

ON THE SHIP THAT NEVER CAME HOME

They sailed on the Titanic...

THE following is a complete list of the fourteen young men and women from the Lahardane area who set sail for America in April 1912 on board the Titanic. Ages and other personal information are given where possible.

MARY MANGAN, Carrowskehine: Age 32. Mary had returned to Ireland from America, where she was engaged to be married. Lost.

JAMES FLYNN, Cuilkillow: Age 28. Related to the Kellys and Canavans, who were other members of the Lahardane party. Lost.

PATRICK CANAVAN, Knockmaria: Age 21. Lost.

MARY CANAVAN, Tonacrick: Age 22. First cousin of Patrick Canavan (above). Lost.

HONOR (NORA) FLEMING, Carrowskehine: Age 23. Lost.

BRIDGET DONOHOE, Cum: Age 22. Lost.

CATHERINE MCGOWAN, Terry, Massbrook: Age 42. Returned from America to visit her native area. Lost.

ANN MCGOWAN, Terry, Massbrook: Age 15. Survivor.

BRIDGET (DELIA) MAHON, Derrymartin: Age 21. Lost.

ANNIE KATE KELLY, Cuilmullagh: Age 21. She was saved from the sinking ship and became a member of an order of nuns in the U.S., where she enjoyed a long life.

JOHN BOURKE, Carrowskehine: Age 42. Married Catherine McHugh in 1911 and decided to sell his farm and set sail for America shortly afterwards. Lost.

CATHERINE MCHUGH, Tawnagh: Returned from America and married John Bourke in 1911. She was related to Catherine McGowan of Terry, Massbrook, another passenger. Lost.

MARY BOURKE: Age 40. Sister of John Bourke of Carrowskehine. Lost.

BRIDGET (DELIA) McDERMOTT, Knockfarnaught: Age 28. She was saved and subsequently married and raised a family in America. The local story is that she was one of the first to find a place in a lifeboat but remembered she had a new hat in her cabin, bought in Crossmolina, and returned for it! She was saved as she got a place in another boat and lived to tell the tale.

Reprinted from—
North Mayo Historical Journal

WHEN the Titanic sailed from Cobh in April 1912 it took with it around 123 Irish emigrants, most of whom were travelling to America to "seek their fortune". Among those 123 were a group of fourteen from Mayo, all friends or relatives from the parish of Addergoole (near Lahardane).

The following article first appeared in "The Chicago Record-Herald" shortly after the tragic sinking of the Titanic and was reprinted in "The Mayo News" on May 11, 1912. It is a moving, human account of the fate of those fourteen emigrants, eleven of whom were amongst the 1,600 who were still aboard the sinking ship when the last lifeboats pulled away.

FROM Queenstown in the bay of Cork, they sailed the other day, John Bourke and his bride of a year, and their hearts were as light and as happy as ever hearts were in song and story.

And with them sailed a jolly crowd of other young folks from Co. Mayo. Fourteen in all there was that went that day from Mayo.

First there was John Bourke and his wife, she that was Kate McHugh, and there was John's sister Mary, all from the farming country around Crossmolina (Lahardane), and there was Kate McGowan, who was Kate Burke's great friend, and Kate McGowan's young niece, Annie, a colleen of 16.

And there was Annie Kelly, 21 years old, and her cousin, Patrick Canavan, of her own age. Mary Mangan, too, came along—she had a brother in Chicago—and the Flynn boy, James, and the O'Donohue lass, and Mahon's daughter, and Nora Fleming and Mary Canavan, all bound for America, to make their fortunes or finish making them.

For many of them were "Yanks". "Yanks" are the Irish lads and lasses who have been to America and come back to Ireland for a look at the old place, and the blessing of the old father and mother, before they go back to America to stay for good and all.

Kate Bourke, she that was McHugh, was a Yank. So, too, was Kate McGowan. They had both come out when they were very young girls to Chicago, and if it had not been for their old friendships, perhaps both would not now be sleeping in the bottom of the sea.

It came about this way. When Kate McHugh went back to Ireland over a year ago, it was little anyone knew that she would soon be changing her name to Bourke. Not a word did her sister, Ellen, in Chicago know of what she meant to do, and there is no telling that she knew herself. But be that as it may, she married John Bourke, whom she had known all her life, and never thought to leave Ireland again. Nor would she, but for Kate McGowan's coming home. And the way of that was this.

LITTLE Annie McGowan, who was Kate McGowan's niece, wrote to Kate away out in Chicago last October saying that she would

be coming over in a month. Now Kate hadn't thought for a moment of going back to Ireland. But she said to herself: "If Annie comes out it may be that I will never go back to Ireland again." And what need, indeed, would she have of it, with her favourite sister in Chicago, and her father and mother being dead? But there was Kate McHugh, too, married and settled down in Ireland as Mrs. John Bourke!

So, without thinking for as much as one day about it, she sat down and wrote to Annie: "Wait, I'll be back in Ireland in three weeks and we'll come together in the spring." Then she sold her boarding house on

as Kate McGowan in her joking way would call them—they stayed apart most of the day by themselves, talking and talking. There was no end to their talking, and what it was all about was what he would do in America with all the money he was taking with him from selling the farm. He was for taking a long time to decide what to do with it, but Kate would be always telling him that America was not Ireland, and that a man must decide quickly what to do, for money would run just as fast away from you in America as towards you, if a man was not looking out. John was always for buying horses then and settling down in the teaming

as bright as moons and the water as if oil had been poured over it.

It was cold to be sure, but they were always warm because their hearts were gay, dancing and singing. In that part of the boat everybody must be in bed early. There was a grand ball upstairs in the first cabin, and that was why when the call came so many of the women up there had their jewels on.

THE call came to them, but late. I do not know how it was with the others, but Kate Bourke could not sleep after the steward opened the door, nor could John, her husband; nor Kate McGowan, nor Annie, her niece; nor Annie Kelly, nor anybody of all of those that came from Mayo, though they talked and talked and said to each other it was nothing.

Then somebody said, "Let us tell the beads," and they all got up and said the Rosary and their fear went from them, and they went to bed again. The steward came to them again and said, "All hands on deck.

steward to whom Annie Kelly had been talking so often saw her running with the Bourkes and Mary Mangan and the others towards the ladder that went up to the second deck. For then they were not letting the steerage passengers up the stairway, and he screamed, "Miss Kelly, here's a chance for your life," and took her by the hand and ran up the stairs without anybody stopping him, because then they were for letting all the people come up the stairs, and he called out to a boat that was just being sent away, "Let this young girl go with you. You've got room. Let her in," and they shoved Annie Kelly on the boat, in her nightgown and all as she was, and they would have taken Kate Bourke too, and Mary, her sister-in-law, but Kate clung to her husband and said if he must die she would die with him, and so did Mary say she would not go without her brother, and they pushed the Flynn boy back and cut away.

Not a thing did Annie know when she was pulled over the side of the other boat, the Carpathia, at 5 o'clock in the morning, though they poured hot whiskey and raw



Irish emigrants pictured crowding on the quayside at Cobh Harbour on the afternoon of April 11, 1912. At the time this photograph was taken the emigrants were waiting to board a tender to take them out to the ill-fated "Titanic". —Pic.: Fr. Browne, S.J.

the North Side, bought a ticket, and was soon back on the Green Isle.

Not a thought did Kate Bourke and her husband have of coming to America, not then nor all winter through. But what with the talk of Kate McGowan's sailing, and the thoughts of it, and the excitement of it, and all that—Kate and John sold the farm and started for America with the others from Co. Mayo.

The fun they had coming out, the games and the quadrilles, the story-telling and the fortune telling! It was grand.

But John Bourke, and Kate, his wife—"that loving couple,"

business.

The young girls would talk about what they would do in America before they were married. That is, they would talk about it when they were not scurrying about the deck laughing and making friends here and there with everybody and joking with the stewards, and it's God's mercy that Annie Kelly did joke with one of the stewards and he take notice of the girl, or she would not be alive this moment.

The weather was grand, and the waves that washed against the great boat were smooth as smooth could be, and the night it all happened was a grand night, with the stars

For God's sake, hurry if you want a chance for your lives," and they went in their nightgowns just as they were. The first thing they saw was the people being held back from going up the stairs to the second deck.

You see, it was feared, for the excitement they would cause to the people up there who were getting away in the lifeboats, and they held them back to the last moment. About half an hour before the boat went down was the time they called the Bourkes and the others from Mayo from their berths.

And here it was that the

brandy into her and buried her in blankets and hot water bottles, she was that frozen. It was noon before she came to herself and found herself with Annie McGowan, though how Annie McGowan came to be saved she could not tell. She was young and swift as a deer, and when the call came for all to go on deck, she ran among the first to see what was the matter, and thus was saved.

But of poor John Bourke, and Kate, his wife, and jolly Kate McGowan and all the other light-hearted lads and lasses that started that day from Castlebar there will never be any more of them in this world, and may God rest their souls.

—May 11, 1912