

WE BEGIN by listing the names whom we know of, with such detail about addresses as possible:

CITY PEOPLE

1. Miss Nora A Keane
2. Daniel Keane
3. John Kennedy of Rosemary Place, Watergate
4. Patrick Lane of Clare Street
5. Miss Nellie O'Dwyer of High Street
6. T Morgan, a fireman, a member of the crew

COUNTY PEOPLE

7. James Scanlan of Rathkeale
8. Patrick Ryan of Askeaton
9. Mary Madigan of Askeaton
10. Bertha Moran of Askeaton
11. Daniel Moran of Askeaton
12. Patrick Dooley of Patrickswell
13. Joseph Foley of Mountplummer
14. Bridget O'Sullivan, Glenduff/Ashford
15. P Colbert of Kilconlea, Abbeyfeale, who had worked as a porter at Limerick railway station.

It is the names of the other fifteen-plus which we are missing.

Most of these people would have travelled either in second or third-class—no state rooms for them—they were lodged deep in the belly of the supposedly unsinkable ship.

The *Titanic* was built in the Harland and Wolff shipyard in Belfast, and was launched on May 31, 1911, and it took many more months to fit her out and to give her her sea-trials. She, with her sister ship, *S S Olympic*, were the largest vessels afloat.

After leaving Southampton, on April 10, 1912, en route to Cherbourg, she narrowly avoided collision with the liner *New York*.

She arrived at Cobh, then Queenstown, in Cork harbour on the 11th to begin her maiden transatlantic voyage. Not only was it her first, but she was determined to set a new Transatlantic speed record, which then stood at four days, twenty hours (116 hours) then held by the *Lusitania*.

Cobh was the recognised starting point for such record attempts.

In all, 113 Irish passengers embarked *Titanic* for the trip to America.

Some of the Limerick passengers had booked through Riordan's Travel Company (still trading today under the direction of Louis Byrne), while others had booked through the American consul, a Mr Ludlow, of Glentworth Street.

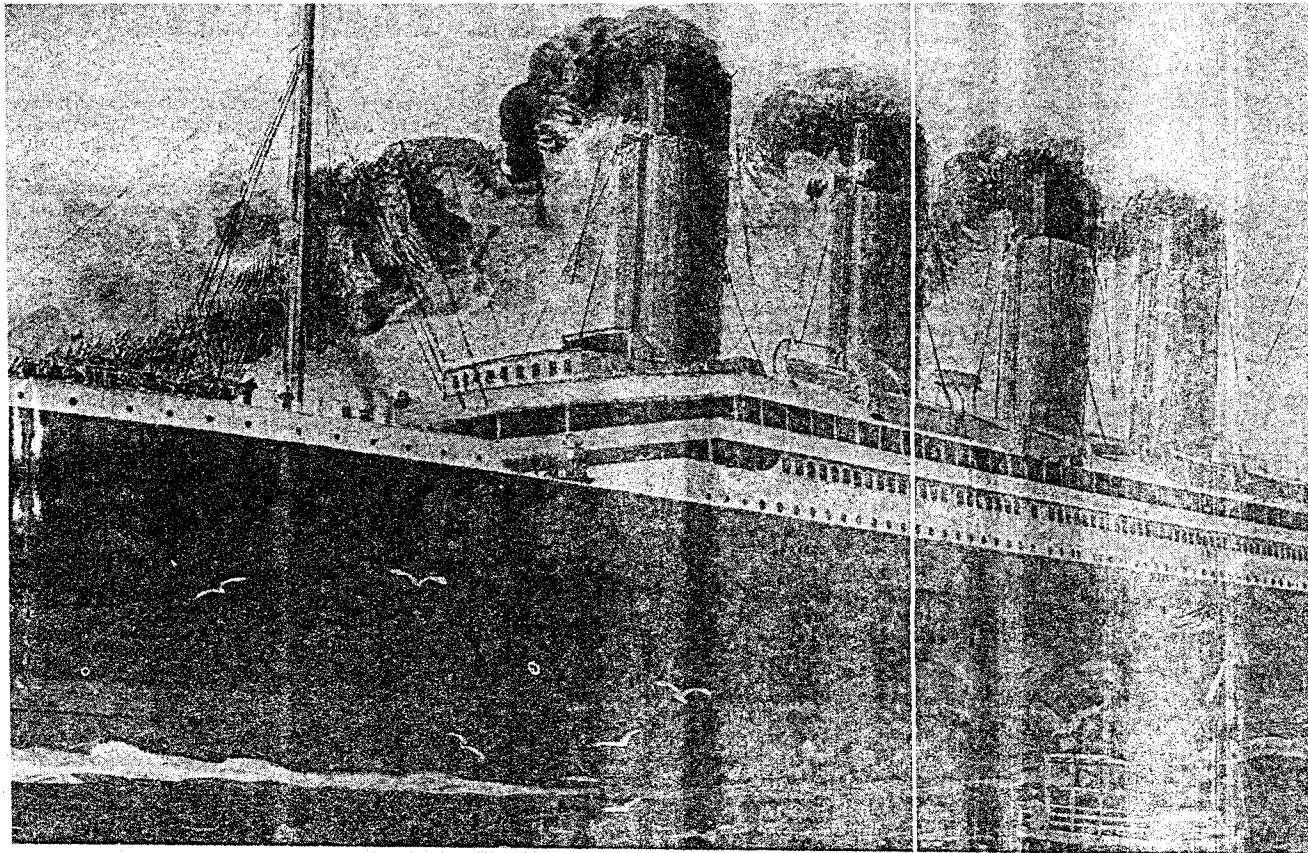
Des Ryan writes: Riordan's Travel Company handled the booking of Patrick Lane of Clare Street, and Mr Ludlow made the arrangements for John Kennedy, Watergate and for Nellie O'Dwyer of High Street. He also booked five from the county, one being from the neighbourhood of Castleconnell. There were other passengers who had their tickets paid by friends (in America or elsewhere), and who would not have registered at the local offices. There were others who had intended sailing on the *Titanic* but, not having their arrangements completed, travelled on the *Mauritania* which left Queenstown on the following Sunday.

Nellie O'Dwyer

Here now is the first-hand account given by Nellie O'Dwyer of High Street, as reported in the *Limerick Chronicle*:

Nellie O'Dwyer was rescued from the sinking of the

A Limerick woman's agony on the stricken



The White Star Liner, "Titanic", sunk on her maiden voyage off Cape Race, 15th April, 1912—the most appalling disaster in maritime history. This reproduction is from a souvenir postcard, with the ship's dimensions, given in the panel below, reproduced on the space on the card reserved for messages: the space for addresses was left free.

Titanic by the liner, *Carpathia*. She went on to America on that vessel and lived in Brooklyn, New York, for six years before coming back to Limerick to visit her family.

She had given a dramatic account of the nightmare to the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, and *Limerick Chronicle* reprinted it at the time, and we do so here again to remind Limerick of a tragedy which touched this area terribly. This is a personal account, told in her own words.

"I was dozing off to sleep when the big ship seemed to jar. I was not frightened, but got up to ask the other girls what had made the vessel act so. Then it was still. You know, all day and all night there was the whirr of the machinery and when it stopped it was queer. For the longest while, none of us could find out what was the matter, but then some young men who were on the vessel with us from Queenstown told us to go back to sleep. It was nothing. 'Ye foolish girls, go back to your beds,' they said to us; 'Sure, the ship struck an iceberg, but it would take a power of icebergs to harm her.' So we—well, most of us—started to go back."

"But the boys said they were going up on deck to see the berg, for the captain was going to bring it aboard. Of course 'twas fooling us they were."

"Some time later, we could hear folk running round above and we went up the stairway to the upper steerage deck. Something was wrong; we could see that. But we were not frightened really."

"But then we could hear them shouting to get the lifebelts. We knew then that something must be wrong. We girls and some of the women with us knelt down on deck and said the Rosary. Some ladies and gentlemen passed us from cabins and they looked at us curiously. Boats were being lowered and people were being helped into them. Some

were almost thrown in."

"Poor Paddy Lane; he was a fine fellow—a little younger than I am, and when we were leaving the other side

(Ireland), his folks asked me to please look after poor Paddy in America. When the boats were being lowered, Paddy knelt on the

deck and prayed. Then he began to run around calling for a priest, and he started for the other side of the ship. I never saw him again. Paddy went down when the ship sunk."

"Then there was a sweet little boy—oh the grandest and most beautiful prayers that one could hear from a child. Do you know, I think he was lost, for I don't remember seeing him next morning in any of the boats."

"The captain treated everyone alike, whether they were from first cabin or the steerage. He acted angrily only towards the men that were rushing forward. He kept us from panic, so he did. There was a poor fellow near where I was, and they could not get him back. An officer shot him and he fell at my feet."

"I never heard the ship's band playing louder. Men were shouting; women were crying for their husbands and children to stay with them. I don't know how I got to the cabin above."

"I was among the last, and there was only one boat left. As we came along, the last thing that I saw was the priest waving his arms towards us, like as if it might have been absolving us all. The poor man was going toward the steerage."

"Do you know we still had no notion that the ship was going down? We were a little afraid getting into the boats—that is all of us—men or women were afraid—except the stewards. There was a queer look on their faces as they helped us along. I didn't understand them. None of us did. Now, we who were saved know what that look meant."

"There was some trouble with the nurses. They were supposed to place lifebelts on the people. A few of them tried to escape, but the officers shouted at them and they came back to do their work."

"The poor girl that was to go into the boat just before me was afraid. She jumped

and missed the boat, all but one ankle, and the man at the oars grabbed her; she slipped from his hand and was drowned. I got afraid, and an officer lifted me. Someone said 'careful there', and I was dropped into the boat. She pulled away and I sat up to look at the big ship."

"It could not have been more than seven minutes before there was a terrible explosion—Oh God, be merciful to us all!"

"The cries that came from the ship, I'll never forget. I could see before the explosion, just dimly, the face of a woman who had six children with her on board. I think none of the little ones got up soon enough to be saved. The poor mother never left the ship."

"Then, those in charge began to give orders, keeping the boats a little apart. A little while later we could see one boat with a green light on it. Some man was giving orders in it. In our boat was a tall man with a moustache, and he seemed to have some giving of orders. We had 6 in the boat, and they started taking them out, and putting them in boats that had very few in them. When they took some of the people from our boat, we had a sailor and an Italian stoker to row us."

"It was awful, so it was. The Italian knew no English, and he didn't seem to understand the sailor's telling him 'back water'. There was no other man now, so to try and save the people, I took the oar from the Italian and the sailor and I rowed about as best I could."

"Sometimes the green light I told you about on that one boat made me think now and then that a ship was coming, and we were afraid it would run us down before we could be saved. We would often mistake, do you know, a bright star for the top light of the vessel. Towards morning, we rowed over to the place where the *Titanic* went down, but there were only pieces of wreckage floating, except for the new lifebelts that poor souls had adjusted the wrong way before they left the ship."

There have been varying accounts as to what air that the ship's band played as the vessel was sinking, but Nellie O'Dwyer declares without hesitation that it was Nearer my God to Thee.

Aboard the *Carpathia*, Nellie O'Dwyer comforted the sorrowing and kept the spirits up with tea and chatter.

Des Ryan writes: In the aftermath of the *Titanic* disaster, a fund for the survivors, known as the Lord Mayor of London's Mansion House Fund, was started. People contributed money, or staged events for it. In Limerick, the owner of the Theatre Royal, George V Fogarty, placed the hall and his staff, free of charge, at the disposal of any responsible committee of citizens who would stage a concert in aid of the sufferers.

On May 4th, Fr Devane, vice president, St Michael's temperance society, took up the offer, saying that they would put on a show. This took place on May 17th; The Rebel's Wife playing to a full house on that night. After their first act, the Boherbuoy Band played a selection of Irish airs.

Footnote:—Nearly three-quarters of the Irish passengers lost their lives. Two of those rescued claimed that they had been beaten about the head while in the water and had been pushed away from a lifeboat.

EIGHTY YEARS after the chilling disaster, we are looking for details of Limerick people who were on the *Titanic*.

The great Belfast-built ship hit an iceberg and sank on its maiden voyage to America in April 1912.

Reports of the day indicate that at least thirty Limerick people were booked to sail on her.

So now, to help with the writing of a more definitive account by local historian, Des Ryan, we carry here a truly chilling account of the event, as prepared by him, mainly from the files of the *Limerick Chronicle* of the day.

And we appeal for information from the relatives of the victims or of the survivors. Information may be lodged with Martin Byrnes, at the *Limerick Chronicle*, 54 O'Connell Street.

Titanic: her dimensions

The dimensions of the *Titanic* are, even today, impressive. She was, in 1912, the largest and most complete passenger vessel ever built, and had a tonnage of 46,382.

Principal dimensions as follows:

Length overall	882ft 6in
Breadth overall	92ft 6in
Breadth over boat deck	94ft 6in
Height from bottom of keel to boat deck	97ft 4in
Height from bottom of keel to top of captain's house	105ft 7in
Height of funnels above casing	72ft 0in
Height of funnels above boat deck	81ft 6in
Distance from top of funnel to keel	175ft 6in
Number of steel decks	11
Number of watertight bulkheads	15

(Despite her relatively huge size at the time, 'The *Titanic*', if afloat today, would be small enough to dock to the quayside at the East Jetty at Foyne. — Ed.)