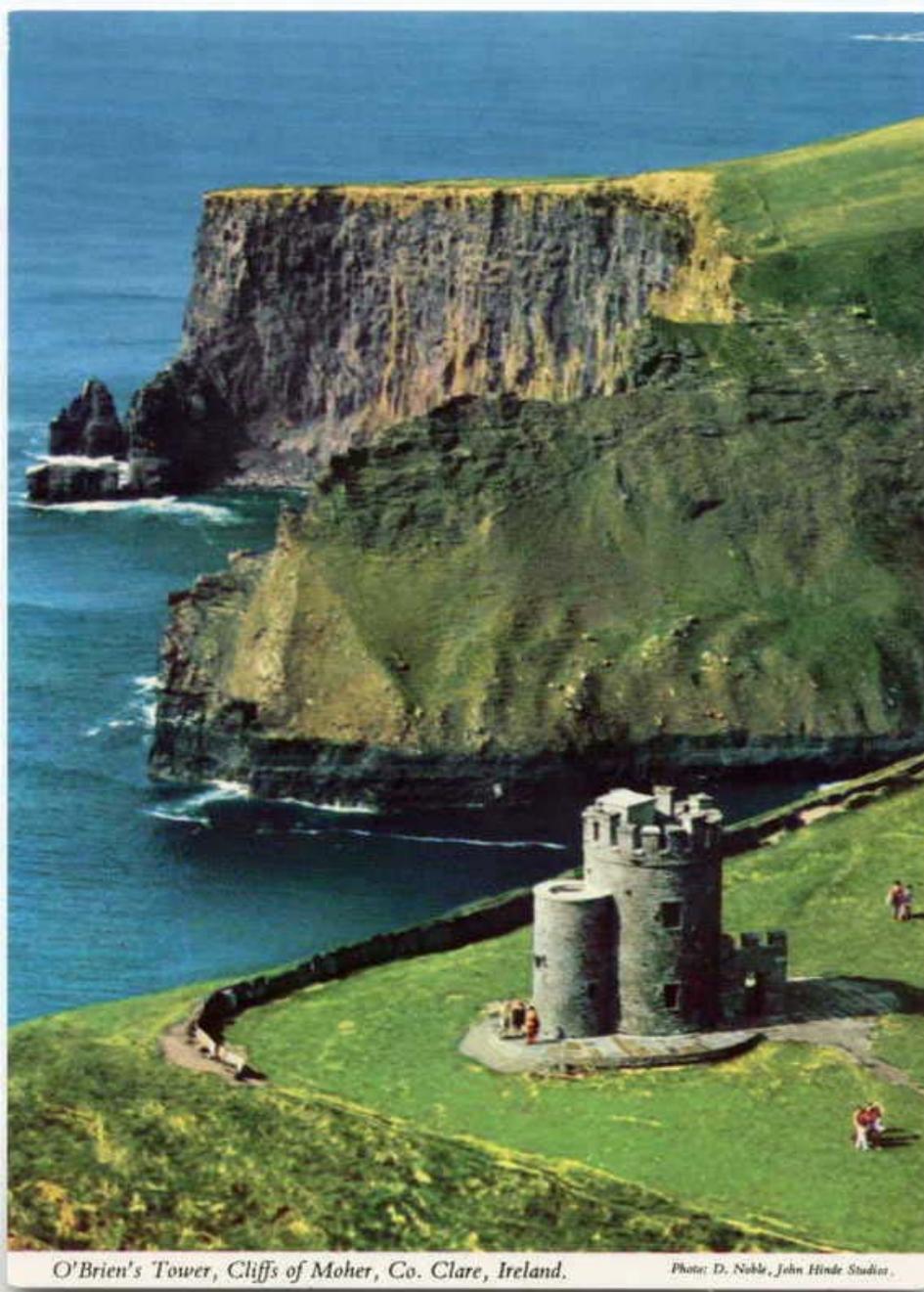


Posted - 31/03/2007 : 15:09:51

The tower that is said to have first drawn Dusty to The Cliffs of Moher



United Kingdom
5404 Posts



O'Brien's Tower, Cliffs of Moher, Co. Clare, Ireland.

Photo: D. Noble, John Hinde Studios.

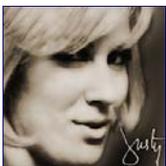
Carole x



Corinna
Forum Admin
★★★★★

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 15:28:01

Incredibly beautiful landscape! So there is a real O'Brien family connection then? I thought it was a very common Irish name. Enlighten me, someone.



Cor xx



Sweden
6080 Posts

daydreamer
Moderator
★★★★★

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 16:29:31

All I can tell you is that the tower was built by Cornelius O'Brien in 1835, at least that's what it says on the back of the postcard 😊 As Dusty had (has) relatives in that part of Ireland, who knows, he could be in her family tree.



Carole x



United Kingdom
5404 Posts

dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 17:19:25



Australia
5805 Posts

quote:

Originally posted by goin back

Thought I'd just put this in somewhere... the family motto seemed appropriate! 😊

First found: County Clare.

Hell yeah 😊 Thanks for that!

Clare xoxo

"It's marvellous to be popular, but foolish to think it will last..."

daydreamer
Moderator
★★★★★

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 18:04:21



United Kingdom
5404 Posts

Should anyone fancy doing a little research... 😊

Irish Family Names: O'Brien (O Briain).
Author: O hOgain, Daithi.

Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2003. 64 pages. Illustrated. Hardback.

Discover the rich history that lies behind the family name O'Brien, in this meticulously researched and beautifully illustrated guide.

A section on genealogy provides all you need to know to get started on tracing your family tree.

Take a look at famous bearers of the O'Brien name, including the American television presenter Conan O'Brien, the celebrated novelist Edna O'Brien and the singer Mary O'Brien, better known as Dusty Springfield.

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BRIAN'S SUCCESSORS
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PICTURE CREDITS

ISBN: 0717135543

<http://www.bibliofireland.com/3344/irish-family-names-obrien-o-briain/>

Carole x

Since you went away, I've been hanging around...

Edited by - daydreamer on 31/03/2007 18:04:49

daydreamer
Moderator
★★★★★

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 18:35:10



United Kingdom
5404 Posts

Not a new story but it fits in with the thread and of course, it may be new to some folk.

I swam with Dusty the dolphin

By Oliver Bennett, Daily Mail

Three years ago we were on a summer holiday in County Clare, Ireland, and one of our party said: 'There's a dolphin that's appeared off the coast near Fanore and bathers are going in with her. Shall we go?'

We drove from our base in pretty Ballyvaughan along the coastal road that hugs the huge limestone outcrop

known as the Burren, and looked out at the grey Atlantic. You'd hardly dare fish in it, let alone swim. Beyond the battered shore, the Aran Islands loomed in the distance.

Uninviting - but then again, swimming with dolphins is one of those life-goal achievements that is supposed to bring you everlasting joy.

Last year, a BBC survey for the programme 50 Things To Do Before You Die placed it top of the list. Apparently, the experience could alleviate depression, autism, headaches - you name it. We had to give it a go.

We pulled up outside one of those stretch bungalows in which the Irish specialise, climbed over a stone stile and walked down to a little rocky inlet.

This was the dolphin's stretch of water and immediately we spotted one of these wonderful creatures gambolling away with seven swimmers in wetsuits.

We got in. A few swam out to greet it, but the dolphin was obliging enough to come in to swim with those who didn't want to be out of their depth. People such as me. You'd be paddling around, water up to your hips, and suddenly an enormous grey torpedo would be grating against your legs.

In Ballyvaughan's warm Monks pub afterwards, we talked about the sentiments that seemed to be invested in dolphins. Was it that toothy smile, or the feeling that sociable dolphins genuinely seemed to enjoy the company of humans, or the uplifting hint of species cooperation?

Certainly, it left me feeling elevated, although I wasn't sure it had cured my dandruff or whatever it is that dolphins allegedly can do.

My daughter Matilda was hooked. The remainder of the holiday was taken up with single-minded cetacean swimming to the point of boredom - tinged with panic. Every so often I'd look out at the metallic sea to spot my offspring 100 yards out between a choppy wave and a vast dolphin tail.

As the days went on, we became aware of a hard core of dolphin aficionados. One was a German woman called Ute, a banker from Frankfurt, whose leisure time was taken up with dolphin swimming.

The local press had also turned its attentions to the tourist trade that the dolphin was encouraging. They didn't want it to become another Dingle Bay, where a famous old trouper called Fungi supports a dolphin industry.

Also, the Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society had pinned a warning notice and a name - Fainne - to the stile, and the farmer had become fed up with grockles rambling over his thin stretch of land between the road and the sea.

Meanwhile, Matilda had done her own research. The dolphin, she insisted, was not called Fainne or even Mara, as others had it, but was known as Dusty.

This was after Dusty Springfield, whose ashes had been scattered into the sea at the nearby Cliffs of Moher, suggesting to the romantically-inclined that she was the reincarnation of the London-Irish chanteuse. Well, it was as good a story as any.

That holiday ended but the pestering remained. Last summer, we went back. Things had changed somewhat. The dolphin was still there, but there'd been a huge local furore about the tourism that she had lured.

Double-yellow lines had been painted outside the bungalow. Fierce notices had been pinned by the landowner, warning of action against trespassers.

We managed - no doubt to the chagrin of the farmer and the locals - to find a tight parking spot. The problems hadn't put off the swimmers. If anything, there were more than ever, mostly in a little cove, 400 yards from the earlier spot, where capricious Dusty had moved.

And, again, there was Ute, who had come to know Dusty extremely well - swimming out with her, tickling her stomach and bringing her floating toys which Dusty dragged underwater and didn't bring back.

Our routine was similar to the last time. If Dusty wasn't around, we would walk into the water and clack two stones together, the call to play. Dusty was highly reliable.

There were few times in which she didn't appear - and fewer in which her loyal followers didn't show up, too.

All the ineffable, innocent magic of this dolphin swim had brought with it a conflict of several interests. The farmers didn't want people on their land. The council was discouraging swimmers, worried that someone would drown. It wasn't Dusty's fault, but she'd turned into a problem magnet.

And me? Was I in sparkling form? Less depressed? The truth is that this curmudgeon hasn't noticed much difference, but I'm thrilled to have achieved what others have only dreamed of. And I shall be keeping an eye on Dusty's progress, as she swims into her fourth tourist season in Fanore.

Travelfacts

Fanore is on the coast of County Clare, between Doolin and Ballyvaughan.

Carole x

Since you went away, I've been hanging around...



paula
Moderator
☆☆☆☆

Posted - 31/03/2007 : 18:49:45

What a great story...that is amazing that a dolphin in the wild will come with just a clack of stones...hmm..could it really be our Dusty???

paula x



USA
5012 Posts

go in back
Little by little
★

Posted - 01/04/2007 : 00:25:47

I'm currently researching my family history on my dad's side - the Irish half - and looking back through my paperwork earlier found this info I dug up from a couple of years ago so **HAD** to post it!!!

"A Sept derived from Cathair Mor, King of Leinster, who inhabited the territory of Hy Bairche, in the Queen's county and county Carlow, from which they were driven after the invasion of 1172, and settled under the **O'BRIENS** in the Barony of Ibrickan, in Thomond."



Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
☆☆☆☆

Posted - 01/04/2007 : 06:53:42

Thanks for those posts Carole. I knew about the O'Brien's tower connection but had never seen it until now. Beautiful scenery and so appropriate, in her ancestral home, not far from Britain and looking west to the America she admired so much. Roll away...

xx
Kathy



Australia
6508 Posts

go in back
Little by little
★

Posted - 01/04/2007 : 16:48:52

Here's a link to the official website : <http://www.cliffsofmoher.ie/>

I'm hoping to have a couple of days over there at some point during the next couple of months... anyone fancy a trip?!?!

---oo0oo---

O'BRIEN: The O'Briens are one of the Great Dynastic families of Irish history. They take their name from Brian Boru (941-1014), the greatest of the high kings.

<http://www.obrienclan.com/>

Edited by - go in back on 02/04/2007 00:46:22



Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
☆☆☆☆

Posted - 04/04/2007 : 02:21:21

Thanks for posting the Cliffs of Moher website. I would love to visit this beautiful and to Dusty fans, significant site. It's on my to do list.

xx
Kathy



Australia
6508 Posts

Isparks18

Little by little



Posted - 05/04/2007 : 12:44:09

Carole--What a great story! This is fascinating.

Linda



USA

132 Posts

Kathy

Wasn't born to follow

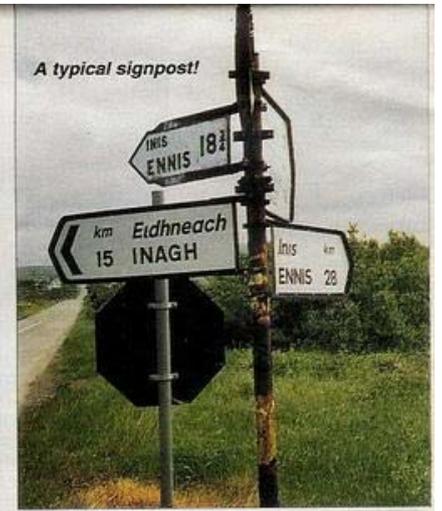
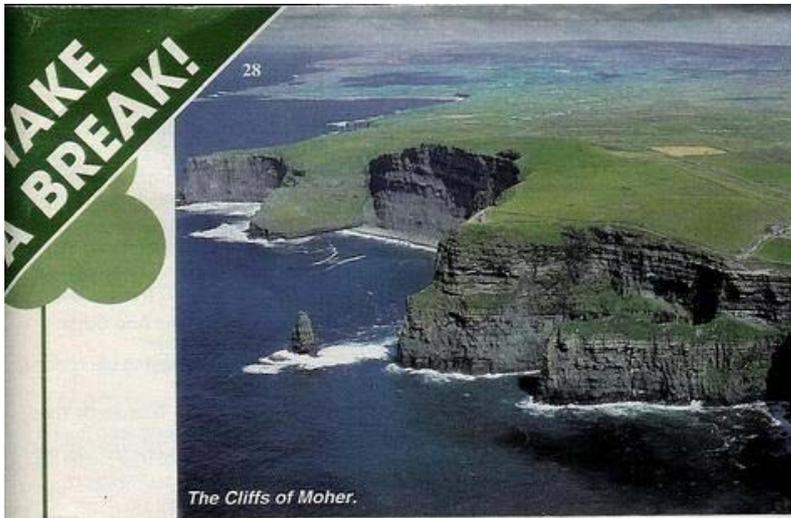


Posted - 07/05/2007 : 05:26:20

Somewhere recently someone was mentioning an upcoming trip to Ireland to visit County Clare and the Cliffs of Moher. Sorry I couldn't find that thread, but I am posting here. On the weekend I visited a local village book fair (to aid our local Bush Fire Brigade-very important to our community especially in summer!) and bought a bundle of People's Friend Magazines from 1999 for \$1. Amazingly there was an article in the June edition about County Clare. You need to take the prices and other information with caution as it is 8 years old, but still an interesting article and a wonderful photo of the Cliffs of Moher.



Australia
6508 Posts



Photographs courtesy of Shannon Development Photo Library.

**CLARE —
Something
For Everyone**
by Margaret Nicholls

COUNTY Clare, they say, encapsulates the spirit of Ireland better than anywhere else in the Emerald Isle.

And, after two weeks in a self-catering cottage where we were spoilt for choice with natural and man-made attractions, bowled over by the friendliness and trust of the locals and lost in lush countryside with high hedgerows and wild flowers, I'd have to agree.

I learned never to trust roads that had no signposts — especially tracks with grass growing down the middle. They took us on a wild-goose chase more than once!

Even signposts cannot always be trusted in Ireland. Sometimes, they point the wrong way, or they give the same destination in different directions, such as the one to Ennis that told us the county town was 18 one way and 28 the other. And yes, the shortest route was the 28 because it was kilometres, while the other one was miles!

We smiled at it every time we passed it from our base at Quilty on the Atlantic coast.

A craft shop owner (of which the county boasts plenty; this one worked in wood, pottery and wild flowers) joked, "You can manage with just a tourist map anywhere in Ireland —



A gentler pace of life . . . beautiful scenery — and a warm, warm welcome. No wonder more and more people are choosing to holiday in Ireland . . .

The Emerald Isle

except County Clare."

But, unlike the signposts, the Irish people were helpful in the extreme. On our way inland to the county's ancient capital, Killaloe, we ground to a halt at a road junction for the umpteenth time to ponder signposts and map. The driver behind slowed down, too, wound his window down and asked if he could help.

Thanks to him, we arrived at Killaloe in time for a meal before our pleasure trip on the River Shannon, aboard the *Derg Princess*.

We marvelled at the trusting nature of the person who left hand-crafted pots for sale, unattended, on a wall by the

roadside at Doolin, where the ferry leaves for the Aran Islands.

And, a few miles down the coast, a friendly (and astute) craft shop owner in Lehigh immediately engaged my husband in conversation as soon as we walked through the door and gave my young sons a piece of bubblewrap each to pop, leaving me free to browse around the clothes, fine china and crystal.

Clare's coastal towns are good all-weather destinations for families, with beaches and indoor attractions. Lehigh combines leisure centre with aquarium in its Seaworld, where

you're just the thickness of the display tank glass away from Irish sharks (juvenile dogfish).

It boasts a fascinating lobster cultivation programme, too, to counteract the species' over-fishing. And there's a kiddies' touch pool with starfish and hermit crabs. My six-year-old wouldn't leave one poor starfish alone!

In the southern part of the county, Kilkee has a well-supervised Waterworld with slide, Jacuzzi and other special features. And, when the sun comes out, get away from it all and take the scenic drive to Loop Head lighthouse.

The famous O'Brien's Tower lookout on the Cliffs of Moher attracts coach and car loads of sightseers throughout the season. But you can enjoy just as dramatic views from Loop

xx
Kathy

Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★

Posted - 07/05/2007 : 05:28:36



Australia
6508 Posts

Head, peeping over the dizzy heights to see the Atlantic pounding away at the sheer rock below — with hardly anyone else in sight.

Stepping back in time to the 19th century, Bunratty Folk Park presents Irish life as it was in recreated houses and shops.

In the schoolroom, it was 1898 and Sarah, the teacher, showed us the cane that would have been used if children wrote with their left hand or didn't take in a piece of turf for the fire each day.

Like dozens of other tourists (mainly American), we got our fingers stuck into a hearty feast of food, song and dance at Bunratty Castle's medieval banquet, held twice nightly during the season.

In fact, there was so much to see and do in the county that we didn't venture any further than Limerick, on its southern border, during the fortnight.

St John's Castle at Limerick has a new and imaginative interpretation of the city's momentous role in Irish history that can fill a whole day — from three-dimensional video to a royal mint where you can strike coins yourself.

And, when we needed a breathing space from sightseeing, we plunged into the swimming pool at Quilty Holiday Cottages, where we stayed. The complex also has a tennis court, children's play area, games room, sauna and mini-gym.

Even rural Ireland offers modern holiday amenities these days, though the past is never far away. We enjoyed lighting our open fire at the cottage every night. The smoke coming out of the chimney was a constant source of novelty to our children, brought up on gas fires and central heating.

In Dublin's Fair City . . .

by Tricia O'Donnell

DUBLIN used to be thought of as little more than a gateway into Ireland; a brief stopover en route to somewhere else. Nowadays, it's a destination in itself, and people are returning time and again to savour the delights of this vibrant city.

Like most major cities, Dublin is best seen on foot. You'll



Photography by Tricia O'Donnell

The fountain at Powerscourt Gardens.



Contrasting architecture on the edge of St Stephen's Green.



Molly Malone sells her wares on a Dublin street corner.

unexpectedly run into celebrities like Molly Malone and James Joyce, firmly entrenched — thanks to Dublin's sculptors — on street corners.

Or maybe you'll meet up with some of the city's colourful characters, or discover peaceful little pockets like St Stephen's Green, with its landscaped gardens, ornamental lake and numerous memorials.

The past is everywhere in Dublin — in its brickwork, its monuments and, of course its river, which brought the Vikings here almost one thousand years ago to settle on its banks.

The Liffey meanders through the capital's heart and is one of its most famous assets; it's been immortalised in song and verse and is instantly recognisable by the equally famous Liffey Bridge, otherwise known as the Ha'penny Bridge, that spans it.

Further along the river, O'Connell Bridge, where an imposing statue of Catholic emancipator Daniel O'Connell

stands sentinel, also links the north and south sides of the city.

Southside is the old city, where Dublin began and where, today, you'll find some of its grandest buildings.

Trinity College is Ireland's oldest university, and the proud custodian of the magnificent Book of Kells, which is spread over 40 acres.

dominates one of Dublin's busiest thoroughfares, yet on entering the arched doorway at the main gates you're immediately transported into a world of gardens and cobbled courtyards.

Another lovely former church, St Michael's, is the setting for Dublinia, which tells of Dublin's Viking roots through life-size reconstructions and audio visual displays. You can climb St Michael's Tower for a bird's-eye view of Dublin. Included in Dublinia's entrance fee is admission to the adjacent and very impressive Christ Church Cathedral.

If you want to leave the hustle and bustle of the city for a while, the DART local trains give you all-day unlimited travel on their network for around IRE3. A popular jaunt is to the pretty seaside town of Bray in County Wicklow, with its busy little shopping centre and handsome Victorian and Edwardian buildings.

The huge promontory of Bray Head presents a real challenge for the hale and hearty. If you make it to the top via its winding

road, you'll be rewarded with some stunning views.

Howth is a small, unpretentious fishing port north of Dublin, also accessible by the DART. Life here revolves around the sea — as well as the fishing industry, there's a yacht marina and club.

If you're feeling active, the walk to the top of the headland above the town gives magnificent views over Dublin Bay and the Wicklow Mountains. For those who prefer a more relaxed pace, stroll around the town, along the harbour wall or simply sit and watch the activity on the water.

You can, if you wish, take a coach trip out of Dublin for the day. Powerscourt Estate and Gardens in Enniskerry, with its series of terraces that descend to a lake, its arboretum and Japanese Garden, also boasts the highest waterfall in Ireland — or Britain, for that matter.

There's so much to see in and around Dublin that it's impossible to try to do everything at once. Resign yourself to the fact that you'll be back — again and again!

WANT TO KNOW MORE?

*Contact the Irish Tourist Board at 150 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AQ (tel. 0171 493 3201).

*Stena Line offer a wide range of high-speed sailings, ferry crossings and inclusive holidays. Ask your travel agent for a copy of their Holiday Ireland brochure, or call 01233 211010.

xx
Kathy

goin back
Little by little



United Kingdom
519 Posts

Posted - 08/05/2007 : 00:59:24

That was a good find Kathy and an interesting read.

Eire is a beautiful country (my dad's side of the family come from there) and I'm going to be visiting with a friend next month - unless the plans change, fingers crossed they won't - and we'll be making a special trip to the Cliffs of Moher (with camera in tow as usual; hopefully I'll get some good piccies I can post!).

I'm sure it will be quite emotional, as was my first trip to Henley... it's funny how a lady you never met can

2010-07-28

The Archives of Let's Talk Dusty! - Cl...

make you feel like you lost someone very close to you (or is that just me being odd?! Hmmm... nothing new there then!!! 😞)



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