

Larry Doherty

I was born in San Francisco (SF) to an Irish father and an Italian mother. Both of them were the first generation of Americans. I was the first half breed on both sides. Nearly all my relatives back then lived in SF so we spent a lot of time with each family. The Irish side spoke some Gaelic and played cribbage while the Italian side did speak Italian and there, we played dominoes. As children we were not allowed to speak either.

We left SF for San Jose (SJ) when I was in elementary school. When we moved to SJ there were only 90 thousand people living there. The school was right around the corner from our home, so my parents decided that I and my three younger brothers did not need to attend Catholic schools any longer. Of course, this meant that the nuns would have to find some other child to use their yard stick upon...yeah!

During high school, I played baseball and managed to get some good grades which enabled me to get a Marine Corps scholarship to attend the Citadel. Well, being only 17 and knowing more than anyone else, I decided to leave South Carolina and head to Utah, where my friends were attending college. It seemed being a rolling stone was easier than being called "boy." I was a Ute for nearly two years before heading off to the oil fields in Wyoming. What a great and beautiful place that was. Funny, when I was in Bairoil—Wyoming had 500K people. (Wyoming still only has 500K people.) Knowing I needed to settle down and feeling like I had an obligation to this great nation; I enlisted in the Coast Guard. I was not going to be like my father and join the Marines though their hymn was the first song my brothers and I knew how to sing.

The Coast Guard (CG) was very good to me. After boot camp and basic Gunner's Mate school, I was sent to the USCGC Morganthau, which was essentially a small destroyer. We were based out of Alameda but spent most of our time sailing around the Alaskan seas. We referred to ourselves as the "Fish Guard," since we spent most of our time boarding Russian, Japanese, and Korean fishing trawlers ensuring they were keeping good records of what they caught in our waters. (The fish they took was fish the US wasn't eating at the time but eventually McDonalds put it in their fish sticks.) When one of my brothers got in a bad crash, the CG transferred me to the Alameda CG boot camp so I could spend more time with my brother. There I taught boots how to shoot. It was a great job for 2.5 years and I became so proficient at shooting I began competing (while in the CG and then at the Police Olympics).

After the service I was fortunate enough to get hired by the Sonoma County Sheriff's Office. I worked there for 40 years, though the last 13 years were as extra help (only working half time). I worked patrol in the north part of the county and the river. When I was in violent crimes (detectives) I helped investigate the murders of Ramon Salcido, the Mann murders on the coast, the Jane Gill murder in the mansion, along with many more. During the last 19 years I was the guy no one liked, as I was in charge of Internal Affairs. (When I got that position, I told my wife we wouldn't be invited to any more office birthday and/or Christmas parties.)

While patrolling in Windsor (1984) I met my wife Colleen, who was working as a "bagger" at Raley's. She was pushing some carts from the parking lot back to the store when she ran those carts into my patrol car. Yes, love at first sight, well at least it was for me. We have been married for 36 years. When we moved to Windsor in '87 it was because I wanted to live where my family was (in

Healdsburg) but she wanted to live where she grew up (Santa Rosa) so we settled in between. What a great choice that has been!

We raised three wonderful sons; Timothy Patrick, Brett Ryan, and Trevor John (yes, good Italian names), who have all worked in law enforcement (though my wife really wanted an electrician or a plumber). After Colleen (a 30-year Sheriff Office Dispatcher) and I both retired for good in 2020, Brett and Trevor have blessed us with 4 grandsons. Luckily, they all live within a mile of us.

In Windsor, and while I was still working, I coached both youth and high school baseball and football teams, the Windsor HS varsity baseball team, chaired for the Windsor Boys and Girls Club, earned my bachelor's and master's degrees in military history, and met some wonderful and dear friends. It was Dave who invited me to SIRs back in 2022. I went on to serve as Little Sir in 2023 and Big Sir in 2024. Thanks Dave, it has been a great time ever since.