

Title:

# The Shane Dougherty Story

A Brit in the hand is worth two Downunder

Date:

10/23/2019

By:

Len Kirschner

P.O. Box 293

Brightwood, Oregon 97011

(503) 888-4309

[Folk.beat@frontier.com](mailto:Folk.beat@frontier.com)

Abstract:

A story about saving seats in your youth and in your later years tinged with a misplaced interest in England.

Permission Statement:

I, Len Kirschner, grant the following Creative Commons License to my manuscript:

**Attribution-NoDerivs**

This license lets others reuse the work for any purpose, including commercially; however, it cannot be shared with others in adapted form, and credit must be provided to me.

Signed: Len Kirschner

## THE SHANE DOUGHERTY STORY

I know that it's hard to believe that the story of someone I met last year starts in 1966....but it does. The scene was the Michigan State Fair in the band shell seating waiting for the show to start that would eventually bring out the Supremes. If this had happened in 1967, the summer of the Detroit riot, things may have gone differently but this was 1966 and things were more care free for those stateside.

I never felt right saving seats. If people want a seat-be on time- so I had a bad feeling when my father said to spread out our jackets on seats because he was saving seats. Eventually all those having seats saved for them all showed up...except one. Everybody took their jackets back and my father put his hand on the seat next to him. The show started with the warm up act and this unseen unpunctual person did not show up.

All at once a big, big, smiling African-American woman came up and my father said "This seat is saved," and she said "that's fine," and proceeded to sit on my father's hand. She looked over and said "honey, when they show up they can sit on my lap." My father withdrew his hand. I said inside "yes, yes, yes," being a seat saving hater.

Flash forward to spring 2018 at the Laurelthirst Pub in Portland Oregon. I took my great niece Shawna there to see Kris Deelane and the Hurt. The first set started at 6 PM which is good for us of the baby boomer generation who usually are in bed by 2 AM. The band wasn't overly loud, I would call the volume level strong, but it is a small club and it was packed with lots of people talking. My sister and two other people had asked me to save them some seats so I left the bench in front of me on the other side of the table for them and did the put jackets on the seat trick....which I still detest doing.

They said they would be there at 6PM. I had been asked if the seats were saved at least 12 times by various people. They said they would be there at 6PM and they were not. Flashing back in my mind to the Michigan State Fair/Supremes incident I spotted a couple looking for seats. The first people after the clock struck 6PM. I stood up and pointed to them and said sit here. The other people assumed they were the ones I was saving the seats for. My sister and her friend showed up later and had to fend for themselves.

This is where the story makes a turn. So Shane and his wife, Wilma had accents...and it was loud...and I had a few drinks in me...and I really don't drink that much. So I said "I play trivia on Wednesday nights with a guy who was born in Liverpool." "If you are in town you should come out to Sandy, Oregon and play trivia with the team." They couldn't do that. If memory serves me well they were heading up to Seattle.

I started talking about Premier League Football and the Tottenham Hot Spurs, funny because I don't know enough about them to even bring it up but I was sporting my extensive knowledge of England which I thought was appropriate seeing how I invited them over to the table I should at least try to be social.

Shane's wife kept telling me something and I couldn't quite make it out but I pretended to listen and nod my head that I understood, even though I didn't. It was distracting...music....people talking, and she did have an accent... I just thought I could get by pretending I was listening and understanding.

Eventually Shane, not waiting to wait to see if I mentioned anything about Henley- on- Thames, got up and asked Shawna to dance. She obliged. The band went into a tight cover of Patty Labelle's "Lady Marmalade."

The small dance floor was packed. I looked at his wife and she looked at me. I finished my drink. When the song was over I thought it would be cool to friend Shane on Facebook. It is always good to have contacts in England, in case I

ever wanted to go there. Plus it was good to remember their names which at that point I hadn't. After saying "Cheerio" Shawna and I walked out into the Laurelhurst neighborhood evening.

So I get in the car and I said "Shawna that was great. Kris Deelane and the Hurt sounded great and we met some people from England." Shawna said "You idiot, that's what his wife was trying to tell you. They are from Australia."