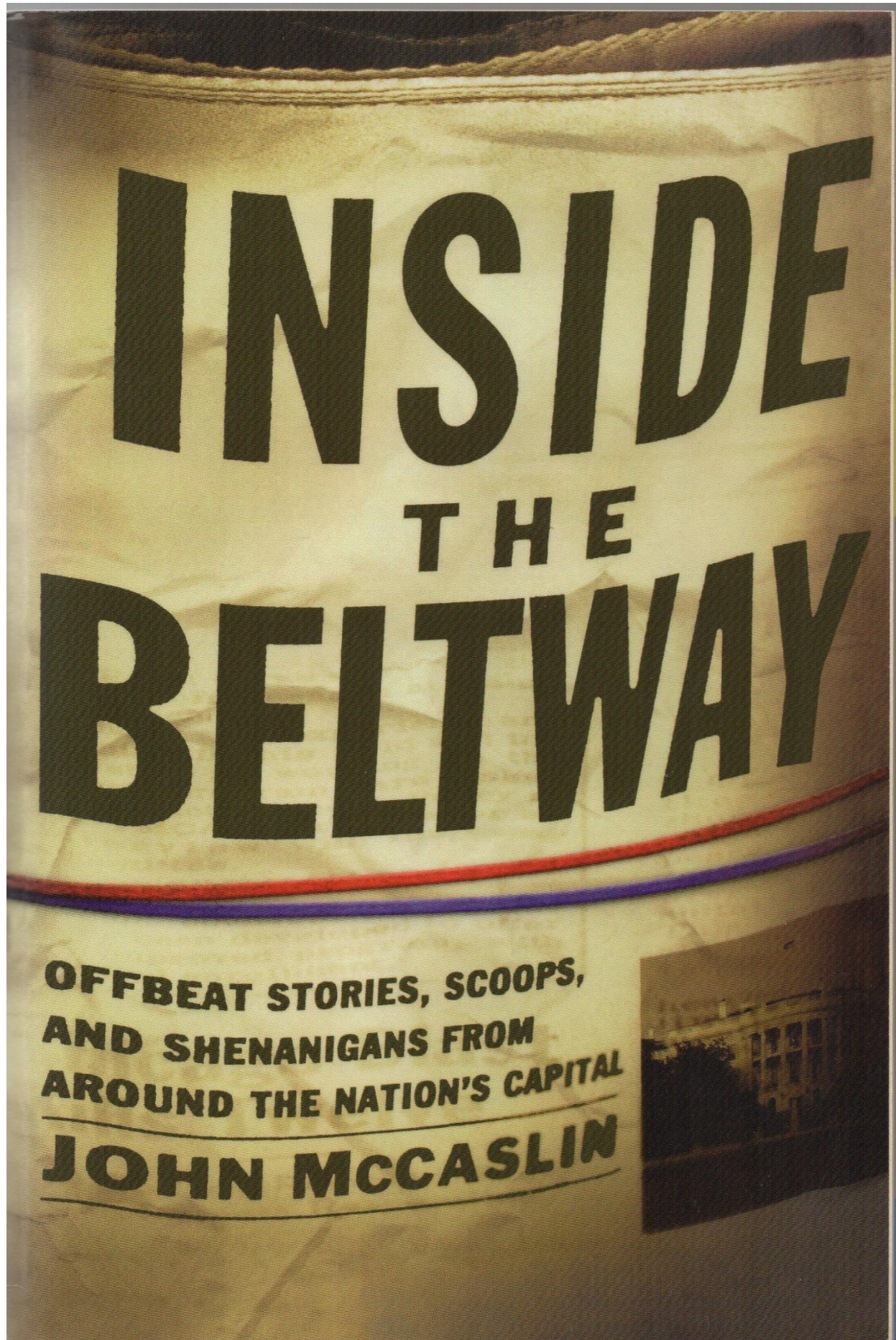


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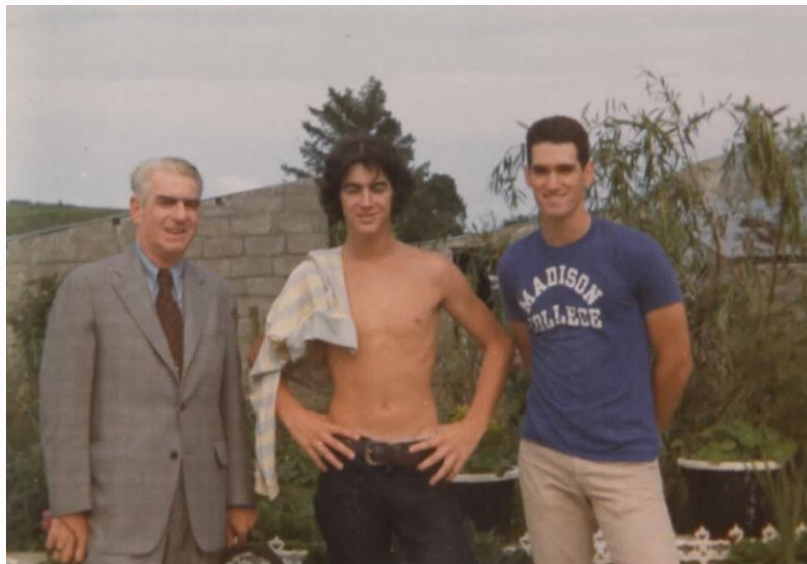


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Jeremiah Aloysius O'Leary and Kathleen 'Tobin' O'Leary



Visiting O'Leary Relatives at Farrankeal, Kerry, Ireland -  
Jeremiah Aloysius Patrick O'Leary on holidays to 'sunny' Kerry Ireland  
With his Sons (Pic above) and his girls (Pic below).



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**John McCaslin (born October 31, 1957) is a broadcaster, author, and public speaker** was born in Alexandria, Virginia, the son of senior FBI Special Agent Robert W. McCaslin. He graduated from Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia, majoring in speech communication. McCaslin began his journalism career in 1980 in Kalispell, Montana, working as news director/anchor of radio station KOFI-AM. From 1982-84 he was news director/anchor of Bee Broadcasting, Inc. stations KJJR-AM and KBBZ-FM in Whitefish, Montana. He was also an award-winning correspondent for United Press International and stringer for NBC and ABC network.

**In 1984, McCaslin joined the Washington Times as a White House correspondent, working under famed Washington newspaperman Jeremiah A. O'Leary.**

For two years, he covered the war in Nicaragua from Washington, Miami and Managua. He was appointed assistant national editor, and became metropolitan editor when DC Mayor Marion Barry was target of a federal investigation and indictment. In 1992 he began penning Inside the Beltway, which was later syndicated by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate and Chicago's Tribune Media Services and was hosted on wsRadio in 2008-09. His writings have appeared in myriad publications, from Reader's Digest to Tennis, and his cover stories for Capitol File magazine have featured Katie Couric, Katherine Heigl, Mira Sorvino, Padma Lakshmi, Kerry Washington, and Lauren Graham. He has also been a well-published travel writer, filing extensively from around the world. McCaslin has been a regular guest of MSNBC's Hardball with Chris Matthews, Fox News Channel's Fox & Friends, C-SPAN's Washington Journal and Booknotes with Brian Lamb, National Public Radio's Weekend Edition Sunday, and the BBC. He has been guest host for Rush Limbaugh, Mary Matalin, Sam Donaldson, Oliver North and Michael Reagan, among other syndicated radio hosts. In June 2009, McCaslin was tapped by the Talk Radio Network to be co-host of the groundbreaking three-hour America's Morning News.

[http://townhall.com/columnists/johnmccaslin/2008/10/13/beat\\_columbus/page/full](http://townhall.com/columnists/johnmccaslin/2008/10/13/beat_columbus/page/full)

## **WORST FEAR**

**John McCaslin** | Oct 13, 2008

It was on Oct. 19, 1983, that Jeremiah O'Leary, the longtime White House correspondent for The Washington Times and a former U.S. Marine, stood up during a televised press conference and asked President Reagan why several hundred Marines had set up a peacekeeping base on flat terrain in Beirut instead of taking higher ground.

Four days later, a truck carrying 2,500 pounds of TNT rammed the Marine headquarters, killing 241 American servicemen, mostly Marines. It was the most single-day casualties the corps had suffered since the Battle of Iwo Jima.

This Wednesday at 10 a.m., the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Virginia will unveil its newest exhibit, "Where Do We Get Such Men?" commemorating the 25th anniversary of the deadly attack in Lebanon. Among other distinguished military leaders, veterans of the Beirut deployment will be on hand.

## Chapter 3

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### *Historic Datelines*

**R**OBERT E. LEE grew up in Alexandria, and so did my closest childhood friend, Brendan O'Leary. The latter was born with so much reporters' ink in his blood he didn't want any more and went into sales. His great uncle, Mike Flynn, was editor of the old *Washington Times-Herald*. His second cousin, William McAndrew, was president of NBC News. His grandfather, Jeremiah Aloysius O'Leary Sr., covered Congress for the *Washington Star*. His father, Jeremiah Aloysius O'Leary Jr., was State Department and White House correspondent for the old *Washington Star* and the *Washington Times*. I first knew him as Santa Claus.

Jeremiah Sr. was fifteen when he began his newspaper career, spending an impressive forty-five years in the House and Senate press galleries, gazing down on the likes of great statesmen named Sam Rayburn and Russell B. Long.

Jeremiah Jr. launched his own incredible journey at 6:30 one morning, filling every paste pot in the *Star* newsroom. The salary for a "copy boy" in 1937 was ten dollars for a six-day week (the highest-paid reporters during the Depression were getting seventy-five a week), and Jerry considered himself the luckiest kid in the world.

Like his father, Jerry climbed the ladder to cover some of the biggest historical events of his lifetime. When his country called during World War II

## **INSIDE THE BELTWAY**

and Korea, he was a Marine rifleman and battlefield correspondent, earning four Battle Stars, a Bronze Star, and a Purple Heart. Foremost, though, he was a newspaperman. And few could write a story like Jerry.

"One of my greatest assignments came when I was still a teenager," he recalled in 1987, his fiftieth year in the trade. "The job was to help two older reporters cover the seventy-fifth anniversary observance of the Battle of Gettysburg in that small Pennsylvania town where so many Americans died at the high tide of the Confederacy.

"More than six thousand veterans of both the Blue and the Gray, all in their nineties or older, came to the old battlefield for their last muster. I was put to interviewing scores of the old-timers. It has occurred to me since that my lifetime has overlapped the lives of men whose grandfathers fought in the American Revolution."

If he'd ever run out of story ideas, which he never did, Jerry could have written about his own life. As a young scribe he danced the Big Apple with Eleanor Roosevelt at the White House; when Prohibition ended in 1933 he sipped the first legal beer in Washington ("President Roosevelt gave a case of Yuengling to the White House press corps, which was then about the size of a Marine rifle squad," he wrote); he was arrested in Cuba by Fidel Castro's thugs; played dangerous tricks on Papa Doc's Tonton Macoute killers in Haiti; and he was besieged by angry rednecks at the University of Mississippi during the desegregation riots of 1962.

On another unforgettable day, Jerry was standing a dozen steps away when Jack Ruby forever silenced Lee Harvey Oswald.

"I was not free just to mourn quietly, or scream with rage," he'd written of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the first Irish-Catholic to assume the Oval Office. "It was my job to rush to Dallas, and for the next ten days I became as intimately acquainted as a reporter could be with Oswald, Ruby, Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry, homicide squad Captain Will Fritz, a small army of FBI and CIA agents, the families of Oswald and Ruby, and a cast of characters who knew them both.

"For half an hour I found myself with custody of the Mannlicher

### ***Historic Datelines***

Carcano rifle used by ex-Marine Oswald to blow off the back of President Kennedy's head. And it came to pass that I acted as a pallbearer for Oswald because only his mother, his brother, and a handful of reporters turned out for the burial of the sullen loser who murdered President Kennedy for reasons he took with him to the grave."

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THANKS ENTIRELY TO JERRY, I segued from Whitefish to the White House, the widest, most undeserved leap in modern journalism. Better yet, I was back home along the cobblestone streets of "Old Town" Alexandria, its eighteenth century blocks sketched square by a young surveyor named George Washington.

Five years later, in 1754, the father of our country recruited his first military command on the steps of Alexandria's Gadsby's Tavern, and held his final military review there in 1799. He kept a townhouse one block from the tavern, so whenever he made last call he didn't have to gallop the dozen miles home and answer to Martha at Mount Vernon.

Never losing its fighting spirit, Alexandria was the first "Southern" city to fall during the Civil War. Early on the morning of May 24, 1861, Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, a friend of Abraham Lincoln's, rowed boatloads of blue bellies across the Potomac River, marched them up King Street, and ordered Marshall House innkeeper James W. Jackson to lower the extra large Confederate flag flying atop his hotel.

Lincoln's wife, or so the story is told, complained to her husband that she could see the large rebel banner from her White House window. Republican Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio told the *New York Herald* that he, too, spied the huge flag through a White House looking glass. The senator told Lincoln that such a display should not be tolerated, and the president reportedly replied, "I don't think it will wave there too long."

Still clad in his nightshirt, the sleepy-eyed Jackson grabbed his rifle when told Ellsworth had burst through the hotel lobby and climbed onto the roof to haul in the flag. Ellsworth got the banner he was after, along with