

ECHOES from THE DECIES

(A Waterford Scrapbook)

By

THOMAS TOBIN



Published by the author at 33 Murphy Place, Abbeyside, Dungarvan.

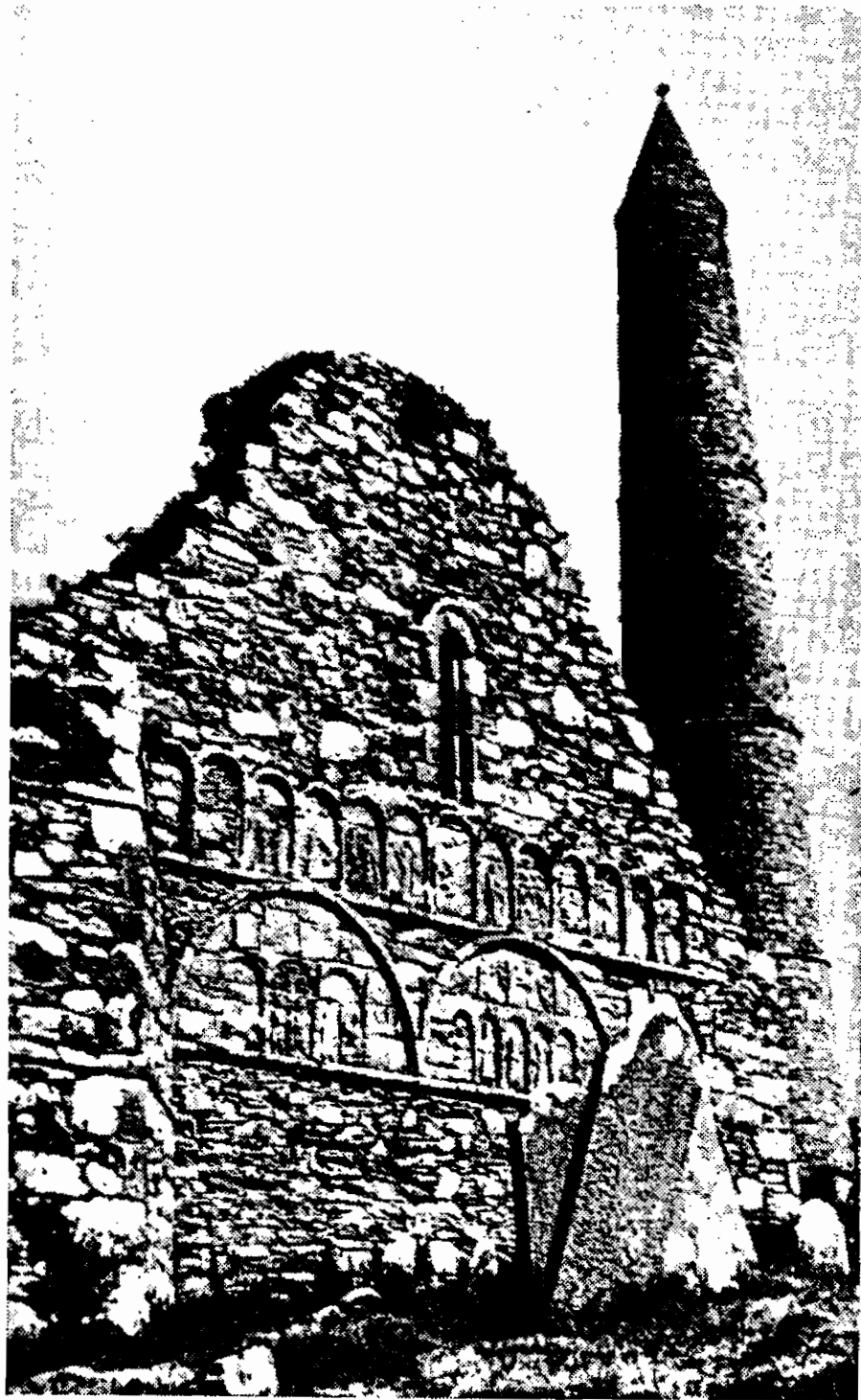


Photo by T. Tobin.

Ardmore's famed Round Tower is in excellent preservation. It is 97 feet high and 15 feet in diameter, at the base. Nearby is St. Declan's Oratory where the Saint's grave of a very early period, is located. Also nearby is the Cathedral, the end wall of which can be seen in this picture.

"A WORTHY TRIBUTE"

INTRODUCTION

This is a publication to honour Ireland's First-National Festival
—An Tostal, April 1953.

It is the effort of a widely-known Dungarvan journalist who showed enterprise and courage in stepping forward to ensure that his birth-place was represented in our National Festival. He did so in private enterprise and for that alone deserves the admiration and staunch support of all.

Dungarvan and West Waterford boasts much to be proud of. Its people, industries, public services, and above all its advancement, are of the finest, and are worthy of the glorious immortal tribute paid them by Thomas Tobin.

This publication is presented as an illustrated review of some of the most outstanding events in West Waterford, and as such truly honours the Decies. It will long be referred to by the generations of our time and those to come. To those of the future it presents a colourful picture of our Passing Parade.

It is my hope that Mr. Tobin will long live in our midst and that his pen will continue to glide across the pages of history. As a journalist he has, in the past done much to put Waterford on the map of the world. He is doing even more to-day in the presentation of *Echoes from the Decies*, and as a writer, Dungarvan may well be proud to claim him her son. May God grant him His aid to carry on the good work.

J.K.W.

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Echoes from The Decies

COUNTY WATERFORD

WATERFORD IS A maritime county. The surface is mountainous, the principal ranges being the Comeraghs, including Moanavullagh from Carrickbeg to Dungarvan, north of which they stretch onward to Knockmealdown, whilst from east to west lie the mountains of Drum, of which Drum-Fineen forms the physical division of this portion of the County into the old Baronies of Decies-within-Drum and Decies-without-Drum. Towards the east the land is low and marshy.

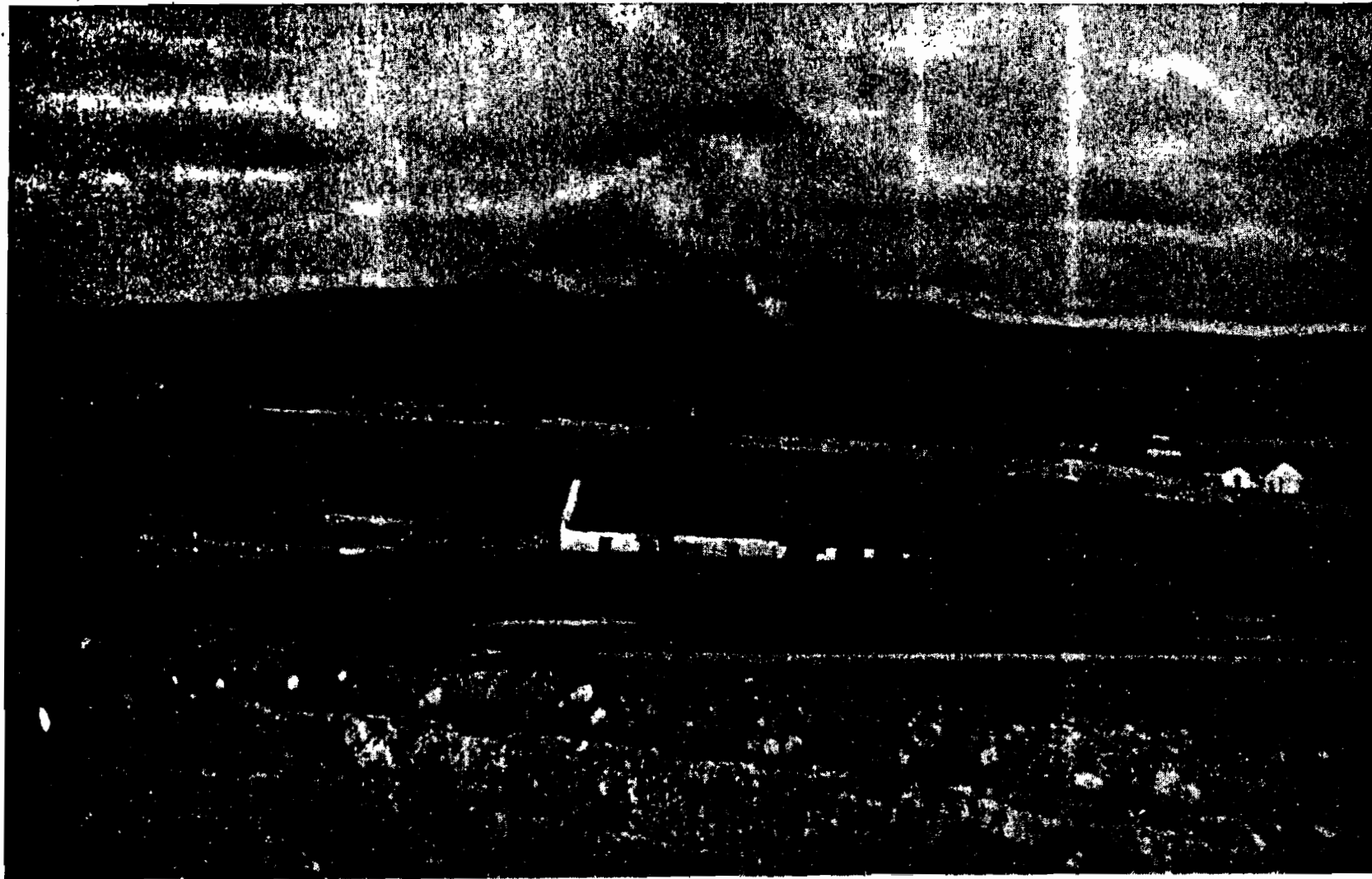
The prevailing rock in the vicinity of the city of Waterford and throughout the county, except where lime-stone prevails, is Argillaceous Schist in many places combined with silver.

The county is twenty-eight miles in length from north to south and fifty-two in breadth, it comprises 458,108 acres.

Along with the City of Waterford it contains the seaport towns of Dungarvan, Dunmore East, Tramore and Passage East, the market towns of Lismore, Cappoquin and Tallow, the rural villages and towns of Clashmore, Portlaw and Kilmacthomas, and the maritime villages of Bonmahon, Stradbally, Ring and Ardmore.

The following extract from Sir Robert Kane's standard work on the Industrial Resources of Ireland is not inappropriate: "The two great branches of human occupation; manufacturing and agricultural, so far from being opposed or inconsistent are really bound together by the strongest ties, the same principles of science regulate the operations of both and afford similar means of amelioration, the products of both are equally necessary for the subsistence of a civilised people and each depends for the disposal of his stock on the capability of the other to purchase and pay for it. No population that is exclusively devoted to the one or the other mode of existence can have a healthy organisation or be considered in a natural state. It is therefore important to seek for the means of advancing both together."

WATERFORD CITY:—From its situation and importance was at one time the centre of communication with England as well as one of the chief places of trade in Ireland. Its exports were mostly agricultural. Today the city is highly industrialised and during



Ballinacourty at the mouth of Dungarvan Harbour and in the shadow of Cruachaun and the Comeraghs.

Photo by T. Tobin.

the past few years new factories have been opened at a fast rate. Their progress is very good and their prospects are prosperous.

The Waterford Fishery District extended from the east bank of the Bannow Ferry to Ballyvoile Head comprising seventy-six miles of maritime boundaries and had in 1845, 390 registered fishing vessels employing 1,600 men and boys.

DUNGARVAN:—After the City of Waterford the town of Dungarvan comes next in importance. The population of the Borough in 1840 was 12,450, it is now below 6,000. Besides ordinary handicrafts such as carpentry, masonry, etc., it had a salt factory, a tannery, and two rope factories, but it was principally distinguished for its extensive fishery owing to its adjacent situation to the once celebrated Nymph Bank. In 1823 there were in Dungarvan 163 fishing boats and about 1,100 men employed in fishing, and more than 1,000 tons of excellent fish were procured for the supply of the surrounding country.

The sum granted in bounties (withdrawn as early as 1832) was £2,647 and about 3,000 persons derived employment from the industry. In 1837 there were in Dungarvan 80 hookers of an aggregate burden of 1,600 tons exclusively employed in this trade. There were 93 four-oared boats engaged in fishing and cutting seaweed, besides 34 coasting vessels belonging to the port. The number of men employed in them was 1,230 besides whom more than 3,000 on shore were employed in various capacities in connection with them. One old-timer told me that he remembers to have counted on one occasion in his boyhood 97 boats belonging to Dungarvan sailing out from the harbour to fish. Now there is not a single fishing boat belonging to it. Smyth in his history of the county says: "Dungarvan is a remarkable and noted fishtown. Expert fishers, some going to Newfoundland, have made themselves remarkable by their dexterity although the place is frequented by the ablest and most expert fishers in Europe. The people of Dungarvan are expert at salting, saving and drying the fish, so as to cure them exceedingly well and white. There is plenty of shell fish around the coast: Lobsters, Crabs, Shrimps, Prawns, Oysters, Cockles, Mussels, Razor Fish, the Horse Winkle or Shell Fish, called Murex, which strikes a purple colour."

PORTLAW:—At one time a handsome and flourishing town, indebted for its growth and prosperity to Malcomson Brothers, who introduced the cotton manufacture. It gave employment to over 1,000 persons, and those with the numerous trades connected with them gave employment to over 4,000. The cotton was bleached on the premises, sold chiefly in the home markets but large quantities were also sent to America. The American Civil War destroyed its foreign trade. To-day its looms are silent. A modern tannery is to-day the town's main industry.

Mr. J. F. Boyle, Secretary Waterford County Committee of Agriculture, writing in 1906 on Waterford Industries, made the following record:—

BONMAHON:—The valuable mines of this place and in the neighbourhood produced copper and lead with a portion of silver. In 1745 a company rented the mines from Lord Ranelagh for a term of thirty-one years under an agreement to give him one-eighth of all the ore obtained. The works were carried on with spirit for eight or ten years. They were subsequently worked by Mr. Wyse and in 1811 the Earl of Ormonde renewed the enterprise with every prospect of success; but after a very large expenditure he was induced to desist. The mines subsequently came into possession of the Irish Mining Company who ceased to work them in 1880. Kan says of these ores that "the poor ore of Wicklow and of Cornwall serve to dilute the richer ore of Knockmahon." These mines have been lately re-opened with good prospects, but as yet they do not give nearly so much employment as in former times. The mines are not being worked to-day.

STRADBALLY:—Had formerly a productive salmon fishery which has totally declined.

ARDMORE:—Copper and lead mines were formerly worked here. The ore was of excellent quality. At Minehead (near Ardmore), so-called from the adjacent works, iron ore was also produced and converted into the finest steel. How these works came to be laid aside is uncertain. At one time several tons of the ore lay neglected on the adjacent strand which some persons carried off to Wales and received £400 for it.

AFFANE:—It is said that the first "Cyder" was made at Affane by one Greatrakes; it still lingers there. A fine species of cherry introduced by Sir W. Raleigh continues to flourish in the neighbourhood.

LISMORE:—Slate of good quality for roofing was quarried on the north side of the Blackwater and at Glenribbon. Iron, copper, and lead ores were formerly worked. A lead mine was discovered in 1836 a little below Cappoquin near the navigable part of the Blackwater, but has never been worked.

TALLOW:—Wool-combing business was formerly carried on there extensively, and the lace manufactured in this town gave employment to several hundred females. There were also extensive flour mills built in 1822 and producing annually 10,000 barrels of flour. All these industries have lapsed.

Besides the foregoing industries there were hundreds of small mills throughout the county employed in the grinding of wheat

oats, etc., for home consumption, and Indian corn, not one of which exists at present. Linen too was largely manufactured for home use but not for commercial purposes.

We should note in passing the widely-known bacon industry of Waterford, its present famed glass industry, new paper mills, electrical equipment factory and above all the amazing advancement of Waterford as an industrial centre. The port of Waterford is to-day one of Ireland's most thriving and its citizens are steadily working for even better things. There is little doubt but the future of Waterford never looked better.

PART I

Man's Fight Against The Sea

THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE ILL-FATED "MORESBY" WHICH FOUNDERED
IN DUNGARVAN HARBOUR ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1895

MAN'S FIGHT AGAINST the sea is eternal. It has been and will be, and the sea will go on winning.

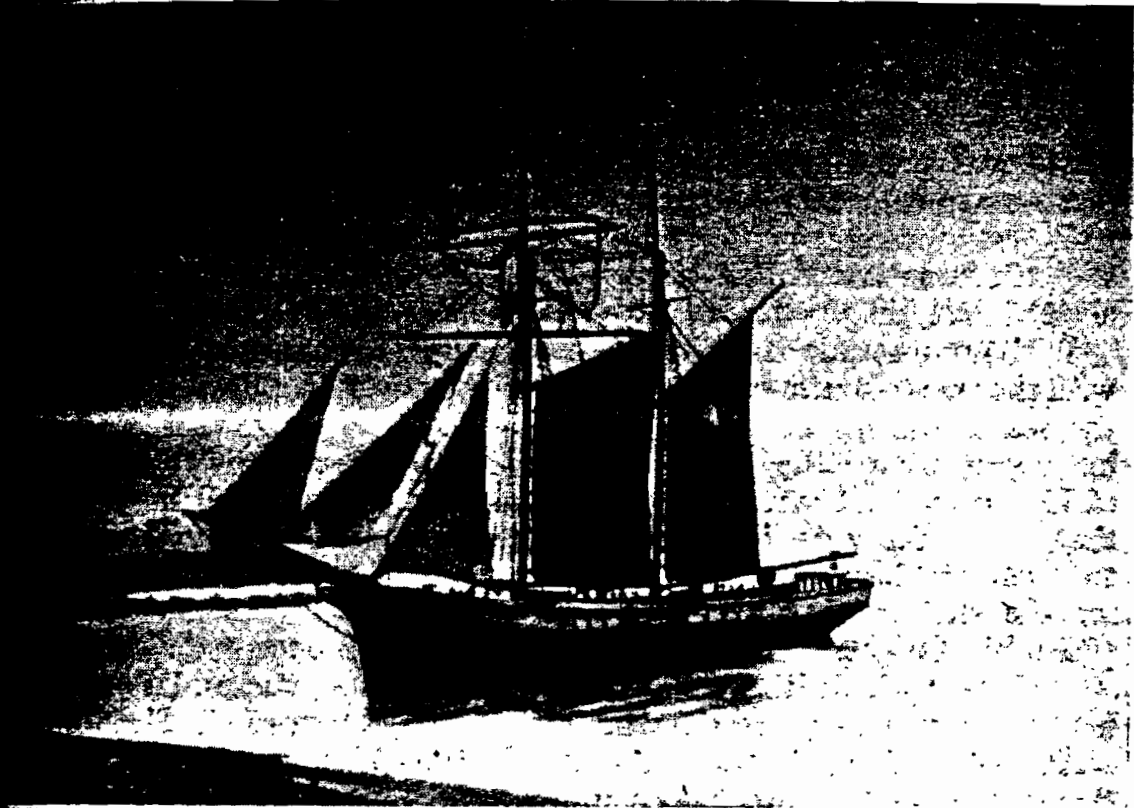
The great epic of Captain Carlson in January 1952, his glorious stand aboard the *Flying Enterprise* and his fight against the sea, which brought victory and defeat, bring to mind another great sea story which was made on Ireland's southern coast.

Near Old Quay Swing Bridge in Runcorn, Cheshire, lies all that remains of an old sand barge. It was before that the hulk of a fine two-master schooner, the *Mary Sinclair*—a vessel that was at one time salvaged by a Dungarvan man, the late Captain Ml. Moloney, father of the well-known industrious Moloney family whose shipping business in Dungarvan still flourishes.

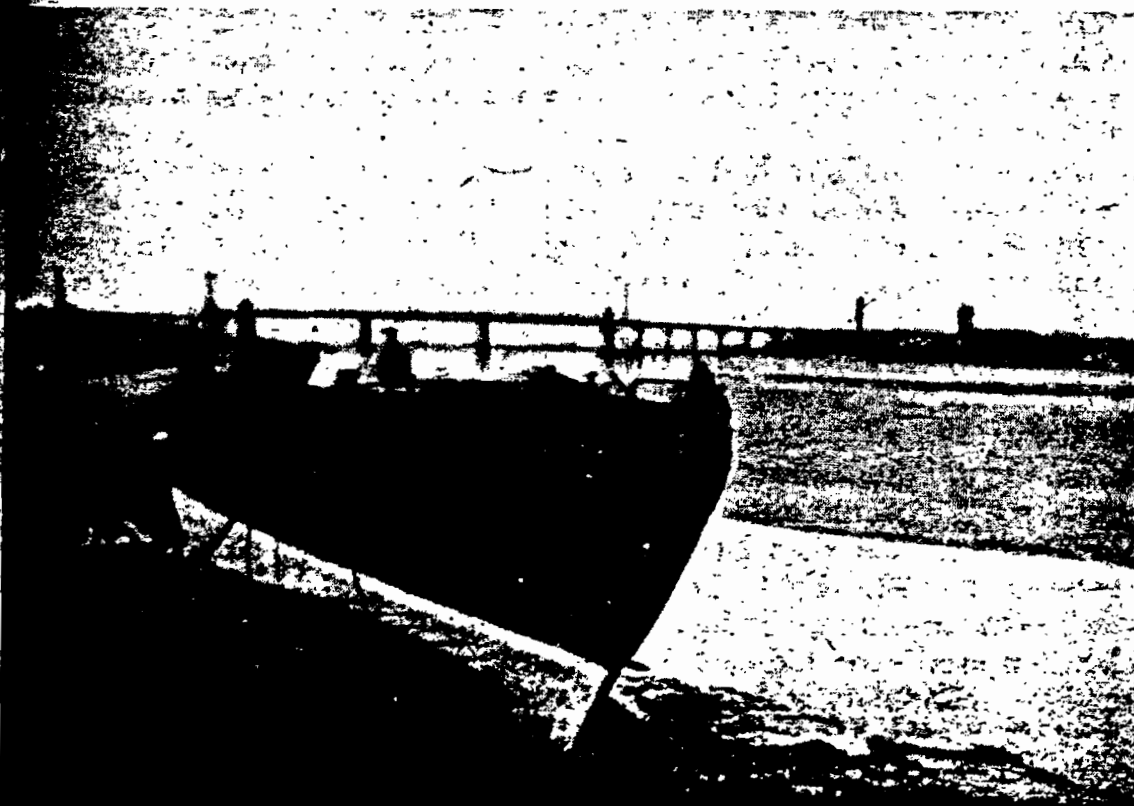
Now in its final stages of life the old hulk, on being transformed to a sleek sand barge was regarded as yet another incarnation to be spoken of among the sea-faring men of these isles down through the ages.

Behind the transformation of this old hulk lies a story that is closely associated with Dungarvan, County Waterford—a story that at the time of its birth shocked the world and cast a gloom over the celebrations of the season.

It was December 23rd, 1895, as the *Mary Sinclair* rode the waves that had become infuriated by a fierce south-easterly gale. She was making for Dungarvan with a cargo of coal and as her captain realised the grave dangers of navigating the rocky entrance to Dungarvan Harbour, he made up his mind that his best policy would be to seek the safety of Clonea. As he made for the sandy shoreline that is well-known to holiday makers from all over Ireland and England, he did not know that close behind him and following every move he made was another vessel whose captain was undergoing a torment that was all but unbearable. The vessel was the beautiful *Moresby* of 1,750 tons, a new iron built vessel regarded as the pride of her owners. The captain was thirty-two years old George Coomer whose young and beautiful wife, Ita Isabella, with their baby daughter, shared this bitter experience. Captain Coomer was taking a cargo of coal from Cardiff to South America and to the sunny shores of the south with its colour and gaiety, he was taking his young wife and daughter.



The *Mary Sinclair* ashore on Clonea Strand Dec. 23rd. 1895.



All that remains of the *Mary Sinclair* when the story was written in 1952.

As he watched with silent admiration the skill of his colleague who by now had taken his vessel well in close to the shoreline of shelterly Clonea, he confirmed the wiseness of the action by taking the same course, but, alas! there was one great difficulty. His vessel was much greater in size than the *Mary Sinclair* and therefore needed a greater depth of water, if he was to avail of the shelter that was now being afforded the smaller vessel. With remarkable skill he manoeuvred the *Moresby* right in to but a few yards of the shelter, but there was no use trying—he could not make it.

With no other alternative, he set his course for Dungarvan Harbour with that fierce south-easterly gale lashing against his side and throwing the sea across his bows and over his deck. As he gallantly nursed his vessel along, the captain of the *Mary Sinclair* from the deck of his firmly held vessel watched in pity. Only too well he realised the pains that were being endured by his fellow captain and only too well did he realize the danger that lay before him as he made for the shelter of Dungarvan Bay.

Captain Coomer remained on deck all through except for the brief spell during which he went below to comfort his wife and to assure her that there was no need for her fears—they would spend Christmas after all, on shore, for their first time in Ireland, together and united. But, unfortunately fate was not so kind.

As the *Moresby* drew near the treacherous "Black Rock" at the entrance to the harbour, her skipper had to think and act quickly. His sails were tattered, his power against the gale weak and his hopes for survival faint. Every little accomplishment was a joy and an added fan to his little spark of hope. Eventually he was round the rocky Ballinacourty Head and slowly moving in closer to land and life in safety.

When the anchors had been dropped the vessel rested about half a mile west of Ballinacourty. All on board felt that they were now safe and they thanked God for what they regarded as their most amazing escape from the clutches of the deep.

On land, the coastguards realised that the vessel was in distress and the lifeboat *William Dunville* went out, breaking through a rough sea and heavy mist. On reaching the stricken vessel the lifeboat crew were amazed when Captain Coomer made it very clear that he did not want any assistance. He said that as his vessel was, so she would remain until the storm passed over. He gave orders there and then that no one was to leave the ship, and without further ado the lifeboat returned to land.

In the meantime Dungarvan too sensed distress outside in the harbour and two old-timers, Tommy Flynn and James Donovan, and a young boy, put to sea in a small open boat. Owing to the mist they did not see the lifeboat go out to the *Moresby*. They rowed across Dungarvan Bay against a strong wind, and their gallant action although of little advantage will forever be recorded in the annals of gallantry in rescue work.

As nightfall approached and all on board the *Moresby* began to settle down to a night's rest, Captain Coomer recalled the events of the past two days. He recalled the scenes of farewell as his spick and span vessel pulled out from Cardiff sharply at 3 p.m. on the afternoon of the 21st. He recalled his jovial farewell to the skipper of the tug that brought him down the Bristol channel. He became restless as he brought to mind once again the torments of the cruel sea as his vessel was lashed by the merciless gale off the Cork coast and then he relaxed in peace as he recalled with admiration the clever tactics of the *Mary Sinclair's* captain whose sound knowledge of Ireland's treacherous southern coast led him to shelter.

But the night that now lay before him held a future as dark as its very name and it was not long before he got his first taste of doom. As the hands of the treasured clock in his home-like cabin approached midnight, the storm became a hurricane and the vessel heaved to and fro. All twenty two of the crew jumped to and prepared for the worst. Suddenly it was noticed that the vessel was drawing her anchors. More cable was left out but here again fate played a damning part—the port cable ran out of the hawse-hole—and now the vessel had but one anchor. Captain Coomer held no hopes for the survival of his vessel—his pride—his home on the seas. Distress signals were lighted and on shore were seen and ignored by the coastguards on Ballinacourty Head.

This was the real tragedy and one that will never be forgotten in the history of Dungarvan. A number of volunteers in Ballinacourty wanted to go to sea to the rescue of the doomed crew but they could not get the lifeboat—the coastguards would not co-operate in rescuing the captain and his crew of a vessel that had refused their aid when it was offered.

Word was sent to Dungarvan for more volunteers and to Helvick on the other side of the bay. In Dungarvan the message was delayed by one man's failing, and it may now be recorded that because of this man's delay twenty young and precious lives were lost.

The call for help was received in Dungarvan early in the night but did not bring the needed response until early the following morning. By this time the scene on board the *Moresby* was a pitiful one. She was all but wrecked and the crew scattered by the cold waves of the cruel Atlantic. Dungarvan's bell-ringer on getting the belated message promptly collected a volunteer crew who with all speed made for Ballinacourty. Other volunteers rushed in from Helvick using a horse and cart as transport. When the Dungarvan men reached Ballinacourty they had to overcome stiff resistance in taking over the lifeboat, but eventually they were successful and under the command of Captain Veale who acted as coxswain the following volunteer crew put to sea: J. Slattery, Capt. T. Grady, Wm. Slattery, Ml. Dwyer, J. Donovan, Wm. Duggan, Mike Duggan, Pad Flynn (known locally as The Russian), J. Gleeson, P. Byrne, Tom Donovan, J. Leahy and his son Pat.



E. J. Brown

The Cool Coast

Cool Coast

by Morsey

by Barker

A. Barker

E. Morsey

W. Morsey

Island

MORSEY

Wink

W. Morsey

W. Morsey

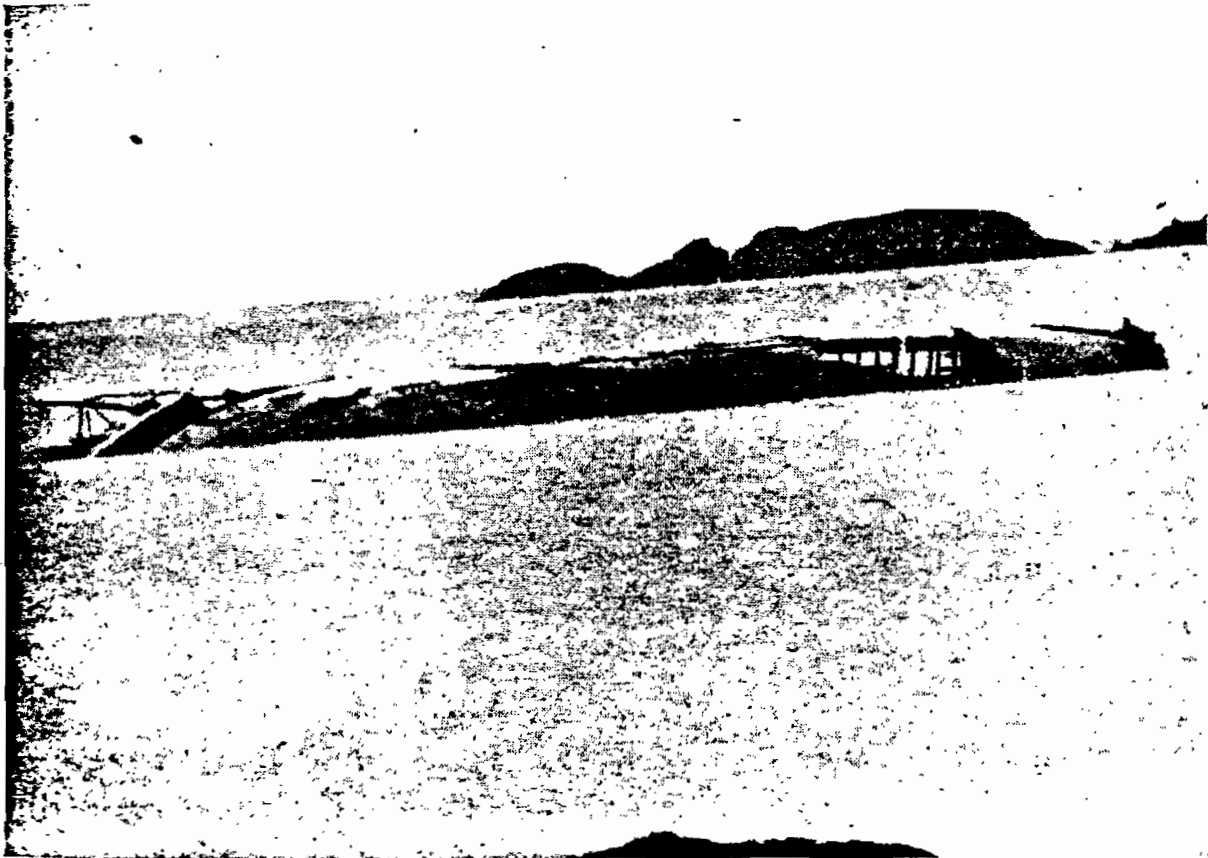
W. Morsey

W. Morsey

REMEMO
 WEEK OF THE "MORSEY"
 E. KLOHAN

W. Morsey

By this time the Helvick men had not yet arrived, but with a full crew mustered Captain Veale made no further delay in getting to the stricken vessel. With all their strength the men pulled against the strong sea and on reaching the *Moresby* met a sight that tore the hearts of each and everyone of these hard seafaring men. Close to the vessel, in the water, they picked up two young men as they bravely fought for their lives. The *Moresby* had heeled over and was at the mercy of the waves. Clinging to her structure were five men, three of them Russian-Finns who had held firm through most of the night. The rest of the crew as well as the captain and his wife and baby were missing—they had put their strength against the sea and had failed. The climax had come and passed and now their names were whispered in reverence, their memory would always be recalled in the ranks of the gallant.



The *Moresby* wreck in Dungarvan Bay Christmas Eve 1895

PART II

Having taken on board the seven survivors, the lifeboat made a thorough search of the area where the *Moresby* now lay at the end of her voyage but there was no sign of the remainder of the crew. With the mournful sound of the waves lashing against the loosened plates of the *Moresby*, in their ears, the lifeboat crew pulled with all their strength for the shores of Ballinacourty.

Here they gently lifted the two young men who had been picked up out of the cold waters of the Bay. They were all but lifeless and to the experienced eyes of the lifeboat volunteer crew, their condition was quite obvious. With all haste they moved them towards shelter but once again in this stage of their work of mercy they met resistance. Eventually they found a resting place for the two dying sailor boys who within a short space of time afterwards passed on to their eternal reward. As their five companions stood by in the painful silence of bereavement, their thoughts drifted to home and their families. What painful news would be conveyed to them on this day—Christmas Eve, 1895—life could be so bitter.

As they stood there, on the slopes of Ballinacourty, heads bowed and bare in the misty haze that added freshness to the green countryside, they recalled with great detail for the first time the tragic events of the night before. How could they ever forget such a memory? The port cable had run out of the hawse-hole and the tattered vessel was held only by one anchor. Distress signals were lighted and mournfully Captain Coomer issued his orders "prepare to abandon ship." With remarkable haste members of the crew collected their most precious belongings from below, while the captain's wife snugly wrapped up her baby daughter at the same time making sure that she had in her little pack a life-giving bottle of warm milk. Captain Coomer stood on the bridge wondering why the lifeboat seemed so long about getting to their assistance. He could not understand it and for the first time in his life he felt like a man deserted by all his friends—alone and helpless at the mercy of a great enemy.

The minutes slowly passed on and painfully the hours mounted but still there was no sign of the approaching lights of the lifeboat. Fighting against the cold piercing winds that breathed death, Captain Coomer dashed from the bridge to the cabin where his loved one waited in anxiety. Patting the rosy little cheek of baby, Ivy, he calmly told his wife that there was little hope of rescue and they would have to prepare to make their own attempt to reach shore if the occasion arose.

Even as he spoke with his wife Isabella, Captain Coomer knew that he was hoping against hope. He realised that his own lifeboats were badly damaged and he knew only too well that the job

of getting one away would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible in this high gale. As well as that, he appreciated the great danger in such a step. And now as he made his way back on deck it struck him that it might be possible to release one of his boats on to the deck of the vessel and leave her there in readiness should the vessel heel over, but here again fate was against him—the boats had been badly smashed up and would never stand up to the ordeal they would have to face.

As he thought over the situation, he was forced by his own mind to accept the conclusion that there was no other way out but to swim for it. After all the distance was not more than a mile, even less, and with a fair break they would all make it. Yes, that was it. They would swim for it. With renewed hope Captain Coomer called the mate, Martin J. Louis, on to the bridge.

"Martin," he said, "there is only one way out, you know that, we will have to swim for it. I doubt if we will last long more as we are and we must be ready. I'll take the baby. You take Isabella, she will be all right in your care for I know that you love her as I do; she is your sister and my wife. Will you do it?"

Mate Louis agreed without hesitation and as he made for the little cabin that had been his refuge at sea, he wondered just how would they fare out in putting their strength against a sea that was bitter, cruel and desperate.

Donning a dark woollen jersey, his mind wandered back home and he paused to think how cosy the family fireside would be to-night—and how he would like to be there. With his waterproof coat around him he again went on deck to face whatever lay in store for him, and indeed, it was not long before he realised that there was little hope of the vessel riding the gale.

Captain Coomer was called and Mrs. Coomer warned to stand-by. The anchor was drifting. They were now cast away—this was the end. As the waves pounded the side of the *Moresby* she heaved over, but as though fighting back she refused to go over completely. However, it was only a matter of time until her masts were dashed against the waves—she was on her side.

The mate, a powerful swimmer, held his sister, Mrs. Coomer, and with a strong rope he lashed her to his body and went overboard. Captain Coomer watched them go. He saw the tears of anguish in his wife's eyes as she gazed at him for the last time and as she then looked up at her baby securely tied to her father's shoulders. She spoke no word with her lips but her heart conveyed a last message to her loved ones. As he gazed into the blackness of the stormy seas he fought bravely to hold back his personal feelings, his bitter pain, his heart-rending experience. There they were brother and sister lashed together fighting against the sea. Captain Coomer saw them rise with a white foaming wave. As it broke he saw them thrown forth into the wide expanse of darkness that lay before them—and now they were gone.

Shouting to his crew to make haste, Captain Coomer was captain of the *Moresby* to the last. Seven of the men decided to hold on in the hope of being picked up and as the remainder prepared to go over, father and baby daughter watched over them. One by one they went over and finally Captain Coomer and his precious little care followed.

From their position on the side of the doomed vessel, the seven remaining members of the crew watched in silent pity. They could never forget the piercing cry of the little babe as it rang out above the pounding of the waves. They would always recall the sight of the tiny white blanket which formed a hood around the babe's head as it bobbed up and down in the bleak seas. They saw the desperate effort being made by their Captain and soon they realised the hopelessness of it. Within a few minutes, they had disappeared beneath the towering waves—their faces were now and forever but a memory.

Yes, the struggle against the sea was for all a hopeless one. Each and every one of the contestants lost, and had tasted death.

PART III

The sun was trying to break through, faintly as if not really wanting to. People stood around in little groups, all mournful, all dazed by the tragedy of events of the past hours. Two bodies covered from the light that once filled their lives now rested in peace on the old horse-drawn ambulance that had arrived in Ballinacourty from Dungarvan.

Slowly the sad procession formed and began to move off down the old windswept road by the sea that had robbed these boys of life. Seaweed lay scattered all along the route and overhead the gulls cried mournfully. On along the road the ambulance moved where doors were closed and blinds drawn. To Dungarvan Court-house the bodies were taken where they were soon to be joined by the remainder of their friends who had died as they lived: "men against the sea."

The scene in Dungarvan on Christmas Eve, 1895, was indeed tragic. It overshadowed the festivities of the holy season and spread a gloom over a very wide area.

As the days passed by the sea threw up its dead. One by one the bodies of the victims were picked up along the seashore. In the Botharnatraha area the remains of the gallant Captain Coomer were picked up. The tiny blanket that once rested snugly over his baby daughter's body now sagged in its emptiness upon his shoulders, and there was no sign of the little babe, that had been so carefully wrapped within it. Not long afterwards, Mrs. Coomer's body was found on the Ring side of the harbour, while not very far from the same spot lay the body of baby Ivy. Far away across Dungarvan Bay near Barnawee, the body of Mate Louis was located and still attached to it were the ropes that once meant hope to his sister and to him.

Eventually all bodies were recovered at various points around the harbour; that of the coloured member of the crew, named Hunter, being picked up close by Ardmore, a very considerable distance from the scene of the tragedy. Relatives of the deceased came to Dungarvan from England. As the funerals moved through the town hundreds paid their last respects to a gallant captain and crew whose last resting place would be now and forever close to the sea in the old Protestant churchyard.

And so now it was all over. The five survivors, three of them Russian-Finns named: W. Laakone, A. Mickleson and E. W. Bloom-guest and two English men: Messrs. H. Blount and H. McKennon, were left with a great sorrow to bear, a tragic story to recall and a persistent longing to forget it all.

Of the *Mary Sinclair*, the story was entirely to the contrary.

Realising that Clonea beach was his only hope, the captain went well in there and was blown up on to the beach where his vessel was held firmly. His crew were taken off quite safely and when the storm died down Captain Moloney of Dungarvan undertook the job of salvaging her.

With little fuss or bother he gathered together his men, and bucket by bucket they took off forty tons of her cargo of coal which was dumped up on the strand. Then a horse and dray was brought on the scene and managed by two locals the horse was driven well out into the water with a strong rope and steamer anchor attached to the vessel and to the dray. With as much man-power as was possible and just one horsepower, the vessel was successfully pulled off the beach and within a short time sailed into Dungarvan Harbour to dock at the quay where she discharged the remainder of her cargo. Captain Moloney, a seaman in every sense of the word, made it his business to see to it that the interests of the shipowners were taken care of. He did not want to see them incur any great loss and he took every possible step to ensure that this would not happen. He purchased the complete cargo of coal for what it was worth to any merchant. He looked after the examination of the vessel and was satisfied only when the *Mary Sinclair* set sail from Dungarvan in the same condition she was in when leaving her home port.

But in sailing out the harbour past the wreck of the ill-fated *Moresby* the captain and crew took with them a story that would never die in the history of man's fight against the sea.

The tragedy of the *Moresby* wreck was now a memory. The victims lay in peace in the shadow of the tall, weather-beaten trees in the old churchyard. The five survivors were left to face an inquiry which for them was an ordeal greater than that which had proved the cause of their present position.

As the days passed by, all Dungarvan wondered and waited. The survivors just hoped. They had but one wish—to return to their homes and to seek new life, new ship-mates and another vessel. They were not disrespectful to the memory of their gallant comrades, but the nightmare of the tragedy was a burden which was not easy to bear.

Eventually all Dungarvan, and for that matter, the whole country sat up in interest. The inquiry was fixed for Dungarvan Courthouse and now the tragedy would once again be enacted in the minds of all who had lived through it.

Long before commencement time, crowds had gathered both inside and outside the Courthouse. Dressed in their newly-acquired clothing the five seamen sat nervously waiting for whatever questions they would have to answer. Too well they realised the significance of their story but to these simple-minded men no question could be too difficult—they had but one answer—the bitter truth—they had been left at the mercy of the waves by the Ballinacourty Lifeboat Station. How pathetic, the scene as one by one each of the survivors

recalled the tragedy in detail, while at the same time these hard seafaring men fought bravely to hide the mist of tears that dimmed their view. Their companions could have been saved, the little babe's cheerful chuckle could still bring joy into the hearts of all, and their captain could look to the horizon and a new command. Why did they not abandon ship when the lifeboat first came to their aid? They answered why should they? The captain was confident; they had never any reason to doubt his confidence; their vessel was one of the finest and would ride the gale were it not for "just one of those things" that only FATE alone controls—THE PORT CABLE RAN OUT OF THE HAUSE-HOLE, and what chance had they, being held by a solitary anchor in a raging gale. Their distress signals had been ignored by the one party on whose action the seamen throughout the seas of the globe place their faith, hope and trust—the lifeboat men.

Questions were asked by all sides throughout the inquiry and at times feelings became heated and bitter but on the stormy waters of the inquiry the tributes to the volunteer lifeboat crew, paid by the survivors and the authorities brought about a calmness that was both impressive and unforgettable.

At last the question ceased to pour forth. The five survivors sat relieved and slowly the crowds began to move away. The lifeboat crew was severely reprimanded and soon afterwards the old Lifeboat Station of Ballinacourty was no more. It was transferred to Helvick Head where the gallantry of its seafarers had long been proved even on this tragic occasion by men who made all haste to Ballinacourty as volunteers to brave the gale.

Yes, the story as told by the survivors brought home to one and all the real tragedy behind the great loss of life in Dungarvan Bay.

For many months after the tragedy the people of the town continued to place flowers on the graves in the old churchyard. Mr. Ruddell, who had long been known as the mariners' friend in Dungarvan, had suitable memorial tablets placed over the graves and while he lived he looked after the care of the graves and the painting of the inscriptions on the tablets. Since he died many years ago—the graves and the tablets have been neglected and to-day no sign whatever of the resting place of a gallant crew is to be found.

Out in the bay the wreck lay on the Whitehouse Bank, her broadside faced to the current of the tides where she was a great menace to shipping. The local Council bought a Wigham buoy at a cost of £200 which was moored close to the ill-fated vessel providing a warning light all through the dark hours of night. Months afterwards the removal of the wreck was undertaken by a well-known Cork firm. A diver went down and soon the big job was under way. Dynamite was planted and soon the silence of their bay was shattered by the explosion as all that remained of the *Moresby* went sky-high. Bit by bit all her iron was taken into Dungarvan Quay and later

sold as scrap to be taken back to where the *Moresby* sailed from at the height of her splendour.

Dungarvan did not forget the men who risked their lives in the attempt to save others. To each of the volunteer lifeboat crew a medal and an illuminated parchment of honour were presented. A tablet commemorating their bravery was erected on the "Look Out" and may be seen there to-day. It bears the inscription "TO COMMEMORATE THE BRAVERY OF THE MEN WHO VOLUNTEERED TO MAN THE LIFEBOAT AND RESCUE SEVEN OF THE CREW OF THE "MORESBY" WRECKED IN DUNGARVAN HARBOUR ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1895."

In Dungarvan to-day few of the parchments remain, but in the possession of John (Lord) Duggan, Brigid's Street, and J. Donovan Murphy Place, Abbeyside, whose fathers were members of the crew a framed copy still takes a place of honour in their homes. They read: "RECOGNITION OF VALOUR—BESTOWED BY THE PEOPLE OF DUNGARVAN (*Name of the member to whom issued appears here*) FOR HAVING BRAVELY VOLUNTEERED TO MAN THE LIFEBOAT (WHEN THE REGULAR CREW REFUSED) AND ASSIST IN SAVING SEVEN OF THE CREW (TWO OF WHOM SUCCUMBED) OF THE SHIP "MORESBY" WRECKED ON THE WHITEHOUSE BANK DURING THE DREADFUL STORM OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1895—Signed on behalf of the Committee—John R. Dower—M. McCarthy."

Perhaps one of the most impressive relics of the *Moresby* to be seen to-day is a very beautiful timber bucket with shining brass bands and rope handle with the vessel's name artistically painted across it, which is in the possession of Mr. Wm. Miller, Main Street Dungarvan, and who also has a fine enlargement of a picture showing the captain, his wife, baby Ivy, and the members of the crew as well as pictures of the vessel as she was before and after the tragedy.

And so remain the few relics that live on—a reminder of "Man's Fight Against the Sea"—a fight that is eternal—a fight that man can never win.

THE TRAGIC RECORD—*From a newspaper of the period.*

The tragic story of the *Moresby* wreck as recorded in this book was based on the memories of some of the "Old-Timers" still with us. For several weeks I spent hours collecting the sad facts and to each and everyone of those who so kindly recalled incidents that made the story I now take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation. I should like to mention in particular Mr. Tom Duggan, Loughmore, Dungarvan, whose memory is a source of much value to Dungarvan. Now an old man he can still go back in memory to the days of the *Moresby* tragedy, the troubled times and everything that made news in the Old Boro' of the past. Also Mr. Thomas O'Mahony, Dungarvan's well-known carpenter, who can clearly recall the tragedy

and to Mr. Wm. Miller, now resident in Dublin, who kindly provided the very fine picture of the parties concerned in the tragedy. Mr. Wm. Duggan, Mitchel Street, supplied the picture of the *Mary Sinclair* and Mr. A. Jones of Rundan, Cheshire, provided wonderful assistance as well as the picture of the *Mary Sinclair* as she is to-day.

To show how well memory served my friends in recalling this story I now reproduce as follows, some interesting facts as they appeared in a newspaper of the period. Mr. P. Morrissey, Western Terrace (Chapel Lane) is deserving of my thanks for making this historical record available:—

SHIPWRECK OUTSIDE DUNGARVAN—THE INQUEST—THE VESSEL SIGNAL-
LING FOR ASSISTANCE AND THE LIFEBOAT CREW IN BED—A SAD AND
TOUCHING SPECTACLE

Mr. Coroner Dennehy held an inquest on the bodies of the crew of the *Moresby*, which was wrecked off Ballinacourty, Dungarvan Harbour, on Tuesday week last.

Mr. Egan, D.I., conducted the inquiry, which was held in a room off the coastguard station.

The following were sworn on the jury: M. Craig (foreman), Ml. Kelly, Pk. Kelly, John Kelly, Jas. Ryan, Ml. Cashin, Thomas Moore, Martin Donoghue, John Shea, Jas. Walsh, Patrick Kelly, James Merry, Patrick Shine, John Walsh, Roger Power.

The greatest possible interest was evinced in the enquiry, numbers attending from Dungarvan.

Just as the jury were being sworn, a telephone message arrived stating that a disabled vessel was drifting from Bonmahon, and asking that the lifeboat be launched and go to the rescue. Immediately the coxswain, Mr. Cummins, fired the signal rockets, and the crew mustered. Amongst the volunteers were several from Dungarvan, including P. Byrne, William Slattery, who went in the boat, and also Constables Rancon and Connell, Captain John Slattery and others. The boat was quickly launched, and rowed for several miles to sea, but no vessel could be discerned. The coastguards' galley was also put out, under the control of Capt. W. M. Slattery, and, though they rowed for some miles along the shore, they could discern no vessel needing their assistance. The telegram came from Bonmahon, and what became of the vessel sighted from there is up to this a mystery.

Henry Blunt, one of the survivors, deposed that they were signalling for a long time before they were answered. The rocket apparatus eventually reached once, but the line broke, but no matter how the line was thrown it could not reach them. They were in the rigging at the time and could not get across the deck as the water was washing the decks.

Mr. Egan: "How many more were in the mizzen rigging with you?"

"All of them, except four or five in the fore rigging; we tried to save ourselves by jumping into the water."

"Where was the captain's wife and child?"

"The mate took the wife and the captain took the child, and they jumped overboard before I did; the ship's boats were carried away a long time before that; I was from a quarter to half an hour in the water before I was picked up; I had a lifebelt on."

Mr. Egan: "If the lifeboat had been launched would it have saved the whole crew?"

"I believe it could if it had come an hour earlier; we could have jumped overboard and she could have picked us up; it would not be necessary for the lifeboat to come alongside to save us, as by jumping into the sea we could be picked up; the sea was worse the previous evening when the lifeboat went out than it was on the following morning between seven and ten o'clock; there was a lull in the storm."

Mr. Egan: "He implies that the lifeboat might have been out the following morning as well as the previous evening when the lifeboat did go out."

Hugh McKennon, another of the survivors, detailed at length the circumstances of the wreck which have been already given. After the lifeboat's first visit the wind freshened, and at half past five in the morning the starboard cable parted, and she drifted into where she is now. She lay in the position for about two hours, with her head to the sea. It was then daybreak. We showed signals of distress long before this. The captain sent up signals from eleven o'clock the previous night, and was burning lights all night."

Mr. Egan: "By sending up the signals did the captain mean to leave the ship?"

"Oh, certainly, the ship was in danger and he wanted assistance; if the lifeboat came out between from seven to ten, that is about two hours earlier, she could have saved all hands; had the captain and his wife remained, and the others, it is possible they would all have been saved; those who first left were too long in the water before the lifeboat came up; the captain's wife had a lifebelt on; I was the last living man picked up."

Dr. J. C. Holland, J.P., deposed: "I was telephoned for at one o'clock on Tuesday; I found the deceased stretched on the boards in the coastguard station; the greatest possible energy and care was being used; applied the electric battery to his heart but without effect; the deceased Barker, was downstairs; with the electric battery he showed slight signs of life; there was no heart's action, but twitches of the muscles; nothing could have saved the lives of either; never saw anything like the attention and care shown by the coastguards; they did the best they could; death was caused by shock and exposure, they having been in the rigging so long, with the seas washing over them."

William Fleetwood Shaw, a coastguard stationed at Ballinacourty, proved the first visit of the lifeboat crew and the captain of the vessel refusing to come ashore. They then left.

Mr. Egan: "Did you see signals that night afterwards?"

"Yes, sir, at 11.30."

"What did those signals indicate?"

"Distress."

"Were all the members of the crew made aware that they were required?"

"Well, I believe they were; I was two miles away; they were signals of distress burned on the vessel all night; the coxswain did his utmost to get a crew together, and fired rockets at 6 a.m., he was unable to get a crew; the men were fagged out; the boat was on the carriage; the lifeboat did not go out until a relief crew came from Dungarvan."

Coroner: "Who communicated with Dungarvan?"

"Mr. Cullinan, who came out here in the morning."

Mr. Egan: "It has been sworn that if the lifeboat was launched an hour earlier the entire crew would be saved."

"It would not be possible to save those on the mizzen rigging; it was blowing a gale before the lifeboat went out; and immediately the lifeboat was launched the wind lulled down; it would not be possible to save all the crew if the lifeboat went out two hours earlier; they were at the wrong end of the ship; it would have been possible to save a larger number if the boat went out an hour earlier."

Mr. Craig: "What time did they communicate with Dungarvan that you could not get a crew?"

"At ten o'clock, to say the crew were fatigued, and that they would go out in the morning."

"And at morning they did not go?"

"No; they did not go."

Captain Veale: "We were waiting for a crew and could not get them."

Dr. Holland: "Was the Dungarvan crew satisfactory?"

"Yes sir, they did as much as they could."

Mr. John Cullinan, secretary of the lifeboat committee, was the next witness. He deposed: "At the time this vessel was here another vessel was in Clonea; I wired to the coxswain: 'Why not relieve the vessel'; I think this was about six or seven o'clock. I got a reply: 'Could not get a crew.' Later in the evening I met Captain Slattery who told me they would not go out; I took no steps to procure a crew that evening it was so late. On the following morning I could not cross the bridge with the storm."

"Did you come as far as Ballinacourty?"

"No, only half the Causeway (about 300 yards). I turned back and telephoned to Ballinacourty to give me particulars of the wrecks; it was then near eight o'clock; got a reply saying 'I have not a man here—come out.'"

Captain Veale next deposed: "I am a member of the lifeboat committee; came out here to see the vessel breaking up; thought the crew were out of it; found on coming here that the men were

still in the rigging ; saw the lifeboat not launched ; the coxswain told me only two and myself would go into the boat ; this was about eleven o'clock ; we walked out to see the vessel half a mile away ; and the coxswain was trying to discourage us from going into the boat ; said I had only one life to lose and I was prepared to sacrifice that to save the crew ; the coxswain would not come into the boat."

A Voice : " He should be shot ! "

Mr. Egan said the coxswain should be present if this evidence was to be taken.

Capt. Veale : " I said to the coxswain I would go into the boat, that it would be a disgrace to Dungarvan to see people drowned in the harbour and nobody there to save them."

Coroner : " Did the coxswain go in her ? "

Capt. Veale : " No, nor I did not see the station officer, or any of the coastguards. The station officer said that he was away at the wreck in Clonea at the time."

Capt. Veale : " Had the boat gone out an hour earlier many lives would be saved ; I never saw such scandalous work in my life ; these men have been paid £150 for the past twelve months, and where there is life to be saved they would not get into the boat ; they got £50 for saving men in four feet of water ; they should be tried for cowardice ; the coxswain was there and he would not go into the boat ; I hope he will be tried for cowardice ; people are tried for their lives for cowardice ; I met the chief boatman on coming out."

Mr. Hair (chief officer) : " There is no chief boatman here—commissioned boatman."

Capt. Veale : " Well, I am not up in your naval terms ; he said it would be time enough to launch the boat when he would get a crew."

Coxswain : " I beg to contradict that statement ; I don't know am I in order in doing so."

Coroner : " Not for a while."

Capt. Veale : " The coxswain said that only two more and himself would go into the boat out of the old crew."

To Mr. Egan : " If the lifeboat were launched sooner more lives would have been saved."

A Juror : " Did the coastguards object to give the boat ? "

" No, I saw no coastguard there."

Mr. Hair, chief officer, said he was in Ballyvoile saving the crew of the other vessel and he could not be in two places at the one time. He fired the rocket to the ship also, and the line was got across the yards. The line was pulled, and it was found that it was carried away. But for that he would have saved the entire crew with the apparatus.

M. Commins, coxswain, said he wished to give evidence to vindicate his own character : " Am coxswain of the lifeboat in Ballinacourty, and am a coastguard ; went to the vessel on the first evening ; were about three hours in the boat going to and coming from the

vessel ; remember the signals made from the vessel about eleven o'clock that night ; tried to get a crew ; I first saw the schooner going into Clonea bay ; we hoisted a signal ; I fired rockets for the lifeboat crew ; there was a tremendous sea, and Patrick Norris, an old lifeboat man, said he never saw such a sea ; it showed the spirit of the Dungarvan people towards me when one man said a ships' boat would live in the sea."

Capt. Moloney : " And I say so too."

Witness : " It's all very well to criticise ; I got the boat on the carriage at eleven o'clock. I was then told the vessel was firing signals of distress. I went to assemble the crew. It was blowing again at the time. I could not get a crew. After that I got a telegram from the secretary asking did the coxswain and lifeboat crew refuse to go to the vessel. I telegraphed to Dungarvan that the crew refused to go ; they were too tired after being out before. I shut up the boathouse and William Shaw (coastguard) and myself thought it advisable to go down to the other vessel, and we went best part of the way. When we did not see the rocket apparatus we returned to come home, and we arrived here at four o'clock in the morning. I went and laid down with my clothes on until just about six, when the watchman came and called me, and said that the vessel had struck the bank. I went and fired two more explosives to get a crew, but I could not get a crew ; only three or four men came to the boat-house. I had everything ready for the boat to go out. Mr. Sampson who had charge of the rockets asked me along to see if we could do anything with the apparatus. No crew turned up. I had my lifebelt on all the time. I asked for volunteers to go in the lifeboat from the crowd standing opposite the vessel, but only one man named O'Brien answered. And I am called a coward. I would take that boat where others would be drowned. I am called a coward by men thirty years at sea and spending twenty of that in a public-house in Dungarvan. The rocket party and a lot of people were in the field when I asked for volunteers ; only one would come."

Captain Veale : " Why did you not go in the boat when you got the volunteers ? "

" I won't answer you, sir, you have shown a vindictive spirit before this ; I think you ought to clear out when I am giving my evidence ; I met Capt. Veale on the cliffs ; he asked me why the lifeboat did not go out ; I told him I could not get a crew ; this gentleman with Captain Veale said he would make one ; Capt. Veale asked me why I did not telegraph into Dungarvan for a crew ; I told him the hon-secretary had done so, who was at the station at the time ; Capt. Veale said no boat could live alongside of her, the sea was so bad ; Capt. Veale said then : ' let us launch her and we can do the best we can, and that he would go as coxswain ' ; I said I was very glad as I was fatigued and had not changed my clothes all night and all day."

To the Coroner: "You did not put the boat out?"

"I had nothing at all to do with her; I told him he could not steer the boat except they had men with oars, and he took two men with oars; I went down to the boathouse to go out as coxswain; as I entered the boathouse the Dungarvan men were there putting on the cork jackets; someone made the remark: 'Here comes the coxswain'; Captain Slattery said: 'We don't want anything to do with him; we want all of our own,' this was Captain John Slattery; I then left the boathouse and stood clear of them altogether; I saw Capt. Veale pass a note to this gentleman (a juror)."

Capt. Veale denied that he did so; he slipped the note into his hand.

The note was read by the Coroner, and it contained the question: 'Did the coastguard refuse the boat?'

Mr. Walsh (a juror) asked to have Capt. O'Grady examined.

Mr. Egan said the evidence Captain Veale wanted to produce was as to whether the coxswain was a coward.

Mr. Commins: "There is a regular spleen between Captain Veale and me, and you cannot take his words serious at all."

Captain Veale asked to be allowed to speak, but the coroner would not allow him to do so.

Mr. Walsh: "How many of the crew told you they would not go out again?"

"All of them; it was Mr. Cullinan said was nine or ten when the telegram was sent that a crew could not be got."

Here a coastguard said he was a watchman and a telegram was not there after seven o'clock.

Mr. Cullinan made another statement about the sending of the telegram, and the watchman again contradicted the statement, and a juror said they would have done long ago if the inquest was left to the jury.

This concluded the evidence and the jury considered their verdict. They agreed to the following: "The deceased David Mitchie and Allan Barker being two of the crew of the ship *Moresby*, wrecked at Ballinacourty on the 24th December, '95, died from exposure and shock on the same day. From the contradictory evidence of some of the witnesses examined we are of opinion that it would be necessary that inquiry should be held by the National Lifeboat Institution and clear up doubts and remove want of confidence at present existing in the minds of all concerned."

THE FUNERAL—A SAD SIGHT PUTTING THE BODIES IN ONE GRAVE

On Friday evening the funeral took place of seven of the drowned sailors of the *Moresby*. It was a distressing scene. The seven coffins were carried one after the other through the streets to the Protestant Church, where the burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. Bain, Rector. Mr. Ruddell, of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Association, superintended the interment. Amongst those present were relatives

of the drowned men, Mr. M'Lellan, of the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, and a large crowd of the general public. The remains were interred together in one grave. Just as the coffins were being lowered, a telegram was received from the friends of Gregory, an apprentice, to have his remains brought home, and they were taken into the church till the morning.

More of the funerals of the drowned sailors of the wrecked ship *Moresby* took place on Saturday. The captain and his wife have been buried. The funeral service was read over all the remains by the Rev. Mr. Bain. The funerals were most distressing sights. A great many of the relatives of the drowned men came across here from England and attended to the interment. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention shown to the bodies than was done by Mr. Samuel Ruddell of Dungarvan, local representative of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. There are ten bodies in one grave in the churchyard. The young apprentice, Gregory, has been taken home for interment in England. The body of a little child, two and a half years old, has also been found.

LATER DETAILS—DUNGARVAN, MONDAY

To-day the little girl "Fry" Coombe, daughter of the captain of the ill-fated ship *Moresby*, wrecked here on the 24th instant, was interred with her parents, who also lost their lives on the occasion. Thousands visited the body of the child on yesterday when it lay in the parochial schoolroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who were in charge of the remains, did everything possible to convenience the large numbers of sympathisers who visited the place. The ladies of the town assembled to-day and took charge of the remains. The tiny coffin was covered with flowers, and the little one was laid to rest by the side of her parents. Two bodies have been washed ashore—one that of the cook, a coloured man from Maine, U.S., who was a general favourite with the crew. The poor fellow a few hours before his death, when the apprentices were obliged to go up into the rigging, served out Christmas pudding, telling the lads not to spare it as it might be the last he would ever serve out. Shortly before the ship broke up he said: "I think, boys, I am going home, so I will put on my best clothes." He then managed to carry out his resolve after which he said: "good-bye" and plunged into the sea. Ardmore, where the body was found, is ten miles from the scene of the disaster, and the finding of the body there is accounted for by the fact that on Thursday last the wind blew from the land for an hour or two, when it suddenly changed again.

The body of the other victim found is that of Faban, a Norwegian.

Mr. S. Ruddell, representative of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, took charge of the remains pending interment.

The indignation of the people of the town has been aroused by the failure of the lifeboat crew to make an effort earlier in the day to save the drowning men, and an indignation meeting will be held

this evening, in the Town Hall, to give expression to the general views of the townspeople on the melancholy state of things which have resulted.

The Royal Lifeboat Institution have signified their intention of holding an inquiry, but the date has not yet been fixed.

The Board of Trade and Admiralty, it is also stated, are taking steps to have the matter thoroughly sifted and the cause of the failure to rescue the crew of the *Moresby*, who were for four hours lashed to the rigging in sight of the men who were expected to relieve them, but failed to do so.

The relatives of the lad Mitchie are in town. One came from Paris and the other from London. They will, it is understood, attend the meeting.

PUBLIC MEETING IN DUNGARVAN—RECOGNITION OF THE BRAVERY OF THE VOLUNTEER CREW

A large and influential meeting of the people of Dungarvan was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening.

Mr. John Curran, C.T.C., was moved to the chair, and nearly every member of the Town Commissioners and Harbour Boards were present. On the platform were: Major Maunsell, J.P., Mr. Banon Newel, Mr. J. R. Dewar, Mr. R. T. Longan, Mr. J. W. Donohue, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Mooney, Mr. M. J. Casey, T.C., Mr. T. O'Connor, T.C., etc.

The body of the hall was filled with the merchants, traders, and mariners of the town and district.

The chairman, who was received with long applause, said that an influential requisition had been presented, calling upon him as chairman of the town commissioners to convene the meeting. They all regretted the great and awful visitation which had deprived so many families of their breadwinners, and robbed so many homes of those who were loved and cherished. They could not but admire the bravery and courage which nerved the Dungarvan volunteer crew to risk their lives in an effort to save those poor people who were utter strangers to them (applause). The heroic conduct of those men would long be remembered—the brave crew that acted under Capt. Veale and comprised Capt. Slattery, Capt. O'Grady, honest Jack Leahy and a number of other brave men whose names he could not at that moment recall (applause).

Mr. J. W. Denroche, Hon. Treasurer of the Lifeboat Committee, in proposing the resolutions, said that it was with feelings of deepest regret at the great calamity which had fallen upon so many happy homes and occurred in their midst that he proposed the following resolutions:—

1. "That this meeting desires to express its strongest condemnation of the conduct of the Ballinacourty lifeboat crew in refusing to go to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew of the *Moresby* on the 24th December, and thus allowing twenty lives to be sacrificed."

2. "That this meeting desires to place on record the expression

of its hearty thanks and grateful appreciation of the noble and self-sacrificing efforts made by the volunteer crew from Dungarvan, mainly through whose exertions five lives were saved, and that the thanks of the meeting are also due to the two men of the Ballinacourty crew who assisted them in their efforts to save the lives of the sailors."

3. "That this meeting would urge the Lifeboat Institution the necessity of holding a searching inquiry into the causes of the neglect by which many lives were sacrificed, and that a sub-committee be appointed to collect evidence and furnish the names of witnesses to the institution."

4. "That this meeting of the inhabitants of Dungarvan desires to convey to the relatives and friends of the men who lost their lives and to the mother of the late Mrs. Coomber its sincere sympathy at the great affliction which has befallen them, and beg to assure them that the people of Dungarvan of every class and creed share their sorrow at the dire calamity which has not alone brought desolation on their homes but has also cast a gloom over this district on the eve of Christmas."

Major Maunsell, J.P., seconded the resolution.

Mr. Thomas O'Connor, T.C., supported them. He said that the men and boys of Dungarvan were as heroic as any men who had ever put their feet on board a ship, and he was glad that they had, at the risk of their lives, upheld the honour of the town on this occasion. They had gone there at the twelfth hour, yet they had succeeded in rescuing five men from a watery grave.

The chairman put the resolutions, which were unanimously passed.

Mr. John R. Dower proposed the following addition to the resolution dealing with the volunteer crew: "And that as a distinct mark of our particular appreciation of the noble conduct of the rescue crew we authorise a committee to be hereafter named to take steps to put into practical shape our genuine esteem for their heroic action."

Mr. Penrose seconded the proposal, which was adopted and Mr. Thomas McCarthy, Town Clerk, was appointed secretary.

The chairman introduced Mr. Arthur H. Charlton, Brooke House, Brentford, London, cousin of David Michie, one of the boys who met his death through the wreck of the *Moresby*. This gentleman, who on coming forward was received with applause, said he had come to that meeting to hear what was said. He truly thanked the people of Dungarvan for their great kindness in this sad matter. He always liked Irishmen, and that liking and esteem was intensified by their kindness towards him since he came to Dungarvan (applause).

A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, after which the proceedings terminated.

The Dungarvan Town Commissioners have passed resolutions expressing sympathy with the relatives of the deceased crew, and

calling on the Lifeboat Institution and Board of Trade to hold an immediate inquiry.

The following letter has been received by the Hon. Secretary of the Lifeboat Committee:—

“7 SORRENTO TERRACE, DALKEY,

25th December, 1895.

“DEAR SIR,

“Spending the Christmas here, I happened to witness the loss of the barque *Palme* in Dublin Bay. Next day I met Mr. James Talbot Power, D.L., who handed me £5 for distribution among the ‘volunteer crew’ of your lifeboat who so nobly went to the rescue of the crew of the *Moresby*. Since receiving the above amount from Mr. Power I am happy to tell you that I have received £5 more, £1 of which I subscribe myself, and herewith enclose you cheque for £10. I think it would be well to notify those accounts in the Waterford papers, and it may be the means of inducing parties locally to subscribe, considering people living so far from Dungarvan have been so generous in the matter. The following are the subscriptions, and I have no doubt they will be added to in the course of a few days.

“I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES POWER.”

Names of subscribers:—James Talbot Power, D.L., £5; Mr. J. McLaughlin £1 1s. 0d.; Bodega Company, Dame Street, Dublin, £1 1s. 0d.; A Friend, per J. Larchet, £1 1s. 0d.; H. H. Classen, 5/-; Michael O’Mara 5/-; Lynch & O’Brien, 5/-; J. Bakeman, Provincial Bank, 2/-; James Power, Tramore, 1/-; Total £10.

MEETING OF THE LIFEBOAT COMMITTEE

Dungarvan, Tuesday. A meeting of the Lifeboat Committee was held here to-day. Mr. Basil Hall, R.N., attended on behalf of the National Lifeboat Institution for the purpose of ascertaining certain information in order to be in a position to forward a report for the Institution.

Mr. J. W. Denroche presided, and nearly all the members of the committee, coastguards and crews of the lifeboat were in attendance.

Mr. Hall explained that his intention in having the committee called together was not to hold an inquiry, but to consult with them as to the most advisable course to be adopted in this melancholy matter. The Lifeboat Institution had no power to hold an inquiry, but they had called on the Board of Trade (the Government) who had the power to summons witnesses on oath to do so (applause).

And he was there not for the purpose of holding an inquiry, but to get certain details of the sad affair in order to frame his report. The only matter for the committee was to say when and where he should examine the witnesses, and to submit the names of those who desired to give evidence.

Mr. R. E. Brennan said that they should be very cautious, as one inquiry might have the effect of killing the other.

Mr. Hall said that the evidence he would take to-morrow would be of a private nature. While there was no intention to cloak anything on the part of the Lifeboat Institution, yet it might be inadvisable, as suggested by Mr. Brennan, that one witness should be aware of the evidence given by another.

The Hon. Secretary read a telegram from the Lifeboat Institution stating that the Board of Trade would hold an inquiry, but the date had not been yet fixed.

Mr. Craig asked how the Board of Trade would deal with the witnesses who would be about when their inquiry would be notified to be held.

Mr. Hall: "The Board of Trade will probably send their solicitors to collect evidence beforehand and issue summonses for the necessary witnesses."

Subsequently it was arranged that the witnesses should make their statements at the Town Hall to-morrow.

A vote of thanks was, on the motion of Mr. R. E. Brennan, passed to Mr. Hall, who responded stating that the Institution would be glad at all times to discharge its important and responsible duties.

A vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. E. O'Shea, and seconded by Captain Veale, was passed by acclamation, after which the proceedings terminated.

DUNGARVAN QUAY

BECOMES
BIG BUSINESS
IN
SHIPPING
CIRCLES



THE FISHING FLEET'S IN.



37

This historic picture shows fishing trawlers of the modern type moored two-abreast at Dungarvan Quay, in February 1952.

Photo by T. Tobin.



Cargo Vessels occupy the main berths.



Fishing trawlers make Dungarvan their main depot. (In this picture on the right is Dungarvan's oldest sailor and reliable ships' pilot Jack Connors, Abbeyside).

Photos by T. Tobin.

COMING IN



The S.S. *Anna Toop* steams into Dungarvan Quay.
Photo: by T. Tobin.

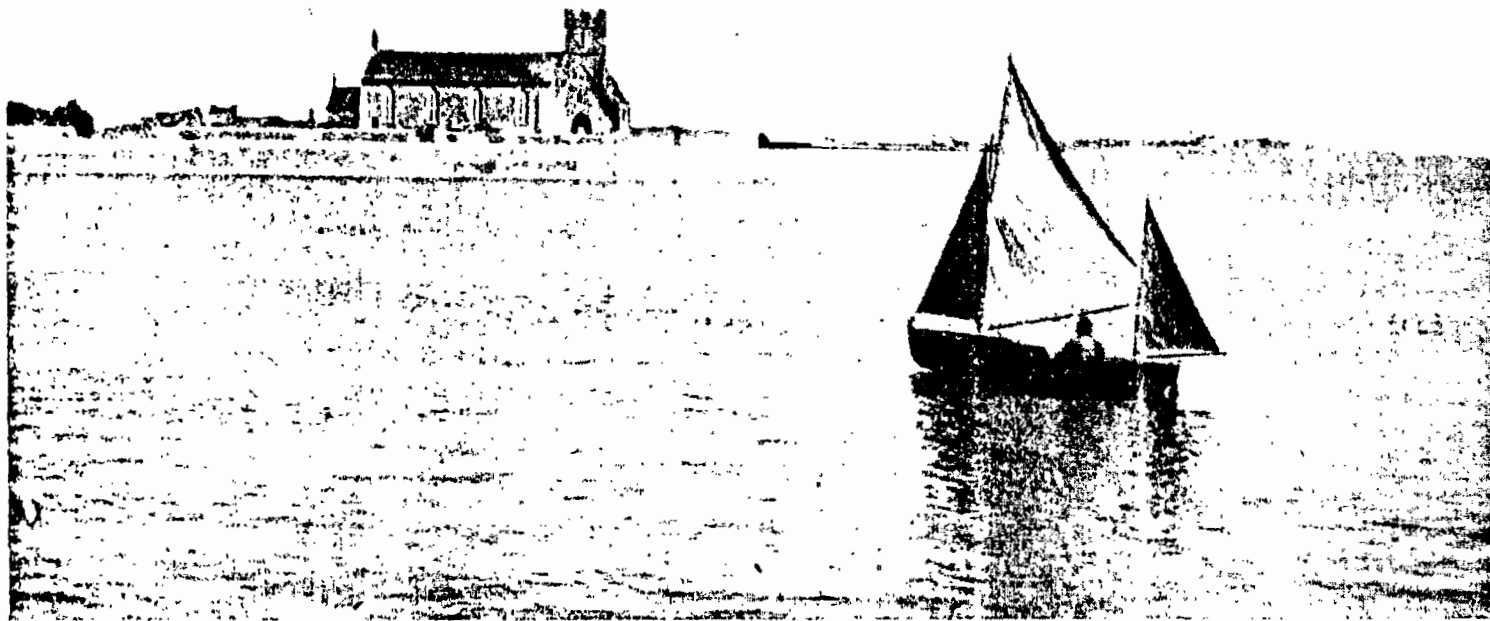
GOING OUT



The 'old Schooner *Venturer* sails out from the Quay, Dungarvan.
Photo: by T. Tobin.

DUNGARVAN BAY

40



Sailing in Dungarvan Bay

Photo by T. Tobin.

ONE OF IRELAND'S GREATEST FIGHTERS

Dungarvan's
PETE CROTTY

(Irish Welterweight Champion)

ONE OF IRELAND'S greatest fighters has hung up his gloves and into an old battered trunk at his home in Shandon Street, Dungarvan, he has placed many valuable reminders of a record that is glorious in the sporting history of the Irish Amateur Boxing Association.

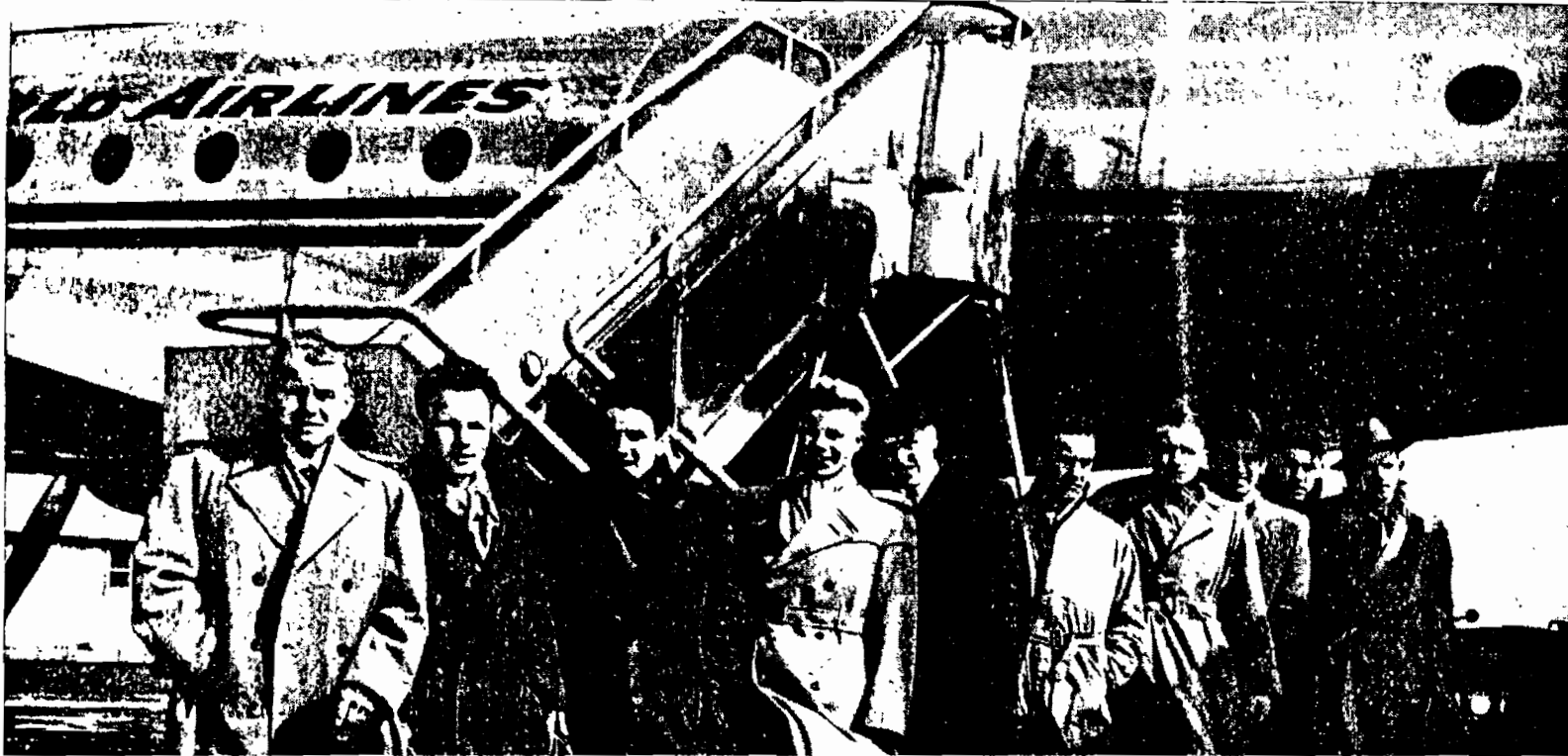
Pete Crotty, who for the past four years has held the Irish Welterweight title in Irish amateur boxing, has retired undefeated, and from the ring steps down a gallant champion, in every sense of the word.

THE CHAMP



Pete Crotty—"A Great Fighter." Photo by T. Tobin

SHANDON BOY REPRESENTS IRELAND



42

Ten members of the International Golden Gloves Boxing team from eight European countries in 1951 arrived in the United States for matches with leading U.S. amateur boxers in Chicago, Illinois, and Washington, D.C.

The photograph, made at La Guardia Airport in New York City, shows the visitors arriving in the United States (left to right) : Pentti Hamalainen of Helsinki, Finland, flyweight ; Hendrick Van Der Zee of Amsterdam, Netherlands, flyweight ; Jacques Dumesnil of Paris, France, bantamweight ; Paul Dufva of Helsinki, Finland, featherweight ; Leif Hansen of Oslo, Norway, lightweight ; Pavle Sovljanski of Belgrade, Yugoslavia, welterweight ; Peter Crotty of Dungan Co. Waterford, Ireland, welterweight ; Stig Sjolín of Stockholm, Sweden middleweight ; Marcel Limage of Brussels, Belgium, light heavyweight, and Ingmar Johansson of Stockholm, Sweden, heavyweight.

Courtesy of U. S. Information Service.

Few know the story behind the many thrilling exhibitions of Pete Crotty—the young welterweight who first hit the headlines as a champion Army boxer during the Emergency years and who soon became known as Ireland's Iron Man.

Pete Crotty had been attached to St. Mary's Boxing Club, Clonmel, for many years. He was a Dungarvan man without a home club who spent most of his spare time in training at the F. C. A. Hall, Dungarvan. He is a member of the Dungarvan Battalion F.C.A. and as an ex-Army man, he takes pride in keeping up on military training also.

Usually alone and unattended Ireland's welterweight champion spent his nights in the spacious hall. He was his own trainer and his only punch-bag was an old Army-bag well stuffed; he seldom had attendants and was truly a lone fighter who honoured his country's name in many lands.

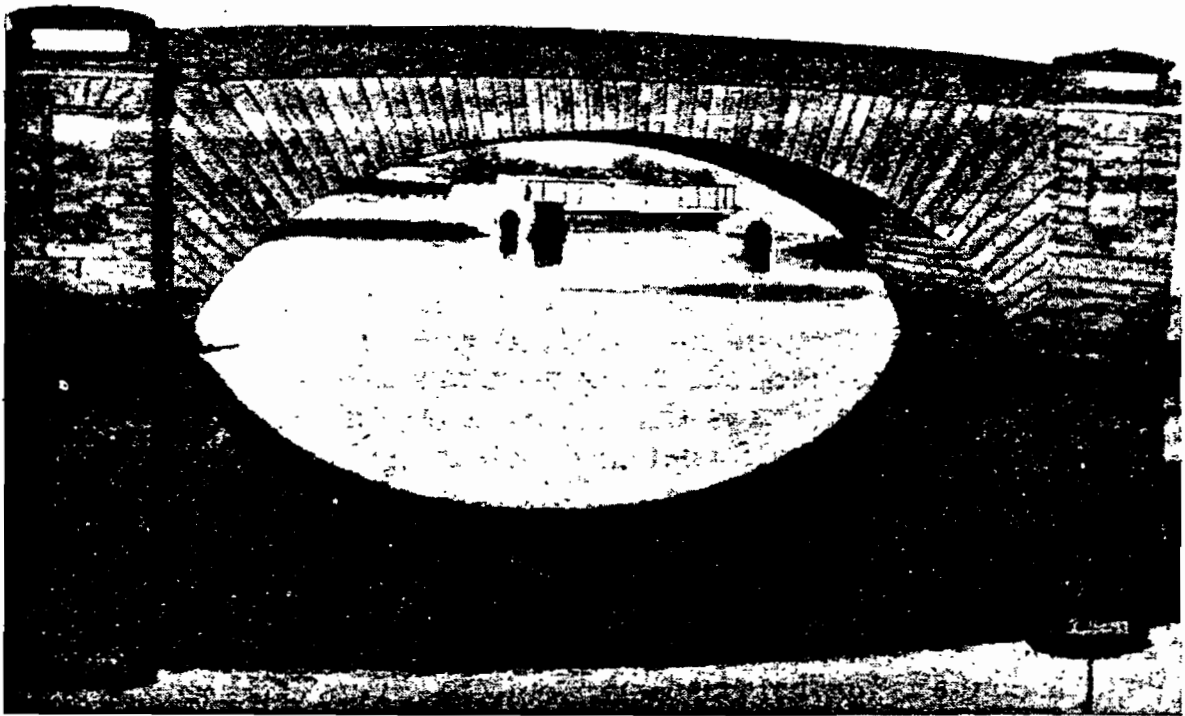
He fought in Italy, in England, in America on the Golden Gloves European Team and represented the Green, White and Gold at the Olympic Games in Helsinki in July 1952. In America, in 1951 Pete was defeated by the Los Angeles boxer Acton and when the same boxer visited Ireland the following year, (April, 26th. 1952), as a member of the American Golden Gloves Selection touring Europe, Pete defeated his opponent, just to show that it was the climate that beat him in the States and not the fighter.

Pete Crotty had been no stranger to tough-breaks but perhaps his most tragic memory is that which is linked with the Olympic games of 1952, where Pete fought his final bout against G. Gunnardsson of Sweden. The Irishman was well ahead on points in the first two rounds when an old wound over the eye was reopened. The referee stepped in and after medical examination would not allow the Irishman to continue the fight which was then awarded to the Swede on a technical knockout. Those who witnessed the fight stated that there was little doubt as to what the result would be if Pete had been allowed continue the fight. And it is of particular interest to record that he wanted to fight on claiming that the injury was not serious enough to put a stop to his punching power.

Luck was against him and robbed him of an Olympic title which would have crowned a great career as Dungarvan's Fighting Fury.

At twenty seven years, the Champ has now announced his retirement from the ring but unless I am greatly mistaken, the day will dawn again when he will make a come-back—for despite his latest decision Pete's heart is still in the ring.

“ THE BRIDGE BELOW THE TOWN ”



A peaceful study of the Abbeyside Bridge linking Dungarvan and Abbeyside
—A place of happy memories for many.

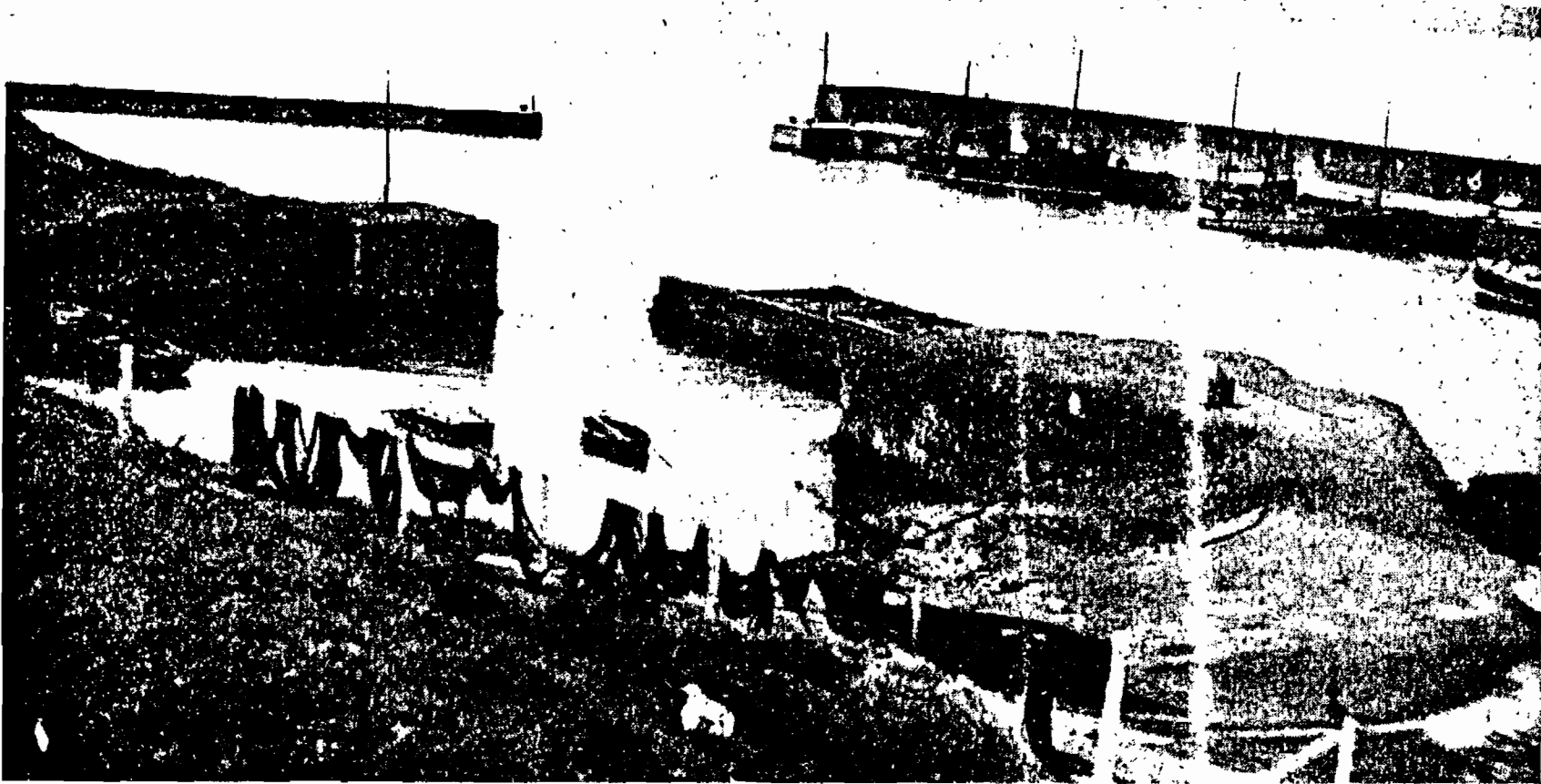
This very fine bridge was built by the Duke of Devonshire at a cost of £8,000. It is constructed exclusively of Portland stone which was imported from England. Its span is 75 feet and believe it or not, but it is said that the foundation was laid with heavy woollen blankets.

MEMORABLE DUNGARVAN PRODUCTION



In May 1949 the pupils of the Presentation Convent, Dungarvan presented what will long be regarded as the finest production seen in the town for many years. It was the "Message of Fatima" and for its many performances, people came from all parts of the county. Picture shows the three principal characters namely — Lucia (Miss Terry O'Mahony), Francisco (Miss Kathleen Whelan) and Jacinta (Miss Ann Tobin).

HELVICK



A Harbour within a Harbour. This fine view was taken at Helvick Pier and shows the inner harbour which provides an ideal refuge for the smaller craft when the strong winds blow.

Photo by T. Tobin.

The Tragic Voyage of Paul and Aga Muller

THEIR ADVENTURES ALONG THE WATERFORD COAST

SHORTLY AFTER 4 P.M. on Sunday, January 8th 1950, Mr. P. J. Morrissey, Solr., sent me a message stating that the Mullers (who were attempting to cross the Atlantic in a 16 foot sailing boat), had been sighted off Clonea and appeared to be heading for the rocks. In a short time I was on my way to Helvick.

With the arrival of the Lifeboat at the pier, the Mullers were given the hospitality of the residents. The rescue had caused a sensation throughout the neighbourhood and crowds were gathered on Helvick Pier. Those attending Coursing Trials at Clonea also watched from the beach and to all the scene was something only witnessed once in a lifetime.

Paul Muller, 63 year old German Research Worker and his 18 years old daughter, Aga, were rescued by the Helvick Head Lifeboat when their tiny sailing boat, *Berlin*, almost ran on the rocks in Dungarvan Bay. They were towed into Helvick and later taken by car to Dungarvan where they stayed in the home of Mr. P. J. Morrissey, Solr., Secretary of the local Lifeboat Branch. This was their ninth rescue since leaving Hamburg.

They left Kilmore Quay, Wexford, on Saturday at 11a.m. and at 2 p.m. were sighted off the Hook. Again at 4 p.m. they were reported off Brownstown Head which is off the treacherous coast of Tramore. Afterwards they were lost to sight.

A strong wind began to rise at this time and as darkness fell it developed to gale force. Watchers all along the coast kept a sharp look out, but although constant touch was maintained no sign of them was reported. At Helvick the lifeboat crew stood by prepared to put to sea immediately the boat was sighted, but as the long hours of evening passed on to morning all felt that there was no hope whatever of rescuing them.

Old sailors all along the coast thought they had no chance of withstanding the fierce gale which was accompanied by heavy rain and which lashed the south Irish Coast. Hoping, however, there might be a chance, the coast watch was maintained throughout Sunday. At 4 p.m. Mr. Thomas McGrath, a watcher on the Ballyvoile cliffs sighted the boat being driven on to the rocks of the Ballinacourty

Lighthouse. Helvick Head across the bay was contacted, the lifeboat was launched and in a short time the Mullers were for the ninth time pulled from the jaws of death.

They were towed into Helvick where they were given the warm hospitality of the inhabitants. Mr. Muller was completely exhausted and unable to stand. He had to be shouldered from the boat. Aga, seemed in high spirits and it was indeed plain to be seen she was glad to be back on "terra firma."

In an interview with her in the home of Mr. Morrissey on Sunday night she told me that when the storm arose they found that they had no chance of making headway so they secured everything on deck and anchored some distance off the coast. As morning dawned they found that there was no sign of the storm easing off, so they remained anchored. Then at 2 p.m. on Sunday the anchor parted and their boat began to drift towards the rocks, which incidently are feared by every seaman with a knowledge of the Irish coast.

"It was a relief," she said, "when I saw the lifeboat cutting through the waves, but even if it had not come along we would have been all right." In her charming way she told me that they were making their way into Dungarvan Harbour, but in the words of the local fisherman, they would never have made it.

The spot where they anchored all night has since been determined as two miles off Ballyvoile and had the anchor parted during the night they would have undoubtedly been lost on the rocky coast.

To guide them through, the west side of the Ballinacourty Lighthouse was kept open, blazing a white light all night.

Aga pointed out that it was not true to say that she was not keen on making the journey by boat. In her firm way she stated: "I am as determined as my father to get through and we have no intention of abandoning our mission."

During my interview her father was resting on a chair by the fire, he looked more dead than alive and seemed very badly shaken up. Suddenly he became very sick and going on her bended knee his daughter attended to him. As she tried to assure him everything was going to be all right she burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. Those present tried to comfort her but she spoke with tears streaming down her cheeks. "My father, he is old, this could be the end for him." He was then removed to bed and after the night's rest he seemed in good spirits again when I called on him on Monday morning.

Shortly after nine Aga went to Helvick seven miles outside the town to see that their boat was all right. Satisfied, she returned to her father, as she said, to put his mind at ease.

Asked what was the reason for their suicidal trip, Aga stated that it was something that had to be done. They had no money and the only way they could raise enough to get the whole family out of Berlin was to make this trip in their small boat. When they arrived in the Argentine they would write the story of their experience for the "Ber-

lin Telegraph" for which they would receive enough to pay the fares of the remainder of the family. If, and when, they succeeded in getting them out of Germany they will write for the American papers and earn enough to enable them buy a patch of land to start farming. "This is no publicity stunt," she said, "we are trying to get away from the horrors of Berlin and Germany today, this is the only way to do it and the only way we can get our family out too, so the risk is worth it. If we wait on in Berlin we undergo the tortures of life which are even greater than the hardships of this so-called suicidal voyage."

Despite all the warnings issued by the hardened sea folk of this area, the Mullers still maintain that as soon as they would reach mid-Atlantic the toughest part of their voyage would then be over and they would reach their Land of Golden Opportunity.

The Mullers left Dungarvan at 8 a.m. on Tuesday morning. Arriving at Helvick Head they prepared their boat for the voyage to Crosshaven (Cork) and after putting aboard extra provisions and an anchor and chain supplied free by Mr. P. J. Morrissey, they bade farewell to all those gathered on the pier. Sharp at 9.45 a.m. they sailed out of the harbour but to their great disappointment there was not a puff of wind and they had to scull their tiny craft out to sea. There they met a strong breeze which was against them and they made very little progress before noon.

Local fishermen gathered on the shore to see them off stated on seeing their progress that with the wind as it is at present they would not reach Cork within four days.

The "Berlin" reached Ardmore on Tuesday night and anchored in the bay and on Wednesday morning the Mullers went ashore there.

THEIR ARRIVAL IN ARDMORE

After leaving Helvick Head, Dungarvan, on Tuesday the 10th at 9.45 a.m. the Mullers were on Wednesday morning forced to seek shelter in the picturesque little village of Ardmore, just 10 miles from their point of departure.

In an interview at Ardmore immediately after coming ashore, Herr Muller told me that after entering the open sea they found it extremely difficult to make progress and as darkness fell they found they were being driven backwards along the coast by a strong southerly wind. They anchored off the coast a few miles outside Ardmore at 8 p.m. Tuesday, and all through the night they rode at anchor with everything securely battened down.

From the tiny portholes Aga sighted intermittently, the lights of shore in the distance, but fearing they might run on the nearby rocks in the drifting mist and fog, they did not make a "landfall."

Wednesday morning at nine the Mullers were on deck. After surveying the coastline and taking cognisance of the weather conditions they decided to come ashore.

"THE MULLERS."



Nineteen years old Aga Muller and her father, Paul Mulle: —whose ill fated voyage thrilled the world

By Courtesy of Cork Examiner

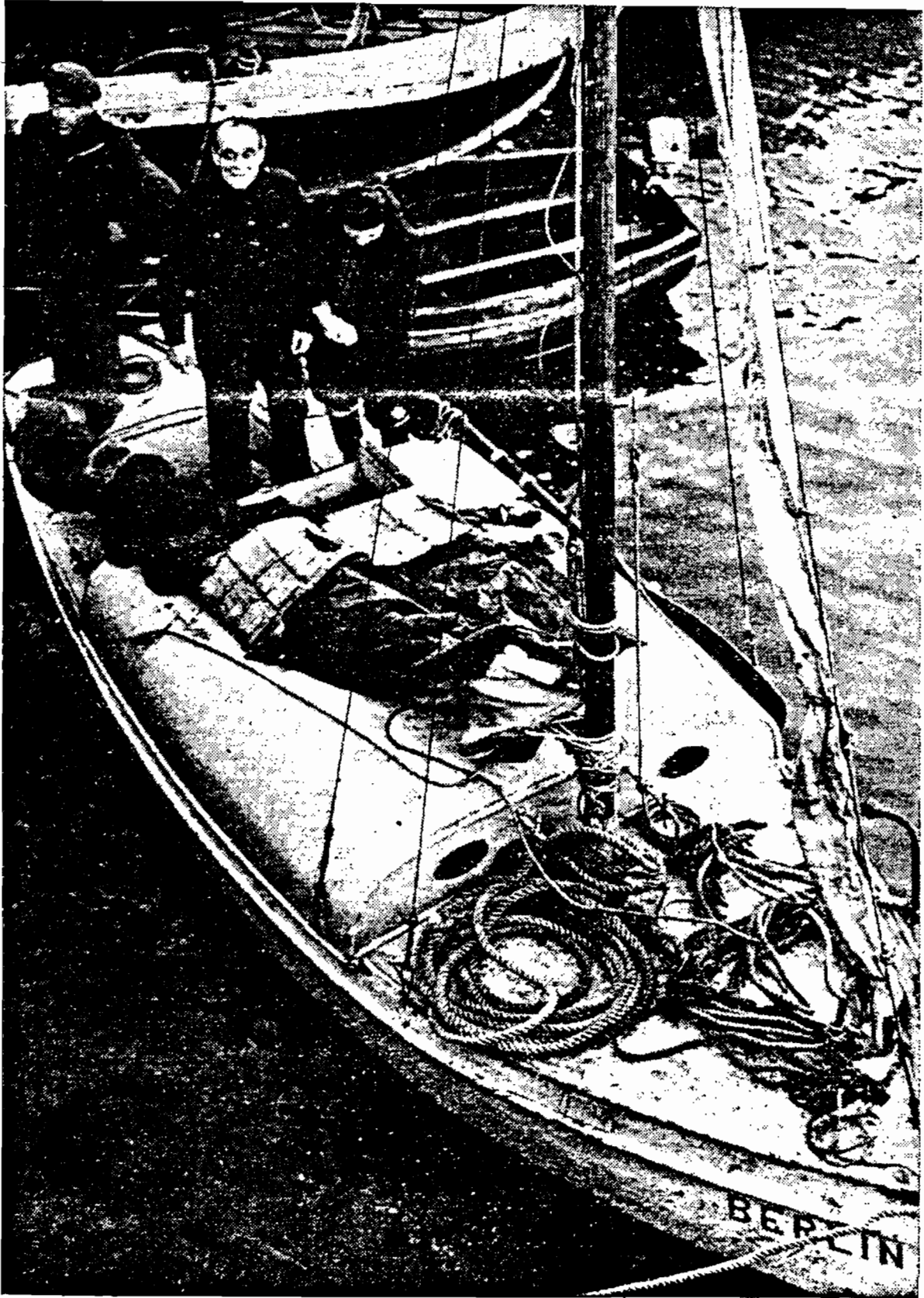
On reaching Ardmore pier they were received by Dr. Cleary the local medical officer, who offered them the hospitality of his home. Also there to greet them was the well-known follower of the sea—hale and hearty, Johnny Mansfield. Paddy Mockler who had been watching the coastline all day Tuesday was also there, as well as the leading members of the peaceful community. The Mullers accepted the hospitality of Mr. T. F. Quain, member of the Coast Life Service and remained at his home during their stay.

“ WE MUST SAIL THIS VOYAGE ”

Later on in the cosy sittingroom of the Quain residence Mr. Muller and his daughter Aga sat and talked with me for over an hour, and during that time I learned a great deal of the great unknown lives of the strange Mullers. I was the first newspaper man to whom this has been made known. At the time Mr. Muller was enjoying a glass of lime juice and as he gazed into the rosy fire he spoke out his strange mind which told a strange story.

“ Life is so peaceful here in Ireland,” he said, “ and I would like very much to remain here, but where is the good? I have yet so much to do and life can be so short. People everywhere think that I am a crazy old man but little do they know of how we feel, my family and I. We would not go through with this trip if there was another way out, but there is not, and so we must. I am not crazy and all I want out of life is to sit by a rosy fire like this with my wife and family and the only way I can enjoy this and the happiness of shelter and security is to make this so called wild voyage to South America.”

Continuing Mr. Muller stated—“ You wonder why I must do so, well I tell you. Sometime ago in Berlin I called on the Brazilian Consulate for permission to sail with my family to that country. At the time, I had money enough to carry us there by steamer, but being as they told me of little use to them at the age of 63 I was refused that much needed permission. When I came home and told my wife she was, of course, heartbroken, but being a very determined man I told her that we would get there in our own way and in our own time. With all the money I had, which amounted to 4,000 marks, I bought and rigged out my boat, and made full preparations for this journey. You may again wonder why, so I will explain. With this little boat I can enter any harbour and no one will turn me away, but at my age, if I enter any other country by steamer, I am at once turned home as they will say I am too old and useless, and they do not care about my family. I now go to South America, I have no papers to enter that country but when I tell them that I have crossed the North Sea, the Irish Sea and the Atlantic Ocean to get a new start in life for my wife and family and myself, they will not turn me back after my sacrifice, or I should say after our sacrifice, Aga’s and mine. South America is good to live in. I know, I have been there with my family



Paul and Aga Muller on board their tiny *Berlin*.

By Courtesy of Cork Examiner

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for some time and Aga was born there. If I can get a piece of land there with the money I hope to get for the story of my experiences, then I will be able to claim my wife and son out there as I will be the holder of some property. I am as you know an old man, my years left to live can be but few and so I have not much time to secure a new life for my family. That is why every day counts. As the English say "by hook or by crook" things can be done so can this voyage be accomplished. It requires an iron will and steel nerves and we have this combination which will get us through. Then the happiest moment of my life will be when I will be able to sit by my own fireside with my wife and family in my own home in this new country we now seek."

Mr. Muller added, "I would like very much to point out that we are not out for fame—all we want is a simple, happy family life."

All the time we were talking Aga sat at a table writing up her diary which was she stated a while behind time.

A few days passed and the Mullers resumed their voyage. Having spent sometime in Cork they set out into the open sea, across towards the Spanish Coast and onwards towards the African coast.

For some months little was heard of their progress and then one day in July 1950 came the following tragic story—the final chapter in one of the greatest dramas of the sea :-

"Terror-stricken Aga Muller, 18-year-old daughter partner of the 'mad Mullers,' who tried to sail to South America in a 16-foot boat, cut the anchor and sailed the frail craft singlehanded, after raiders had boarded the boat off the coast of West Africa and robbed her dying father. Then she staggered bare-footed across country, full of wild beasts for six hours until she found someone to tell the tragic story of 'the last voyage of Paul Muller.'

Muller, 63-year-old German research chemist, left Hamburg with his daughter Aga last November 'in search of peace and security' in South America. It was ill health and not storms that beat 'tough as nails' Muller.

In Monrovia, Liberia, his daughter has now told the whole dramatic story behind the terse cable from Liberia last week: 'Paul Muller died July 3,' It happened like this:

The Mullers left Freetown, Sierra Leone, on June 14 but thirteen days later old Paul Muller was taken ill. While his body weakened, the comparatively calm seas boiled up and the Mullers' boat, the *Berlin*, was almost swallowed up. Wires supporting the main sail snapped like cotton and the Mullers, after hoisting the jib, crouched helplessly in their scant shelter.

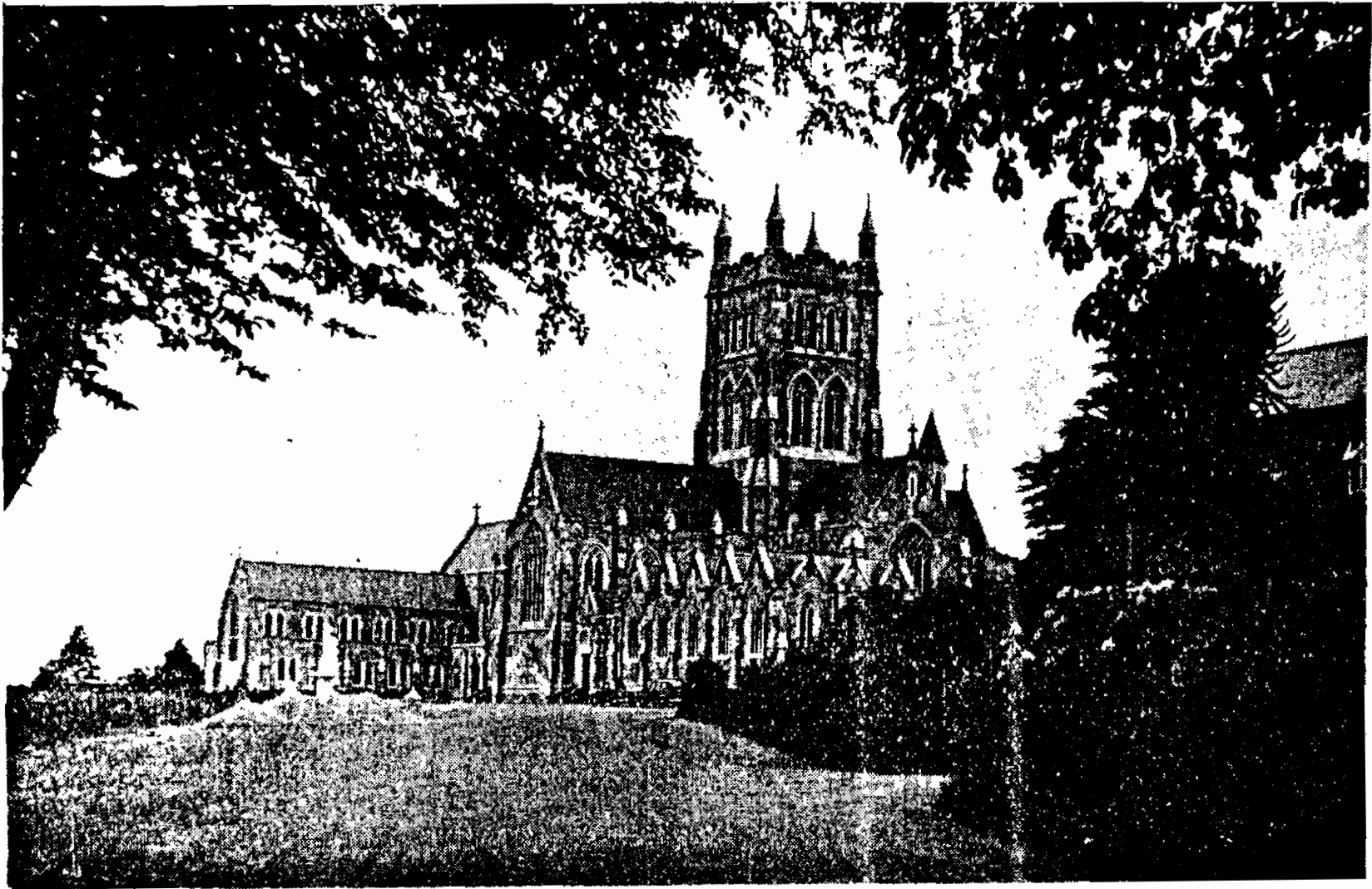
On July 2, after the seas had calmed, they dropped anchor just off the coast of Liberia, while old Muller lay tossing below in his death throes. Then the raiders—Africans—came. They boarded the *Berlin* from canoes with "offers to help," but when they saw Muller's condition they brushed Aga aside and seized blankets, food, fuel and other stores. Fearing they would return later Aga cut the anchor

(which was given to them at Helvick by Mr. P. J. Morrissey, Solicitor)—it was too heavy for her to lift single-handed—and turned the bows of the *Berlin* seawards again. Paul Muller died during the night. She beached the boat about half way down the Liberian Coast and tried to lift her father's body, but she was too weak. Aga set off across wild country to find aid—in her bare feet. Six hours later she reached the township of Buchanan, her feet slashed by sharp stones and scrub. A rescue boat recovered Paul Muller's body and what was left of his belongings.

Today Aga Muller is a staff member of the IRISH PRESS in Dublin.

She has settled down in Ireland and was recently united with members of her family, including her mother. Aga told me she is today very happy in her new land and looks forward to visiting Dungarvan and Ardmore sometime. She is writing a book on her voyage with her father and hopes to have it published soon.

FAMED CISTERCIAN MONASTERY



56

MOUNT MELLERAY ABBEY

Photo by T. Tobin.

The Consecration of Mount Melleray Abbey

*'I have Loved, O Lord the beauty of Thy House and the Place Where
Thy Glory Dwelleth.'*

AN OCCASION THAT BROUGHT JOY TO CHURCH AND STATE

MOUNT MELLERAY ABBEY, the Cistercian Monastery set in the foothills of the Knockmealdown Mountains, was on August 20th 1952, the setting for an impressive and joyous ceremony when his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore consecrated the new Abbey Church.

The day was the Feast of St. Bernard, one hundred and nineteen years to the day from the laying of the foundation stone of the Abbey itself, and the ceremony was followed by an Octave of celebration at the Abbey during which for the first and only time in its history the innermost precincts of the monastery were open to female members of the public.

In normal times it may only be visited by the wife of the head of the State and only Mrs. O'Kelly, wife of President O'Kelly, has entered the monastery since its foundation.

In bright sunshine, the Abbey was gay with flags and bunting and the nearby village of Cappoquin and smaller hamlets joyfully joined with the monks in a lavish display of colour.

120 YEARS AFTER.

It was difficult to believe that this dedication of the sacred edifice was taking place on a site which was known as Scrahan, or the Barren Land, when the monks arrived there one hundred and twenty years ago. The magnificent buildings, the quiet vaulted cloisters, and the well tended farm lands, which surround the monastery all gave an appearance of permanence and endurance and it was hard in the quietness of the secluded building to think of Mount Melleray as having a beginning within measureable time. Not so outside the Abbey's precincts, however, where the ground sloped away to Cappoquin and the valley of the Blackwater. It was only from without that one gained a true appreciation of the monks' achievements.

The all-pervading atmosphere of peacefulness, of unhurried toil which achieves so much, and, most of all, of timelessness, were all too readily and easily apparent to the discerning visitor. The monks' joy must surely find a strong and true echo in the hearts of all Irish people, who have found in Mount Melleray throughout the years a quiet haven of rest for the troubled mind and sure charity and help for the unfortunate.



Photo by T. Tobin.

Members of the Community at Vespers in their Private Church—A Gem in Church structure.

PLAN OF HOLYCROSS

The church itself, which is in Gothic style, adheres to the cruciform architecture, traditional to the Cistercian Order, and is, in fact, based on the plan of Holy Cross Abbey, the ruins of which are preserved in South Tipperary. The community chapel, although extended, follows mainly the lines of the original chapel built by the first community. The foundation stone for the new chapel was laid by his Eminence John Cardinal McRory on the occasion of the centenary celebration twenty years ago. Prominent in the chapel, as is the custom in all Cistercian churches, is a massive crucifix suspended over the nave and containing relics of St. Bernard and many Irish saints. It is so

positioned that the monks will at all times during prayer and meditation have the figure of the Saviour before them. Adjoining the community chapel is the public church of St. Philomena, the high altar of which was consecrated by Right Rev. Dom Benignus Hickey, Abbot of Mellifont.

ABBOT GENERAL DELAYED

It was originally intended that the Abbot General of the Order, Most Rev. Dom Gabriel Sortais, would perform this latter ceremony, but he was delayed by storms on the journey from Caldey Island, Wales. He arrived at Melleray in the afternoon and was accorded a liturgical reception. It was the Abbot General's first visit to Melleray.

The entire edifice, which has been described by many authorities as the finest piece of modern Gothic architecture in Europe, was constructed of carved limestone from Mitchelstown Castle which was destroyed during the troubled times.

THE CONSECRATION

The solemn ceremony of consecrating the building and the community-chapel was performed by His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

Occupying six hours, the rare liturgical ceremony commenced with the vesting of the consecrating prelate in the reliquary of the sacred relics in the monastery garden while he recited the seven Penitential Psalms. His Lordship then proceeded to the church door, where, having exorcised the water and salt and having thrice circuited the church in solemn procession, and traced the sign of the Cross on the threshold with his pastoral staff, he entered the church.

The ancient ceremony was then unfolded, the symbolic tracing of the letters of the Greek and Roman alphabets in a cross of ashes which covered the nave of the chapel. There followed the mingling of wine, salt, ashes and water, and the consecration of the altar with these substances and with incense, chrism and holy oil of catechumens, and the solemn procession of the sacred relics thrice around the church. The relics had been brought specially from Rome for the ceremony by the Procurator-General of the Order, Most Rev. Dom Thomas Gondal who was present at the consecration. Having concluded the blessing of the Crosses on the walls of the chapel and the blessing of the altar cloths, vases and ornaments for the consecrated church and altar, His Lordship presided at the celebration of the Pontifical High Mass. The Mass was sung by Dom Celsus O'Connell, Abbot of Melleray, who was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the Order.

PRESIDENT WELCOMED

The President and Mrs. O'Kelly arrived at Mount Melleray shortly after eight o'clock that evening. They were met by a guard of honour under Supt. B. J. Duignan, Lismore, and were accorded a Liturgical reception. Afterwards they repaired to the Chapter Room of the monastery, where the Lord Abbot and Community welcomed them. Mrs. O'Kelly thus paid her second visit to the enclosed monastery, her previous entry there being on the occasion of a State visit some years ago.

Although many thousands of women visited the monastery during



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The Lord Abbot
Dom Celsus
O'Connell locks the
door of the En-
closed Church —
signifying the end
of the Consecration
ceremonies.

★

Photo by T. Tobin

the eight days, the wife of the President had been the first lady to partake of the hospitality of the Abbey on this festive occasion.

Mount Melleray Abbey mirroring in our minds a soft dignified silence, an apartness for things mundane suffered—though happily on this occasion—a memorable intrusion on the even tenor of its way, when on August 21st 1952, the Papal Nuncio, His Excellency, Right Rev. Monsignor O'Hara, attended by Catholic dignitaries from far and wide, and the President (Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly) with eminent representatives of the State, celebrated Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving in honour of the new Abbey Church, consecrated yesterday. Striking indeed was the pomp and splendour of the scene in the church which has that deep tone of beauty and unerring tradition in which the Catholic Church stands supreme.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Cashel Most Rev. Dr. Kinane, preached an eloquent and inspiring sermon in which he traced the history and noble work of the Cistercians in Ireland.

Church and State joined the Community of Mount Melleray in the thanksgiving celebration which followed the consecration of the Abbey Church on Wednesday. The Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. G. O'Hara, sang the Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving, and among the distinguished gathering of Hierarchy and State dignitaries was His Excellency Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, President of Ireland. At the con-



Photo by T. Tobin

The Lord Abbot hands over the key to Rev. Father Gabriel—and once again Melleray is enclosed.

clusion of the Mass a special message and blessing from His Holiness the Pope was conveyed by the Apostolic Nuncio.

The scene was one of colour and pageantry as the President and Mrs. O'Kelly, the members of the Hierarchy, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and Government filed in procession into the long, high-vaulted chapel. As they moved to their appointed p^{ri}e-dieu the choir chanted the welcoming responsory. "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

The Apostolic Nuncio, on his entry, was presented with an aspersion, from which he blessed the congregation before moving to the High Altar to vest for the celebration of the Pontifical Mass. The deacon was Rev. Father Augustine, O.C. ; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Ronan, O.C. ; assistant priest, Rev. Father Senan, O.C. ; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Catheldus. Assisting at the throne were Rev. Father Basil, O.C., and Rev. Father Berchmans, O.C. His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, presided, and he was attended by the Canons of the Waterford Chapter.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE

Looking down from the balcony of the Bell Tower, one got a fine panoramic view of the impressive ceremonies far below on the high altar. In the nave of the majestic church clergy from all parts of Ireland, Scotland, England and even from the U.S.A. lined the monks' stalls and flowed out into the centre of the aisle, where white surplices mingled with the red and purple of Church dignitaries as well as with the more sombre dress of visiting nuns.

In front of the high altar the distinguished guests were seated and in the transepts the men visitors were accommodated, while the women were able to watch the ceremonies from the spacious galleries. The President, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, and Mrs. O'Kelly, were allotted places of honour, and directly behind them was seated Major Vivion de Valera, who represented An Taoiseach.

Also present were Mr. F. P. Matthews, American Ambassador, and he was accompanied by Mr. Nicholas Lakas, officer in charge of the U.S. Consulate at Cork ; and Dr. J. Ryan, Minister for Health.

Members of the Hierarchy present included His Grace Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland (now Cardinal D'Alton) ; His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Kinnane, Archbishop of Cashel ; His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Tuam ; His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Finbarr Ryan, Archbishop of Port of Spain, Trinidad ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Limerick ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Lucey, Co-adjutor Bishop of Cork ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Kyne, Bishop of Meath ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Staunton, Bishop of Ferns ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Boyle ; His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Roche, Bishop of Cloyne ; Most Rev. Dr. Heffernan, C.S.Sp.

Abbots and Priors of the Cistercian Order present were—Abbot

General, Right Rev. Dom Gabriel Sortais ; Procurator General, Right Rev. Dom Thos. Aquinas Gondal ; Right Rev. Dom Camillus Claffey, Lord Abbot, Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea ; Right Rev. Dom Celsus O'Connell, Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray ; Right Rev. Dom Benignus Hickey, Lord Abbot of New Mellifont ; Right Rev. Dom Columban Mulcahy, Lord Abbot of Nunraw, Scotland ; Rev. Father Benedict, Prior, Mount St. Bernard ; Rev. Father Fergus, Prior Our Lady of Bethlehem ; Rev. Father Albert, Prior of Caldly.

Other clergy present were Right Rev. Monsignor Kissane, President, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth ; Right Rev. Monsignor McDaid, President, Irish College, Rome ; Right Rev. Dom Placid, O.S.B., Prior, Glenstal Priory ; Right Rev. Monsignor Scannell, P.P., V.G., Dean of Cork.

Dail representatives present were :—W. T. Cosgrave, T.D. ; L. Cosgrave, T.D. ; A. Byrne, T.D. ; Sean Collins, T.D. ; D. Breen, T.D. ; General R. Mulcahy, T.D. ; Lord Mayor P. McGrath, T.D., Cork : Mayor J. Taylor, Clonmel ; S. McCarthy, T.D., and Lieut.-Colonel J.J. Harpur, representing Colonel J. O'Hanrahan, Officer Commanding Southern Command ; Chief Supt. M. O'Reilly, G.S., Waterford.

From early in the morning large numbers of visitors were arriving, and when the ceremonies began the abbey and its precincts were crowded with people from all over the country and many from abroad.

At the conclusion of the Sacrifice, Dr. O'Hara imparted a Plenary Indulgence to those present and conveyed to them the Paternal Blessings of the Holy Father. His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, he said, had asked him to convey his Paternal Blessing to the Abbot and to his community, and to all those present, on this happy occasion, and on all benefactors of this abbey. The Holy Father conferred this blessing and sent his personal good wishes as a mark of boundless heavenly favours.

He conveyed his personal felicitations and he prayed God to bless him who had completed in these days fifty years as a Cistercian. May God give him health and years and bestow on him in rich abundance all he deserved for soul and body.

“ May these blessings descend in rich profusion on this community,” concluded the Papal Nuncio, “ and God's Holy Mother obtain for this beloved land of Ireland blessings beyond number and beyond accounting.”

“A Garden Enclosed”

DOORS AGAIN CLOSED AT MOUNT MELLERAY

THE HARVEST MOON shone brightly over the Knockmealdowns in Co. Waterford, as the bells of Mount Melleray chimed their mellow tones across the countryside, signifying the end of a great occasion.

From their various tasks, the monks came forth and entered the Enclosed Church to join in singing *Hortus Conclusius* (A Garden Enclosed). The Lord Abbot, Dom Celsus O’Connell, O.Cist., then entered and walked towards the door leading to St. Philomena’s Church. With the entire Community in the background, he closed the door against the public outside. He placed a key in the lock, slowly turned it and handed the key to Father Gabriel, O.Cist—and then it was all over.

The ten days celebrations to mark the Consecration of the Church had come to an end and never again would women have an opportunity of entering the Sacred Enclosure of Mount Melleray.

The Closing ceremonies opened on Friday August 29th with the celebration of Solemn Pontifical High Mass in the open air by the Lord Abbot, Dom Celsus. Deacon was Rev. Father Augustine, O.Cist., sub-deacon Rev. Father Ronan, O.Cist., and Master of Ceremonies was Rev. Father Cathaldus, O.Cist. Rev. Father Senan, O.Cist., was the assistant priest, while Rev. Father Basil, O.Cist., and Rev. Father Berchmans, O.Cist., were the deacons at the Throne. The music of the Mass was sung by the Abbey Choir and, as if aware of the solemn occasion, the birds of the air lined perched along the roof-tops, and throughout the ceremonies their melody of song added to the glories of the proceedings.

The attendance included members of religious orders from many parts of the world, among them was Rev. Father J. Adeneye, Lagos, Nigeria, a native of the country.

In the evening at 6 o’clock, the chiming of the Abbey bells again summoned the Community and the many visitors to the beautiful open air altar where Pontifical Vespers were sung in the brilliant sunshine of an autumn day. Immediately afterwards, as the organ music echoed the *Pange Lingua*, which was sung by the Choir, across this scene of heavenly splendour, the Blessed Sacrament was brought

in procession from the High Altar of the Enclosed Church to the side door, where It was received by the Lord Abbot. Under a gold-studded canopy, the Lord Abbot carried the Blessed Sacrament followed by the Community holding lighted candles as they slowly moved across the beflagged grounds to the Monastery. They passed through the Guest House and along the Cloisters to the Enclosed Church where Solemn Benediction was imparted by the Lord Abbot on the High Altar.

Members of the general public in their hundreds took part in the procession making the occasion one of the most impressive seen during the ceremonies. To see men, women and children crowded in the Enclosed Church and to see the ladies occupying the tiny stalls, where today the monks in their solitude sing their Vespers, was truly the most extraordinary sight of the entire ceremonies.

The Community on this occasion knelt just in front of the High Altar where the *Compline* and *Salve* were sung by the entire Community

At 9.30 p.m. the silence of the night was broken by the ringing of the bells announcing the closing of the doors by the Lord Abbot and the end of the Consecration ceremonies. From door to door went the Lord Abbot as he turned the key in every lock, closing out the world and its peoples.

When the doors were locked the Community sang the *Te Deum* and slowly, in a solemn gesture of finality, the shrouded monks silently streamed into the Cloisters. The lights went out, save for the Sanct-



Rev. Father Killean at the Miraculous Bin

Photo by T. Tobin

uary Lamp, and all was quiet Once again SILENCE would reign supreme within the Abbey on the hillside.

During the celebration ceremonies women were accorded the privilege for the first time in the history of Mount Melleray, of entering the enclosure. It was granted by the Church in order to stress fully the solemnity and high significance of the Act of Consecration and was accorded through the Constitution of the Cistercian Order. During the ten days thousands of women were taken through portion of the enclosure but not through the entire buildings. The dormitory and other sections were not seen by the ladies or the male visitors either. Perhaps one of the most interesting of all sights was The Miraculous Bin which was seen in the far end of the farm-yard close by the Monastery garden. A long wooden structure of about 3 yards long by 4 feet wide by 3 feet deep, it has long been regarded as one of the greatest wonders of Melleray. Tacked to the cover of the bin was a small



Photo by

T. Tobin

Picture shows a Monk's Cell as it is today

notice which told the simple story as follows :- " DURING THE FAMINE OF 1839, THE COMMUNITY AND MORE THAN SEVENTY POOR PEOPLE WERE FED DAILY WITH MEAL STORED IN THE BIN. AFTER THREE MONTHS THE SUPPLY WAS FOUND UNDIMINISHED. THE BIN IS TODAY ALMOST 118 YEARS OLD."

Rev. Fr. Killean, O.Cist., told me that so strong was the faith of the people who witnessed this wonder, that most of them took home pieces of the timber as relics. So great was the clamour for relics of the bin that within a few days a considerable portion of it had been taken away in tiny pieces and for fear of its complete removal in this way, the bin was placed within one of the farm-yard sheds and railed off by wire netting.

Another unusual sight which was much commented on, was found in the Refectory. It was the two-handled cup used by the Community, which is shaped in this fashion as a token of humility.

During the course of my visits, I had the privilege of seeing the dormitory which is occupied by the 150 members of the Community. Each cell is a neatly laid-out compartment, with a window to each. In the dormitory which has been recently reconstructed, there are at present two sections of cells with space for another, which is, I was given to understand, about to be constructed. On the first floor of the dormitory the cells line both sides while on the next flight, they take up one side only for the time being. The monk's bed is like any ordinary bed surrounded by a pleasing stained partitioning with the entrance covered by a sea-green curtain.

In the Community's libraries I saw the many thousands of valuable books as well as the Museum where there are many invaluable links with the past, in all shapes and forms.

In the massive Chapter Room, on the occasion of the President's visit, I was accorded the privilege of being the only lay-man to witness a scene that was beyond all description. Following the Liturgical Reception accorded the President, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly and Mrs. Kelly on their arrival at Mount Melleray, they entered the Chapter Room followed by the Community. The Lord Abbot, the President and Mrs. O'Kelly took their places at the top of the room while the Community occupied both sides, to hear an address by the President spoken in Irish. The proceedings were strictly private but I was given the singular opportunity of witnessing portion of it. In the Chapter Room, all decisions relating to affairs of the Community are made by the Lord Abbot seated in a beautifully carved oak chair with the Harp carved on the back. At the foot of the steps beneath this chair on the floor is the inscription : " *Asculta Fili Mei* " (Give Ear, O My Son—St. Benedict).

Shortly before the final closing ceremonies, the Lord Abbot, Dom Celsus O'Connell, in commenting on the celebrations of the Consecration, told me that he was very happy at the manner in which the ceremonies were observed by the many thousands of people who visited the Abbey from all over the world. The simple faith of the people and

their reverence for everything within the Abbey was, he said, really magnificent. His Lordship stated that despite the fact that over 250,000 people had visited the Abbey, there was no trouble of any kind but instead there was an abundance of co-operation.

His Lordship the Abbot told me that no tribute could be too great for the work done by the Sisters of Sr. Mary Martin and other nuns as well as the many relatives of the Community. Their efforts in catering for the crowds was something, he said, that would long be appreciated in Mount Melleray.

The Lord Abbot also paid special tribute to the people of the surrounding countryside, especially of Cappoquin, for the way they so willingly went to the trouble of decorating their homes and streets in celebration of the occasion.

The Lord Abbot concluded with a word of tribute to the Choir for their very beautiful services during the occasion. He told me that there were many distinguished singers who consented to sing a solo part during the ceremonies, among them Mr. Frank Ryan of Tallow-Co. Waterford, and to all of them he was indeed grateful. To every one who in some small way helped he desired to express his appreciation and now that silence in solitude was once again their lot, the services of all would be recalled in their prayers within their Sacred Enclosure.

As I left the Abbey that night, the Lord Abbot was in the doorway of the Guest House bidding farewell to the last of the guests. The tricolour fluttered in the moonlight from its commanding position on the top of the Bell Tower as I walked across the avenues to the car park, where a solitary car remained. As I drove off, old Paddy Hayden, who had been standing by the park, and who had seen so many cars come and go, turned homewards the celebrations were now a memory.



"Give Ear O My Son"—St. Benedict

Photo by T. Tobin

Monks Made The Desert Blossom

Mount Melleray's 120 Years

THE CONSECRATION OF the new Abbey Church at Mount Melleray is regarded as the completion of one more chapter in the story of 120 years of the great Trappist house at the foot of the Knockmealdown mountains.

Before taking up residence on this, the then bleak and unpromising site, a temporary establishment had been taken at Rathmore, Co. Kerry, but it was wholly inadequate. The need for other and larger accommodation became more urgent when the monastery at Melleray in Normandy was suppressed and the religious forced to leave. A refugee contingent of over sixty Trappist monks came to Ireland on board a French battleship placed at their disposal for the journey by the French Government under British pressure. They arrived in Cobh on December 1st, 1831, *en route* to Rathmore, where the accommodation was already inadequate.

An enthusiastic welcome was given them in Cobh, and vehicles were provided to convey them to Cork, where they were hospitably entertained for three days. The journey to Rathmore was spread over another three days. There, they made the best of a bad situation, hopefully looking forward to better times. Early the next year the offer of land, on which the present Melleray was established, was made and though it covered an area of some six hundred acres, it was a discouraging proposition. It was a barren region except for heather furze and rushes that did not wholly conceal bare rock and big boulders. Bog and mireland varied but did not improve the prospect. There was no tree, no sheltering fence, and no building of any kind except a tumble-down house that had been a game-keeper's lodge. But despite the discouragement, the offer of the place was accepted. The lodge, or cottage, was the only accommodation available and furniture for this, as well as provisions, were supplied by the people of Dungarvan. Twenty monks arrived from Rathmore and went into occupation in a building which could not conveniently accommodate more than half-a-dozen. Some stable premises were fitted up, and this relieved the congestion, but roofs and walls admitted winter rain and snow, and flood waters forced their way in, inundating the floors.

Their conditions excited the interest and sympathy of the people,



The New Abbey Church at Mount Melleray

Photo by T. Tobin.

and contributions in cash and kind came along in generous quantity. But voluntary labour for the immense undertaking of fencing the land and doing urgent reclamation was even more generous. The first people's service in this respect was given by the Co. Waterford village of Modeligo, which sent four hundred men, led by the priests, to give a day's work. They returned home in a triumphal procession, for which a band from Cappoquin supplied the music. Soon after, Cappoquin sent eight hundred workers to the assistance of the monks, and Modeligo promptly sent another eight hundred. Cappoquin again sent an able-bodied force of fifteen hundred with cartloads of provisions. Other contingents joined them, and on that occasion there were well over two thousand workers busy on the fences and drains. Women and children also helped. Hundreds of volunteer workers came from other towns and districts, from Lismore, Knockanore, from Clashmore and Newcastle, and from Ballynoe in Cork County. On three occasions the people of Clashmore made a journey of twelve miles never failing to arrive on the job later than six in the morning. Ballynoe's 150 travelled a distance of fifteen miles, and commenced work at four in the morning, starting the journey back at a late hour in the evening. Similarly, when it came to the erection of more commodious premises, the masons of Lismore and Cappoquin gave their services free. This, called the "Preparatory House," was subsequently taken down to make way for other structures.

The monastic buildings suffered severely during the great storm of 6th January, 1839—popularly dated as the "night of the big wind." In a reference to that occasion, a history of the establishment says: "Among the kind friends whose generous contributions helped to maintain the monks during this year of want, the citizens of Cork deserve to be specially commemorated. Their inexhaustible charity was the means the Almighty made use of on this, as on several other occasions, before and after, to relieve the distress of Mount Melleray."

There is preserved at Melleray a bin in which was stored meal and potatoes during that bad year. There was much destitution and heavy mendicant demands were daily made on Melleray's small stores. But though nobody was turned away empty, the contents of the bin showed no decrease. The Procurator of the monastery was examined, but he could only say he daily drew from the storeroom, provision for about 160 persons, and the stock had not been renewed. The Abbot found by personal observation that though the mendicant crowds continued to increase, there was no apparent reduction in the quantity of meal and potatoes. The then Abbot, Abbot Vincent, has made record of this strange fact, which is a familiar popular tradition.

FIFTY YEARS A CISTERCIAN



Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray Abbey—Dom Celsus
O'Connell.

A Pictorial Record

of

Mount Melleray's

Great Occasion

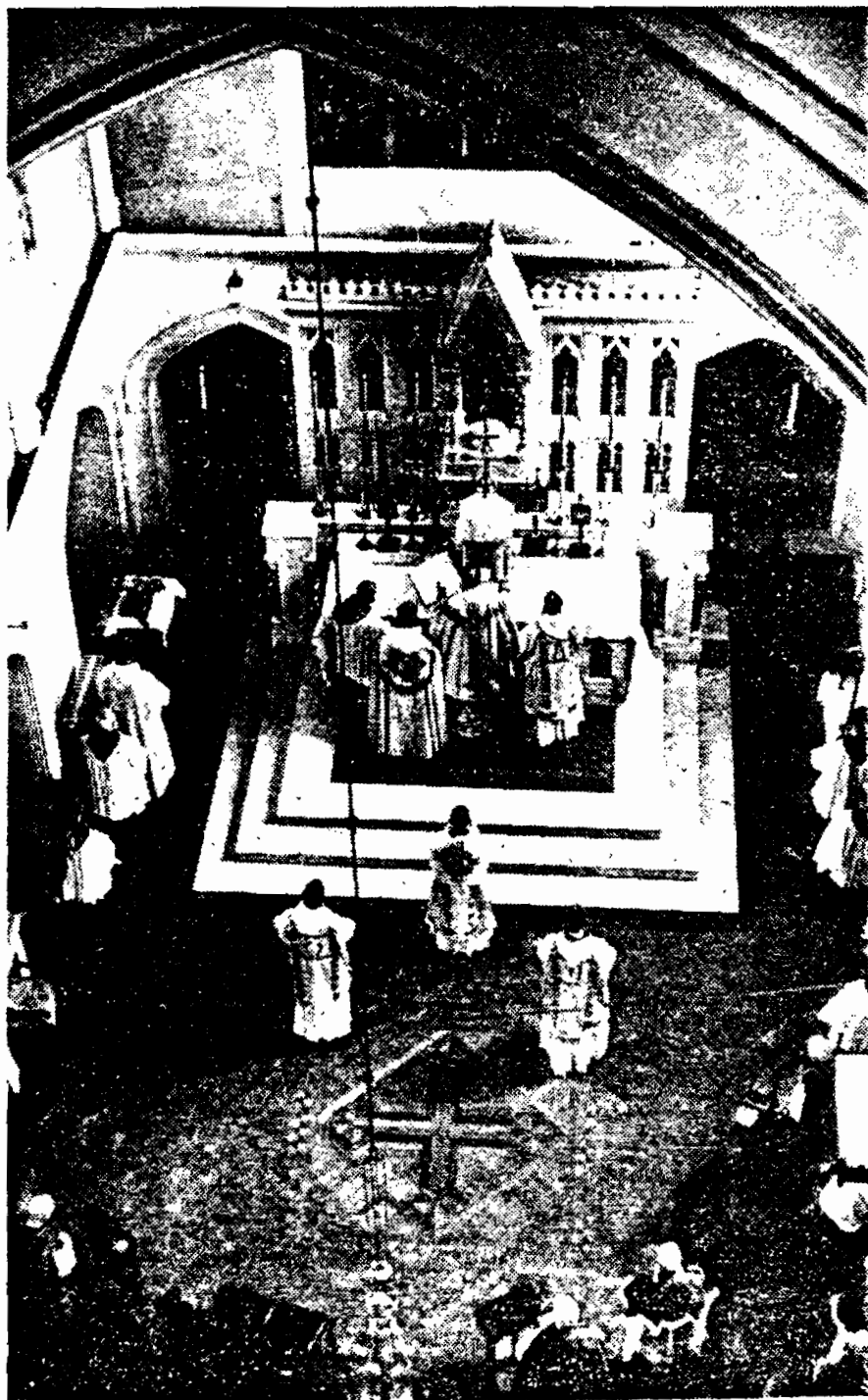


OLD FRIENDS OF MELLERAY



The President of the Irish Republic Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly and Mrs. O'Kelly arrive for the Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving. The President and Mrs. O'Kelly have long been old friends of Melleray. In the background is Fr. Ailbe, Mount Melleray's well-known writer. In the picture is Mr. John Tobin, Dungarvan and his grandson, also named John.

PONTIFICAL MASS OF THANKSGIVING



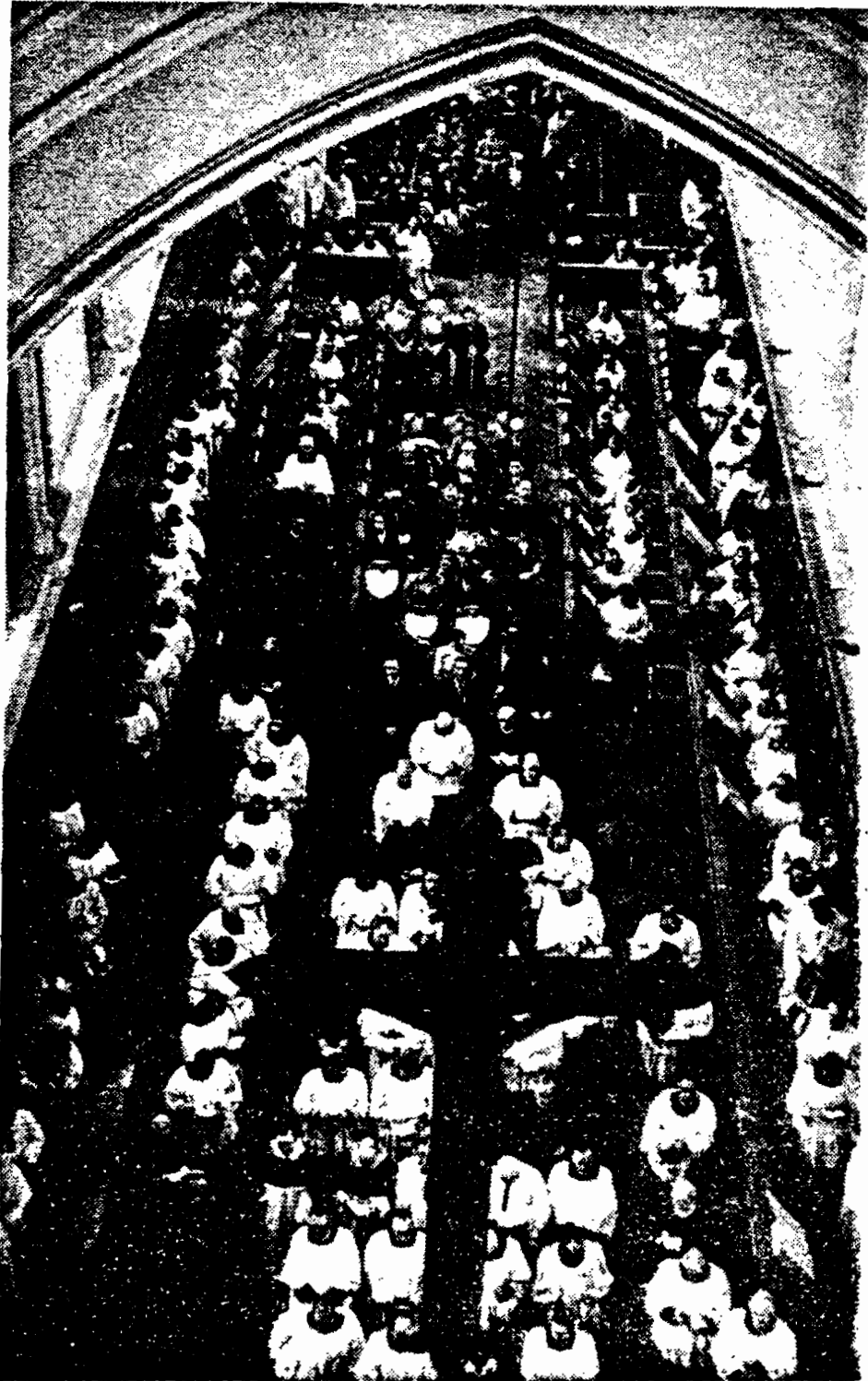
The scene from the balcony of the Bell Tower.

IN THANKSGIVING



The Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. G. O'Hara celebrates the Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving. Also in picture are Father Senan on left and Fathers Augustine and Ronan on right

FROM ALL OVER THEY CAME TO MELLERAY



Leaders of Church and State attended the Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving. This is the scene as I recorded it from the balcony of the Bell Tower.

MEETING HIS PARISHIONERS



To the Papal Nuncio, Most Rev. Dr. G. O'Hara all Ireland is his parish and its people his parishioners. Here, with the Lord Abbot of Melleray, Dom Celsus O'Connell he meets many of them. The little children especially, bring him happiness and for them he always has a joke and a big smile.

OPEN AIR MASS



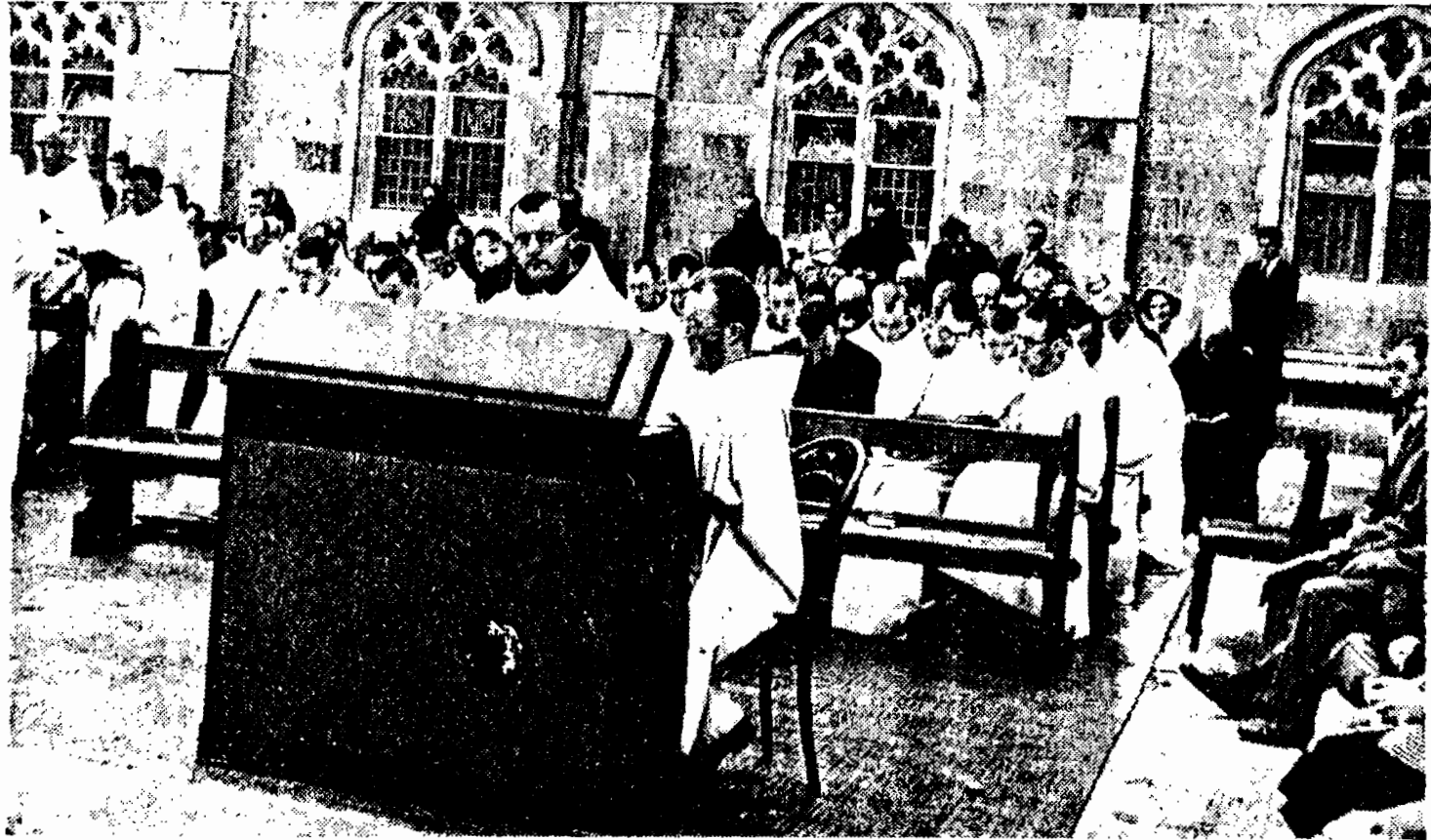
Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Open-air at Mount Melleray. At the Throne is the Lord Abbot.

AT THE THRONE



A close-Up View of the Lord Abbot at the Throne during Solemn Pontifical Mass in the open. Also in the picture are Brother Paul and Fathers Basil and Senan O.Cist.

ACROSS THE KNOCKMEALDOWNS ECHOED THE BEAUTIFUL ORGAN MUSIC



Rev. Fr. Nivard plays the organ in the early morning sunshine during the open air Mass.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS



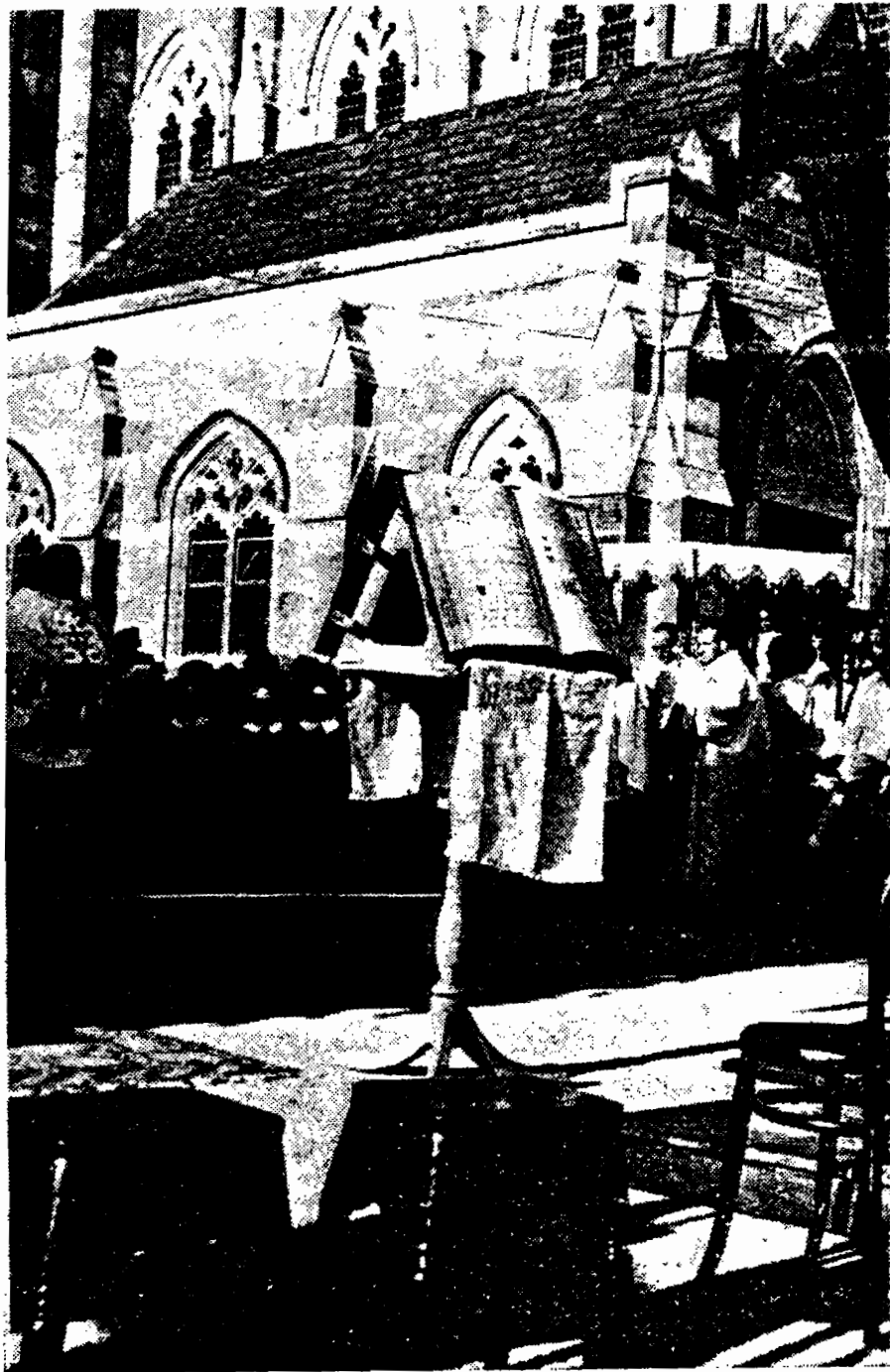
The Community in their white robes stand in the shadow of their Abbey during open-air Mass and sing "Faith of Our Fathers."

AN IMMORTAL SCENE



The Lord Abbot vests at the Throne for Vespers in the open.

THE CEREMONIOUS SPLENDOUR OF MOUNT
MELLERAY



This remarkable photograph shows the ceremonious splendour of the Mount Melleray celebrations. Taken from the Throne, the picture shows members of the Community at the entrance to the Enclosure about to take the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the grounds.

THE FINAL PROCESSION



Picture shows members of the Community in procession on the evening of the closing ceremonies

“ SWEET SACRAMENT MOST HOLY ”



The Lord Abbot carries the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the Abbey grounds while throughout the colourful countryside echoes the Sacred music.

THE PICTURE THAT TELLS THE STORY



A photograph that really captures the scene—The ringing of bells by this young Monk announced the Closing Ceremonies at 9.30 p.m. on Aug. 29th and the end of the ten-day celebrations.

THE ABBEY SACRISTAN



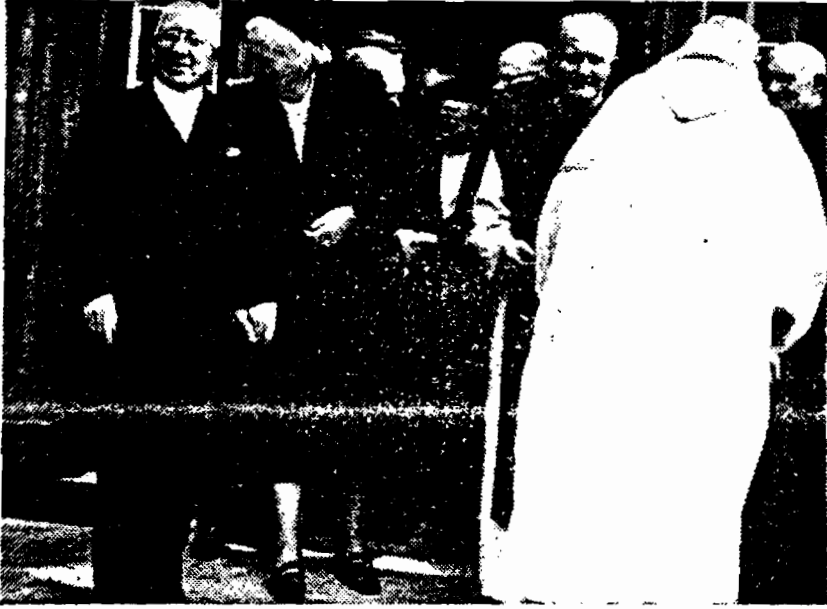
The Abbey Sacristan—Rev. Father Hilary whose noble work behind the scenes played a major role in the historic ceremonies

IN A MONASTERY GARDEN



By the statue of St. Joseph and the Holy Infant in the Monastery garden a Monk pauses during his Office.

PERSONALITY SNAPSHOTS



Mrs. Sean T. O'Kelly holding the President's hand whispers something to him, which he, apparently enjoys.



His Grace, the Archbishop of Cashel Most Rev. Dr. Kinnane (2nd from left) and other Church dignitaries on their way to Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving.

PERSONALITY SNAPSHOTS



His Grace Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All-Ireland chats with Most Rev. Dr. C. Lucey, Bishop of Cork and some friends. On January 29th 1953, Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton returned to Dublin as His Eminence, Cardinal D'Alton. He was in Rome at the Consistorial Ceremonies when he was elevated to the Sacred Purple.



The President and Mrs. O'Kelly renew old acquaintances. In the picture also are Most Rev. Dr. D. Cohalan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore and Dr. Ryan Minister for Health.



His Grace, The Primate of All Ireland chats with Mayor J. Taylor, Clonmel.



Rt. Rev. Dom C. Mulcahy, Abbot of Nunraw, Scotland, Mr F. P. Matthews, American Ambassador, to Ireland and Rt. Rev. Dom C. Claffey, Abbot of Roscrea.



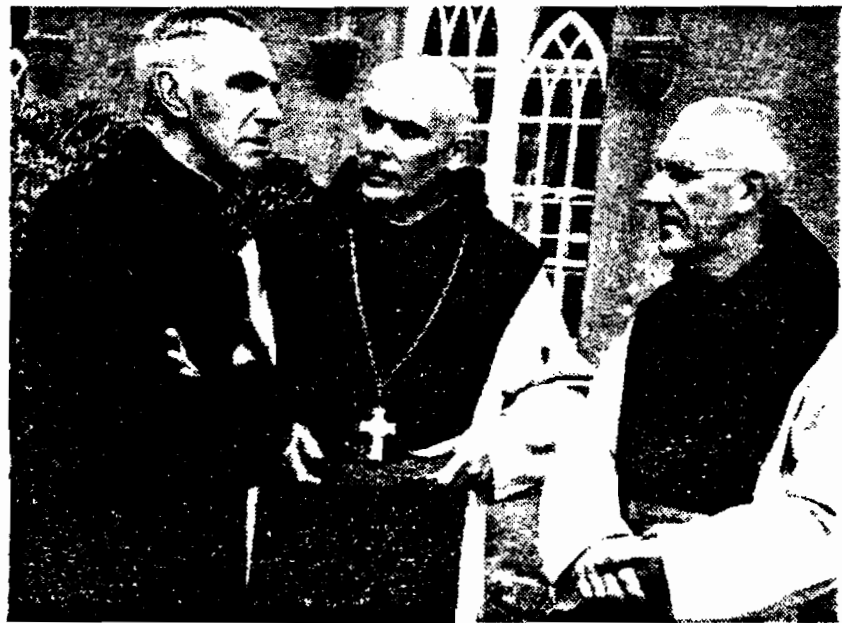
Dr. Ryan, Minister for Health chats with a visiting Bishop.



Mr. N. Lakas, Officer in Charge U. S. Consulate, Cork and the American Ambassador, Mr. F. P. Matthews, who died shortly after the Mt. Melleray Celebrations.

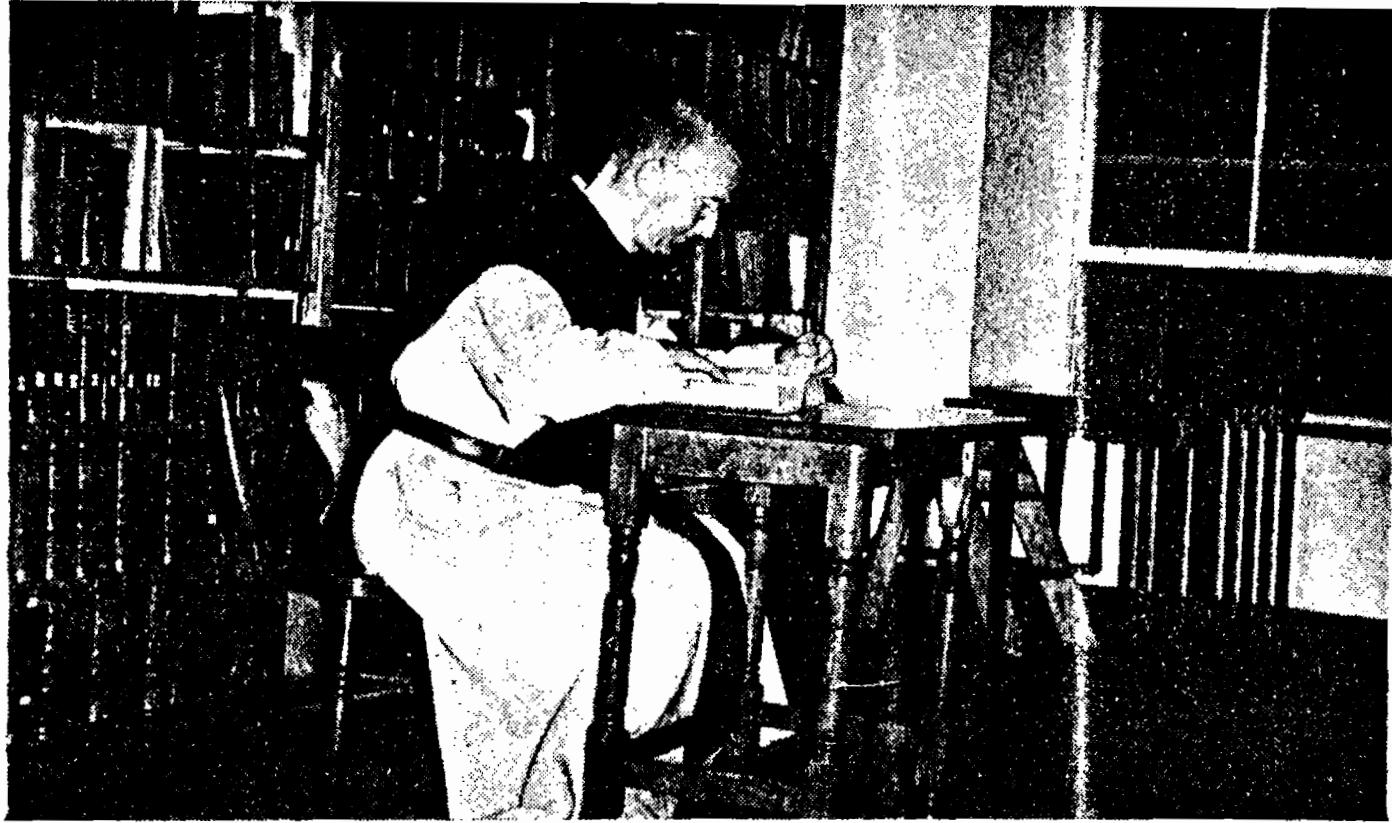


Ald. William Kenneally T. D. Waterford, Mrs. Moloney, wife of Dr. Moloney, Waterford and Major Vivian de Valera who represented his father An Taoiseach at the ceremonies. An Taoiseach was at the time undergoing an operation on his eyes in Holland.



The Abbot General of the Cistercian Order, Rt. Rev. Dom Gabriel M. Sortais (centre) chats with some friends.

IN THE MONASTERY LIBRARY



One of the best stocked libraries in the country is at Melleray where monks can keep up to date in their extensive studies.

Two signatures on the wall tell a unique story

FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS, County Waterford man, Jack Walsh has been working at his trade as carpenter in the same old workshop and for the greater number of those years his wife has been living less than a quarter of a mile away yet had never in her lifetime seen where her husband worked, until the end of August, 1952. Even then, it took a special privilege to make her visit to his workshop possible.

Sixty-eight years old Jack Walsh has been working as carpenter since 1899 within the Enclosure of Mount Melleray on the slopes of the Knockmealdowns in County Waterford. Up to the Consecration ceremonies which ended on 29th August last, no woman, other



Mr. Jack Walsh

Photo by T. Tobin.

than Mrs. Sean T. O'Kelly, wife of the President of State, had been allowed inside. During the ceremonies a special privilege granted through the Constitution of the Cistercian Order made it possible for women to enter, but never again will women have this privilege.

Mrs. Margaret Walsh, wife of the Abbey's carpenter, who lives just outside the Abbey gates, took advantage of the privilege to see where her husband had been working for the past fifty-three years. With her daughter, Mrs. Mary Peppard, who lives in Dublin, she was taken inside the Enclosure by Bro. Gerard, who looks after the Abbey's farming affairs.

It was Bro. Thomas, himself a carpenter, who took Mrs. Walsh to see her husband at work in his cosy little workshop. She was greatly impressed by all she saw and as a reminder of her visit, which



Mrs. Margaret Walsh.

Photo by T. Tobin

would be her only one, she borrowed her husband's marking pencil and signed her name on the smooth whitewashed wall, right above his workbench. Her daughter Mary did the same and dated the memory: August 29th, 1952. Mrs. Walsh had waited to make her visit on the last day of the privileged period.

Jack Walsh entered the Enclosure as a fifteen years old boy to serve his time under his father, James Walsh, who spent thirty years as the Abbey's carpenter. When Jack was attending the old school, the Lord Abbot Dom Celsus O'Connell was attending the College less than a few hundred yards away. Jack recalls the day many years ago when together with a group of his school-mates, he ambushed the Lord Abbot, "then a hardy fellow," recalls Jack, and his friends and pasted them with snowballs. The Abbey's carpenter has seen

many changes during his half-century within the enclosure. He saw the present massive church being built right from the start. He saw the College going up inch by inch and helped to complete it. He has seen young men come in to serve God in the solitude of Melleray and he has seen many of them laid to rest in the little Community cemetery. Jack recalls that the present Lord Abbot, Dom Celsus O'Connell and Rev. Father Ailbe J. Luddy, the well-known Cistercian historian, who is still hale and hearty, were among the first group of boys to sit for the first examination in the College. Jack recalled that before the present accommodation was provided students at the College had to board out. One of these was the famous Abbot Maurus O'Phelan, a native of Kilrossanty, Co. Waterford, who stayed at the home of the Haydens nearby.

Jack Walsh who never smoked a cigarette has lived a life full of interests. He has met leaders of Church and State over the past fifty-three years in Melleray but Jack is happiest at his old bench in that homely workshop that has produced so many of the very beautiful wooden structures that make the Abbey one of the world's most impressive. Two of his six sons are working with him as carpenters in Melleray: They are John and Moss. Another son named Eddie works on the grounds as under-gardener. He has a son in London named Michael and another in Australia named James, who is helping to provide water supplies for farmers of that country. At home looking after his own little place outside Melleray is Paddy with his two sisters Margaret and Catherine.

Despite his years, Jack Walsh is still an active tradesman with a keen interest in everything that goes on all around him. Every member of the Community of Mount Melleray is his friend, and his workshop, with its two odd chairs always available, serves as a cosy meeting-place where past, present and future are discussed with authority, humour and contentment—for in Mount Melleray the future is left to God and no one doubts His Goodness.

And so to-day in Jack Walsh's workshop, two pencilled signatures on the wall remain a unique memorial to an occasion that was truly great in the history of Mount Melleray, in the history of the Church and in the Abbey's close association with the lives of the people of the district.

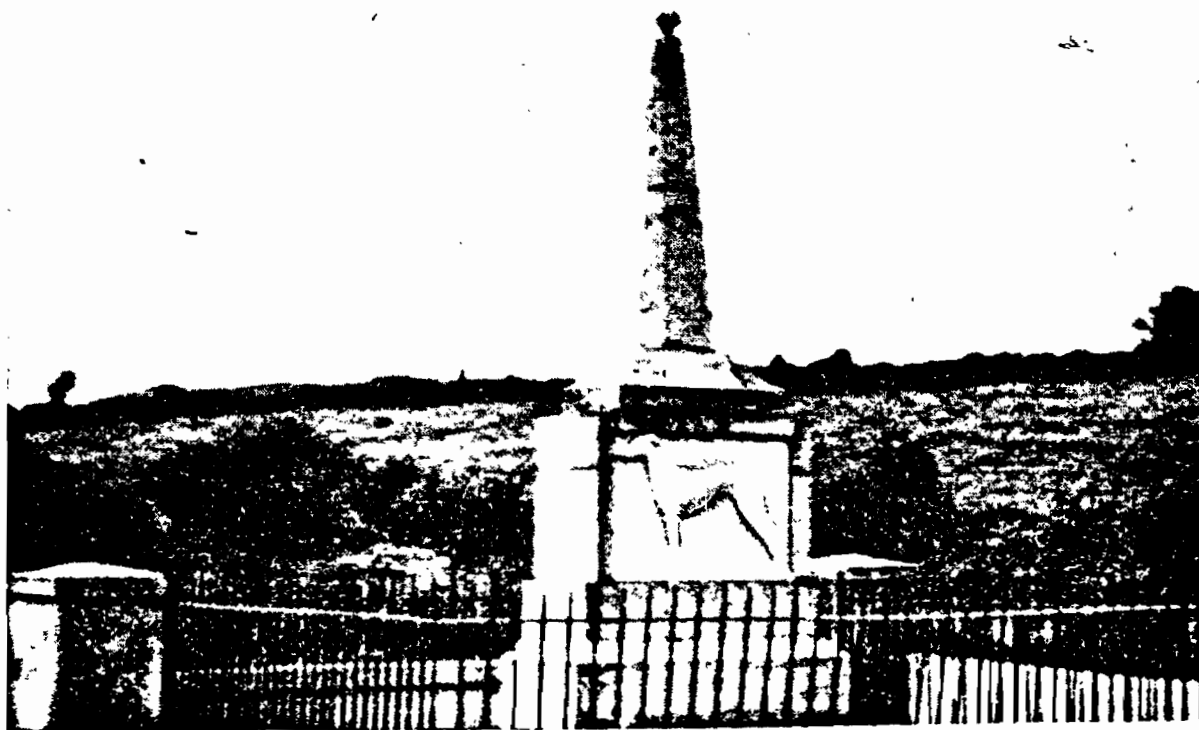
A Mystery that may never be solved

*The hare she led on with a wonderful view,
And swift as the wind o'er the field she flew,
But he jumped on her back and he held up a paw,
"Three cheers for old Ireland," says Master McGrath.*

'TIS MANY is the fireside in Ireland around which the words of that old ballad were sung—a ballad which tells the glorious story of an Irish greyhound that became legendary in world sport.

"Master McGrath" was named after an orphan boy who reared him in Colligan, Dungarvan, and was two years old when he commenced running for his first Waterloo Cup in 1868. He was a small black dog with a white mark on his neck and a few white ticks on his back. His pace was terrific and his killing powers were often described as most remarkable. He won three Waterloo Cups—in 1868—'69—'71, being put out in his first course in 1870 by Lady Lyons.

This dog had the unique distinction of being presented at Court, accompanied by his owner, Lord Lurgan, and Spooner his trainer. Master McGrath got a royal welcome in earnest in Windsor Castle



Master McGrath Memorial outside Dungarvan

Photo by T. Tobin

where he was petted by all members of the royal family present.

Then came his death on Christmas Eve, 1871, the news of which caused great sorrow among the sporting fraternity of the world, but more so in his native Dungarvan.

Master McGrath was poisoned before he ran in the Waterloo Cup in 1870. And the extraordinary thing about the story is that it was the owner's bookmaker who got the trainer to poison the dog and, of course, it lost. So states Lord Lurgan.

Master McGrath's sire came from Antrim; he was bred and owned by James Galway of Colligan Lodge, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford; as a pup he was walked by the nephew of a farmer named Ducey, and the nephew's name was McGrath; the dog was reared at James Galway's kennels at Colligan Lodge, where he spent thirteen months before visiting the North for the first time to compete for the Lurgan Cup (which he won); and the dog had one white stripe across the shoulder.

Sportsmen of the area thought it fitting that they should erect a memorial on his birthplace at Colligan and so in 1888 they paid their tribute to the dog that had won the pride of sportsmen everywhere.

Some years later it was removed to a more conspicuous site, and so to-day it stands at a point two miles outside the town where the Dungarvan road branches off to Cappoquin and Clonmel.

What makes this story most remarkable is the unusual fact that despite many enquiries it has not been possible to determine the name of the sculptor who was responsible for the "Master McGrath" monument. In 1951 I received a letter from the Irish Tourist Board asking if I could in any way get this information for them. I made numerous enquiries locally, but soon found that the answer to my question remained unknown. I went out to examine the monument, but nowhere could I find the name of the sculptor. This really set me wondering and I contacted all the old-timers associated with the greyhound racing in this area, but all in vain. I checked all old records but still nowhere could I find the answer.

However, during my enquiries I did learn from several prominent men associated with the track that the name of the sculptor of the Master McGrath monument had remained for many years an unsolved mystery.

And so at present if ever you pass along the Dungarvan-Clonmel road and you stop to gaze on the impressive memorial to a great dog, don't ask any of the locals who the sculptor was, because no one can tell you—it is a mystery that may never be solved.

Apart from his statue on the Dungarvan-Clonmel road, there is another life-size statue of him in England. It is in Culford Hall, in Bury St. Edmunds.

"For generations to come coursing men will narrate his history and when the men of the present time have passed away his achievements will remain green and unfaded amidst the chronicles of the least."



An Taoiseach Mr. E. de Valera looking over Dungarvan's Western Bay, in August 1951. With him are left to right Messrs. P. A. Casey, U.D.C., P. J. Little T.D., S. J. Moynihan, Co. Manager and his A.D.C. Col. Brennan.

The Western Bay

FOR MANY YEARS Mr. Michael Harty, M.C.C., Ring, has been fighting for the reclamation of Dungarvan's Western Bay. An area of 1,234 acres under water, it claims the finest land in West Waterford. Its reclamation is a challenge to the Irish Government and for many years the challenge has been evaded.

Largely due to the efforts of Mr. Harty, and supported by Dungarvan Urban District Council, Waterford County Council and the Committee of Agriculture, the matter is at present under consideration by the Government, and in West Waterford there is hope.

In August 1951 An Taoiseach, Eamonn de Valera, visited the Western Bay and took a very keen interest in the reclamation proposals.

Mr. James Dillon as Minister for Agriculture regarded it as a challenge he was prepared to take on, and instituted the initial moves in the project. A survey was carried out by Dutch engineers and at the time of writing the result is eagerly awaited.



Mr. Michael Harty M.C.C. Ring and Mr. James Dillon T.D. ex Minister for Agriculture.

Photo by T. Tobin.

Waterford Hurlers' Day of Triumph

MORE THAN SIXTY ONE thousand spectators saw Waterford win two All-Ireland hurling championships at Croke Park on September 5th 1948, the Waterford senior team defeating Dublin by 6 goals 7 points (25 points), to 4 goals 2 points (14 points), and the minor team defeating Kilkenny by 3 goals 8 points (17 points), to 4 goals 2 points (14 points).

It was the first time that the County team was successful in an All-Ireland hurling final.

Official figures were :—

Attendance	...	61,430.
Receipts	...	£5, 302 -17-0d.

The President and Mrs. O'Kelly were given a rousing reception as they were escorted to their seats on the Hogan Stand by Mr. Dan O'Rourke, T.D., President of the G.A.A., and Mr. P.O'Keeffe, general secretary.

The Presidential party included Mrs. Smallwood, Col. O'Sullivan and Comdt. Heffernan, Aides de Camp.

The party of American Gaels who flew over for the game, marched from O'Connell Street to Croke Park headed by the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union band. They were given a warm welcome.

On their arrival at the Park, the American National Anthem was played, the spectators standing to attention. The band then paraded with the American and Irish National Flags flying.

His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Kinane, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, started the game.

At the conclusion of the Senior game the Waterford players were carried shoulder-high off the field and the Captain Mr. Jim Ware, was borne to the Hogan Stand where he received the cup from Mr. Dan O'Rourke.

Congratulating Waterford, Mr. O'Rourke paid tribute to the Dublin team, whom he described as gallant losers.

Mr. Ware, returning thanks, said that he was very proud to have captained the first Waterford team to win an All-Ireland. Dublin, he said, played a sportsmanlike game.

The attendance on the Hogan Stand included His Grace Most Rev.

Dr. Masterson, Archbishop of Birmingham ; Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Zanzibar ; Most Rev. Dr. Heffernan, Bishop of Uzippari ; General R. Mulcahy, Minister for Education ; General Sean MacEoin, Minister for Justice ; Mr. de Valera ; The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. J. Breen ; the Lord Mayor of Cork, Mr. P. Sheehan ; the Mayor of Waterford, Mr. T. Lynch.

Deputies G. Boland, Sean Moylan, Vivian de Valera, Dan Breen, W. Davin, C. Cowan, C. Lehane ; Senators Sean P. Campbell and Joseph Brennan ; Judge Fawsitt ; Very Rev. Tim Shanley, New York.



The Waterford Senior Hurling Team which played and lost a great game against Tipperary at Cork in 1951

Photo by T. Tobin

THE CHAMPIONS



Waterford's First All-Ireland Champions 1948

By courtesy Irish Press

1948 MINOR HURLING CHAMPIONS



The Waterford Minor Hurling Team which won the 1948 All-Ireland

DUNGARVAN MAN WINS 1952 NOBEL PRIZE



Dr. E. T. Walton Trinity College, Dublin and native of Dungarvan, who with Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Britain's Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell shared the 1952 Nobel Prize for Physics.

The Late Captain Tom Donohue

A DUNGARVAN MAN WHO BECAME A GERMAN HERO

IN DECEMBER 1949, Dungarvan lost a true friend, in the death of Captain Tom Donohue, whose home was in South Terrace.

Born in Abbeyside, the late Tom Donohue, who had the "salt in his blood" left home at a very early age to go "Down To The Sea In Ships." His was a varied career and during his life he met with many crosses. His big heart helped him at all times to carry on and the success he made of his job is well known to all.

He travelled all over the world and as a Master Mariner had few equals. His experiences during the first world war on the ss "Lady Belle" were thrilling, and on many occasions he had the dangerous job of carrying cargoes of coal to various navel bases for fueling the "big ones."

In the early stages of the second world war he had many narrow escapes when he got caught in convoys heading for England, and on one occasion his crew and himself were conspicuous when they found themselves in the midst of a terrible air raid on Liverpool docks, where they helped to destroy several incendiary bombs which would have done endless harm.

As the war progressed Captain Donohue went to Irish Shipping Ltd., and took an important part in bringing cargoes to this country. His last and most thrilling experience was when as Master of the ss. "Kerlogue," he picked up 164 German Naval Ratings off the Bay of Biscay for which he received the following letter from the then German Minister to Ireland:—

DEUTSCHE,
GESANDTSCHAFT,
DUBLIN, 5-1-'44

DEAR SIR,

I have been informed by the German Lieutenant-Commander Quedenfeldt of the extraordinary achievement which you and the crew of the Irish steamship *Kerlogue* have done by saving the lives of 164 German naval men in the Biscay. I shall report it to the German Government.

In the meantime, I wish to express to you and to your crew, my profound gratitude, as well as my high appreciation of the unhesitatingly valiant spirit which has prompted to perform such an exemplary deed, worthy of the great tradition of Irish gallantry and humanity.

I hope to make your personal acquaintance soon and I thank you again.

Yours faithfully,

HEMPLE,

German Minister

Tom Donohue now sleeps his last long sleep in the old churchyard at Abbeyside where the whistling winds and the Atlantic waves which he loved so well will sing for him a *Requiescat in pace*.

An Old Parish Man Makes Good

THE STORY OF SENATOR J. BURNS U.S.A.

THIS IS A true story which may well be regarded as stranger than fiction. It is a "success" story about a man from Old Parish who became a famous American Senator and whose death was mourned by millions of Californians, not only in California alone, but all over the world.

On his parents farm at Old Parish, Co. Waterford, Mike Burns toiled from morning to night to reap the many fruits of the land. He was just a young man and like most young men he had burning hopes of world travel and wide adventures. Day after day, he would gaze out to sea and long for the time when he might explore the great unknown beyond the blue horizon.

Finally that day came and as Mike bade farewell to his folks at home, he little thought his future could hold such a colourful career. But as he glanced back at the old homes as he drove off on the first part of his journey, and as the old folks waved "goodbye," Mike never thought that he was leaving Old Ireland forever. He never found an opportunity of coming back and now he rests in eternal peace, beneath the soil of Sunny California.

After leaving home, Mike joined the Royal Navy, and served in the Engine room department. Like the words of the song—"He joined the Navy to see the world, but all he saw was the sea," and he decided to try his luck in the Land of Golden Opportunity. In 1909, Mike Burns landed in the U.S.A. and settled in Eureka, where he became a machinist and a master mechanic.

Then the folks at home began to wonder ; several years had passed by, and Mike's letters had been few and far between. Then a close friend of the family, Rev. Father S. Barron, was assigned to the Mission Fields of America and before he departed, Mike's mother asked him to look up her son, when he got back.

Father Barron never forgot Mrs. Burns' request and as time went by, he kept a careful watch-out for Mike, but for years he was unsuccessful.

Life sometimes plays strange deals and in the case of Father Barron's search for Mike Burns. nothing could have been more strange. It was at a dinner in the home of a Parish Priest that Father Barron was introduced to a SENATOR MICHAEL J. BURNS, a native of Ireland. They were soon discussing the old country, and it was not long before

he discovered that, at last he had found the Mike Burns of Old Parish, County Waterford.

It was a happy meeting for the two Irish exiles, and one which brought greater happiness to an old Irish mother, who was anxiously awaiting news of her long lost son. Mike's letter home brought tears of joy to his loved ones, more so to learn that he was now a Senator in the U.S.A.

Yes, Mike had gone a long way since he sailed away from dear old Ireland. He had seen life and had lived a colourful career. He was a friend of America and an Irishman, Americans were proud of. He helped to build a better America, his work today stands as a monument to his memory—which will live throughout California, for all time as a symbol of PROGRESS, through strive, determination, and trust in God.

Mike Burns today rests in peace, in the land of his adoption, his parents too are now gone to their eternal reward, but his story and theirs, can never die it will live forever.

Writing of Mike Burns' death a well known columnist—"Scoop Beal" wrote the following in an American newspaper:

"They said goodbye to Mike Burns today—a huge crowd of wet-eyed men and women, many his personal friends and many who knew the famed Humboldt county State Senator only casually—but to all a champion of the people in this community—they gathered for the services this morning to pay final tribute to the passing of this beloved public figure—state officials from Sacramento, local businessmen, housewives, and common labourers—when the news came from Sacramento, Sunday, that Senator Michael J. Burns had suddenly died it was a shock to all who knew the man—just a few weeks before a group of Humboldt county businessmen had made a flying trip to Sacramento on legislative business—while in the state capital they gave a banquet honouring Senator Burns—they lauded the veteran legislator in their talks at this dinner and the Senator responded with his usual Irish wit—little did they think that their next gathering honouring Mike Burns would be one of sorrow—but that is the way of life,—probably no other man in the history of this area has spent more time and fought harder for the interests of his country than did Burns—he was one of those untiring individuals and not one to hedge or beat around the bush—if Mike had a thought, he spoke it—some might refer to him as "plain spoken" and "blunt"—but we call it "honesty" Typical of the man is a story told this writer by Wilson Elliott, the gentleman farmer from Loleta—although few people knew it, the work of the late Senator Burns was instrumental in the establishment of a new veterinary college at Davis, the University of California's agricultural school—Elliott was talking to Burns about his efforts towards the establishment of this new division and said, "Mike, I think that a fitting tribute to your work would be the naming of this new school "Burns Hall"—Mike's reply was brief—he simply said, "Wilson, I'm just not enough of a Big Shot for that!"

A Decade of Progress

IN JUNE, 1942, the workers at the Dickens Leather Co., Ltd., Dungarvan, decided that they would change from their newly-formed House Union and join a recognised union affiliated to the Irish T.U.C. Inquiries were made at Carrick-on-Suir and Portlaw tanneries and after a short interval Mr. Gilbert Lynch, General Organiser of the Amalgamated Transport and General Workers' Union, 112 Marlboro' St. Dublin, was invited there to form a branch. Some 140 members were enrolled. This branch was at first confined to members of the Dickens Leather Co. Ltd. The first action of the Union was to seek and secure the permitted increase due to workers under the Emergency Powers Order. This action aroused the interest of the workers in the other firms and following a general demand the union was thrown open to all workers in the town. This was in September, 1942, and the membership at that date increased to 380. A steady drive to enrol the full compliment of town workers was continued up to 1943 but the success of this was limited due to the opposition of the employers of the town. Mr. P. Ryan, D.L.C., who was secretary of the branch up to this date found that he was unable to give the time demanded by his duties as branch secretary, and work full time at his firm, and accordingly resigned his position with the union. Mr. T. A. Kyne was elected as branch secretary and immediately set about a 100 per cent. organisation drive in Dungarvan. This met with success almost from the first and in September, 1944, membership had reached the 600 mark. Following a demand by the union that all manual workers employed by the Dickens Leather Co., Ltd., should be members of the union an industrial dispute took place with this firm in November, 1944, which lasted for sixteen weeks. The dispute was finally brought to an end at a meeting in Waterford under the chairmanship of Rev. T. B. Walshe, P.P., St. Patrick's, Waterford, who was one of the founder members of the firm. The principle of employment of none but trade union workers was conceded. The manner in which the strike was fought won the approval and respect of employers and workers throughout the district and as a result of this victory the various other firms agreed to the principle of T.U. labour only. *Since then employers have said that they have found that the system of dealing with the trade union instead of individually with their workers has proved that agreements are more binding and that a much better spirit of co-operation has come about between worker and employer.*



Thomas A. Kyne T. D.

Mr. T. A. Kyne continued as branch secretary up to 1948 when he became Labour Deputy for the Waterford constituency. Messrs. D. McGrath, R. Walshe and now P. Breen have succeeded him as branch secretaries but he has continued to take a prominent and active interest in the branch and has been chairman since the death of the first chairman, the late Mr. P. Power. It may be said of the late Mr. P. Power that under his guidance together with that of Mr. Kyne, the union won for itself the respect of all in the district. While minor stoppages of work have since taken place, principally in support of wage demands, the town has been singularly free from strikes and work hours lost by workers and employees are kept to a low average. Satisfactory agreement re wages and conditions have been entered into and both sides pride themselves on the fact that most of these are verbal only but are kept to the letter and the spirit by the parties. The Amalgamated has shown that good trade unionism can be a protection to the worker, a help to the employer and source of contentment, peace and prosperity to a town. Based on the principle of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work Dungarvan workers and employers continue to honour their agreements.

Long may this happy state of affairs continue and long may Messrs. Kyne and Breen remain to help and foster this desirable position. 1942 to 1952 has for the Amalgamated Transport and General Workers' Union in Dungarvan been a decade of progress and goodwill.

The Bye-Election

ALDERMAN W. KENNEALLY (*Fianna Fail*) ELECTED

THE RESULT OF the Bye-Election contested in the Waterford Constituency on Thursday, June 26th, 1952 resulted as follows:—
Total electorate—44,795; Total Poll—34,608; Spoilt Votes—209; Total Valid Poll—34,399; .Quota—17,200.

FIRST COUNT:—

Alderman W. Kenneally (*Fianna Fail*)—15,532.
Alderman T. Lynch (*Fine Gael*)—11,714.
Councillor J. Griffin (*Labour*)—7,153.

No candidate having reached the quota, Councillor Griffin was eliminated and in the SECOND COUNT Alderman Kenneally received 1,473 votes to bring his total to 17,005 and Alderman Lynch got 4,734 to bring him to 16,448. There were 946 non-transferable votes.

The Returning Officer, Mr. T. A. Colbert, Solr., then declared Mr. Kenneally elected without reaching the quota to the jubilation and rejoicing of the *Fianna Fail* Party supporters.

AN ANALYSIS

The figures polled by the three candidates are most revealing, especially in view of the clear cut issue on which the election was contested—for or against the Budget.

Alderman Kenneally polled a total that even the most ardent *Fianna Fail* supporters never thought he would receive, especially in view of the great spate of meetings held prior to the election by all the parties concerned. Despite the fact that on the 1951 figures for the general election, the Party Vote was down by 662 votes, still it was felt generally that they would drop considerably more.

Alderman Lynch increased the combined *Fine Gael* vote of last year by 332 votes while the Labour party candidate showed the Labour vote had increased by 681 votes in the same period.

In the first preference count the *Fianna Fail* candidate (for the Budget), got 15,532 votes while the combined oppositon (against the Budget) got 18,857 votes showing that 3,335 people more voted against the proposed increases than for them.

The transfer of votes after the elimination as usual showed the

usual fickleness and inconsistency of a big bulk of the voters.

Having voted for the Labour Candidate in the count and therefore *against* the Budget, a total of 1,473 people turned around and with the next stroke of the pencil voted *for* the Budget when they gave second preference to Fianna Fail. A total of 4,734 of the transfers went to Ald. Lynch the other anti-Budget candidate.

One of the most significant things of this transfer was that 946 votes were "plumpers," that is a No. 1 vote for Griffin and no other preference expressed. This figure becomes all the more significant when it is noted that in the final count only 557 votes divided the two candidates left. Astute political observers are of opinion that this percentage (representing 1 in 7 of the Labour vote), was due to the action which took place prior to the Mayoral election on Polling day in Waterford. In the first count in the contest for the Mayoralty of Waterford, Mr. Gallagher the Labour nominee was eliminated leaving the issue between Mr. B. Cunningham (Fine Gael) and Mr. M. Cullen (Independent), who was supported by the Fianna Fail party. In the second count the Labour members on the Corporation backed Alderman Cullen with Fianna Fail against Fine Gael and Ald. Cullen was elected.

The Fianna Fail Party were quick to exploit this bit of luck that came their way to sabotage the Inter-Party stand at the last moment and loud speakers blared the fact that Labour had sided with Fianna Fail in ousting Fine Gael and appealing to the electorate to do likewise.

Whether this is the cause or not the fact remains that in the second count 946 votes went into the "dead" box and if these voters had continued their preferences it would have been interesting to see what would have happened.



Mr. J. A. Costello former Taoiseach addressing a meeting in Dungarvan on behalf of the Fine Gael candidate Ald. Lynch.

From left to right: Mr. Michael C. Dungarvan, S.J., J. Butler, Ald. Lynch, Mr. Costello T.D., and Mr. Harty M.C.C.

Photo by T. ...



Oliver Flanagan T.D., takes the stand for Fine Gael—his speech could be equalled only by A Great Humorist.

"SOLDIERS ARE WE"

FOR FIANNA FAIL



This exclusive picture taken in Dungarvan in 1952 shows, left to right, P. Ormonde, West Waterford Brigade, Dan Breen, T.D.; An Taoiseach, Eamon de Valera; Ald. Wm. Keneally, T.D.; P. J. Little, T.D., former Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; and T. Morrissey, M.C.C., Dungarvan.

Photo by T. Tobin

“ An Important Moment in Our Lives ”



An Taoiseach, Eamon de Valera addresses a meeting in Dungarvan on the June 1952 in support of Ald. William Keneally, T.D., who was at the time candidate in the Bye Election caused by the death of Mrs. B. Redmond T

Photo by T.

FOR LABOUR



Mr. William Norton T.D., former Minister for Social Welfare, speaks in support of the Labour candidate Mr. John Griffin N. T., at Dungarvan.

Photo by T. Tobin.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BUDGET



Mr. Sean McEntee, Minister for Finance drives home to his listeners in Dungarvan, the need for this, Ireland's most severe Budget.

Photo by T. Tobin.

THE SYMBOL OF IRELAND'S FREEDOM



Leinster House—Home of Dail Eireann

Photo by T. Tobin

The Burgery Ambush

March, 1921

EARLY ON THE morning of March the 19th, 1921, Dungarvan heard the news of the Burgery Ambush which had taken place the previous night. At first it was just a rumour, but confirmation of this rumour was soon received when around ten o'clock that morning a car sped across the Square and down Main Street carrying a dying policeman.

The story opens on the evening of March the 18th when a force of military left Dungarvan Castle in a lorry and a motor car. The car contained Capt. Thomas (in command), two soldiers, Lieut Griffiths and Sergeant Hickey, who was taking the ride as the party's guide. The lorry carried about twelve men and their destination was Clonea. There in his home was a wanted man, John Murphy, and his arrest was the object of the raiding mission.

When the Tans were leaving the barracks to raid the home of John Murphy they spotted a number of young men standing chatting in Main Street. These men on seeing the raiding party approaching, realised that they might be taken along as hostages, so they all moved off in haste, with the exception of one, named Gusty Dwyer, who at the time was home on holidays from the U.S.A. The Tans quickly grabbed him and took him with them as a hostage. When they reached the home of John Murphy in Clonea, they found him within and soon put him under arrest. Strange as it may seem he had been on the run for over nine months and had been participating in some of the Brigade's most dangerous work. He had only just called to his home that evening when the Tans grabbed him.

On the way to Dungarvan after making a stop at Cloncoskraine, the party was ambushed at the entrance to the Lacken bye-road. The prisoner, John Murphy and the hostage, Gusty Dwyer, were both in the lorry guarded by the Tans. A car carrying Capt. Thomas and the other officers led the way by about one hundred yards.

The car was fired on by the ambush party and when the occupants of the lorry saw the plight of those in the car, they stopped, leaped out and beat a hasty retreat across the fields to Duckspool. They left lorry, arms and equipment behind which was quickly taken over by the ambush party. The lorry was then set on fire.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the job actually scheduled



A Cross by the wayside in memory of two patriots.

Photo by T. Tobin.

for the night on which the ambush occurred—March 18th, 1921, was the blowing up of Tarr's Bridge at which John Murphy was to assist. After his capture the plan was dropped and the bridge was not blown up.

The car which had gone on ahead stopped and Capt. Thomas ordered Lieut. Griffith to proceed to the local barracks for reinforcements. Then together with Sergeant Hickey and the two soldiers, he proceeded to the scene of the ambush. Guns in hands they fired blindly into the darkness of the night as they made their way along. Then from out of nowhere a party of the I.R.A. armed with rifles descended upon them and in a short time placed them under arrest. Capt. Thomas was placed in the house of a Mr. Barr, who resided nearby. The soldiers were locked in the home of the late Mr. Kennedy and Sergeant Hickey was taken away by the I.R.A. and was never afterwards seen alive.

When the Tans retreated they brought the prisoner with them into the town. The news was then reported of the ambush and in a short time reinforcements were quickly on the way. Signals were sent out to the Marines in Ballinacourty and they too headed for the Burgery, keeping off the road as much as possible and travelling along by the strand. The "Buffs" stationed in Cloncoskrfaine, also answered the call and it was not long before the Burgery became a dangerous spot. The hostage, Gusty Dwyer, disappeared during the retreat of the Tans and he quickly made his way down the country towards the Kilrossanty side. In this neighbourhood the presence of a stranger with an accent (he had spent years in the U.S.A. and was home on holidays as I already stated) aroused suspicion. The I.R.A. then arrested him but after some time he was identified by a Dungarvan man and allowed to go.

With the British Forces spread all over the Burgery district, shots flew far and wide, but by this time the I.R.A. had shifted their position and for the time being were quite safe. However, residents of the neighbourhood suffered a severe mental torture as bullets struck all around them. Mrs. Keating, who lived nearby, was milking a cow in the early hours of the morning when suddenly the cow dropped dead—shot by a stray bullet. Houses all over that area bore battle scars and it is really amazing how the residents escaped so lightly.

By this time things had quietened down considerably and it looked as though the fight had finished, but this was not so and the events which followed proved to be tragic in the history of the West Waterford Brigade.

At last a peaceful atmosphere began to return to the Burgery district. The wild shooting had ceased and the clouds of darkness were gradually moving aside to allow the dawn of another day break through. The I.R.A. at this time were discussing the possibilities of returning to the scene of the ambush to collect whatever equipment they might have overlooked in the darkness of the previous

night, and finally it was agreed to return. As the dawn broke over the distant hills the column silently moved from their hiding place, across the fields towards the Burgery. They did not know that the entire area was swarming with British forces, but they were ever cautious and marched prepared.

Approaching the fence bordering the roadside at the Burgery, where the monument now stands, the stillness of the spring morning was shattered by the loud report of British guns. In a second the Column realised its position—an ambush. Quickly the boys took up their positions and returned the fire with full and bitter determination. One of the British forces, an Auxiliary named Redman, fell mortally wounded. He was removed from the line of fire and a messenger was sent for medical aid. Firing continued and then tragedy struck on the Irish side—John Fitzgerald fell dead, pierced by the enemy's bullet. His comrade-in-arms, as well as in life, Patrick Keating, turned to his assistance, but he too was shot, yet he continued to try and drag his dead comrade from the line of fire. A second bullet pierced his body and after a bitter struggle, he succeeded in reaching his own line alone and mortally wounded.

It was a battle to live or die. Shot for shot rang out and every man of the I.R.A. was prepared to shed his life's blood rather than raise the white flag of surrender. With an anxious eye on their ammunition supply, the boys continued to blaze death into the British side. Suddenly they realised the response from the enemy was weakening—and then it became clear—the British were retreating.

By this time the messenger, a Mr. Barr, had reached the home of Dr. Hackett in Dungarvan. Together they made their way on bicycles to the Burgery and their journey was one of great peril, as bullets flew on both sides of them. On examination of the British Auxiliary, Dr. Hackett found that there was nothing he could do, and so Redman was taken into town in a military car. He died on reaching the barracks.

Yes, there was no mistake about it, the British were retreating and so at last, the I.R.A. felt relieved. Anxiously they turned to their dying comrade Patrick Keating, as he lay in pain on the moistened grass of an early spring morning. With the aid of two local ladies, they had him removed to a place of safety in the nearby hills. Late that evening Patrick Keating died a soldier of freedom.

The remainder of the "Column" having successfully fought off the enemy retreated to their hide-out having suffered the loss of two of Ireland's most heroic sons.

The enemy's losses were never really determined, but sometime after the ambush it was reported that a considerable number of coffins were seen being put aboard a cross-Channel steamer at Waterford. These were stated to have been the British losses in the ambush. However, at the moment I cannot state whether this is reliable or not.

When Sergt. Hickey was captured by the I.R.A. he was never afterwards seen alive.



A West Waterford patriot, Padraig Ceitinn

On many occasions before the Burgery ambush ever took place Sergt. Hickey of the R.I.C. was warned to keep out of certain affairs. He did not heed this warning and finally it was decided upon that he should be removed—permanently. When he was captured he was taken to the townland of Kilgobinet and was tried and found guilty of treason, being a native of Ireland. He was sentenced to death. A priest was sent for and then Sergt. Hickey of the R.I.C. faced the firing squad. His body lay where it fell for some days afterwards until it was found by a resident of the district.

The body of John Fitzgerald was taken by the British into Dunganarvan barracks. His remains were held till after the funeral of Sergt. Hickey and then they were laid to rest in Kilrossanty's Republican Plot. The funeral was one which our elder readers will well remember, as it defied the British rule by its huge dimensions. The British had, before the funeral, issued an order that only twenty people would be allowed follow the remains, and the military with fixed bayonets were there to see that this order was strictly adhered to.

Patrick Keating was also interred in Kilrossanty. The funeral took place at night time and those taking part were ambushed and a number of arrests were made.



In the picture, reading left to right : Michael J. McDermott, Co. Longford ; John O'Donnell, Co. Kerry ; Miss Maureen Mulcahy, Dublin ; John Comerford, Co. Clare ; Mrs. Ryan ; Msgr. O'Donnell, Co. Waterford ; Mr. Ryan ; Police Commissioner James B. Nolan, Co. Galway ; Michael Flannery, Co. Tipperary ; Peter Nesdale, Co. Leitrim ; John Mansfield, Co. Waterford ; Miss Winifred Whelehan, Co. Tipperary.

A County Waterford Tenor of World Fame

IN 1947 AND 1948 Mr. Frank Ryan, Ireland's renowned tenor, toured America where he was acclaimed by all who heard his fine Waterford voice. His tour of the larger eastern cities, including Boston, Mass., New York, N.Y., Philadelphia, Pa., was a great success, the singer being in popular demand by both Irish and American audiences.

The recital on 30th January 1948 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y., was one of his greatest successes. Frank was at his best, and his rendition of 23 well selected Irish songs was received with unanimous acclaim. The responses from all critics representing the New York press were expressions of satisfaction.

The picture shows him with Mrs. Ryan, surrounded by the admiring committee who worked hard for his success. The occasion was the presentation of the cheque from the proceeds of the American recital.

When An Taoiseach, Mr. E. De Valera, arrived in the city on 8th March 1948 the Mayor's Committee selected Frank as best suited to sing the Irish National Anthem in the chambers of City Hall at the initial public reception. Later the same day, as a guest of honour at a banquet, where many prominent persons were present, he was again called upon.

Among the other selections, he rendered the beautiful "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen" on special request from His Eminence Cardinal Spellman, who later personally expressed his sincere thanks.

Frank left New York for home on 14th April, but he promised his many admirers in America that he would again return.

Six months later, (October 1948), Frank Ryan returned to the States with his daughter Myra where he made a concert appearance at the Carnegie Hall, New York. The famous auditorium was packed out by distinguished guests for his recital at which he sang 32 songs.

In his native Tallow, Co Waterford, Frank Ryan may be found and heard in his victualler shop. He is a busy man with concert engagements all over Ireland and England, but with Frank such a life is worth living.

In recent times during a broadcast as guest artist on Radio Eireann, he told Roy Croft that the most thrilling moment of his life was his concert appearance at the Carnegie, Hall New York.

Frank Ryan has done much for Waterford and for Ireland by his fine voice. No greater ambassador could we send abroad; and now in our humble way we honour a Great Tenor.

Frank's daughter Myra is today a well-known soprano who will undoubtedly uphold the Ryan's fame in song.

QUEEN OF IRISH BALLAD SINGERS



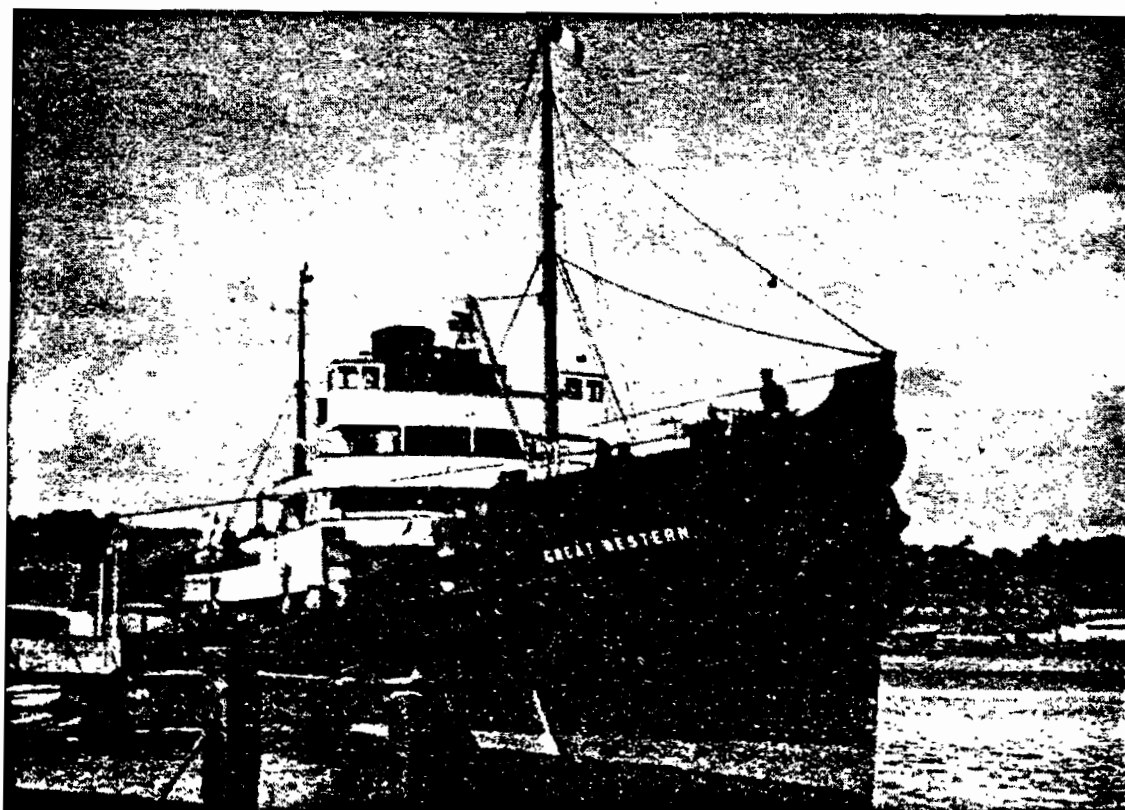
Photo by T. Tobin

Delia Murphy—Queen of Irish ballad singers photographed with her daughter in Dungarvan in 1951 when she sang at a celebrity Concert in the Friary Hall.

(When taking this photograph, a flash bulb failed to flash. This aggravated me but not Delia Murphy—she joked over the incident saying :- “ I’ve often said I’m a danger to a camera and now I believe it.”).



The Guiding Light—Ballinacourty Lighthouse, Dungarvan.



WATERFORDS' EMIGRANT SHIP

The ss. Great Western which plies between Waterford and Fishguard is well known to thousands of exiles all over Britain. This picture will bring back memories to many of them—that last farewell—or the thrill of coming up the Suir in the haze of an early morning—and HOME.

Photos by T. Tobin.

“A-Hunting We Will Go”

THE STORY OF DUNGARVAN HARRIERS HUNT CLUB

By TOM TOBIN.

IT WAS A December's morning and the sting of winter's frost was in the air. Over the nearby hills the sun was breaking through a heavy formation of rolling clouds, while in the distance, Dungarvan Bay, sparkling in the wintry sun, presented a picture which was the dream of every artist.

I was standing by the low stone fence at the top of the Sweep on the main Dungarvan-Youghal road overlooking a Waterford panorama of wide renown. I had stopped my car to take in this view in the morning sun and to enjoy the relaxation of a cigarette.

Suddenly the peacefulness of the morning air was shattered by the “Tally-Ho” of the huntsmen and their hounds, as across the glen came the Dungarvan Harriers in pursuit of a fox. The Master, Mr. Thomas Kiely, was in the saddle and there was no doubt but the chase was indeed a trying one for the huntsmen, the horses, and the hounds. Across the glen sped the fox—a streak of glistening brown against a background of green. The hounds were close behind, followed at a steady pace by the huntsmen. The mountain was reached by the fox, and in a matter of seconds, he went “to earth.”

The spectacle fascinated me as I watched and waited, but this fox was an old-timer and there was no hope of a kill for the Dungarvan Harriers. Finally the Hunt moved across the mountainside to Kenneally's Pub where an appreciated refreshment was availed of. On anticipating the move, I too headed for this well-known West Waterford landmark, and around the blazing open fire of a hospitable country pub I sat in contentment (even though I don't take a drink)—as one by one, in reply to my questions, the members of the Hunt recalled for me the colourful history of this successful Club.

The pack was started in March 1942 at a meeting of Dungarvan sportsmen in the “Corner House.” Amongst those present were: Messrs. J. A. Power, who presided, Miss Ita Flynn, Messrs. T. Kiely, Michael Fives, S. Queally, R. Hayes, T. Carroll, V. Morrissey, and T. J. Fleming who was appointed Hon. Secretary.

At a later meeting a large committee was formed, and the late Mr. James Hayes was appointed President. The first big task was to raise funds for the purchase of hounds and a very successful dance



Mr. Thomas Kiely, Master of the Dungarvan
Harriers

Photo by T. Tobin

was run at Clonea which enabled the Club to get over the initial financial obstacles.

Through good friends like J. M. O'Neill, Knockmore, and R. McCarthy, Gorthnafluir, from whom Mr. T. Carroll, Senior, Lacken, secured a grand couple, a pack of about seven couples was got together which included the famous Black-and-Tan "Warrior" which was procured by Mr. Joe Power through Mr. Hyde, Fermoy. "Warrior" was a very keen, fast-hunting hound with excellent tongue, and his blood-line is still predominant in the Pack.

The name given to the Hunt was "The Dungarvan Blazers" and the hunting colours decided on were—and still are—green coat with pink collar. Mr. T. Kiely was appointed Master and Mr. M. V. Morrissey and Mr. P. O'Donnell were appointed Whips.

With the kind permission of the late Mr. John J. Morrissey, the hounds were first kennelled at his farm-yard at Kilossera for two years. They were then shifted to the present kennels at the Youghal Road, which are rented from the Dungarvan Urban District Council.

The principal hunting-day is Sunday, with bye-days on Thursdays, and Mr. T. Kiely as Master (whose voice must be heard to be believed) has given excellent sport. He is very popular with land-owners, which accounts for the fact that the hunt has been well received by them and the sporting public generally. The Harriers appreciate the co-operation of the land-owners very much—so much so, in fact that they have placed it on record.

The opening meet took place on the Square, Dungarvan, in Nov. 1942. Barry's Glen was the first draw and it proved blank, as was Glenmore. From there to Toor and Mountstuart without result until The Blazers drew Mongally where a fox was quickly away and gave a fast twenty minutes in "a ring" to the broken bridge at Toor where hounds marked to ground.

After hunting successfully for three years it was decided after getting permission from all the land-owners in the Kilossera district, to run a Point-to-Point. A large sum of money and plenty of voluntary hard work, under the direction of the late Mr. Jack Wall, who planned and laid out the course, brought the venture to fruition and on the 27th March 1948, the Harriers' first Point-to-Point was a great success. The Point-to-Point Course is regarded as one of the best in Munster, the credit for which must go entirely to the late Mr. Jack Wall and Mr. J. F. Kenny. As the Pack was unregistered, the West Waterford Hunt very kindly procured a certificate for them and the Races were run under their auspices. Mr. Michael Fives was Chairman of a very energetic committee with Messrs. Jack Wall and J. F. Kenny Hon. Secretaries and Clerks of Course.

The next step the Club made was in 1947 when they applied for registration as a Harrier Pack. In this quest they received great support from Mr. Dick Mulcahy, M.F.H. Ardfinnan, who was Master of the West Waterford Hounds, and in May 1947 an agreement with the West Waterford Hunt Committee on hunting country enabled

the "Dungarvan Blazers" to become a registered Pack, and the name was changed to the "Dungarvan Harriers." The deputation from the Blazers' committee that secured this included Messrs. Jas. Kirwan, J. P. Cashman and P. Dwane. Mr. Jack Lynch acted as spokesman.

The Point-to-Point Races since 1948 have been run by the Harriers with Mr. Michael Fives as Chairman and Mr. I. N. Barton, Bank of Ireland, as Hon. Secretary. They have brought the Dungarvan Harriers Point-to-Point from success to success.

The first Hunt Ball was held in the Town Hall, Dungarvan, in January 1948, and it was so successful that succeeding ones have been held since at the C.S.M., Ballroom, Clonea, again with conspicuous success—mainly due to the artistry and material assistance of Mr. P. I. Power.

Mr. T. J. Fleming acted as Hon Secretary to the Harriers from the time of their inception until 1951. He pioneered every aspect of the Club's advancement and its registration was a fitting culmination to his resolute efforts.

In 1952 a successful agreement was reached with Mr. R.J. Russell, M.F.H. and the Waterford Hunt Committee who have loaned the west portion of their country (a line west of the Old Pike to Clonea Castle) to the Harriers.

The Hunt members are deeply indebted to the late Mr. G.H.M. Denny and to his wife who have entertained them each season at a special meet at Fiord House. They also presented a magnificent Silver Cup for the Harriers Annual Race at the Point-to-Point which added so much to its prestige. Mrs. Denny also did trojan work for the Hunt Balls.

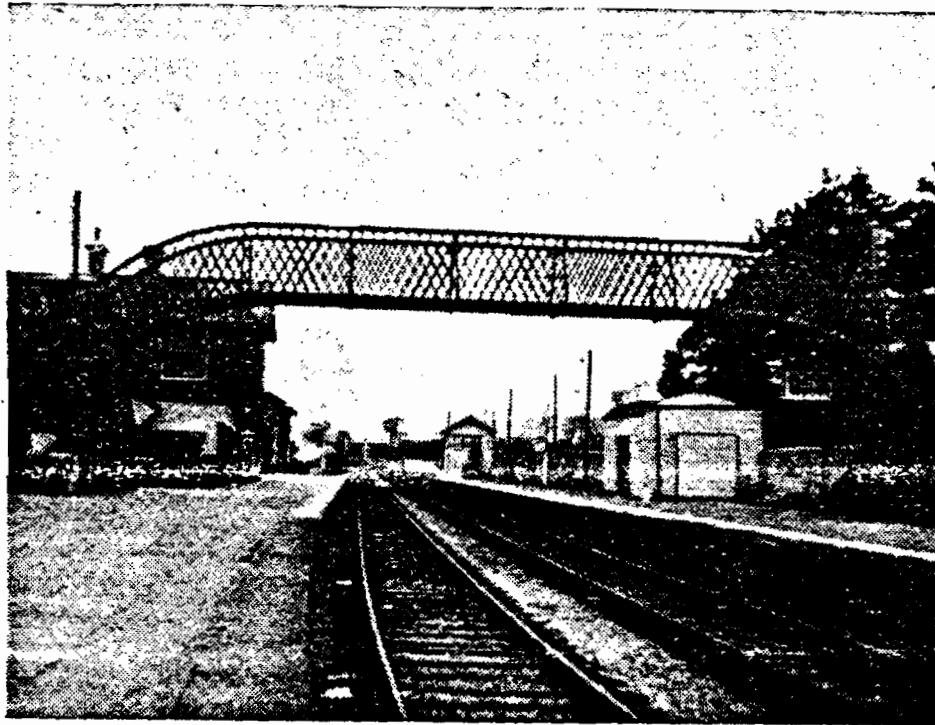
The Hunt now continues to thrive under the Chairmanship of the very able and keen follower, Mr. Jack Lynch, and being also Hon. Secretary, his popularity is mainly responsible for the well-being of the Hunt.

For the 1953 Season the Master has eighteen couples of Hounds in Kennel and a great season's sport is expected. Messrs. P. O'Donnell and J. Kiely are Hon. Whips.

The present committee are: Mr. P. Morrissey, President; Mrs. E. F. Denny, Mr. P. Dwane, Vice-Presidents; Messrs. T. J. Fleming, P. I. Power, L. Morrissey, J. A. Power, M. V. Morrissey, M. Kiely, T. Carroll and T. Fitzgerald.

Hon. Treasurer: I. N. Barton. Chairman and Hon. Secretary: Mr. Jack Lynch.

A PLACE OF MEMORIES—HAPPY AND SAD



Dungarvan Railway Station

FIRE! FIRE!



Photos by T. Tobin

This photograph was taken at an outbreak of fire in Abbeyside in May, 1952, when two homes were destroyed. Garda Martin O'Riordan stands on duty while the Fire Brigade work some distance away in a successful effort to locate a supply of water. Hoses were laid for over half a mile.

IRELAND'S LEANING TOWER

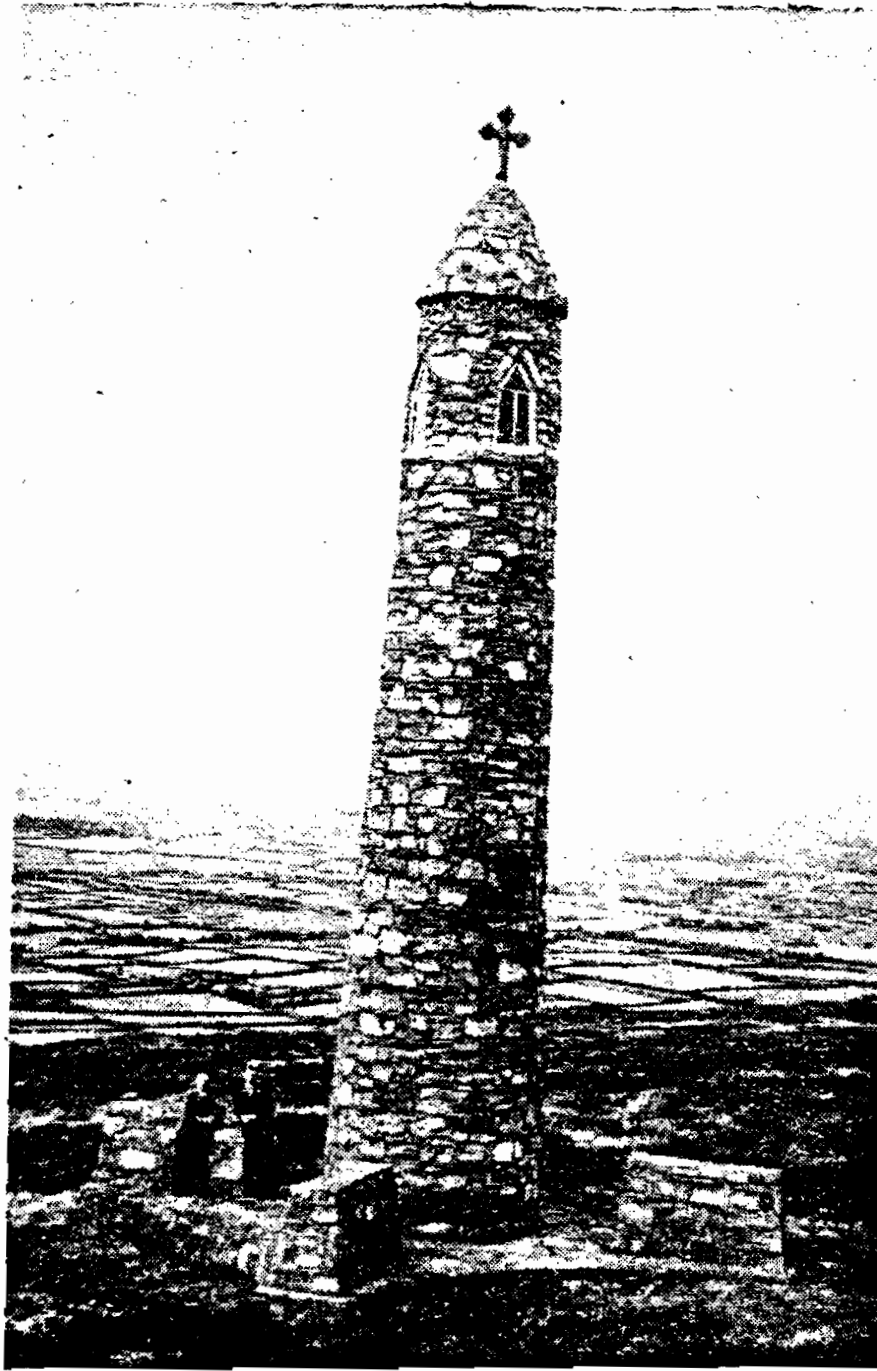


Photo by T. Tobin.

IRELAND'S LEANING TOWER On the Knockmeal-downs, high up over the little village of Newcastle, Co. Tipperary and alongside the Co. Waterford border stands a round tower of recent years. It stands today in memory of Comdt. Liam Lynch, Republican Chief of Staff who was killed in action during the Civil War on this bleak spot in the mountains. It is extremely difficult to climb the mountainside where the tower is located—there is no pathway and the climber is faced with the problem of cutting his way through the exceptionally high ferns and mountain plants. I made the climb to the top and also made the discovery that the fifty foot tower is leaning over to the south at a sharp angle as this photograph clearly shows.



In the Old Churchyard, Dungarvan. The holed wall on the left has long puzzled the experts—many of them believe it is the remains of an ancient place of worship. Others hold it is the remains of a leper hospital.



Abbeyside Parish Church.

Photos by T. Tobin

When It's Fair Day in Dungarvan

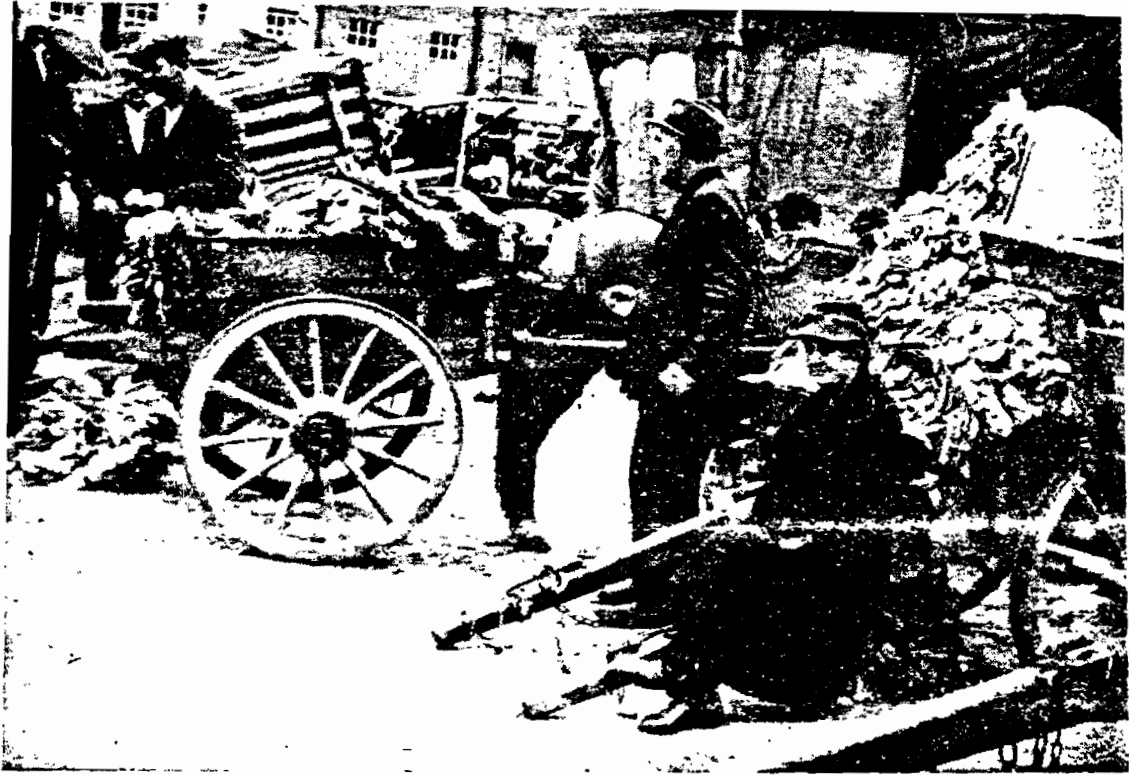
DUNGARVAN MONTHLY FAIR is held on the streets of the town and takes place on the third Wednesday of every month. It is usually a good fair at which cattle, horses, sheep and pigs change hands. It attracts buyers from all over the country as well as many more from outside it, and is an event in the life of the town during which there is never a dull moment. On Dungarvan Square—said to be Ireland's finest, and built by the Duke of Devonshire in the early nineteenth century—you will find the hive of activity, where farmers not only meet to buy and sell but to discuss the events of the previous four weeks and the hopes of the future.



Photo by T. Tobin

The travelling shop, is of late, part of the day's business at provincial fairs in Ireland and though not at all favoured by the town traders—there is little they can do to keep them out. In Dungarvan in 1927 they tried through the Courts—and failed. This picture shows the scene as I found it one fair day in 1952.

“D’you think this one will do you? It’s a bargain anyway.” Father examines the garment while the young “ladeen” watches—hopefully—anxiously, and friend Mike — well, he just watches.



Business is not too lively in the cabbage trade and so Mrs. Curran of Kilnafrehan sits down in relaxation while the "man of the house" throws a puzzled glance at his nearby competitor which suggests he is wondering "What has his cabbage plants got that mine haven't?"



"Tis a deal then," and so it was but who would ever think one could make oneself comfortable sitting in with half a dozen "pigeons"—here is one fellow who did



Waiting for the bank to open—and of course no one minds waiting—after all there's a long day there.



And now the day comes to a close and for the Urban Council workmen comes the mighty task of washing down the streets of the town but with Jimmy Power on the hose— "sure 'tis no bother at all."

A Holy Well on the Mountainside brings Hope to Many

FROM ALL PARTS of Co. Waterford, people suffering from various ailments are at present making their way to a holy well situated on the mountainside, in the parish of Aglish, Co. Waterford, at a place called Toor, where hundreds of cures have been reported during the past few months.

Men and women suffering from almost every kind of disease who have made visits to this holy well, have been cured beyond all doubt and never before was so much activity seen in the district where great honour is paid to Saint Declan, patron saint of the sacred spot.

I visited the holy well and found there a display of faith that was most inspiring.

Situated on the barren mountainside of Toor, about nine miles south of Dungarvan on the Clashmore road, I located the well. It was a lovely walk from the main roadside across the heather to this blessed spot. Surrounded by a wire fence, the white stone cross stood out clearly in the autumn sunshine against the background of shady shrubbery. Beneath the cross which was draped with rosaries, the many pilgrims knelt around the holy well, while many others made their rounds, or bathed in the running waters of its never-ending stream.

On a nearby bush hung many signs of the pilgrims' faith, while beneath the white cross lay many statues, crucifixes, holy pictures and bundles of flowers. Close by lay a money box in which were many half-crown pieces, and other pieces of silver, all placed there as a token of gratitude by the many pilgrims who found new hope in the waters of this holy well.

Hundreds of people from all over the county as well as many more from neighbouring counties have been visiting the sacred spot and it is nothing new to see over 500 people make their way to the well in one day. I met an old woman while I was there and she had been cured of a serious foot disease caused by a bad wound. A man named Gerald Fitzgerald of Dungarvan who had been suffering from serious eye trouble had been cured and in thanksgiving he erected a statue which to-day stands out in its whiteness on the barren mountainside in tribute to St. Declan.

I met several others who had been cured of almost every kind of disease, and I witnessed a scene that left no doubt in my mind



A pilgrim kneels in prayer at the Holy Well.

of the Faith held by all in the blessed waters of this little well on themountaininside.

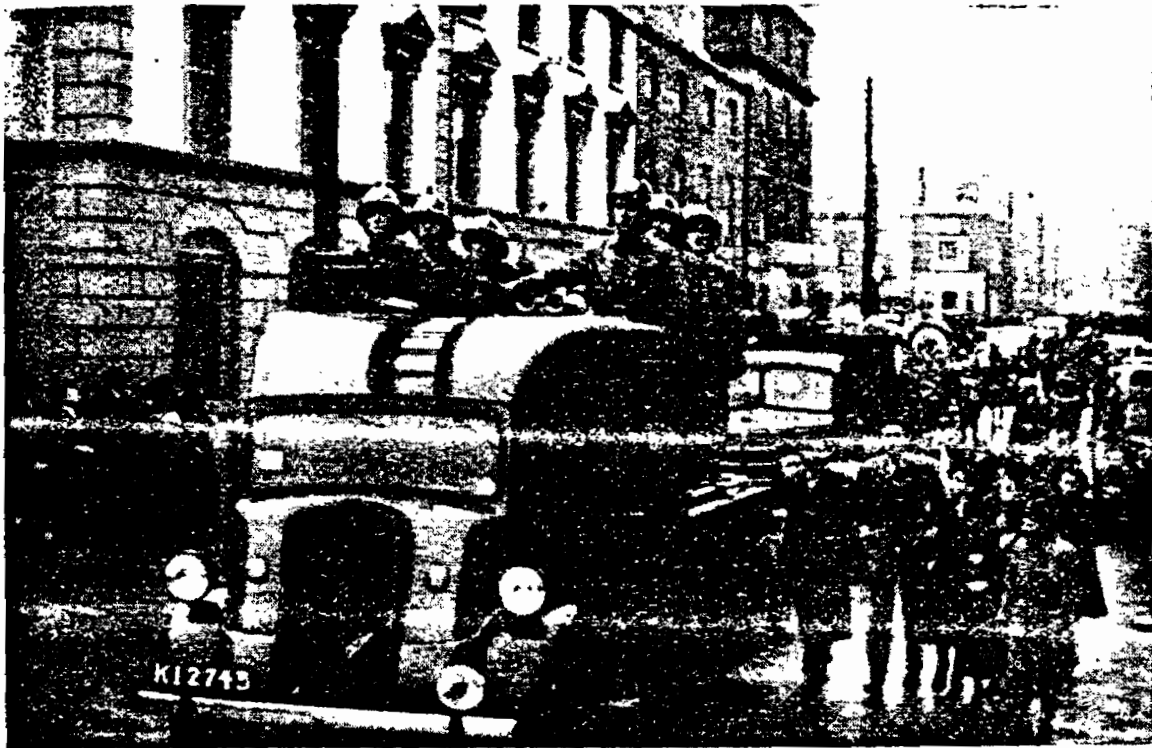
Although the well has been there while memory serves, it is only of late that it has attracted such large numbers of people. The history of the well is very dim but it is legendary that when St. Declan was on his way to Ardmore from Drumore near Cappoquin where it is recorded he first saw the light of day, he stopped on the mountainside at Toor, which is but a few miles from Ardmore, where he rested. When he lay down he had a longing for a drink of water but there was little chance of getting some anywhere near, and he was too exhausted to go any farther. As he lay down his outstretched hand rested on soft ground and within a few minutes he felt cold water ooze up between his fingers. Thus a clear spring was born—to refresh the saint, who, in his gratefulness to his Master, ordained that all who would partake of its waters would be restored to health and strength to continue their journey through life.

Many of the older residents of the area say that the waters of the well have given new life to many throughout the years, and at all times of the year, since St. Declan first drank its benefits. St. Declan's arrival in Ardmore and his preaching of the Faith preceded the arrival of St. Patrick, and it is of interest to note that when St. Patrick did come back to Ireland he never entered, or at least never evangelised the important territory of the Decies. Neither is he recorded as having sent missionaries to the Decies or to have committed it to any of his disciples. The previous preaching of Declan supplies the reason: Christianity had already found entrance and made progress, and Patrick, whom many evangelised regions still awaited, had no time for preaching to the already converted.

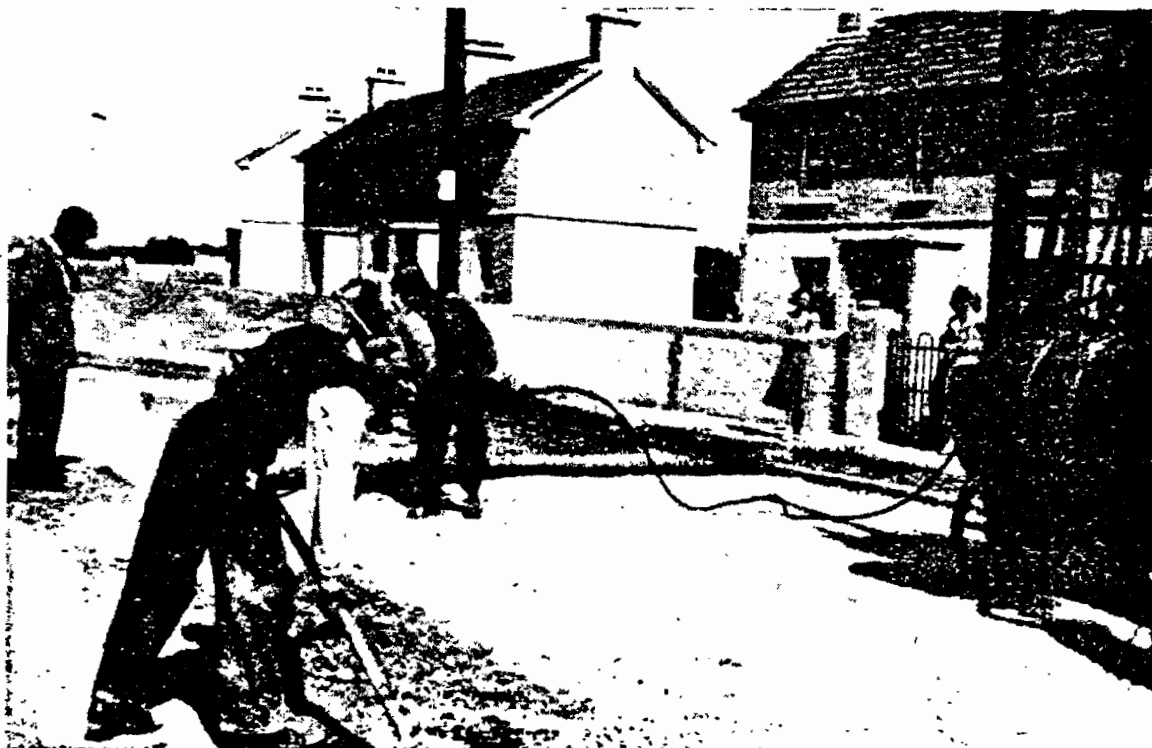
St. Declan died on 9th August around the fifth century and was buried in the monastic cemetery at Ardmore where later on a little church or primitive oratory, which still survives, was erected over the grave.

And so to-day, the flame of Christianity first brought to Ireland by St. Declan burns more brightly than ever before in his own loved place and once again through his holy name.

HISTORIC OCCASIONS



Dungarvan Fire Brigade on parade. Picture taken on St. Patrick's Day 1952 on the occasion of the first parade sponsored by the local branch of the Gaelic League—something that proved an outstanding success.



The birth of a new road—Picture shows the laying of the first road at T. J. Murphy Place, Abbeyside, Dungarvan in July 1950. In the picture are M. Coleman A. Burke (foreman), and T. Greaney

Photos by T. Tobin



His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore reviews a Guard of Honour of F. C. A., at St. Mary's Parish Church, Dungarvan, on the occasion of Confirmation in the Parish.



Dungarvan Swimming Pool

Photos by T. Tobin

The “*Erin’s Hope*” at Helvick

IN THE YEAR 1867 the Fenian movement in Ireland was one of great strength and its supporters in America were men of great courage fully determined to fight for the freedom of their loved land—the Emerald Isle. In America, however, they had only one great worry and that was the problem of landing arms in Ireland. At last, they managed to charter a brigantine of 200 tons, called the *Jackmel*, and under the command of a man named J. F. Kavanagh, a former Brigadier-General in the American army, the vessel sailed from New York with a course set for the lonely shores of Eirinn.

The vessel carried no papers and nine days out from New York her name was changed to *Erin’s Hope* amidst a salute of guns.

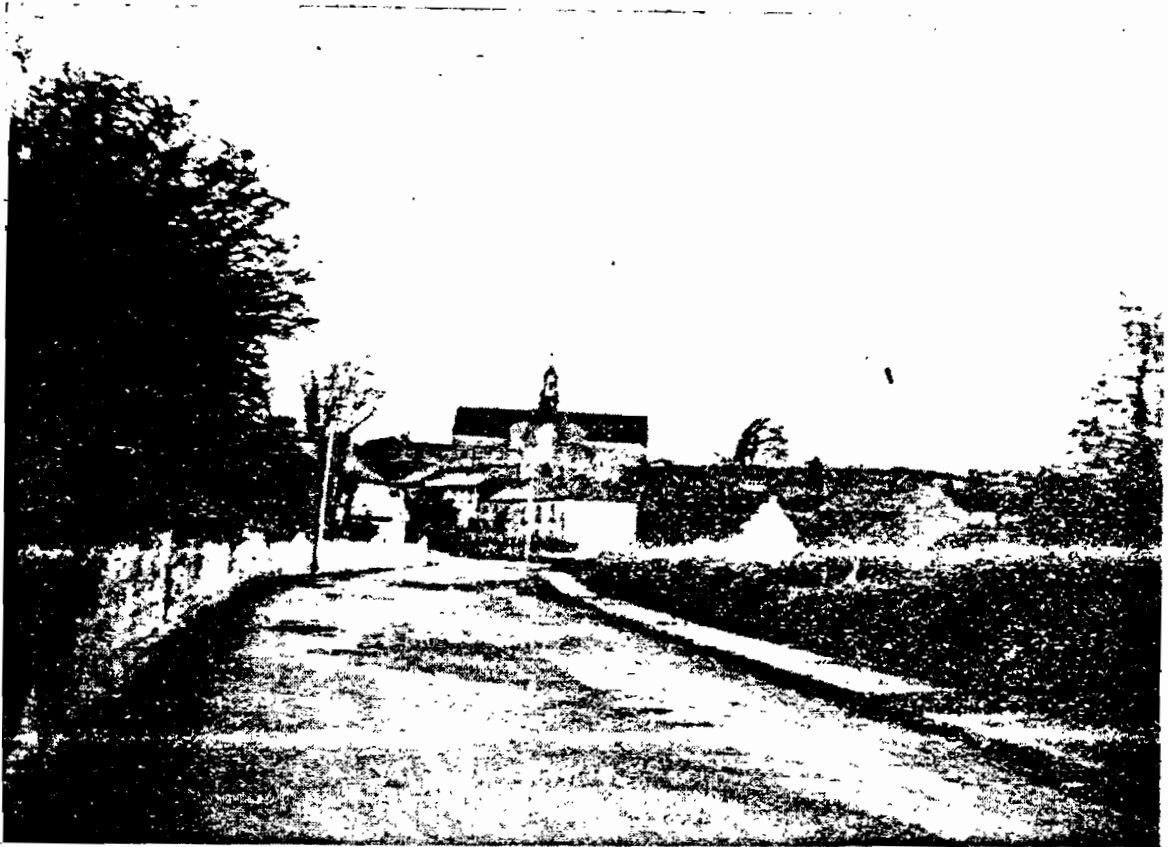
Early on June 1st this gallant ship arrived outside Dungarvan harbour. After some time a fishing boat was contacted and arrangements to take the men ashore were soon made. At the time there was a Coastguard Station on Helvick Head, so it was planned to make the landing about a mile to the west of the Head.

Twenty-eight men boarded the fishing boat and made the landing after having waded through over three feet of water.

By this time the coastguards had been tipped off and a messenger was immediately sent to Dungarvan for reinforcements. It was on a Saturday and a Court of Petty Sessions was being held in Dungarvan. Suddenly the courtroom door burst open and the Coastguard rushed in exclaiming: “The Fenians have landed from America at Helvick Head.” The magistrates immediately ducked and in a matter of seconds the courtroom was cleared. It was a day of wild excitement in Dungarvan, military, coastguards and police rushed with all speed to Helvick and it was not long before news reached the town of the arrest of twenty-seven men.

At this stage it was discovered that one of the party—a man named Buckley—was a “Judas” and had given the game away.

They were removed to Dublin and amongst this gallant lot were Colonel J. Warren and Augustine E. Costello. These two were charged and found guilty. Warren was sentenced to fifteen years and Costello to twelve years. It was one of the most sensational events of that period and undoubtedly one of Ireland’s greatest and most daring attempts to gain freedom.



A Church on the hilltop—The scene of tranquility was recorded at the outskirts of Clashmore.



A Church on the shoreline—Unusual view of Abbeyside Church and the Abbey

Photos by T. Tobin.

The Piltown Ambush

ON THE NIGHT of November 1st 1920 (All Souls Night) it was decided to carry out simultaneous attacks on Ardmore Barracks and the Coastguard Station. The attacks were to be launched by the local company of I.R.A., and were to be prolonged as much as possible, to enable their comrades—the remainder of the entire West Waterford Brigade—fulfill a carefully prepared plan of ambush. These companies were detailed for various duties in connection with the attack, the picked men of each company standing by to reinforce the Active Service Unit which had already moved into the area.

Other companies of the Brigade were also mobilised to cut wires, block roads and hold up any re-inforcements from Dungarvan as it was figured that the strongest force to relieve Ardmore would come from there.

The Brickey, Kiely's Cross, Ring, Old Parish and Dungarvan Companies were detailed to hold back any military likely to come from that point by any route. The Ardmore boys had their hands full in launching their attack and keeping the Marines and R.I.C. confined to the Village. Sections of the Ballycurrane, Clashmore, Old Parish and Piltown Companies were on scout duties on different roads leading to Piltown, and an armed party took up a position at the Ferry Point to cope with the possibility of a landing of Crown Forces at that point, or a crossing of military by boat from Youghal.

The main body which comprised the A.S.U. had been billeted in Old Parish for two days previously, and picked men from the Battalion took up their positions at Piltown Cross at the appointed hour—8.30 p.m.

Piltown Cross is situated about two miles from Youghal and three miles from Ardmore, the main Youghal-Dungarvan road being intersected at the point by the road leading from Clashmore to Monatrea. As an ambush position it did not possess any outstanding features except that advantage could be taken of it for concentrated fire and close-up fighting.

When all units were at their allotted posts and every party in position the attack was opened in Ardmore by the throwing of Mills bombs through the glass over the door of the barracks by two men picked from the A.S.U. in charge of Commandant Keating. They returned to their posts at Piltown satisfied that the R.I.C., and Marines in Ardmore were going to have a hot time of it for sometime to come. Already the British were sending up signals for help while at the same time launching a machine-gun barrage on the men of the local Com-

pany, who were firing at the loop-holes in the steel shutters and sandbags of the barracks and Marine Station.

At this stage the trap was set, and now it was just a matter of waiting for the big moment. All communication wires to Dungarvan had been cut and the wires leading from Ardmore to Youghal were left untouched—the success of the whole plan of attack depending on a convoy of military issuing from Youghal to the relief of Ardmore. In order to do so, they would have to pass through the Ambush point at Piltown Cross.

The Scouts on duty had reported all movements of the Youghal Garrison. "Lights Out" had been sounded at the usual time. At 11 p.m. the Scouts reported resumed activity within the Barracks. Lights they said began to show there, to be followed almost immediately by the sound of much bustle and the buzzing of motor engines. A little later—about 11.45 p.m.—further reports from the Scouts stated that the Crown forces were coming down Cork Hill. Ten minutes later the Scouts passed on the message, "here they come,"—

As the words echoed through the stillness of the night, the Irish patriots underwent a period of tart tenseness. Cold sweat stamped their wrinkled brows, their clasp on their weapons tightened and then it happened—just as it was planned.

The convoy ran right into the ambush position, being stopped dead by a trench cut across the road. As a further means of obstruction, trees had also been felled at this point, just in case.

The order to fire was given immediately and responding with a willingness, the impatient Volunteers in the first fusilade accounted for the leading driver, who was fatally wounded.

Hell broke loose then and the hitherto silence of the night was shattered with the bark of shot-guns, the crack of rifles and the explosion of hand grenades. After a short time came a lull in the firing. Then the order to charge the lorries was given, and jumping out of their concealed positions on to the road, the Volunteers advanced on the Crown Forces.

It was not long before the screams of the wounded men were heard and from the English came the shout: "We surrender." When the Volunteers heard this they felt relieved and began to advance boldly, but suddenly disaster almost fell upon them for as they advanced the British again opened fire and the boys who were out on the road rushed beneath the lorries. It was stranger than fiction and indeed a miracle that they escaped the death bullet—but they were out to win or die and they proved themselves—gallant soldiers.

Lying beneath the lorries they held up their rifles and sent fusilade after fusilade up through them. Other members of the I.R.A., followed them up and engaged in hand to hand conflict with the enemy, who after a short and sharp struggle surrendered, practically every one of the party shouting out to that effect.

A strange part of this incident is the fact that, at the first shots from the attackers, the officer in charge of the British Forces, had

jumped from the lorry—into the position occupied by the shot-gun party. He was immediately captured and disarmed. The fact that their O/C., had disappeared from the action rather suddenly, had no doubt, a discouraging effect upon the "Tommies."

In the confusion before the surrender a number of the British had got away under cover of darkness. On rounding up what remained, thirty men were made prisoners. Two of the British Forces were killed and six wounded, whilst on the I.R.A. side the only casualties suffered were confined to a few minor wounds.

Following the surrender, all enemy arms and equipment were secured. Some members of the R.I.C., who were acting as guides to the party, were questioned, and on promising to resign from the force, were allowed to go free with the military.

Transport was procured to carry the wounded back to their base and every assistance possible in the circumstances, in the way of first aid, rendered. A large quantity of arms, ammunition and grenades which proved most useful and effective in the days that followed, in the hands of their new owners against their former possessors, was added to the stores of the Q.M.

One of the R.I.C. men who had given his word to resign, but had not done so, was killed a month later in an engagement near Youghal Bridge.

PILTOWN AMBUSH

*At the Cross of Old Piltown at midnight,
We met them with rifle and steel,
The hirelings of Britain who boasted,
They'd trample our flag 'neath their heels,
We fought as our fathers before us,
We arose at the word of command,
We fought for the freedom of Ireland
A cause that was holy and grand.*

Chorus :

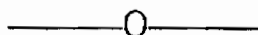
*I'll give you the brave Volunteers boys
The cream and the race of our sod,
Whose lives they willingly gave boys,
For the sake of their lands and their God.*

*The roar of the guns it was glorious.
The bullets flew round us like hail,
From rifles of cowards and traitors,
Mid the ranks of the sons of the Gael.
And every rebel's a hero,
From Piltown, Old Parish, Ardmore,
And down from the slopes of the Comeraghs,
With Dungarvan's true sons to the fore.*

Chorus :

*Although he fell in the fight boys,
And his body lies cold in the clay,
In spirit he is in the fight boys,
'Till freedom's flag o'er us wave,
And though the dark cloud hangs o'er us,
And murderous oppression goes on,
Till the crack of a rebel's good rifle,
Shall tell us that victory is won.*

Chorus :



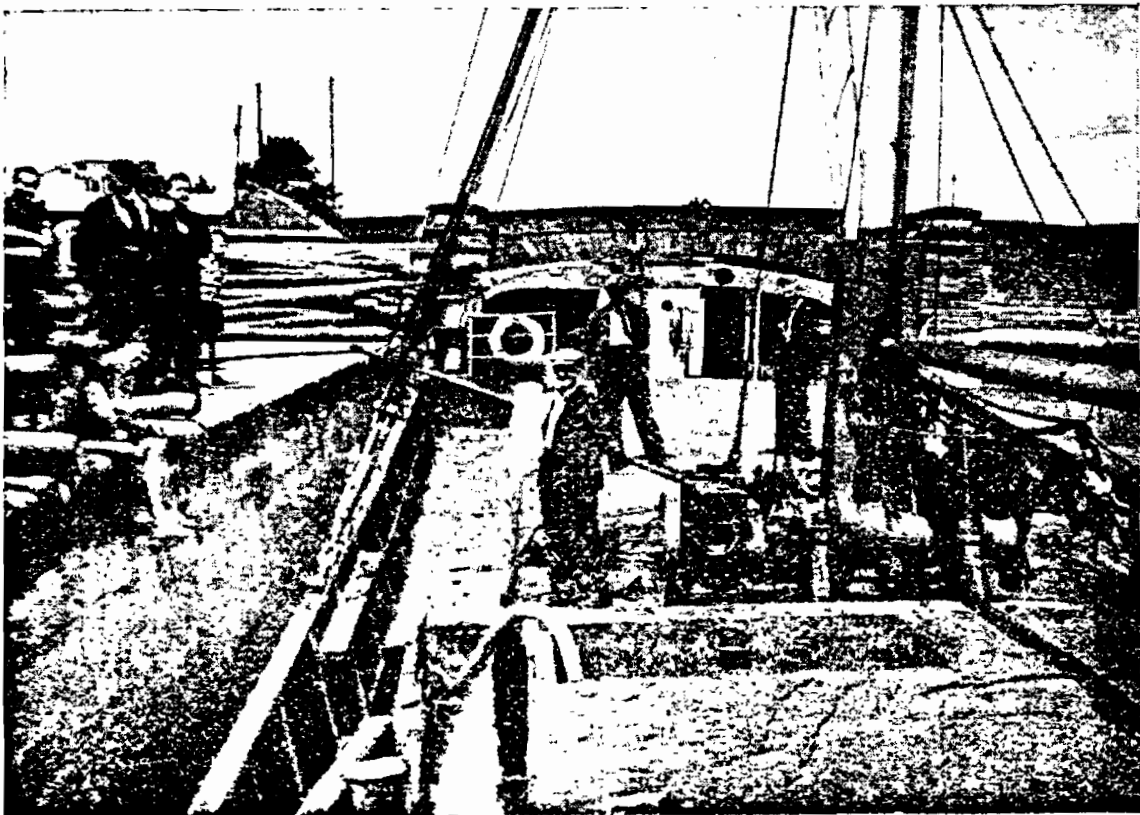
*" Nationality is a life, which, if once lost, can never be recovered."—
P. H. Pearse, Easter Week, 1916.*

Dungarvan Fire Brigade Saves Sinking Vessel

MODERN SEA DRAMA IN DUNGARVAN BAY

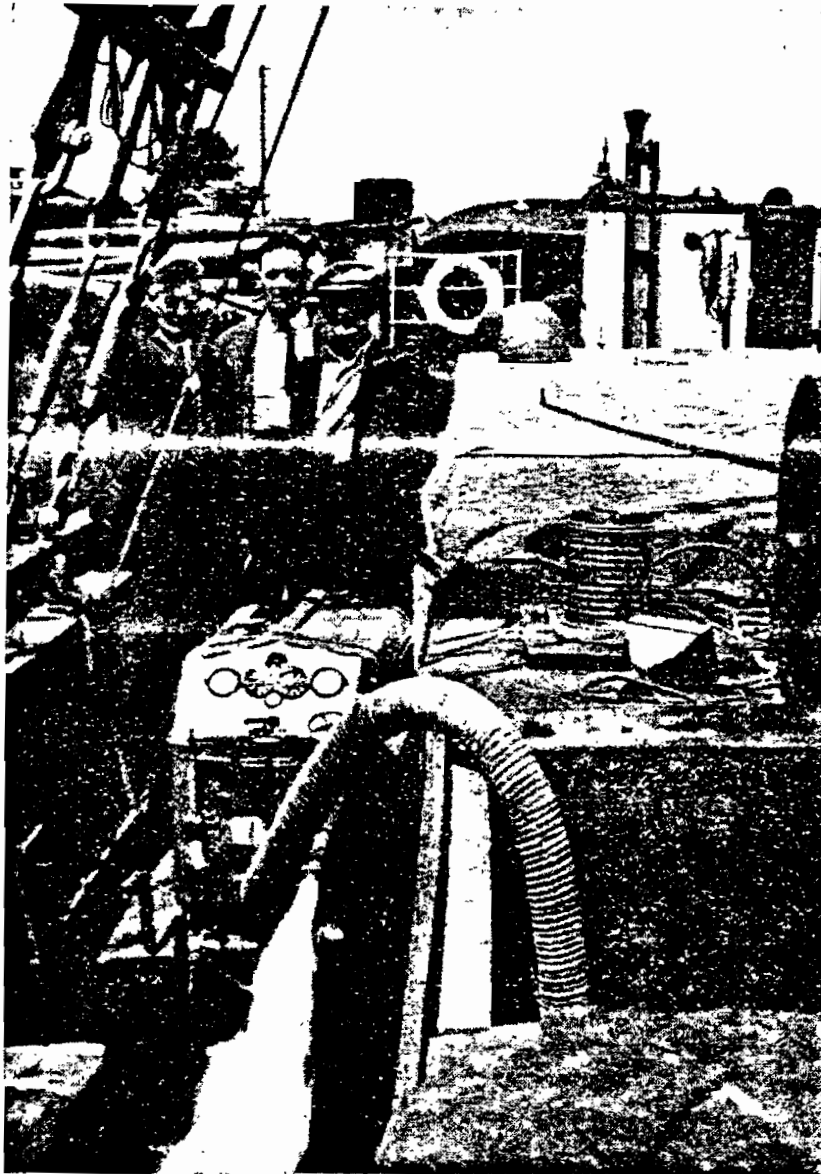
WHEN THE M.V. *Tyrronall* sprang a leak off Dungarvan Bay on 24th June, 1951, and rapidly took water, and as prospects of getting her into port grew dimmer with the passing of each minute, Dungarvan Fire Brigade came to the rescue by sending out a small fire pump in a small boat which proved the means of keeping the vessel afloat with its pumping power of 180 gallons a minute. The *Tyrronall* succeeded in reaching Dungarvan Quay where it was found that the leak was caused by a loose plate.

The story is one full of that colourful drama of the sea and one full of clear-cut tribute to a skipper's love for his ship and his mastery of navigation.



Fire Officer Rody McGrath supervises pumping operations aboard the M.V. TYRRONAL.

Photo by T. Tobin



Close-up of the fire pumps at work. In the picture are Messrs. Ned Morrissey, Nick Daly, and Officer Rody McGrath.

Photo by T. Tobin.

This drama opened when in the early hours of Saturday, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Haulbowline, Cork, with a cargo of coal and bricks, the steering of the *Tyrronall* began to give trouble. At 3.15 a.m. Captain Henry Tyrell, who hails from Arklow, discovered that a leak was the cause of the trouble. The vessel was at this time about ten miles off Dungarvan Bay and the skipper decided his only hope was to make Dungarvan harbour. Setting his course, he contacted his brother, Captain James Tyrell, by radio. James is captain of the *Tyrronall's* sister-ship, the *Huilronell*, which also happened to be in the area. Capt. James is also owner of both ships. On receipt of his brother's call for aid, he proceeded with all speed to the scene and on arrival there at 5 a.m., stood by and remained standing by until 7 a.m. while Capt. Henry brought his stricken

vessel well into Dungarvan harbour. As the tide was at this time receding, his hope was to run the vessel on the soft sandbank on the Helvick side of the harbour where she would hold fast in low tide without any danger. As he made his dramatic dash for the sandbank, the water in the holds was rapidly rising—the vessel was sinking lower and lower in the water, and soon the decks were awash. Luck was with him though, and he made it. With so much so successfully accomplished his next major worry was how to meet the situation when the tide turned.

The Helvick Head lifeboat came out and offered the vessel assistance, but Capt. Henry declined their aid with thanks, stating that he had everything under control and with a fair break he would bring his vessel to port.

With a number of the crew he came ashore in one of the ship's lifeboats and made arrangements to get the use of a fire pump which was kindly placed at his disposal by the Dungarvan Fire Brigade under the supervision of Station Officer Ned Morrissey. The pump, a Beresford-Stork, was hoisted on to the small rowing boat, and as it made its way out the harbour the weight seemed too much and the going was really tough. Members of the local Garda Station, who have a motor-boat, came to their assistance and towed the ship's lifeboat out the harbour to *Tyrronall*. This was shortly after 11 a.m.

With the pump aboard, pumping operations were soon under way and with about 200 tons of water in the vessel the task was, to quote the skipper: "A worrying one." Soon the tide began to rise again and from here on the purpose of the pump was to keep the vessel afloat—pumping out water at the rate of 180 gallons a minute, it really served its purpose admirably and was the means of saving a valuable cargo vessel and cargo.

The tarpaulin covering the holds was put over the side on which the leak was suspected and this acted as a temporary patch. The first mate, Mr. Denis Kenny, also from Arklow, told me that it was an entry into Dungarvan Quay no member of the crew will ever forget—for as the vessel proceeded yard by yard, the holds were flooding more and more and it was really touch-and-go. But they made it—and the vessel arrived safely at the quay early in the afternoon.

She was berthed on a high berth and pumping operations were continued until she was pumped almost dry.

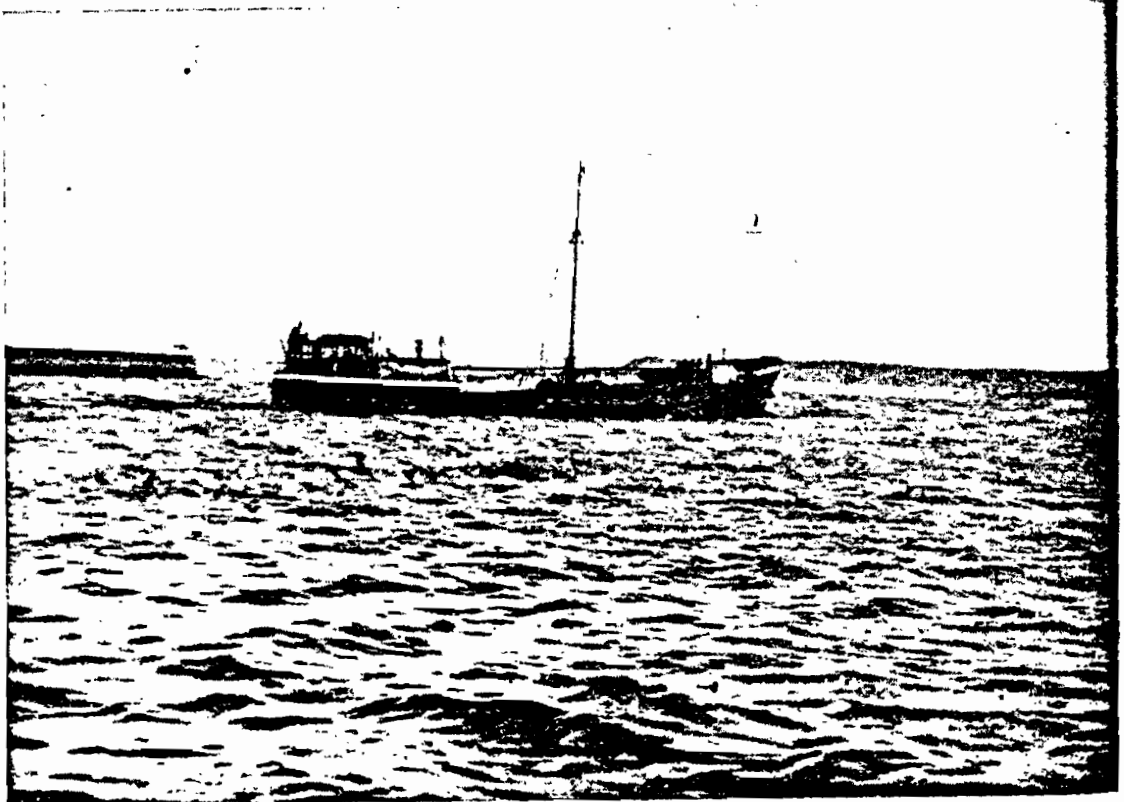
Many of the old sailors of Dungarvan and area who witnessed this remarkable feat achieved by the skipper, paid great tributes to his knowledge of the harbour and his mastery of navigation, and to quote Dungarvan's oldest pilot and perhaps one of the oldest sailors in the country—"But for the captain's knowledge of the harbour, the *Tyrronall* would to-day rest on the bottom of Dungarvan Bay."

The vessel was repaired in Dungarvan and within a couple of days resumed her voyage to Cork.

Captain Henry Tyrell
repairs his ship.



To Sea Again—
The TYRRONAL puts to sea
again and is seen here
leaving Dungarvan Bay.



The Famous Train Hold-up at Durrow

ALL THROUGH THE stillness of the night men marched in small numbers across the moistened grass of Waterford's budding countryside. They were headed for an appointed place and their trek took them from lonely country homes to a spot on the outskirts of Dungarvan's sleeping town. There men from many parishes joined forces and as they awaited their orders a feeling of tenseness was experienced by all.

Finally as the first ray of dawn broke through the darkened sky the men moved off, again across country, towards Ballyvoile. On arrival there it was disclosed that the 7.30 a.m. Waterford train was to be held up. This train would be carrying the jurors for the Assizes in Waterford, but the real purpose of the hold-up was to draw a large force of British troops into an ambush.

In that fateful morning, March 3rd, 1921, the hold-up party anxiously awaited the arrival of the train. Having blocked the railway line with a horse-cart, a careful watch was kept up. Then suddenly in the distance the familiar sound of the train's whistle pierced the nippy spring air. Nearer and nearer it sped, the boys clutched their weapons all prepared for any unexpected developments, the train rushed on and then suddenly amidst the screech of brakes and hissing of steam, it came to a standstill. All passengers were taken off the train and all jurors were made prisoners, in a nearby house.

The party then spread out around the area taking up key positions ; their plan of campaign was progressing satisfactorily so far and now they awaited their main objective—the arrival of the British forces.

As the forces of the I.R.A. again waited, that old feeling of tenseness was experienced, but on this occasion it was more acute. As they awaited the next move many of them wondered would they still joke and laugh at the close of day. Would this be their sacrifice for Ireland and her freedom. Whatever those future hours held in store for them the boys were fully prepared and ever willing to fight and die for their glorious cause. It is a strange quietness one usually experiences in the course of awaiting a major event, and this period of waiting and watching was no exception. In a cluster of trees nearby a thrush broke the silence with her song of greeting. To the groups of Irish patriots it was music divine and certainly a song to remember. Yes, it was during those moments of anxiety

that many of those present realised the many unnoticed little things of happiness which are provided by mother nature, and as they admired them they became reassured that ours was a nation worth fighting and dying for.

Time slipped by and then in the distance the sound of a train approaching was heard. It was now around 11.30 a.m. and as the train sped on it was quickly ascertained that it was conveying military, so the order was "attack." Guns were pointed, aim was taken and then hell broke loose. A barrage of shots tore into the train and the bullets found their marks on a number of the enemy. Fire was quickly returned but without effect. The train kept moving and proceeded to Durrow station and it was decided to follow it up. Within a short time the boys were once again on the move and this time they were out for the kill. But it soon became apparent that the British gunmen had the same object in mind because while the I.R.A. made their way to Durrow station four lorries of military rushed on the scene by the coast road, having successfully overcome the many obstructions placed along that route.

Everything now pointed to a fierce life or death struggle. The enemy were now on the spot in large numbers, fully equipped with superior weapons of war, but the Irish patriots were also there and even though their war weapons and their numbers were small, they possessed the greatest weapon of all—a burning determination to gain the freedom of their native land, and so they marched into battle determined to remain—unconquered.

Sometime after the arrival of the military in lorries they were joined by the troops from the train and then proceeded to reconnoitre. By this time the I.R.A. had occupied scattered positions around Durrow station and as the British drew near they were greeted with a shower of hot lead from all sides. They quickly took cover and returned the fire but their enemy remained unseen. A heavy and effective sniping engagement was kept up for some time and then at about 4.30 p.m. another train conveying military arrived on the scene from Waterford. In a matter of seconds they had taken up positions alongside their comrades in arms, and the total strength of the British forces now reached a few hundred. The British guns spoke loudly but their aim was wild and uncertain—they knew their enemy was there, but where, they did not know. From the west a battery of shots fell upon the British lines and then silence. Believing the I.R.A. to be dug-in in this spot, the military advanced slowly and cautiously, but their efforts were useless. First as they drew near their objective another burst of fire shattered the silence of the Irish countryside but this time it came from the north-side. Realising that the I.R.A. occupied the surrounding area and believing their numbers to be in large force, the British retreated under a barrage of fire from all sides, to the railway station and the Co-op. Stores. Here they decided to make their last stand. Covering every angle the British fired round after round at the forces of the Irish Republic

but still these gallant patriots pressed their attack.

Above the noisy din of war echoed that familiar rat-tat-tat which told the boys that the machine guns had now been put into action. They realised it was now their duty to put them out of action and so a party of the I.R.A. concentrated on that objective. The sudden absence of that rat-tat-tat told the others the job was accomplished. The gunner lay dead—a martyr for Britain. As replacements took over, all were after a short time, permanently knocked out either dead or seriously wounded. It did not take the British long to realise that their position was hopeless—they were hemmed in from all sides and although they were using every effort to fight back, their struggle seemed all in vain. Darkness was now approaching and considering their fight a success, the I.R.A. decided to withdraw and call it a day, but little did they know that as they planned their withdrawal the forces of the British Empire numbering a few hundred, were actually hoisting the white flag of surrender.

As nature spread its cloak of darkness over the battle-scarred countryside the I.R.A. successfully withdrew and strange as it may seem they suffered no casualty. In the engagement the British losses were serious, the exact extent of their losses I could not determine, but it is certain there were several killed and large numbers wounded. It was undoubtedly a glorious episode in the history of Waterford's fight for freedom and one well worthy of record for all time.

AWAITING THE MOVE-OFF



The hounds look to the Master (M. T. Kiely) and his companion, Mr. J. F. Kenny (Solr., Dungarvan), anxiously awaiting the move-off of the Dungarvan Harriers. Also in picture is young Don Hayes, a keen follower of the hunt, who is also a great lover of the hounds, and Mr. and Mrs. P. Nagle, Dungarvan.

Photo by T. Tobin



The C.B.S. Dungarvan

Photo by T. Tobin.

The present Christian Brothers' Schools, and their residence was founded by Most Rev. Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. A big contributor to the cost of their erection was the Duke of Devonshire. The total cost being over £2,000. The original Christian Brothers' School, was situated at Shandon where Mr. J. F. Kenny, Solicitor, now resides.

The Kilgobinet Booby Trap

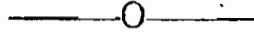
IT WAS A dark, cold night when a group of the I.R.A., laboured with all their might, digging a trench across the road leading up to Kilgobinet Parish Church. Having finally completed the task they moved off, little knowing that their night's work would prove a valuable and effective weapon to their enemy—the British forces. Yes, readers that is just what happened.

It seems that sometime afterwards the British were passing along this route and seeing the trench, got an idea. A bomb was placed in it and was cleverly concealed beneath some stones. Having set the trap the Tans went away congratulating themselves on what they considered an excellent job.

That same night the local I.R.A., boys returned to the scene. Some say it was for the purpose of deepening the trench, others say it was to close it up to enable a funeral pass along the following day to Kilgobinet Church. Whatever the purpose really was I am not sure. The group of local patriots, never for one moment suspecting a trap, quickly got to work. Then suddenly there was a blinding flash, followed by a terrific explosion. When the smoke and flying rubble had cleared away a pitiful sight was presented as wounded and dying men lay scattered about in one great bloody mess. Three of the men were killed while the remainder escaped with injuries, some serious and some minor. The explosion was heard clearly in the town that night, and the following day when the facts became known a widespread gloom was cast over the entire district.

Today a monument stands in memory of those gallant soldiers of Freedom. It is situated on the road side at the spot where the tragedy occurred and the next time you pass along this road, bear in mind the story behind the modest memorial and offer up your prayer for the souls of three forgotten heroes, whose memory we should never cast aside. We should honour them more, much more. Indeed they deserve it.

Death Struck Our Band



Written as a tribute to the late M. J. McHugh, conductor Dungarvan Brass and Reed Band who died November 1944. R.I.P.

*Life is but a journey and one we all must go,
We travel on, on to the end and that we do not know,
Some people never stop to think they're coming near a bend,
And they rush on without a fear to reach their journey's end.*

*That's why I say 'tis better to stop awhile and think,
That some day soon you too, will finally reach the brink,
But when a friend of yours should go, 'tis then you'll realise,
That the time will come when you too, must close your smiling eyes.*

*I've had a friend, a real true friend, I've known him long and well.
Awhile ago he left this land, and of him I'm going to tell.
His home was in Old Abbeyside, his name—M. J. McHugh,
He was a fine musician, and was bandmaster too.*

*He had been band-conductor, to the Dungarvan Brass and Reed,
The success it gained by him, I'm sure, to tell I have no need.
Remember how they used perform down in the local Park.
And how they'd play back home again, although the nights were dark.*

*He had trained a class of young boys, to take up with the band,
And he hoped to make it one day, the finest in the land,
But death is something we can't dodge, no matter what we do.
And it struck our band and took from us, our friend, M. J. McHugh.*

*All friends I ask remember, the master of the band,
He gave his life to teaching music, and has reached the Promised Land.
No memorial for him, will they build, because there is no need.
He will always be remembered by Dungarvan Brass and Reed.*

T. TOBIN.

Michael Collins' Dungarvan Escapade

ON THE 26TH March, 1922, Michael Collins arrived in Dungarvan to address a public meeting there. His journey from Waterford to Dungarvan was an eventful one as all along the route obstacles were encountered. As will be recalled, he had been one of the signatories to the Treaty and held the office of Prime Minister of the Provisional Government. Throughout his journey cross-cuts, axes and planks were constantly in use to combat trees which had been felled across the road and to cross trenches. Finally the Old Boro' was reached and it was not long before Michael Collins stood on a lorry in the Square. Journalists from Dublin and Cork as well as the locals were present. The late Mr. Michael Brennock, who at the time was Chairman of the U.D.C., acted as chairman of the meeting. Just as the opening address was being delivered the lorry began to move. Quickly a passage was cleared and the lorry burst through and headed for Abbeyside. Going over the bridge a number of those on board jumped off, but still the lorry sped on. In the meantime the large crowd on the Square was greatly surprised at this most unusual action and thought the whole affair was just a joke, but little they knew of the drama which at the time was being enacted on the lorry.

Passing over the Bridge, Michael Collins's bodyguard drew his revolver and pointing it at the driver he demanded him to stop. At this point Mr. Brennock intervened and held down the bodyguard's gun while he tried to stop the runaway lorry in a peaceful way. However his attempt failed and this time the bodyguard smashed the cab's rear window, and held the gun to the driver's head demanding him to stop or else be shot.

In the excitement the lorry ran on to the footpath in the Causeway struck the railings, but fortunately for all on board bounced back on to the road once more. At this stage the driver jumped clear of the lorry and bolted, and although he was fired on, he succeeded in making a complete getaway. Michael Collins and his party jumped off, and his first words were: "Mind the flags lads," referring to the Tricolours which still proudly floated from the lorry.

In the confusion which followed, the flags disappeared, but Michael Collins kept on. He returned to the Devonshire Arms Hotel and from its historic balcony delivered a speech which will forever remain outstanding. Afterwards when about to leave for Waterford he found that the engine of his car had been tampered with and parts missing, but within a short time this was quickly remedied. Five months afterwards Michael Collins was shot dead in an ambush in Bandon, Co. Cork.

Following the signing of the Treaty, Mr. de Valera and his supporters were strongly opposed to the signatories and their supporters. This led to our nation's greatest tragedy—Civil War, which broke out early in the month of July 1922.

The Strange Story of "The Hideous Idol"

NESTLED BENEATH THE sheltering trees in the peaceful countryside of Clonea, Dungarvan, stands an ivy-clad old church which to-day is but a ruin. In years gone by there rested in a corner of that church an ancient pagan idol represented by a bust or head with a most hideous face and sunken eyes. On the top of the head was a depression in which the people of the district used to deposit pins as an offering. It was always a source of great curiosity and finally it was decided on that its strange story should be recorded never to be forgotten. However for a great many years past, it has been An Unknown, and so it is now my privilege to take you back to the strange Ireland of yesterday.

Beyond memory there stood sentinel over a pagan "lios" near the River Dalligan at Ballyvoile, a hideous idol. It was adored by the people of the area, who also made sacrifices to it of flowers and greens. Then Saint Patrick came and the natives no longer worshipped their pagan god, but as the years rolled by he remained still occupying his commanding position over the "lios" beneath him.

Now it so happened that there was a young man in the locality who had made the sea his life and whenever he returned home he always found fascination in the idol's hideous face. As he gazed on this stone image of mystery he pondered on the thoughts of taking it with him on his voyages and so after visualising his shipmates' admiration of his ancient Irish treasure, he finally took it with him on board his vessel.

The idol from Ireland was placed in a high position over its captive's bunk and this time its hideous face looked down upon a carefree Irish sailor. As the days passed on the Irish boy became weak, his health began to fail him and slowly but surely he melted away like the snow in the sun's golden rays.

By this time the Irish sailor began to worry and as the ship was drawing near her port of destination he resolved to go and see the nearest priest. Finally after arrival he succeeded in finding a priest and on telling him the cause of his worry the priest asked: "Have you anything in your possession which you stole?" The young man paused as he looked back on his past and then he answered: "The only thing I can remember is having taken an idol with me from Ireland."

The priest then told the sailor to bury it and as the ship was again sailing that evening he decided to bury it at sea. From the moment the idol was thrown overboard, the tired and weary Irish boy began to feel once more the life and energy of youth and once again his cheeks showed the rosy colour of health.

Months passed by and the sailor returned to his native Clonea, It was a glorious summer's morning when he strolled into the old chapel among the trees. Suddenly he stopped and gasped in astonishment for there before him perched on a stone slab in the corner of the ruined chapel was the same hideous idol which he had thrown into the sea many thousands of miles from Ireland.

For many years it stood there and the people of the district looked upon it in mystery. The story of its strange return to Ireland was told at every fireside in every home throughout the area. It was handed down from father to son, and for generations the story remained. Then as the years began to pass the facts began to fade and so one of the fortunate residents who could read and write recorded the story as he had heard it from his father before him, but his story remained on the shelf and became forgotten.

Lismore Town Clock

L ISMORE, CO. WATERFORD has today a new electric Town Clock. It was provided by the ratepayers at a cost of over £300 and for some time, it gave trouble, so much, in fact, that it provided plenty of discussion at meetings of Waterford Co. Council.

Eventually, it settled down to its new abode and today its chimes tell out the hours throughout the quaint old town and surrounding countryside.

The new clock replaces one that was destroyed when Lismore courthouse was burned down during Ireland's troubled days.

The following was composed at the time by Mr. William Campion brother of Mr. Jack Campion, Lismore's able representative on the Waterford Co. Council. :

*Goodbye, old clock ! Goodbye, old clock !
Your striking days are o'er,
No more you will proclaim the time,
To the people of Lismore,
A very fierce, disastrous fire,
Has caught you in its blaze ;
Poor clock, you couldn't stand the shock
It numbered all your days.*

*For ninety days in heat and cold,
You truly told the time.
To those who're dead and gone to rest, -
To those in many a clime,
Now when we look to know the hour,
We see an empty space,
Where we'd espy in days gone by,
Your old familiar face.*

*Oh good old clock ! Oh faithful clock !
No doubt but you were true,
And struggled hard to keep old time—
You didn't like the new,
When forced to change from Irish time,
You could not that divine
You kicked your heels and sad your peals,
Whilst chiming twenty-nine **

*“ The boy stood on the burning deck,”
How very brave was he,
And just like him you held your post,
And tolled out one, two three.
Encompassed then by roaring flames,
Your fate I do deplore,
For down you fell ; your grand old bell,
Was silenced evermore.*

*You're missed by rich, you're missed by poor,
You're missed by big and small,
No secret in your bosom held
You spoke your mind to all,
True time for Church, for train, for work,
On you we did rely,
Your peals no ear will ever hear,
Goodbye, old clock, goodbye.*

(* When changing to summer time, the clock went wrong and struck
twenty-nine.)

The Wreck of the Schooner "Peri"

A THRILLING TALE OF MAN'S FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

DUNGARVAN URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL members were discussing the possibility of developing the local harbour. During the discussions memories went back to the "Good Old Days" when the port was one of the greatest centres of activity in Ireland, when it then claimed a fleet of the finest schooners afloat and all



Photo by T. Tobin.

The late Pat Dwyer.

wished for the restoration of even a fraction of that trade, as plans were made for the development of the harbour.

References made to the old sailing boats of Dungarvan brought back one memory in particular to Councillor Pat O'Dwyer (widely-known as "Pato"), who once sailed the old vessels. He recalled how as a young lad of fifteen years he was shipwrecked while serving aboard the sleek schooner *Peri*. His escape as a non-swimmer, his successful climb up a steep cliff in darkness, and his search for help, made a story that will long be recalled by the Old Salts of the Old Boro'.

It was 1907 when Dungarvan was a port of sailing vessels and the home of seafarers. The 160 tons two-masted schooner *Peri*, owned by Messrs. A. Moloney & Sons, was regarded as one of the fastest vessels to sail out the harbour. It was in Runcorn, Cheshire, that her timbers were fastened together to sail the seas before the breezes that filled her white sails. It was from Runcorn that the *Peri* first sailed forth—along the Mersey, past Birkenhead on the south side and Liverpool on the north and out into the Irish Sea.

Between Ireland and Britain she traded with success and noteworthy achievement. Her aptitude for speed had gained her the admiration of many of her competitors and the pride of her crew. An incident her skipper, Michael Hally, of Abbeyside, would recall with pride was the day he sailed his vessel out Dungarvan Bay passing a steamer before he reached the Black Rock at the mouth of the harbour. The steamer was bound for the same port—Newport. Hailing the steamer's captain, Michael shouted: "It's a race," and so it was, from Dungarvan to Newport—sails versus steam. Skipper Hally docked in Newport, freshened up, prepared dinner and enjoyed it to the sight of his contestant steaming in to port—one hour later than the *Peri*.

It was the end of October, 1907, when the gallant little vessel last sailed out Dungarvan Bay on her way to Newport for a cargo of coal for the Cork Brick Co. As usual, Skipper Mike Hally was at the helm. Mate Ml. Treacy, Pat O'Dwyer, and James Young, all of Abbeyside, formed her crew, and as they sailed out to sea they soon realised that their crossing would be a rough one for the weather showed all signs of being stormy.

Their journey to Newport caused them much concern. The raging waves had battered their vessel considerably and they were forced to take the *Peri* into dry dock for overhaul and some repairs before making the return journey to Ireland. As will be seen later on in this story, the damage caused to the vessel during her crossing was indirectly responsible for her fate on the rocks outside her home port a few days later.

Feeling secure in the knowledge that his vessel had been overhauled, Skipper Mike Hally set his course for Cork. The seas were stormy and there were no signs of the weather clearing, so on the return journey the gallant little vessel prepared for a rough crossing. Up to 4 p.m. on the day of 2nd November, 1907, the *Peri* carried her full sails to a strong south-east wind. Around this time the storm worsened and all on board became anxious for the safety of their vessel. As the day passed on to night the home coastline was distinguished by the friendly beam of the lighthouses. The skipper had taken his course from the Smalls for Ballycotten and had slowly made headway.

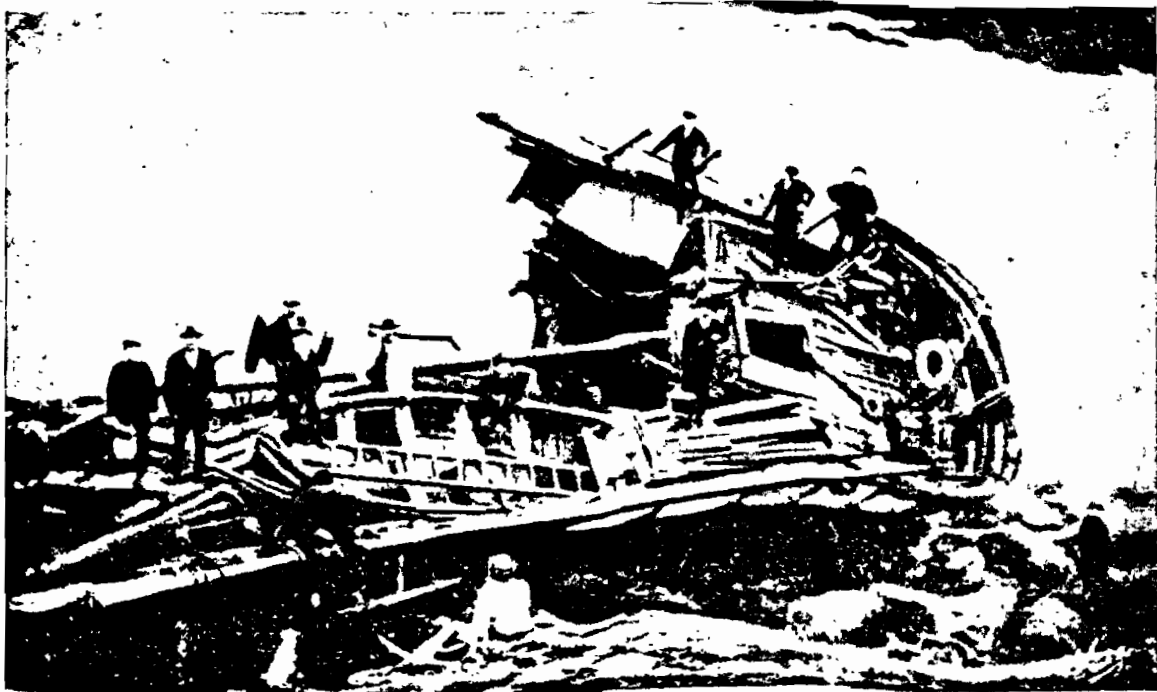
At about ten minutes to twelve that night in the height of the gale they were off their home port, Dungarvan, and near the shoreline. The *Peri* was hauled to the wind but it was soon realised that their

efforts were too late, for out of the darkness suddenly loomed the solid cliffs of Seaview off Helvick Head, and then came that dreadful crunching of timbers as the old vessel struck rock.

They were thirty miles to lee of their course. Their compass was not true and at that moment the skipper thought back to the recent overhaul of the vessel and realised that somewhere somehow a heavy spike had played its damning part in swinging the compass out of line and sending the *Peri* to her doom on the rocks of her homeport's coastline.

The rough seas kept coming over the vessel mercilessly, pounding her against the treacherous rocks until her stern broke up. Pieces of her deck cracked with a bang and were swept away into the foaming spray. Strips of sails that not so long before floated proudly in the gusts of the progressive winds, blew about obstructively from their smashed and torn masts. Skipper Hally experienced the greatest dread of all skippers as he saw his vessel break up underneath him. There was nothing he could do—there was nothing anyone could do—this was the end of the *Peri*.

Through the din of the storm's pounding on the broken schooner, he shouted to his crew to abandon ship. It was at this stage that the skipper experienced a remarkable escape when he was swept across the deck by a wave, to emerge unhurt. The crew prepared to get off the doomed vessel, donning lifebelts and hoping for the best. Michael Treacy was a powerful swimmer and for him the task did not seem insurmountable. He went overboard first. His mates saw him go, but no more. James Young, the fifteen year old cook went over a few minutes later, jumping from the main



The Wreck of the "Peri."

rigging. Skipper Hally did likewise, and now Pato was alone on board. For him the ordeal was a frightening one for he could not swim. Finally he went over, and luck was with him the whole way through. The breaking wave brought him well in to be thrown on to a rock. He grabbed firmly and held on with every ounce of strength in him. Slowly fighting the pounding seas, he made his way along the cliff-end and saw the skipper some distance away as he too crawled to safety. They called out the names of their mates, their voices rising above the thunder of the seas, but there was no response.

The two survivors continued to call out the names of their mates but when there seemed little hope of contacting them, the shipwrecked mariners looked to their own hopes of making contact with the peacefulness and safety of land. Believing that their comrades had come ashore further along the coastline they proceeded to climb the steep cliffs at Seaview.

Neither of the two men realised how great their task was—that they were attempting what any man in his normal senses would regard as utterly impossible—to scale a steep cliff in utter pitch darkness with little or no footing.

Young Pato picked out a spot that he considered within his power to scale, and slowly and painfully he made his way upwards, high above the pounding waves of the cruel sea.

In the distance Skipper Hally too made progress, but with him the climb was an ordeal impossible to stand up to, and slowly his strength began to fail him. He was near the top when suddenly he lost his grasp and fell—it was indeed a bitter fight.

Around 1 a.m. Pato's grasping hand reached the top of the cliff. He had made it and was thankful. Cautiously he made his way along the cliff-edge in search of the skipper. There was no sign of him. There was no response to his calls. Stripped of practically all his clothes, the young seaman shivered in the biting cold of that November morning. Looking inland he saw the outline of a cluster of trees in the distance, and as he made his way across the fields he was relieved to find they sheltered a home—peaceful, comfortable and completely oblivious to the drama of the sea that was being woven but a few yards from the scene. Loudly, Pato knocked at the door of the O'Sullivan home, and in tones of desperation told his story. Having been provided with clothing and refreshment, he led a party back to the treacherous cliff in search of the skipper and the other members of the crew.

Despite a thorough search there were no signs of life, and now members of the search party began to feel that this young fellow must be raving mad. But as the first light of dawn began to streak across the skies, they saw the tragic wreck below them on the rocks, and still being pounded by the merciless waves.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning before the party hauled Skipper Hally to safety. He was found holding on to a tree which he success-

fully grabbed in his fall. He was just about all-in and suffered the terrible pain of a broken leg, but the will to live on was supreme.

The survivors were given every aid possible in the O'Sullivan home at Seaview, while a search went on for the two remaining members of the crew—James Young and Michael Treacy—but there was no sign of them on the cliffside.

As the day wore on the two bodies were picked up out of the water—they had lived and died "Men Against the Sea."

Postscript.—Since writing this story Pato Dwyer, one of Dungarvan's best-known characters, has gone to his eternal reward. He died on 19th May, 1952, following a brief illness. May he rest in peace.

The Protestant Policeman Beholds The Crucifix

IN THE YEAR 1863, a conversion, marked by most extraordinary circumstances, took place during a Mission which the Oblates of Mary were conducting in Dungarvan, Co. Waterford. Philip John Mulligan, a young man from Northern Ireland, a Protestant with a strong anti-Catholic bias, was a member of the mounted Constabulary stationed in the town at the time when the Mission was opened. One evening he was induced after long hours of persuasion by a friend, to attend the Mission. He went as he thought to enjoy a good scoff but instead the evening proved to be one he could never forget.

During the ceremonies a penitential procession took place at which the Mission Crucifix was borne around the Church by Rev. Father Cooke, O.M.I., whilst the *Miserere* Psalm was being chanted. A congregation of more than three thousand persons was assembled on the occasion.

The procession had not got half way through the Church when the terrified cries and loud sobbing of a man was heard by all present. It was only on the next day that the cause of this incident became known. It was then discovered that the cries were those of the Protestant policeman.

Philip Mulligan's own account of the occurrence is recorded, which I now give as follows :

" As the procession approached the spot where I stood, I noticed that several of those who had not been able to kneel down, owing to the pressure of the crowd, tried to do so as the crucifix was passing near them. When I beheld these marks of reverence being paid to the crucifix, my Protestant prejudices were stirred up to anger, and I said to myself, that if my Commanding Officer were to stand before me with drawn sword, and order me to kneel down before the crucifix, I would not obey him. I had scarcely formed such thoughts in my mind when all of a sudden a ray of the most dazzling light, brighter far than any sunbeam I had ever seen, flashed from the crucifix. In that light I saw all the sins of my life. The sight of my sins staring me in the face struck me with grief and terror and caused me to utter loud cries. Overwhelmed with a sense of my sinfulness, I fell prostrate to the ground, unconscious of what was passing around me.

The service came to a close and the congregation dispersed with the

exception of a few friends who stood by me, who could not account for my emotion, and thought I had taken a fit of some kind. At last I regained my composure and rose up from the spot on which I had been lying prostrate. It was then that the desire to become a Catholic rose irresistibly in my mind and I repeated aloud to my astonished friends: Oh! what a happiness were I a Catholic!"

The Bishop of Waterford, Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, was in Dungarvan when the occurrence took place. The Missionary Fathers felt that the case of the conversion of this young man was so extraordinary that they ought to submit it to his Lordship's decision. After a lengthy interview with the young man, the Bishop decided that conditional Baptism might be given him that day, and he further said that he would be prepared to confirm him immediately after.

The suddenness and sincerity of Philip Mulligan's conversion to the Catholic faith produced an extraordinary impression on the public mind in the town of Dungarvan, where he was well known and much respected. There was no room for doubt on the subject of his strong Protestantism up to the day when the extraordinary circumstances narrated above, took place.

Two years later Philip Mulligan entered the religious life as lay-brother in the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. He was a source of much edification to his brethren in religion by the piety of his life. He spent forty years of fruitful labour on the Foreign Missions in Basutoland, South Africa, where he died a holy death in 1915.



St. Mary's Parish Church, Dungarvan

Photo by T. Tobin

Power's of Dungarvan

BOTTLING AND MINERAL WATER MAKING IN THEIR RECENTLY COMPLETED MODEL PREMISES

IN THE VANGUARD of the re-organisation drive in the bottling and mineral water industry throughout Ireland, are Messrs. Thomas Power and Co., of Dungarvan, County Waterford. They have recently completed a big re-planning job and installed the most up-to-date plant. Established in 1880 on the site of the old St. Bridid's Well Brewery by the late Thomas Power, father of the present principal, Mr. Paul I. Power, the company are bottlers of beer and manufacturers of mineral waters.

The scene of bottling operation is a spacious department with clear-cut lines, well-lit and ventilated by roof windows, and fluorescent lighting when required. The modern plant is so positioned as to eliminate wasted effort, give high output and the utmost in smoothly running working methods. Beer bottling and mineral water production are kept entirely separate within the one department, each having its own plant and conveyor system from the soaking of bottles to corking.

A roller conveyor and humper takes all finished products—beer for conditioning to the cellars and storage room, which are kept to the correct temperature throughout the year.

Absolute cleanliness in the bottling department is ensured by having all the taps and couplings on washing and filling machines and their connections cleaned and steamed each evening.

STOUT AND ALE

Incoming bottles are soaked and rinsed in two Hill's tanks at from 110-120 degrees in a detergent solution. They are then passed along in a line on a slatted conveyor to a Hill's "Monitor" washing machine. This is an ingenious giant of a machine, completely automatic and capable of handling 4,000 bottles per hour. Every few seconds it lifts the bottles in "eights" from the conveyor to put them through several processes before they are fed out, thoroughly washed and sterilised, to the slatted conveyor for the two fillers. Each filler handles 2,000 bottles per hour and is supplied from stillionage located in an adjoining store where two rows of 20 hogsheads, one for stout and the other for ale, are linked to these fillers by flexible piping.

When filled, bottles are automatically crowned at the rate of 2,000 per hour each by two machines, labelled, and are then given the final touch—placed in an after-filling bath, before labelling.

MINERALS

Incoming mineral water bottles are soaked, washed and sterilised also by a Hill's unit; thence to a Triplex machine—a combined



Photo by T. Tobin

St. Brigid's Well Brewery Dungarvan. One of Ireland's oldest firms.

syrupe, filler and crowner, completely automatic, which completes the bottling sequence, leaving the bottles ready for labelling. This Triplex is fed by an automatic carbonating plant with a continuous flow of filtered water from the firm's own St. Brigid's spring well. The syrup supply is from an upstairs model syrup room where a stainless steel mixer mixes sugar and other ingredients and the water, filters it and automatically pumps it into three 50-gallon glass-lined vessels according to flavour, from which it is fed to the multi-purpose

machine below. All piping, taps, etc., are made of Pyrex glass and all vessels have Perspex covers.

HIGH QUALITY

A notable result of Messrs. Power's new plant is the very high quality of its mineral waters. These are remarkable for their very fine flavour and appearance under beautifully designed labels. Their speciality is "Power's Orange," a full fruit drink of excellent quality. "Power's Lemonade" is now the popular mineral in Waterford County, while, of course, everybody asks for "Power's Bottling" of Guinness and Smithwick ale which are bottled under really perfect conditions.

The demand for both minerals and beers continues to increase, and the output of the old Brewery is greater today than at any time in its history.

FUTURE

The construction work and plant installations to date, represent a goodly proportion of Mr. Power's programme, but there is more to come. At present, incoming bottles are unloaded and sorted by hand before being taken to the bottling department. In an interview, Mr. Power outlined his scheme for installing a conveyor belt commencing in the transport yard at lorry height and taking the bottles straight from the lorry to the sorting department and from there to the bottling department. Additional plant is also on order to secure, in some instances, one large machine to do the work of two smaller ones. The ample existing space under the same roof in Messrs. Power's premises will also be re-designed to enable the company's lorries to enter into the building to a despatch stage for loading.

SERVICE

Power's have a strong and traditional business in Dungarvan and area, where some houses are served with as many as four deliveries per day. They are also building trade in surrounding counties. Further expansion in this respect is a prominent feature in their plans for the future.

The trade and industry can be proud of what Messrs. Power's have accomplished, making their factory one of the most modern and best equipped in Ireland.

From "IRISH LICENSING WORLD," Dublin.

A New Dungarvan School

FOUNDATION STONE BLESSED BY VERY REV. CANON O'BRIEN P.P. V.F.



Photo by T. Tobin

Very Rev. Canon O'Brien P.P. V.F. laying the foundation stone

WITH THE SOFT rain of summer streaming from the skies, clergy and members of the general public gathered on Sunday morning May 4th 1952, in the grounds of the Mercy Convent, Dungarvan, to witness the solemn ceremony of blessing and laying the foundation stone of a new secondary school.

The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Thomas Canon O'Brien, P.P., V.F., assisted by Rev. Father P. Farrell, C.C., Dungarvan, in the presence of Rev. Mother Theresa Sammon, Mother Superior, Mercy Convent, Dungarvan and members of the Community.

From the Convent to the site of the new building, the Dungarvan

brass and reed band led a parade of pupils, and members of the public flocked to the grounds to witness the ceremony.

Resting on a small platform close by the partly constructed building, lay the foundation stone bearing the following inscription :—

“ This foundation stone was blessed and laid on the 4th May, 1952, by Very Rev. Thomas Canon O'Brien, P.P., V.F., Dungarvan at the request of Rev. Mother Theresa Sammon, Convent of Mercy Dungarvan. . . . P. Walsh, B.E.A.M.I.C.E.I., Architect. John McGrath and Son, Dungarvan, Contractor.”

Very Rev. Canon O'Brien blessed the stone which was then placed into position by two workers and sealed by Canon O'Brien. With the foundation stone was laid a small bottle containing a number of articles in memory of the occasion. These included photographs of His Lordship the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Dr. D. Cohalan, Very Rev. Canon O'Brien, P.P., V.F., Dungarvan, Mother McCauley, Founder of the Convent of Mercy Order, and of Pope Pius XII, some of each of the Irish coins from half-crown to half penny, Relic of St. Augustine, Medals, the front page of all Irish daily newspapers, the two Dungarvan newspapers, Waterford City papers and the Standard.

Also in the little bottle which was sealed was a parchment on which was written the history of the Convent of Mercy from the 21st November, 1854, when the nuns first came to Dungarvan right up to the present day. The history was written in indelible ink in longhand, and told an inspiring story.

Following the ceremony, Very Rev. Canon O'Brien addressed the large attendance.

He said that the occasion was a great one in the history of the Convent of Mercy, Dungarvan, whose community had done so much down through the years for the poor of Dungarvan. Very Rev. Canon O'Brien stated that in 1954, they would celebrate 100 years labours in Dungarvan. They had come to the town from nearby Cappoquin taking up residence in South Terrace and later in the County Home where they did such great work for the sick and dying, and where they are still helping many poor souls to attain the glories of Heaven and God's goodness. Continuing, he said, that no few words could fully pay tribute to the labours of the Convent of Mercy nuns. They had pointed the way in their venerable vocation and in 1887 from their own town on the brink of the Atlantic they sent forth a number of Sisters to open up a Mission in Queensland, Australia, and since then their glorious work is rapidly spreading throughout Australia.

The new school which provides facilities for an extra 100 secondary school pupils, is built on the most modern lines providing six very finely laid out schoolrooms as well as cloakrooms, office and library etc. It is situated in an ideal location just off St. Augustine's Street and close by the Convent buildings.



Photo by T. Tobin

Dungarvan Town Hall, which was extensively renovated in 1952.

An Unsolved Mystery

It is recorded that one of Cromwell's Generals named Jones died in a house in Church Street. The lady of the house, a Mrs. Chapman, circulated the story that General Jones had been poisoned by Cromwell, and it was established that there had been bad feeling between them. His body was taken to Youghal for interment and it is recorded that, as if to cover up suspicion, Cromwell wrote a letter of sympathy to the General's relatives. Mrs. Chapman went so far as to provide full particulars in support of her statements, but the case just remained another unsolved mystery.

TO THE CUNNIGAR



Photo by T. Tobin

Paddy Kenneally and Lord Duggan pull their well-known ferry-boat across Dungarvan harbour to the Cunnigar. Passengers are John Franklyn and his young son.

A Monument on the Hilltop

THE STORY OF RING COLLEGE AND ITS FOUNDER

IN THE SHADOW of the stately trees which protect the little church of Ring, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, from the sharp winds of the cruel Atlantic, lies the grave of a great Irishman—the late Dr. Michael Sheehan, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia.

Up to a short time ago, no monument marked his resting place and for four years it remained unknown to the stranger in the peaceful parish of the Gaeltacht.

As a tribute to his noble work for the Faith, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Order decided to raise a monument to his memory and so to-day a work of art stands overlooking Dungarvan Bay and the College he so dearly loved.

It is a monument of craftsmanship—yet simple in design, situated in a peaceful atmosphere beyond comparison. It attracts your attention immediately you enter the old church grounds, and you find an irresistible force drawing you to it.

Somehow you find it easy to realise that this work of art stands as a tribute to some great Irish leader and, as all will appreciate, the late Dr. Sheehan lived to become one of Ireland's greatest leaders of the Church.

Inscribed on the very beautiful marble monument is an epitaph which, in a few words, tells the story of an Irish priest's achievements and his love for the Irish language. It is inscribed in the tongue of the Fatherland and reads as follows:—

HEREIN IS INTERRED THE REMAINS OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, ARCHBISHOP, COUNT TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, AND ASSISTANT TO THE PAPAL THRONE. LOVE FOR THE IRISH LANGUAGE AND VENERATION FOR THE OLD IRISH SPEAKERS BROUGHT HIM TO RING THE FIRST DAY, AND IT WAS BECAUSE OF THAT LOVE THAT HE CHOSE RING AS HIS RESTING PLACE. BORN 17TH DEC., 1870, AND DIED 1ST MARCH, 1945. MAY HIS SOUL ENJOY THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN AND THE BEATIFIC VISION.

Ring College which is now famous for its great work in the Revival Movement, was founded by Dr. Sheehan in 1906, and he remained the guiding light of the College up to 1922 when he was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney, Australia. He had then published six volumes of folk-lore and original stories and sketches written in Irish and of Irish life. His *Sean-Cainnt na nDeise* which first

appeared in 1906 was re-published a few years ago and represents the living speech of three generations.

His religious books have been adopted as text-books in most of our schools and colleges, and are also very popular in the U.S.A. and Australia.



Photo by T. Tobin

Picture shows some of the teaching staff at Ring College with an Fear Mor.

Front row (from left to right): Michael O'Cionnfaolaidha, Seamus O'Cleirig, "Mike" (Seanachai), an Fear Mor.

Back row: Donal O'Cionnfaolaidha, Philip O'Fogluadha, M. Breahnach, L. O'Maoldomnaig and Labrais O'Codla.

Dr. Sheehan was Professor of Classics in Maynooth College and was appointed Vice-President in 1919. He was recognised as one of the best Greek scholars of his day and a charming personality of the highest intelligence. A fluent Italian speaker, he was a personal friend of Pope Pius XI and was appointed Count of the Vatican some years before his death.

Ring College to-day carries on the noble work of upholding the glorious traditions of the past. Its work for the Irish language needs no introduction—suffice to state it is the guiding light in our National Revival Movement.

When I visited the College recently, I was received by Ml. O Domhnhail and "An Fear Mor," who kindly introduced me to the many wonders of their work.

I found the usual courses in full swing at the time, which were being attended by students from all over Ireland. Secondary, vocational and university students are the bulk of the five hundred young people who have spent a term in Ring this year. All the spacious buildings are packed to the door and still the waiting list runs into hundreds.

AN TAOISEACH TURNS THE KEY



Photo by T. Tobin

An Taoiseach Eamon de Valera opens the new wing of Ring College. Also in the picture *left to right* Tomas de Bhial. Mr. P. J. Little T.D. Archdeacon Kelleher, Waterford and An Fear Mor.

The teaching staff : Sean O Cuirrin, Tomas de Bhial, Ml. O Cionnfhaolaidh, D. O Cionnfhaolaidh, M. O Conallaoín, Labhras O Cadhala, Nioclás Breathnach, Nioclás Mac Craith, M. O Bolguidir, Seamus O Cleirigh, Seamus Mac S Samroin, Pilib O Foghlu, Liam O Maoldomhnaigh and Sean O Concubhair.

Scoil na Leanbh, founded in 1919, which is attached to the College, is unique in that Irish is the only language spoken at work and play by teachers and pupils. It is claimed that children become fluent Irish speakers in one session. The roll books contain the names of many distinguished patrons and patriots who sent their children to this truly Irish school many years ago. These include: Arthur Griffith, Cathal Brugha, Desmond Fitzgerald, Batt. O'Connor, Senator

Brennan, Senator M. Hayes and many others. Many Ministers of State and Government officials are ex-students of the College.

I saw the children at work, at play and at prayer, and everywhere the voice of the Gael was spoken. It was like a visit to the Ireland of Cuchullain and the many outstanding achievements of the College made me ponder on the hopes visualised by the late Dr. Sheehan when he set about its foundation way back in 1906. They seemed too much to hope for, but just the same he was willing to try, as were many staunch supporters.

Shortly before his death, during a chat in Ring, Dr. Sheehan proudly told me as his pleasing face radiated a warm smile: "TO SEE ONE'S EFFORTS GROW SUCCESSFUL AS I HAVE SEEN RING COLLEGE GROW, RENDERS A SATISFACTION WHICH IS THE GREATEST REWARD ANY MAN COULD HOPE FOR."

To-day Dr. Sheehan lies in peace on the hill-top over looking the College he so dearly loved and among the people he laboured for. His monument in the grounds of the Gaeltacht's little parish church will forever keep his memory in the minds of all, while his College in the valley below will carry on the good work for the revival of the Irish language under the capable guidance of "An Fear Mor" and his followers.

And on August 15th, 1951, yet another chapter was written in the history of Ring College when An Taoiseach, Eamon de Valera, opened a new wing providing extra facilities.

Dungarvan extended a civic welcome to him that day and in Ring he received the true *Céad Mile Fáilte* of the Gaeltacht.

In declaring open the humble extension to a great College—a building that was erected by local labour—An Taoiseach, side by side with "An Fear Mor," took another step further in Ireland's advances in the revival of the National Language, recalling as they did so that "we want Ireland not only free but Gaelic, and not only Gaelic but free."

IN DUNGARVAN PARK



TO THE WEST——

TO THE EAST



THE OLD BANDSTAND, DUNGARVAN

DUNGARVAN SWIMMING POOL



Photo by T. Tobin

The scene on Gala Day—an annual event in the life of Dungarvan Swimming Club.

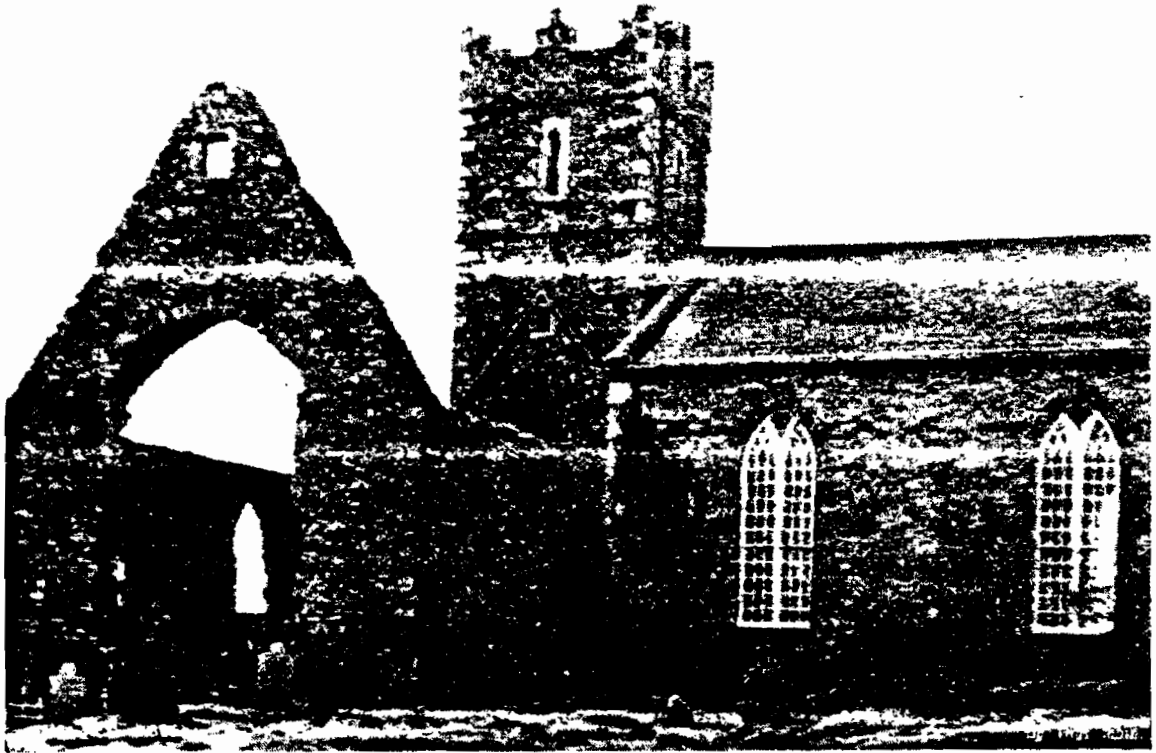
DUNGARVAN SWIMMING CLUB STEPS FORWARD



Photograph, reproduced by courtesy of Dungarvan Swimming Club.

This picture taken at Dungarvan Swimming Pool shortly after the local club stepped forward over six years ago shows members of the Committee and Club and visiting swimmers from Cork and Limerick.

Included in the group is the late Miss Nancy Riach, a native of Wales who was a well known Swimming Champion of world fame and who died unexpectedly at Monte Carlo in 1947. The late MR. HILL the late MR. W. J. NOLAN, the late MR. J. CROTTY, Messrs Gus Healy, Cork, C. Doherty, Dungarvan, R. Renihan, P. Sheehan do., P. J. Morrissey, Solr., M. Aston, T. B. Boyle, T. Casey, P. Stack, P. Campbell, M. O'Hara, Dr. K. McCann, P. Arrigan, M. Shine, T. Veale, M. C. Nagle, Editor, 'Dungarvan Leader' Comdt. M. McGrath, J. Foley, T. Egan and Miss K. Whelan.



The Old Abbey

Photo by T. Tobin

The Augustinians in Dungarvan— A Story Old and New

IN THE ANCIENT village of St. Augustine there stands today an old ruin, better known as the old Abbey. Covered with the rambling ivy the Abbey is romantically situated, overlooking the broad Dungarvan Bay. Strolling through the ruins my thoughts took me back over their strange and glorious past when in the twelfth century the Ermites of St. Augustine came to the village of Abbeyside.

There by the brink of the sea the McGraths of Sleady and the O'Briens of Comeragh, built the church for the Friars. At the same time they built the Abbeyside Castle which, no doubt, was erected as a means of protection in the case of attack. The architecture of the Church was that of the very finest, and the many remaining examples will today prove this statement. The fine massive tower with its groined arches and many examples of excellent tracery is now used as a belfry to the parish church.

When the Penal Laws came into being the Friars were compelled to abandon their abbey and take refuge in the friendliness of the Comeraghs. Here they found security and ministered to the spiritual wants of the people. Time after time they would have to seek the loneliness of Carriganaffrin (The Rock of the Mass), where they would celebrate Mass to the assembled people, while watch was kept to give warning of the "Red Coats."

Today old residents of the area will point out the holes in the rocks where candles were lighted during the sacrifice of the Mass.

Later on when times became more peaceful the Augustinian's returned to Dungarvan and built a temporary church at the Spring, where they resided for sometime. As time passed by they procured a site in town and there erected the present church which was completed on the 12th June 1824.

St. Augustine is the patron Saint of Abbeyside. His feast day was up to some years ago a day of monster celebrations in the village, but like many of the old Irish customs, this too, is just a memory of the Ireland of yesterday.

Revival of Handball in County Waterford

DUNGARVAN CLUB'S AMBITION REALISED

IN THE SUMMER of 1947, a group of young men in Dungarvan, Co. Waterford joined together in an effort to revive handball throughout Co. Waterford. Within a few weeks they had a strong club organised in their own town and through the co-operation of Supt. P. O'Mahony, G.S., they received the use of the local Garda Barracks courtyard as an alley.

Not having a town alley, the provision of one was their great objective. Headed by Sean Norris and Tom Tobin, (author of *Echoes from the Decies*) the local club set about raising funds and met with notable success.

They approached the Urban District Council for a site and here again their efforts were successful. Then they met their first stroke of tough luck. They were unable to get the use of the local Town Hall for their weekly dances owing to regulations governing the even distribution of the use of the hall to all applicants. The Town Hall being the town's only dance hall. A great deal of time was given to discussing their next best move and finally it was decided on to again approach the local Urban Council with a suggestion put forward by the late Dr. M. A. Casey. It was accepted by the council and thereby agreed on to include a municipal alley for the youth of the town in their housing scheme at Gallowshill and it was further agreed on to go ahead with its erection immediately. The Department of Local Government sanctioned the plan under a Christmas Relief grant and so in December 1949 the work was commenced. It was thought by all that it would not be long now till Dungarvan had its own handball alley. Men were given employment at the job at trade union rates and within ten days the alley was taking shape.

As the days passed by the four walls rose higher and higher and then it remained only to plaster them. But that day never came until the end of 1950. After three weeks work the grant was exhausted and work had to be abandoned.

For a long time the alley stood a bare shell, looked upon in grave sorrow by the many handball enthusiasts of the town and district. Their hopes for the realisation of their ambitions were shelved for yet another year. The committee and members were greatly dis-

appointed—they had been all over the county helping to revive the old Irish sport and had been successful in organising a number of clubs. They had been the first club in the county to affiliate with the G.A.A., but now it seemed their efforts were all in vain in Dungarvan; as they stood there, before them represented by a bare shell silhouetted in the Spring sunshine—and referred to as the Urban Council's "White Elephant."

The Handball Club however, again discussed the matter and finally a way out was suggested. The suggestion was most unusual to the Urban Council and to the area in general. It was that the club would offer the amount of money on hands (£160) to the council on certain conditions to complete the alley in time for the 1950 summer season. The conditions were: (1) that the club receive a certain amount of control over the alley: (2) that if this was not accepted then the council should consider accepting the money as a loan and pay it back to the club when they get a further grant.

At first the Council thought that point No. 2 was an excellent suggestion but it was soon pointed out that the council could only get relief grants for relief work and if the alley was finished they could not apply for a grant to finish something that had already been finished. The point was the grant money would have to be spent on what it was applied for. The matter was even referred to the Co. Manager, Mr. S. J. Moynihan but nothing came out of it.

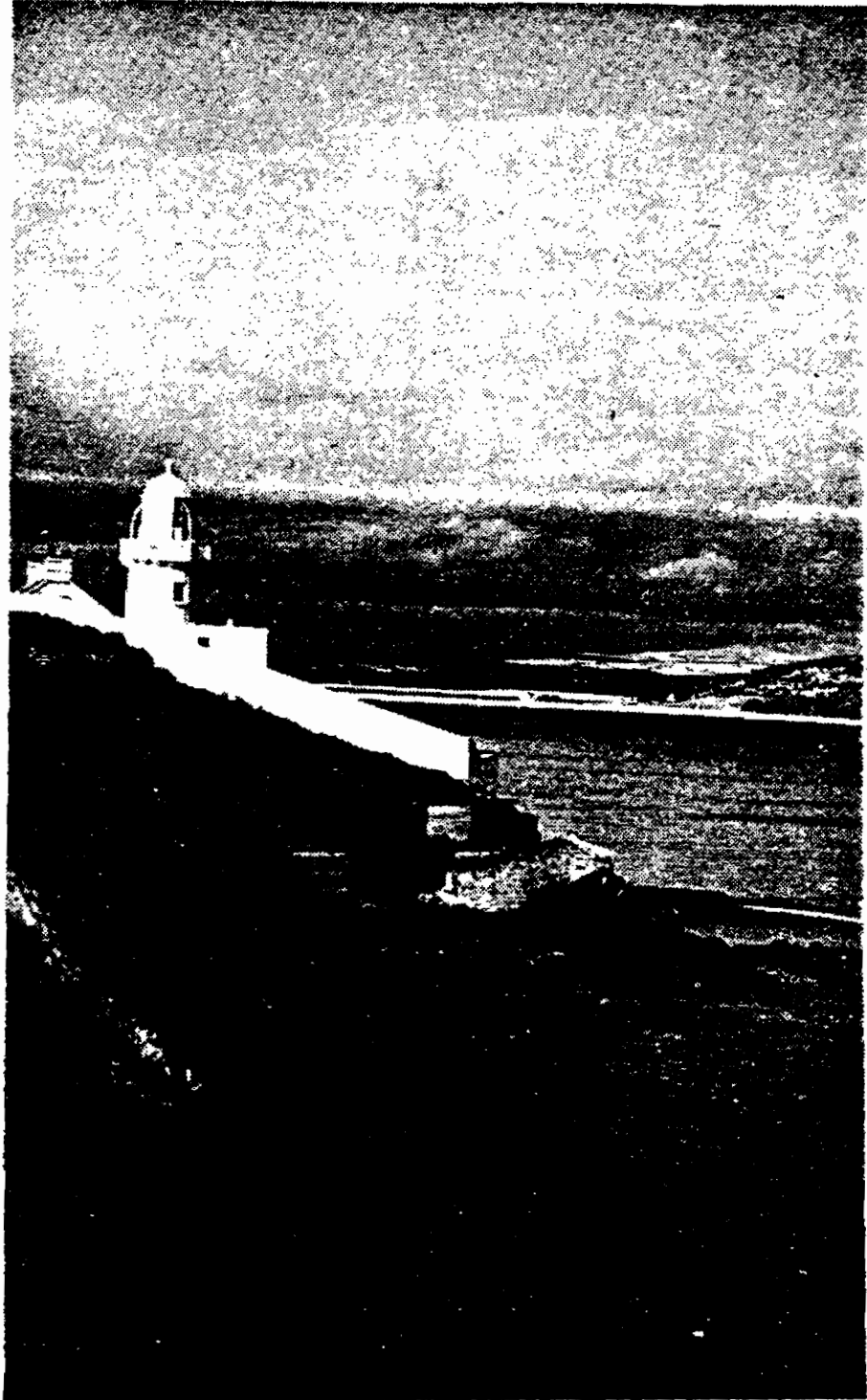
Eventually the club members became disheartened and many fell away but a very big number remained loyal to their cause and kept pushing ahead. Their object was ever kept in the minds of the public and public representatives.

Then Christmas 1950 approached and the Council again had before them the matter of relief grants. There was no question about completing the alley and once again work went ahead.

The job was completed at a total cost of almost a thousand pounds. Dungarvan has its handball alley and if all goes well, a number of the Championship games will be played there this year.

Today the youth of the "Old Boro" have their own alley—one of the finest any player could ask to play in. The local club and the members of the original committee have realised their ambition—they can look upon their achievement with pride and their example is one that may well be pointed to by all enthusiasts throughout the country anxious to play their part in the revival of one of Ireland's oldest and greatest sports.

YOUGHAL LIGHTHOUSE



Situated by the roadside

Photo by T. Tobin.

A Visit To Youghal

ON ENTERING YOUGHAL what is usually the first sight to hold your interest is the Lighthouse which is situated by the roadside at the Cork end of the town. Like all Lighthouses it holds a rather dominant position overlooking the broad span of water. In 1848 work was commenced on the erection of this valuable structure and in 1852 the first light threw its beam across the waters of the wide harbour. It is constructed on the site where the original "Light Tower" stood 700 years ago when the Normans built it to guide their ships safely home to the land of their adoption.

They were wily invaders and in erecting their "Light Tower," they also put up a convent alongside, realising that the natives would not interfere with what was their great beacon of hope.

It is thought that the nuns who occupied the convent were members of the Second Order of St. Francis founded by St. Clare at the request of the Great Saint.

A tribute to the selection of the site for their "Guiding Light" was paid to the Normans when the Irish Lights Commission erected their Lighthouse on the very same site, using the same angles for views as had been adopted by their predecessors.

It is believed that the convent was inside the present walls which surround the Lighthouse.

"YARNS THAT FOREVER LINGER ON"

Rambling through Youghal and meeting the old-timers is an experience every visitor will long cherish, for with each meeting comes a story which forever lingers.

While I was gazing on the tomb of the Countess of Desmond in the Church of St. Mary's, I was prompted to ask was it of old age she died, seeing that she had been 147 when she passed away. I was soon told that were it not for an accident she might still be alive.

Should you doubt the authenticity of the statement that she lived to the age of 147, it might be well to remember that Sir Walter Raleigh writing his memoirs in the Tower of London to pass the time away before execution, mentions the old lady in Youghal when she was only 124.

History books tell us that when still younger—120—she presented herself at the British Court for the return of her confiscated estates. She got her way and there is no doubt about it but she would have

lived even longer had she not fallen off a cherry tree in one of her estates in Co. Waterford.

During the course of conversation with Mr. M. H. Walsh, Town Clerk in Youghal, I learned that the coronation robe of Queen Mary which cost £600 was made at Youghal and presented by the 'ladies of Ireland'. Made of the famous Point Lace (Pointe d'Irlande), it was an outstanding work of art and a tribute of the highest to the century old fame attained by the lacemakers of Youghal.

Famed as a "look-out" point Moll Goggin's Corner, Youghal has been to all visitors a spot clouded with curiosity—mainly centred on the origin of such a most unusual name. I have heard many strange stories in explanation but the one most worthy of record is that which was told to me by an "old salt" as we enjoyed the broad view from the summit of Moll Goggin's Corner. The story goes:

Long ago in the thriving seaport town of Youghal there was a rare beauty in the person of Mary Goggin, popularly known as Moll. She was the only daughter of a prosperous shopkeeper and was her parents pride and joy. Moll was loved by many, all of whom sought her hand in marriage, but for Moll there was only one—a sailor lad. The announcement to her parents that it was her intention to marry her sailor lover brought much consternation to her family. Nevertheless, Moll married, and for sometime the newlyweds lived their life of happiness in the realms of true love. Soon the day came when her husband's ship was ready to sail, and as he prepared to say "farewell" she expressed the wish that she would walk with him to the place which now bears her name.

As they stood there looking out over the choppy sea, a promise was made with a kiss, that he would return the kiss on a certain date when his ship would return to the land of his birth—the home of his loved one.

In the early hours of the next morning as the first streaks of dawn slowly crept over the sky, the young sailor aboard his ship sailed out the golden harbour while Moll stood on the "look-out" point watching through a mist of tears.

Time passed by and then tragedy struck. The ship was wrecked and all hands were lost.

That certain date approached and unaware of the great disaster, Moll set foot for the "look-out" point to meet her returning mate, in the early hours of the morning. Hopefully she waited and watched but there was no sign of his ship. She did not become discouraged for Moll knew that somehow he would keep his promise, and this knowledge flamed brightly the spark of hope that lay in her heart.

And then it happened. The curtains of evening were spreading over the June countryside when out of the dimness, Moll saw him make his way towards her. He stood and she rushed into his open arms and to his warm embrace. Looking into his face Moll raised her lips to unite with his—they kissed and only then she realised that her lover was no more—he was dead.

This terrible realisation of her loss—something that could never be replaced was too much for Moll and now her world, her hopes and her future, all shattered in pieces before her eyes. Her love for him was too much to live without him and her great longing to be near him, now—always—caused her heart to swell and burst. As she lay on the dewy grass a slight trickle of blood came from her smiling lips and now she had again found her happiness in the land of Everlasting Happiness united with her sailor-boy for all time.

From that date onwards, the "look-out" point became known as Moll Goggins Corner.

Whether the story is true or not, no one really knows, but it is taken for granted that this is the origin. Readers will agree it is indeed a story one likes to associate with the old landmark, and so with this in mind, I pass it on to visitors to Youghal to take it with them wherever they may go.

St. Augustine's College Expands

THURSDAY APRIL 12TH, 1951 was a great occasion in the history of St. Augustine's College, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, when a new extension to the College was blessed and officially opened by Very Rev. C. J. Dullea, O.S.A., Provincial, Dublin.

For some time past boys from all over Ireland have been flowing into St. Augustines, and soon it was found that accommodation was not at all sufficient. The need for extra premises was a crying one and when the Very Rev. Prior, Father P. Cummins, O.S.A., received the option of taking over a very large store close by the Friary, he quickly availed of what he termed, the answer to his prayers. To the ordinary man in the street, it seemed an impossibility to make anything out of the warehouse, but when the late Michael Keane, B.E., had finished going over it, he presented a plan which to the Friars also seemed almost impossible, or if possible too good to be true.

The job was undertaken in December 1949, and bit by bit the impossibility soon became a reality. The warehouse gave way to what may well be termed the most modern lay-out in college structure visible in Ireland today. Michael Keane, B.E., through whose efforts this masterpiece of planning and engineering was made possible, passed to his eternal reward before the job neared completion but that day his memory was revived when glowing tributes were paid by the Friars to his genius.

The new extension comprises a large dining hall, modern kitchen, cloakroom boothall, dormitory and perhaps the greatest achievement of all is the provision of a large Concert-Recreation hall.

The ceremonies commenced with Solemn Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Augustines Church, Dungarvan. Celebrant was Very Rev. Father P. D. Cummins, O.S.A., Prior, Dungarvan, Deacon Very Rev. N. P. Duffner, Rector, Dungarvan, Sub-Deacon, Rev. C. Ahearne, O.S.A., Dungarvan, M.C. Rev. Father V. Lyons, O.S.A., Dungarvan.

In the Choir were : Very Rev. Father C. J. Dullea, O.S.A., Provincial Dublin. Very Rev. J. S. Roche Prior, Callan. Very Rev. C. Delaney, Prior, Hoxton, London. Rev. Father P. Foley, Hammersmith, London. Very Rev. Father Vignoles, Prior, Hythe, Kent. Rev. Father P. Redmond, O.S.A., Orlagh. Father M. Berrill, O.S.A., Callan. Rev. J. Grace, O.S.A., Callan. Rev. R. O'Keefe, O.S.A., Dublin and Rev. Father Tobin, C.F., Yorkshire. Also in the choir were Rev. Father J. Hartnett, O.S.A., Dungarvan, Rev. Father C. Butler Dungarvan, Rev. Father E. Daly, Dungarvan.

Immediately afterwards the various buildings were blessed by Very Rev. Father Dullea, Provincial, assisted by Rev. Father Duffner and Father Ahearne.