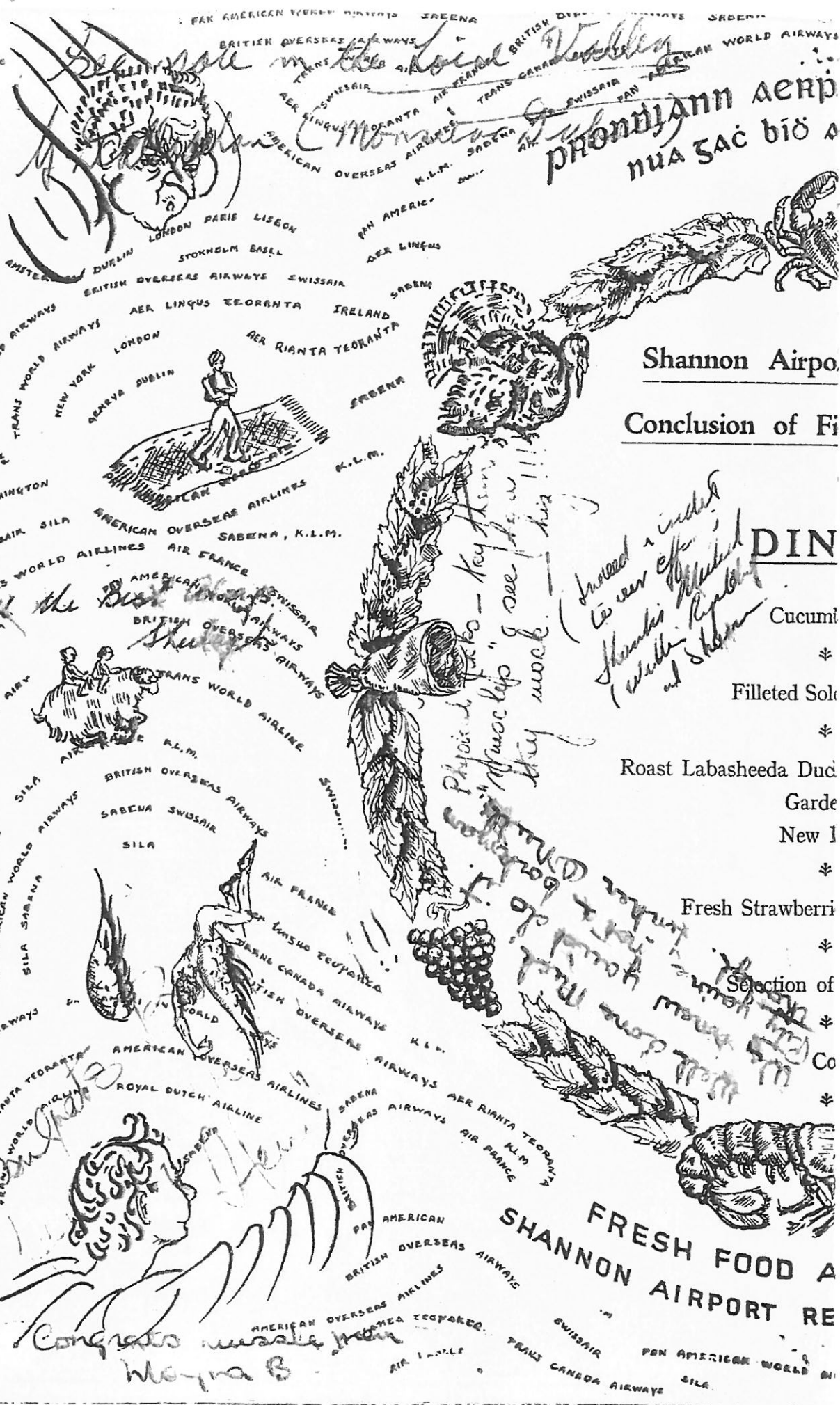


Prionnlann Aerport na Sionna. Éire



MENU

SHANNON AIRPORT RESTAURANT, IRELAND



Shannon Aerodrome
PHONDIANN AERD
 NUA SAC BIOD

Shannon Airpo
Conclusion of Fi

DIN

Included in order to see effect of Hunter's Market (with) and Shannon

Phoix d'Inde - Key to see they work

Cucum

Filleted Sol

Roast Labasheeda Duc

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New I

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Selection of

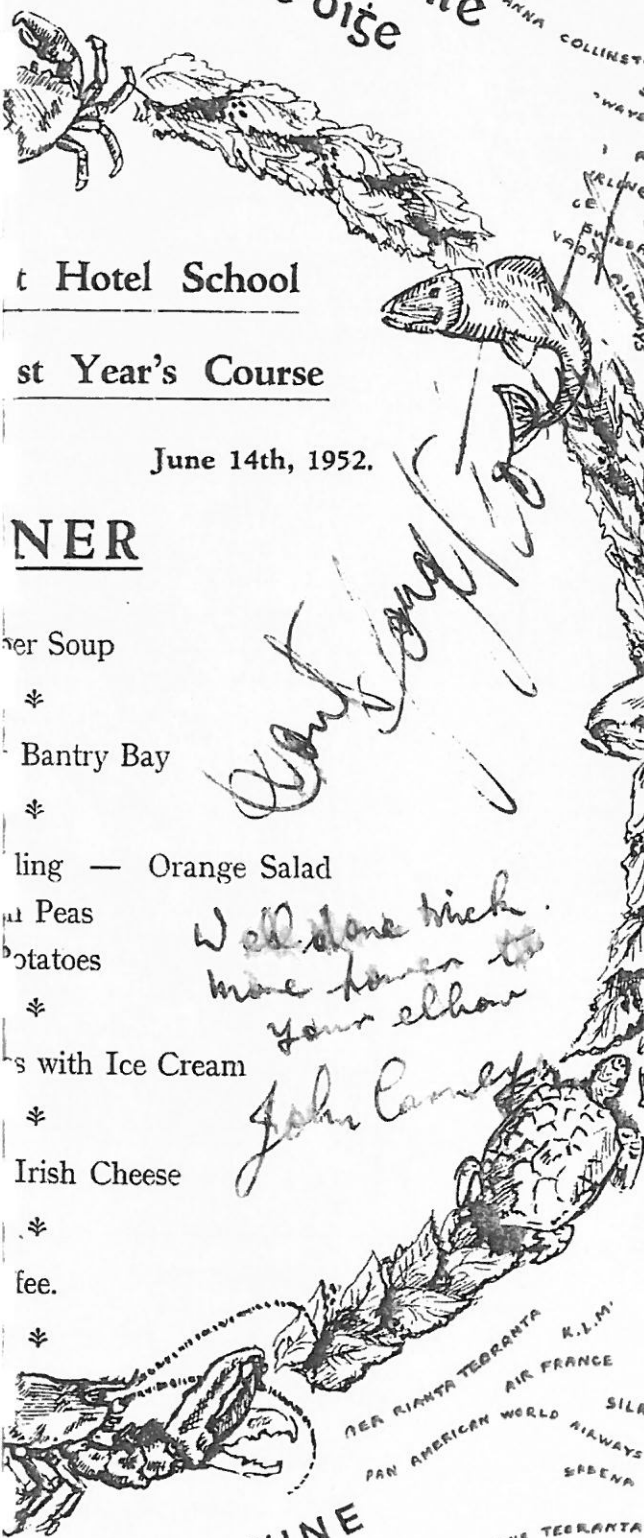
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FRESH FOOD A
SHANNON AIRPORT RE

Congrats missile men
Mona B

SWISSAIR SILA TRANS CANADA AIRWAYS AIR FRANCE PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS LONDON PARIS NEW YORK GANDER LISBON AMSTERDAM BOSTWOD GENEVA AER LINGUS TEORANTA K.L.M. AIRWAYS AIRLINES

ORT NA SIONNA, ÉIRE
us sean SAC oíse



Hotel School
st Year's Course

June 14th, 1952.

NER

- er Soup
- ✧
- Bantry Bay
- ✧
- ling — Orange Salad
- Peas
- Potatoes
- ✧
- s with Ice Cream
- ✧
- Irish Cheese
- ✧
- fee.
- ✧

Very good!

*Well done rich
 more sauce to
 your elbow*

John Canavan

WORLD AIRWAYS BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS K.L.M. SWISSAIR AIR FRANCE AER RIANTA TEORANTA AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS AER LINGUS TEORANTA SABENA



*The time will
 I hope you will
 show me the
 how you and
 boys with the
 colours in your
 techniques first
 in Dunlop's
 foot of a
 marks*



ND OLD WINE
STAIRANT, IRELAND

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS AER LINGUS TEORANTA TRANS CANADA AIRWAYS SWISSAIR AIR FRANCE AER RIANTA TEORANTA



Please Return to Michael Denny

L.P. Jennings

Windsor
Munden O'Keefe
Kane (C.D.)
a) own
Windsor
Munden O'Keefe

A.K. Hefer

Vincent P. White

M. Karpil

P.J. Vaughan P.I.

C. Kitten

M. J. O'Leary

Kevin J. Brown

William Quinn

'Congrats' -
Roberts

Room "33" Muscles,
open the windows,
electric fires etc etc
anyway Congrats Paddy Murray
Patricia Shields

Congratulations Michael - you
deserved it what of luck.
Dix Liphart

Well done Mick - Congrats
Pren. Dec. & our days
at ease together
Good luck Mick & every
Success in the future
Mick & Rose

Congrats Mick -
Best luck always
Jean O'Sullivan

You, I & the Press
The Hon. James O'Leary

To the one and only
Mick the "Shullcrack"

Puh. "Samba" P. Liphart.
Congrats Mick. I know you'd
make it. Pen.

Mick has won the cup.
He's full of talk & bustles
The love him all the more
And still call him muscles

Bobby Glenn

children. Her husband died in 1938

WON PRIZES AT AIRPORT TRAINING SCHOOL

Mr. M. Dennehy (18), Blackrock, Co. Dublin, was awarded the cup for the outstanding student at the course at Shannon Airport training school for hotel and restaurant workers. Mr. J. Carney, Carlisle Hotel, Dun Laoghaire, was also among the prizewinners. A second course will begin in October next, when 20 students, who have been selected from the applicants, will participate.

School Opens A New Era For Tourists

THE school at Shannon Airport for hotel and restaurant employees—the first in Ireland—was the beginning of a new era in catering for tourists, Mr. J. A. Nugent, chairman of the Irish Tourist Board, said yesterday. He was presenting the board's cup for the best all-round performance during the preliminary term to Michael Dennehy, 18, of Blackrock, County Dublin.

First Prize Day At Shannon Hotel School

FIRST of its kind in Ireland, the Shannon Airport Hotel and Catering School celebrated another "first" on Saturday — Prize-giving Day. Having completed the first lap of a three-year course, seven of the 18 students were rewarded by Irish Tourist Board prizes.

Best all-round student was Mr. Michael Dennehy (18), of Blackrock, Co. Dublin, who was presented with a silver cup.

Miniature Cups and Technical Book Prizes were awarded to: Mrs. Iris Lipozy, Newmarket-on-Fergus, 2nd; Mr. P. O'Neill, Cork, 3rd; Miss E. Clifford, Tralee, 4th; Miss A. Lenihan, Hudson Bay Hotel, Athlone, 5th; Mr. M. Lee, Newport House, Newport, Co. Mayo, and Mr. J. Kearney, Carlisle Hotel, Dun Laoghaire.

The chairman of Clare Vocational Education Committee, Very Rev. P. Canon Vaughan, and Mr. E. O'Regan, Catering Comptroller, with the chairman of the Irish Tourist Board and Irish Hotels' Federation, Messrs. J. A. Nugent and A. L. Downes, and senior representatives of the Department of Education attended the ceremony.

Hotel Workers' Tests SUCCESS OF COURSE AT AIRPORT

THE course at Shannon Airport training school for hotel and restaurant workers is in the nature of a ^{practical} ~~theoretical~~ ^{University} ~~course~~ particularly from ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{University} ~~course~~ went abroad, and he hoped that this would not apply to the catering students. Irish hotels did not want a Continental complex, but the development of an individualistic character of Irish catering.

The following were the prize-winners:

- Mr. M. Dennehy (18), Blackrock, Co. Dublin (cup for outstanding student); Mrs. Iris Lipozy, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare; Mr. P. O'Neill, Cork; Miss Elizabeth Clifford, Tralee; Miss Ann Lenihan, Hudson Bay Hotel, Athlone; Mr. M. Lee, Newport House, Newport; Mr. J. Carney, Carlisle Hotel, Dun Laoghaire.

Choice for tourist caterers

MR. J. A. NUGENT, Chairman of the Irish Tourist Board, when presenting the I.T.B. prizes to students at the conclusion of the first term of the Irish catering school, which was opened at Shannon last year, said: "We can pat each other on the back and talk about our wonderful scenery, our excellent and abundant supplies of good steaks, etc., or we can go all out to capture an ever increasing share of the tourist trade. The first choice was short-sighted, because, while an influx of tourists might come this year and perhaps next year, when normal conditions again prevailed on the Continent, foreign competition would be resumed at full pressure. "We must, therefore, decide to plan ahead and ensure that visitors to this country cannot draw unfavourable comparisons with the amenities and services obtainable elsewhere," he said.

TOURISTS

The course at Shannon had been a success, but until the school was linked with those in other centres in a comprehensive training scheme for the whole country complete success would not be achieved.

Mr. A. L. Downes, Chairman of the Irish Hotels' Federation, said that the Irish hotels did not want a Continental complex, but the development of an individualistic character in Irish catering.

The I.T.B. Cup for the best all-round student went to Michael Dennehy (18), Blackrock, Co. Dublin; 2nd, Mrs. Iris Lipozy, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare; 3rd, Peter O'Neill, Cork; 4th, Miss Elizabeth Clifford, Tralee, Co. Kerry.

TRAFFIC OUTLOOK

"The reduction of the British foreign travel allowance and the abolition of travel restrictions between Britain and Ireland should greatly assist this year's tourist trade, and the capacity of the country to cater for the increase in the volume of traffic is certain to be taxed to its utmost."

This statement is made by Mr. I. Buckley, secretary, Cork Advisory Committee, Irish Tourist Association, in his report to be placed before next Thursday's annual meeting of that committee. "A large number of British people will be forced by circumstances at home," says the report, "to look to Ireland and our biggest problem will be to provide sufficient accommodation for them."

HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL AT AIRPORT "GREAT SUCCESS"

THE course here at the Shannon Airport Training School for hotel and restaurant workers is in the nature of an experiment, and the experiment has been an unqualified success," said Mr. J. A. Nugent, Chairman, Irish Tourist Board, when he presented prizes to the seven most successful students at the conclusion of the first year's course.

Referring to the students as "pioneers in a great cause," he added: "but until this school is linked with those in other centres into one comprehensive training scheme for the whole country, complete success will not be achieved. It will be the duty of my Board to ensure that this complete success will be realised."

Amongst those to whom Mr. Nugent presented prizes were 22 years old Mayo man Michael Lee and Miss Ann Lenihan. Educated at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, Michael is a son of Mrs. S. J. Lee, Riverside House, Newport, and the late Dr. Michael Lee, while Miss Lenihan's parents are proprietors of Athlone's Hudson Bay Hotel. The chief prize of the afternoon, however, went to 18 years old Dubliner, Mr. Michael Dennehy, of Blackrock, who had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Nugent the I.T.B. silver cup for the most outstanding student at the school. Other prizewinners were: Mrs. Iris Lipozy, Co. Clare; Mr. Peter O'Neill, County Cork; Miss Elizabeth Clifford, Co. Kerry, and Mr. John Kearney, Co. Dublin.

CHIEF ORGANISER

Mr. Brendan O'Regan, catering comptroller, Shannon, who was the chief organiser of the training scheme, presided at the function which was held in the Airport's conference room. In a brief address he paid tribute to the facilities afforded the school by the Department of Industry and Commerce, and the encouragement given by the I.T.B., Irish Hotels' Federation and the County Clare Vocational Committee. Every student, he added, had completed the course in a most thorough manner and there was very little to choose between the prizewinners and the others who sat for the end-of-the-year examination.

Tributes to school professors Dr. Feli de Parcher, Miss C. Kitson, D.Sc., 1; Messrs. A. N. Duff, A. Siefert, W. Ryan and Senator V. McHugh, who gave lectures to the students, were paid by Very Rev. P. Canon Vaughan, P.P., Quin, Co. Clare, Chairman, Clare Vocational Committee, and Mr. K. Jennings, C.E.O., Clare.

Other speakers were Mr. A. L. Downes, Chairman, Irish Hotels' Federation; Mr. J. B. O'Flanagan, Department of Education, and Dr. W. Flynn, M.O., Shannon.

Sixteen of the eighteen students who completed the first year's course will return to the airport next month, and a second course for beginners will commence early in October.

My first 15 minutes of fame

Presentation of Diploma for first year students

December 12th 1955

from left to right

Myself; Dr de Parcher (Principal, Hotel School), V. Newgent (Chairman, Irish Tourist Board), Brendan O'Regan (Catering Controller, Shannon Airport)



Chapter 2

Shannon Airport Hotel Management School

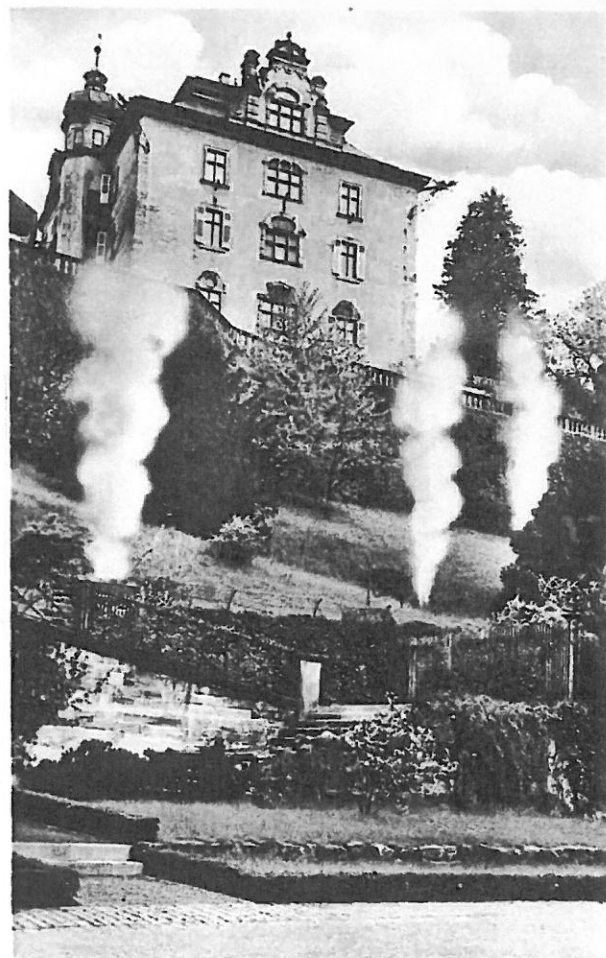
This opened its door for its first input of 18 students, 10 males and 8 females. We were the favourite few destined to lead the Irish Hotel Industry into the future and make hotel management a profession rather than an art. I don't know what strings my guardians pulled to get me a place, it could have been my academic qualifications, my period in the Jury's hotel or my interview, but I started my first co-education in September 1951.

This consisted of one year of theoretical studies after which we had an examination, one year of experience of practical work abroad and then returning for a third year back to the airport for further experience in different departments until they farmed us out to various posts around the country in Assistant Managerial positions. My journal is fairly well documented during this period so I won't bore you with long dissertations, suffice to say that I achieved my first 15 minutes of fame when I got first place in the class and justified in the eyes of my guardians that my decision was the correct one. You will also see documentation relating to the 25th, the 40th and 50th anniversaries of the founding of the school which were just social events and speechifying. However, the most interesting part of those years for me was the year I spent in Germany in the Kurhaus in Baden Baden. This was one of the major gambling casinos in the world in its heyday and it was from here that the one in Monte Carlo was founded. The overall control was in the hands of Baron von Richtoven (a descendant of the famous Red Baron of WW1 fame). He was a gentleman of the first order, but regrettably as one went down the line the Catering Manager was a Nazi bastard.



Uniform Blazer Badge of Hotel School

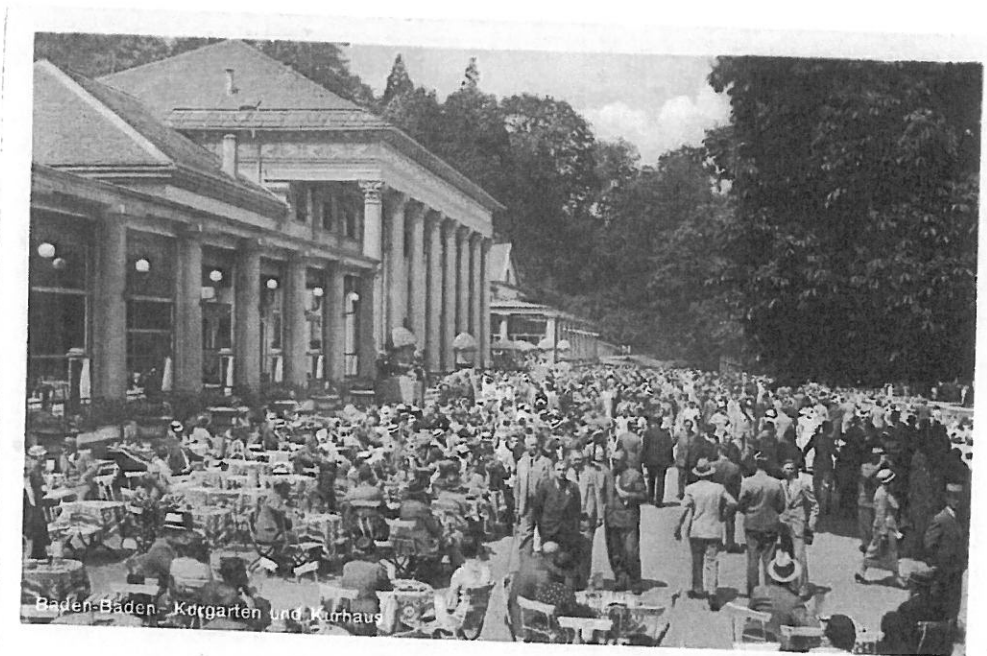
BADEN – BADEN GERMANY 1953 – 1954



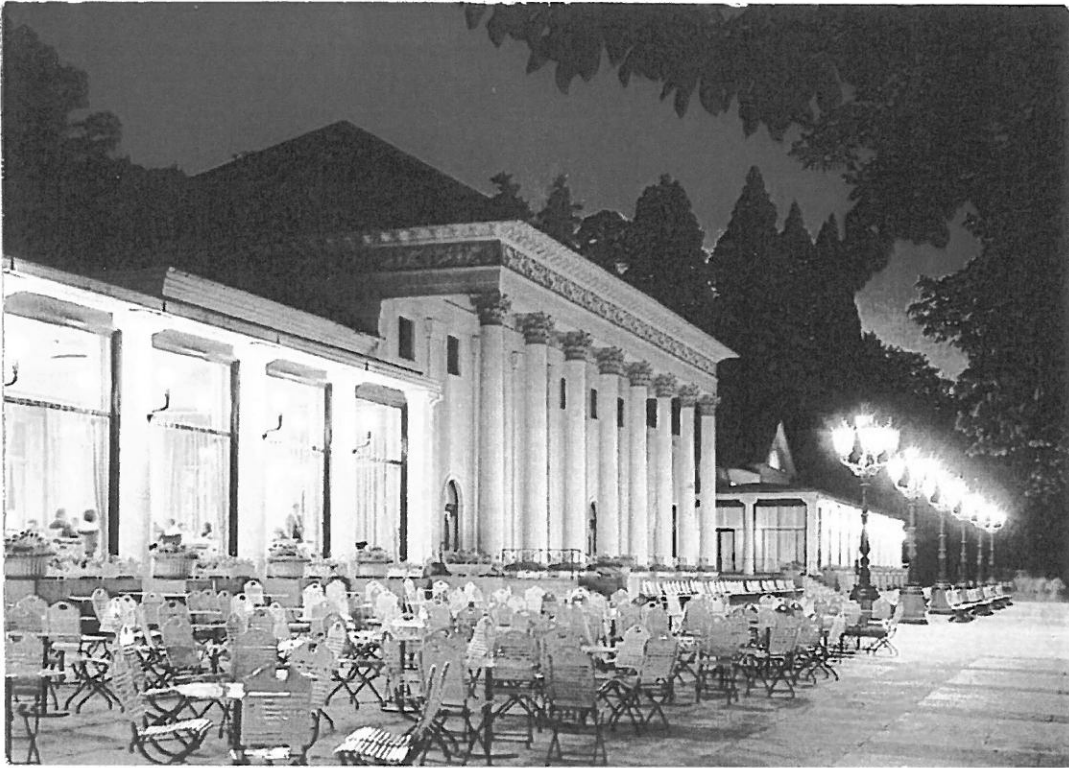


Top: Louis XIV salon in the Casino

Bottom: Pre war patrons and strollers in the Kur Garden



Baden-Baden - Kurgarten und Kurhaus



Top: the Casino and Kur Garden on its post war re opening.



Left: Bruno and I on an afternoon tea shift when we feed the hungry masses with cream cakes and the orchestra gives forth a diet of popular and classical music.



Above: the two ladies who committed suicide, left and centre.

Below: Staff Christmas party 1953



Extract from a Journal of By – Gone Years

Chapter 3: Baden Baden Germany 1953 / 4

After one year of theoretical studies in the hotel school, our 2nd year was to be spent in practical work undertaken in a foreign country and most of us decamped in late August 1953 to Germany and Switzerland. Gerry Dallaghan and I were destined for the Kurhaus Gastatten in Baden-Baden. He was to spend his year in the kitchens of that renowned establishment and I in the dining room, as I already had a year's practical experience of kitchens in the Old Jury's Hotel in Dane Street, Dublin.

The first leg of our journey took us by train and boat to Cologne, where we disembarked at 0200 hrs, to await the train to Karlsruhe which was due to leave at 0600hrs. Like all major railway stations built in the 19th C, it was in its day a magnificent structure with its dome of iron and glass panes. With the advent of WW2 and the bombing raids, the girders of the roof structure were in the main twisted and bent and not one pane of glass was intact. The night was pitch black and intensely cold. We had 4 hours to wait. Today at airports and major termini, one has a 24 hour service of eateries and bookstalls, but back then we could neither find a living soul, nor any buffet or bar. We wandered out of the station to explore, but for at least a ½ mile around, the ground was flattened and not a structure or a light was to be seen. So we just shivered and sat on the cold concrete until the early dawn brought on the arrival of our train to Karlsruhe. There, the devastation was similar. We had to disembark and wait for a local train to take us to Baden – Oos and hence to Baden Baden. There were piles of rubble on every street piled up to 6 feet high, between the footpaths and the street with openings placed at various points so that one could cross over. This was 8 years after the war, but Baden-Baden was a paradise compared to what we had already experienced. Apparently by the time the raids on Germany had begun, the Allies were confident that in time they would win the war and the occupation of the country would require secure bases and Baden-Baden with its host of hotels and guest houses would be one of them and ergo no bombs fell there. The year before we arrived the casino and restaurant had been passed over to the civilian authorities along with most of the hotels and so it was business as usual.

Our C.E.O. was the Baron von Richtoven, son of the famous air ace of WW1 and a gentleman of the old school. Not so our Catering Manager, one Günter Siegurt, may his name be cursed forever, for in my opinion he took prime

responsibility for the premature deaths of 3 people and nearly ended our future careers, of which I shall now enumerate.

Although we had been taught German and French as part of the curriculum, it was mainly grammatical and our use of the vernacular (spoken word) was not good. I was put to menial tasks such as sorting out linen and vacuuming etc. Whilst in the process of sorting and counting the napkins and table cloths into various sizes, I heard someone beside me shouting. On turning around I saw this fat man gesticulating, which I presumed must be at me as there was no one else about. He then walked past me up the stairs. About 15 minutes later the head waiter, one Kurt Jurgens, came and asked me in excellent English why I had been disrespectful to the Herr Director. He explained that in his country when one caught sight of the Her Director, one stopped what one was doing, stood to attention heels together, hands by one's side, then said 'Guttental Herr Director' and then gave him a court bow. I was numbed with shock, thinking what I had got myself into with these weird rituals, was the Heil Hitler and salute to be the next thing? By now I had seen a lot of the war films; the Nazis, the concentration camps etc. but the winning of the war had not got rid of all this and what the heck was the next year going to bring.

The strategy I adopted to get over this was to play the Irish fool. When he used to pass by, back of house, as these rituals were never played out in front of customers, as he passed through to the kitchen, every member of staff would stop what they were doing and commence the clicking of heels routine. When it came to my turn I would bow from the waist, smile, and give him a cheery greeting and a military salute. He would glance at me, grunt, and pass on, after which I would wink at my colleagues, just to let them know that although I could play the fool I was not one. I know they all enjoyed the charade because no one gave the game away. They were not all brainwashed as I discovered later when we had our own version of 'Krystal Nacht'. This may be the reason why they asked me to join them on holiday.

Events came to a head 6 months into our contract. Gerry Dallaghan, who roomed with me, was in the town during a free period. Gerry, when he walked, had a loping gait, one hand in his pocket and the other swinging. Walking towards him, although Gerry was not aware of this at the time, was our fat friend G.S. and his mistress, and when Gerry and himself passed by one another Gerry's hand was pulled from his pocket with some guttural sounds before passing on. The next day on his return to work, the chef pointed to a notice pinned to the board which read, 'G. Dallaghan for rudeness and insubordination will peel potatoes for a week and do no other duties'. With that, both of us went to the head of the Chamber of Commerce and told him that we were going to return to Ireland. It was an emotive reaction on our part, not realising the implications of the strain it would have put on the formative exchange programme and also our own careers. It would have been construed that at the first sign of trouble we had run away etc. In any event, our bluff, if

that was what it was, worked. The notice was withdrawn and life continued as normal but not quite.

There was an old lady in charge of the still room. One afternoon while in the process of entertaining some clients, our Herr Director ordered Café Haag. The incorrect brand was sent out; our Herr D. stormed in and instantly dismissed the stillroom lady. She was old and in the climate of those days, no chance of getting another position. She hung herself that evening.

In those days dishwashing was done by hand. Labour was cheaper than capital expenditure on a machine. A young girl, who worked there, had been promised promotion to the stillroom should such a vacancy occur and now it would appear that such a vacancy had occurred. However, the job was given to somebody else and on the following day she gassed herself and her 3 year old daughter.

This was not the only death that occurred in that bewitched place. We had a French boy who was on an exchange basis in the restaurant. He had poor social skills, kept to himself and we all regarded him as a little odd. Bruno, the Italian exchange, was completely different, an extrovert and very much a ladies' man. My German colleagues, the commis waiters, did not like the English, Italians and French, so those two came in for a lot of ribbing. As I was Irish, I escaped their scorn and leg pulling. In any event I was on early duty one cold frosty January morning and as I came in through the goods backyard entrance a police car screeched in alongside me. There was our French student sprawled half on the flower bed and the other half on the concrete and large quantities of blood pooled and frozen. I was hustled away by the police, but even to this day more that 60 years after, whenever I see a long narrow flower bed beside a tall concrete wall that memory flashes into my mind.

The colleagues of whom I write, commis waiters, about 10 or 12 of them and about my own age, had all been in the Hitler Youth and feared neither God nor man. Their bravura helped to change the system of payments and rewards. There was a service charge on all bills.

At month's end, a stock take took place of crockery, cutlery, glassware etc and losses were replaced by payments from this fund. Every Monday morning the station waiters gave the head waiter folding money cash envelopes and the top payers got the best stations or groups of tables on the window side of the room overlooking the gardens and the bowl, where the orchestra played. They of course got all the best customers.

Each station waiter, had 4 tables and 2 assistants, i.e. commis grade 1 and 2. I was one of the bottom grades, which was in effect the equivalent of a bus boy, until my proficiency in languages became apparent, at which time I got promotion.

We also had a large function facility which could seat 800 – 1000 with ancillary backup. One of these was large glass pantry storage capable of holding up to

2,000 glasses, most of which were long stemmed, crystal cut Hock and Moselle type. There had been grumblings for some time among the lower echelons. The 'spuggen' as it was called, i.e. bribes to the head waiter, was increasing and the cash tips by the waiters to their underlings were getting smaller, so that one day a group of 'the boys' smashed every single glass in the pantry. The Gestapo police were called in and we were all interrogated and even though I had witnessed the whole thing I kept stum like the three monkeys. It had the desired effect as our wages did increase from then on and no one was charged with the offence.

Food and hours of work did not improve though. We worked a 60 hour, 6 day week and lunch and dinner remained the same, boiled potatoes, sauerkraut and a 2 inch length of sausage. Our evening uniform was a hard white shirt, white bow tie and tails. A trick we were told early on was to line the pockets of the tails with plastic so that stolen food could be placed there. Cold meats of various kinds were very much in vogue and as I carried out trays of the stuff to the dining room a slice here and there was not missed as it was deftly transferred into a back tail pocket. Gerry, who was in the kitchen, was a life saver. On the evening before our day off, he would gather slices of meat in his hard chef's hat and then out of the kitchen to change. We would buy crusty bread and some butter and spend the morning in bed wolfing down those beautiful sannies.

The position of a waiter in Germany is far more socially acceptable than it is in our islands. The 'commis' had to serve for 5 years before he graduated as a waiter and was called Herr Ober. Our head waiter would be regarded as a member of the 'petite bourgeoisie'.

One of the younger waiters whom I served under when I graduated to 1st commis was, during the war, a photographer with the Wermacht and had served in Stalingrad. Some of the stories he told me were horrific, viz: to sleep at night one had to lie on top of 4 corpses, for if one had to lie on the ground one would be frozen by morning. He was captured at Stalingrad and spent 5 years as a prisoner in a Russian gulag. He also showed me a photo of our reverend Herr Director, taken before the war when he was General Manager of a hotel in the Black Forest. In this photo he was in the centre of a group of about 20 men in military uniform. One I recognised was Bormann and another was Himmler. The rest I could not identify but there were plenty of Iron crosses dangling from necks.

Our head waiter, Kurt Jurgens, once took me into his confidences and told me his war story; "In WW1 I was a POW and every day I had to go out and collect frogs for the British officers, as frogs 'legs were a delicacy. In WW2 I was an assistant to the Commandant of a POW camp and I made the British officers go out and collect frogs for me, even though I did not eat them." It is not given to many to extract sweet revenge and pyrrhic justice of this kind. During my time at the Kurhaus he was about 55 years old, spoke fluent English and French, a very genial person even if he was somewhat venal with his granting of the



Top Left: A cheery wave to some Swiss conscripts
Top Right: Annual holiday with some colleagues
July 1954
Centre: We travel south over the Gothard Pass
and return via the Grunsel
Below left: Posing in Allassio



Lake Lucerne, Switzerland



Riveria
US navy ship in the background



Enjoying a day on the beach

stations in the restaurant. He gave me the photo of himself that you see here and I kept in touch with him for a couple of years after I left by way of Christmas cards, but as time went by we became as ships that passed in the night.

Our big night out came on the day of our monthly pay check. A brother of one of the waiters had been a pilot of a Junkers 80, had his arm shot off by a Spitfire pilot and was now manager of our local night club, so we got ringside seats for a meal, bottle of wine and the floor show. At 3am, when the club closed, off we went to the town swimming pool, climbed over the fence and skinny dipped for an hour or two, then off to breakfast and back to work. Days of youth now gone forever!

For my last 3 months I was promoted to be in charge of the Weinstube, a type of bistro. A mixed blessing as we had to stay open for as long as there were customers in the casino, which could be into the early hours. The main restaurant closed at 10pm. Our main late night customers were usually US army boys, down from their base at Frankfurt-am-Mein. They would have lost all their money at the tables and had nothing left but army script, which the Germans were forbidden to change and so they were directed to me. As may be expected, I accumulated a considerable amount at a very fair rate of exchange, with a view to going up to the Frankfurt P.X. and buying cartons of cigarettes which would turn a pretty penny when sold to the locals. I could do this as I also had a US soldier's ID card, which some young grunt had left behind after a brawl. I was all set to go up to go when word reached me that all US military were confined to camp for 3 days and all script replaced with another variety. It was a worthwhile but hard learned lesson, for I never again speculated in monetary matters, stocks and shares or bonds and I had to wire home for survival money.

My most embarrassing moment came 2 days before we left to go home. There was a large important function to be catered for. About 300 guests and I must have impressed our superiors as I was given the job of serving the wine to the top table of 20 persons. The function was hosted by some wealthy industrialists and Konrad Adenauer, the then Chancellor, was guest of honour. As was the service custom in those days, one laid and then cleared the white wine glasses before laying down and serving the reds. By this time all the good glasses had been replaced as a result of our mini 'Krystal Nacht' and we had the very best for this important occasion, long stemmed, cut glass, lead crystal. It was also the service custom to carry our trays with the left hand, level with the left shoulder and supported with all fingers and wrist, not held by the flat of the hand. It was a difficult manoeuvre, but by this time we had all got used to doing it. In collecting the glasses from the table, one had to balance the tray with the left hand, reach forward with the right between the seated guests and you knew

that if one of them was whispering in the other's ear then your arm would be blocked. One was not allowed to speak to the guests, the best you could do was give a discreet cough and that would be enough to separate them.

Dear reader, try this manoeuvre next time you host a dinner party!

Anyway all was accomplished, the red wine glasses cleared and on my way back to the kitchen when I tripped and the lot came crashing down and I was flat on my front. All conversation ceased in the room, I was hustled to my feet and shoved into the kitchen and told not to appear again in the room. It is said that one is remembered by the first and last days of one's employment, so I did not cover myself in glory but I did get a fair written reference. I was told later that Adenauer asked the host who I was and when the response was given that I was an Irish exchange student the host offered to pay for the broken glasses and the head waiter was to add the cost of the broken glasses to the bill.

The only celebs I encountered during my stay were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. They sat in the next station to mine, so I cannot claim to have served them. In my letter home I described them as having faces like wrinkled prunes and were non communicative to one another.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BADEN-BADEN

This confirms that Michael Dennehy was employed in the Kurhaus, Baden-Baden from 24/08/1953 to 31/08/1954 during the international exchange of professionals in the hotel and restaurant business.

During this time, he learnt everything about the work in the restaurant, valuable knowledge and preparation for the profession of waiter, so that eventually he could be installed as Commis de Rang.

As confirmation of his skill and knowledge, he has taken the examination of the Chamber of Commerce in accordance with the Hotel and Restaurant Industry Exam Board. He passed this with very good results. His knowledge of German is very good.

Testimonial

Mr Michael Dennehy, born 30/09/1932 in Dublin was employed in our business as a Commis de Rang from 24/08/1953 to 31/08/1954 during a German – Irish exchange.

We got to know him as a conscientious and strong character. He was always industrious, tidy and honest in the execution of work assigned to him and during his time with us acquired further knowledge.

We should not like to leave unmentioned his exceptional industry and ambition, as well as his progress in learning the German language.

Mr Dennehy leaves our business today and we wish him well for the future.

Industrie- und Handelskammer Baden-Baden

Fernsprecher
61159 und 61179

Besuchszeit:
8-12 Uhr

Bankkonten:
Südd. Bank AG., Filiale Baden-Baden Nr. 17668
Rhein-Main-Bank AG., Filiale Baden-Baden Nr. 9006
Städtische Sparkasse Baden-Baden Nr. 3118
Volksbank Baden-Baden Nr. 3126

Postscheckkonto:
Karlsruhe Nr. 64810

Industrie- und Handelskammer Baden-Baden

Ihre Zeichen

Ihr Schreiben vom

Unsere Zeichen

Baden-Baden, den 30.8.1954
Stefanienstraße 14

Betr.:

B e s t ä t i g u n g

Die Industrie- und Handelskammer Baden-Baden bestätigt

Herrn Michael D e n n e h e y, geb. 30.9.1932 in Dublin,

dass er im Zuge des internationalen Austauschs von Fachkräften im Hotel- und Gaststättengewerbe vom 24. 8. 1953 bis 31. 8. 1954 im Kurhaus Baden-Baden, tätig war.

Während dieser Zeit hat sich Herr Dennehey in allen, im Restaurationsbetrieb vorkommenden Arbeiten, wertvolle Kenntnisse und Fertigkeiten für den Beruf des Kellners angeeignet, so dass er zuletzt als Commis de rang eingesetzt werden konnte.

Herr Dennehey hat sich zur Feststellung seiner Fertigkeiten und Kenntnisse einer Prüfung vor der unterzeichneten Kammer unterzogen, die gemäss den Bestimmungen der Prüfungsordnung für die Fachkräfte des Hotel- und Gaststättengewerbes durchgeführt wurde. Die Prüfung hat der Obengenannte mit sehr gutem Erfolg bestanden. Seine Kenntnisse der deutschen Sprache sind s e h r g u t .

Industrie- und Handelskammer Baden-Baden

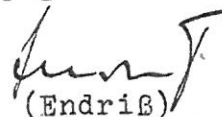
Der Präsident:



(Becker)



Der Hauptgeschäftsführer:



(Endriß)

KURHAUS - GASTSTÄTTEN G.M.B.H.
BADEN · BADEN

Direktion

Z e u g n i s

Herr Michael D e n n e h y , geboren am 30.9.32 in Dublin, war im deutsch-irländischen Austausch vom 24.8.1953 bis 31.8.1954 in unserem Betrieb als Commis de rang beschäftigt.

Wir haben Herrn Dennehy als einen gewissenhaften und charakterfesten Menschen kennen gelernt. Herr Dennehy war jederzeit fleißig, ordentlich und ehrlich in der Ausführung aller ihm übertragenen Arbeiten und hat sich in seinem Beruf bei uns weitere gute Kenntnisse angeeignet.

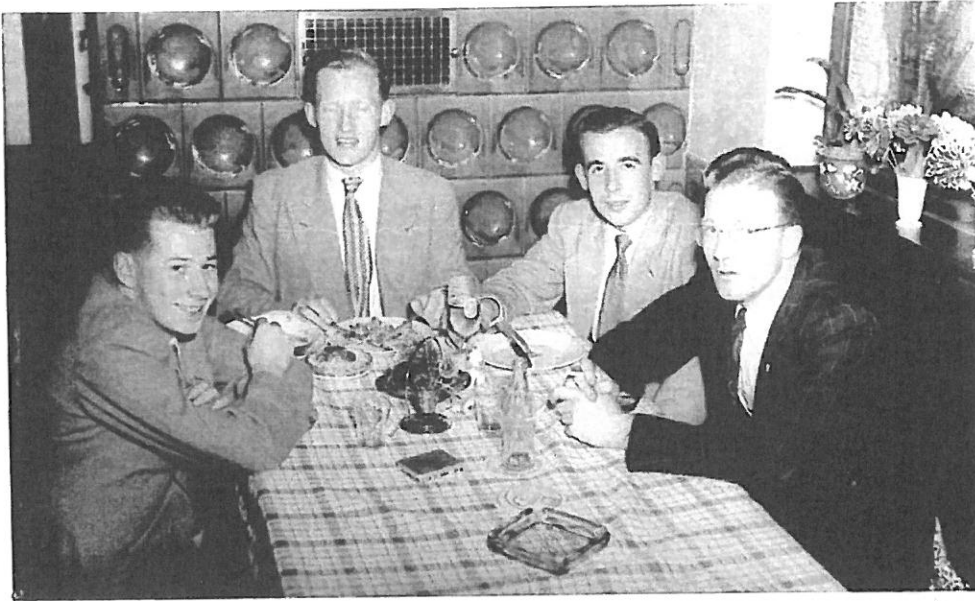
Nicht unerwähnt möchten wir seinen außerordentlichen Fleiß und Ergeiz sowie die Fortschritte beim Erlernen der deutschen Sprache lassen.

Herr Dennehy scheidet mit Heutigem aus unserem Betrieb aus und wünschen wir ihm für die Zukunft alles Gute.

Baden-Baden, den 31.8.1954

Kurhaus-Gaststätten G.m.b.H.
Direktion: Günter Siegest
Baden-Baden
[Signature]

And the Aftermath



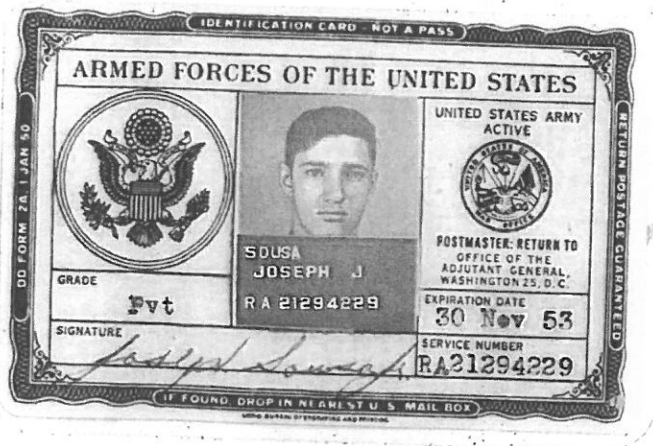
The photo shows myself and from left; Gerry Dallaghan, John Carney and Michael Lee, taken at the restaurant Zum Hirsh in the early hours, to celebrate our last night of a year's practical experience in Germany. I was not to know at that time that the four of us would never again sit together.

The following day, Gerry, John and Mike travelled north on their way home and I went south with Bruno, whose parents had a hotel in Allasio, Italy, where I worked for the next 5 weeks until the end of the season. As I remember the work was not very onerous and we seemed to spend most of our time driving around the town squares on Vesper scooters, trying in vain to entice girls to jump behind as pillion riders.

John was son and heir to the Carney Arms hotel in Dunleary, Co. Dublin. On his return home he acquired a car and in the early hours of one morning, he came to a T junction in the road and instead of turning left or right he went straight on into a stone wall. I visited him in hospital and he was bandaged like a mummy and was confident he would be up and about very shortly. Unfortunately, when they took away the bandages, one of his unhealed broken ribs pierced an artery and he died.

Michael Lee married Una, a 2nd year student and they opened a hotel in the west of Ireland, but before I returned from the United States he died of a heart attack. Apparently he had suffered from scarlet fever as a child.

When my sojourn in Italy was ended I took a slow boat down the Rhine. Every night it moored at some village which had a wine festival. On board I came across 2 vixen sisters, who took me in hand. Before we breasted the Loreley, these 'Siren Sisters' blindfolded me and I had to guess the name of the sister I



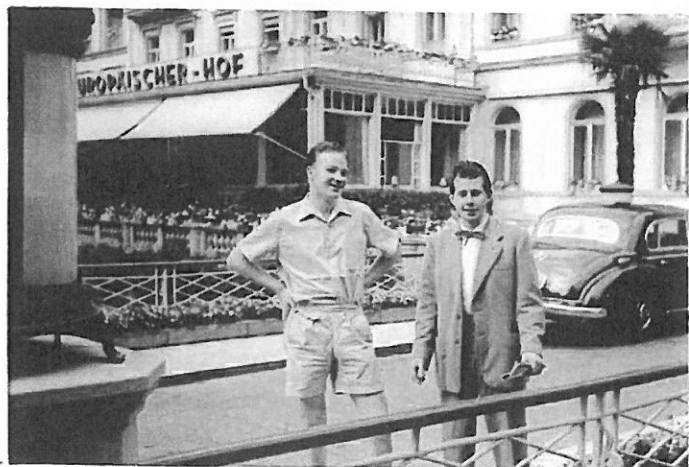
My passport to wheeling dealing road to riches



Before leaving, the head waiter, Kurt Jurgens, gave me this photo from his military days. On the back he wrote, 'kind regards and as a memory of me'. At the same time he told me the frog story. No doubt in my mind he retired a wealthy man.



Never did get a Fraulein sweetheart in the years I was there – how could one, with a 6 day, 60 hour week. My consolation prize was to learn how to ski.



With Michael Lee, outside the hotel where he had the position of floor waiter.

kissed. Lots of trial and error! But it was just a mere flirtation but at least it ended my lack of romance.

Back at Shannon airport, I went to work in the Duty Free Bond, helping Mike Nolan our manager to wrap up and post Beleek china and Waterford glass to customers in the US. In those early days of Duty Free, only spirits and cigarettes were taken on board by the PAX. Anything else was posted on. On one journey home, when I mentioned to my guardian the high breakage rates of china and glass, she suggested a practice whereby each item would be wrapped in a sheet of newspaper, wetted and allowed to dry and it would form a protective shield. This reduced breakages by 80% as against the straw previously used.

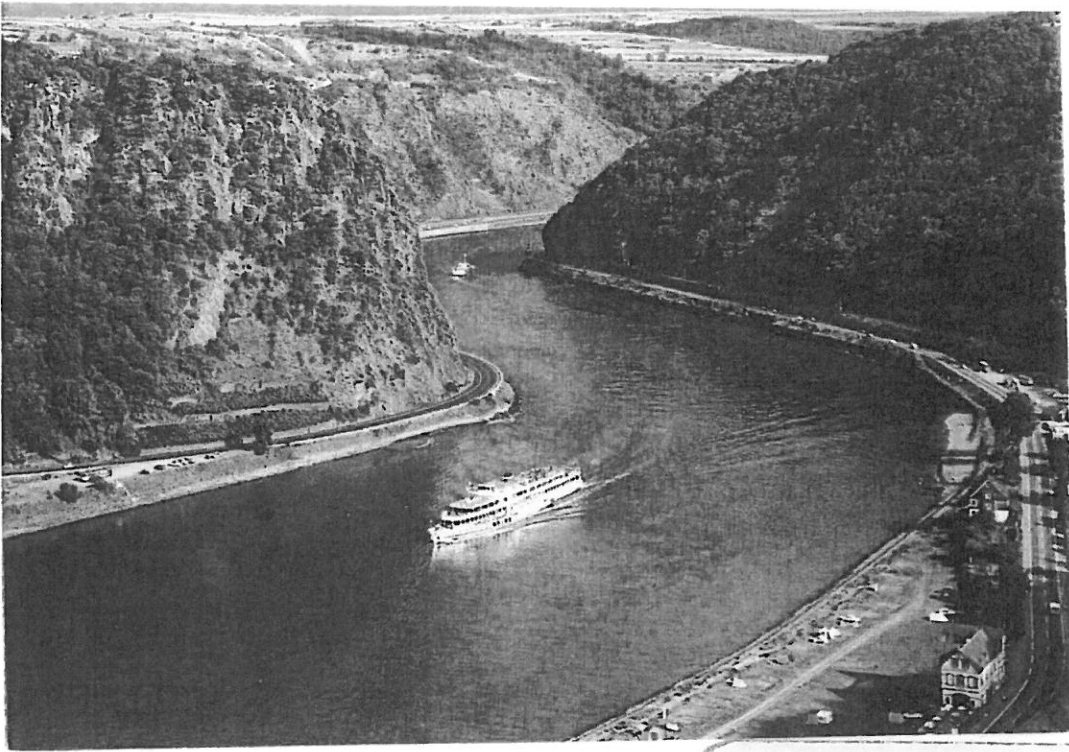
I got no reward for this, but Mike did not forget and when I came to New York in late 1956, he invited me to his luxury apartment overlooking Central Park. By then he had left Shannon, emigrated and made a lot of dollars by importing Rhesus monkeys for medical experiments.

Those were the days long before Health and Safety, Employee of the Month awards and such fripperies as Directors of Human Relations.

At this time it had always been my intention to become a hotel manager in the international field. To achieve this I would have had to expand my languages, i.e. French and Spanish, so I arranged to work in a hotel in Hendaye, on the French / Spanish border. Before this could be put into practice I met a young lady, fell in love, etc and got married. I gave my place to Gerry Dallaghan, who in time became an international hotelier and did time in Africa and the Far East. I met Gerry again in Lourdes on my honeymoon, (my beloved was named Bernadette after young Suberosus). Gerry, after spending the day with us, went back to Hendaye and we flew to New York.

I must at this stage express my thanks to Brendan O'Regan and the Shannon Hotel School for without them I would not have had the adventures I had. I must also mention one Jimmy Kelly who during the early years of the 1950's was a waiter. But O'Regan saw him as someone with great promise and sent him on a foreign exchange. I was able to attend the 25th and 40th anniversaries of the hotel school and caught up with Gerry and Jimmy who were there. I missed the 50th as I was leading a group of 20 people on a tour of South Africa at the time. Strange as it may seem, all three of us ended our careers managing duty free shops.

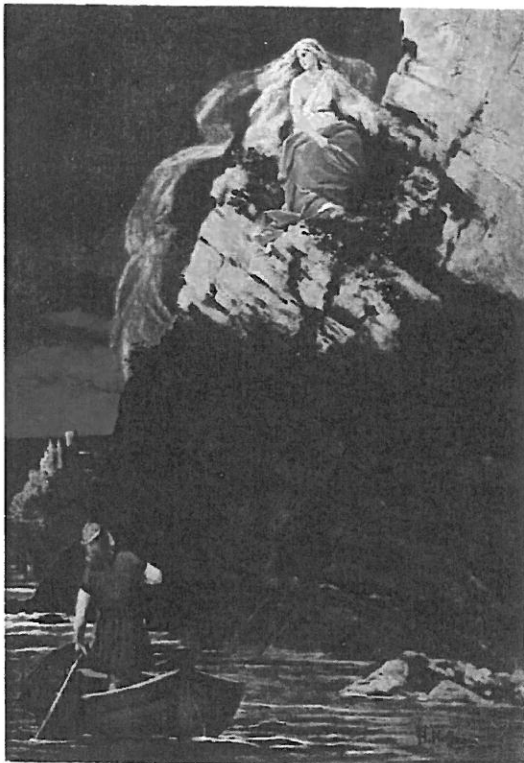
The only time I returned to Baden-Baden was in 1980. The occasion was a visit with my second wife to her cousin, Gillian, married to Jack Moate and both were residing in Germany. We spent a day exploring Baden-Baden and I lunched them at the Kurhaus. I spoke to several of the staff, but no one remembered any of the characters of my day – not even our hated Ober Sturmbahn Fuehrer. The day turned out for me to be somewhat anticlimactic.



Top: Voyaging down the Rhine

Middle: The Siren Sisters

Bottom: The Loreley



Die Loreley

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
 Daß ich so traurig bin,
 Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,
 Das geht mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
 Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
 Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
 Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
 Dort oben wunderbar,
 Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blühet,
 Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.
 Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kämme
 Und singt ein Lied dabei.
 Das hat eine wundersame,
 Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
 Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
 Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
 Die Loreley getan.

Heinrich Heine

Príomhann Aerport
na Sianna
SHANNON AIRPORT RESTAURANT

HOTEL SCHOOL

Rinn Eanáig, Co. An Cláir, Éire.
RINEANNA, CO. CLARE, IRELAND.

Suícán Aerport na Sianna 27.
PHONE: SHANNON AIRPORT 27.

20th September, 1951.

Dear Mr. Dennehy,

I know you will be glad to hear that Michael is proving himself a satisfactory pupil of the Hotel Training Course, two months of which have now been completed. He continues to show himself interested and enthusiastic and his conduct is good in every way. I feel he shall do well if he perseveres similarly in gaining the subsequent practical experience, a considerable amount of which is, of course, essential before hotel management status can be attained.

Up to the present, as you know, the course has consisted of classes in French and German, and the theory of Administration, Service and Kitchen. As from tomorrow in addition to these classes, two days each week, Friday and Saturday, will be allocated to practical work, in the Airport's Bars, Kitchens and Dining-rooms etc. In this way pupils will be given, in the first year, a limited practical experience of all the chief phases of catering.

The course will continue until July 16, 1952, after which date, it is hoped, all successful pupils will be enabled to obtain regular practical experience as paid employees, here, or in some other first-class establishment. After one year of such practical experience, negotiations will be entered into with continental hotels to arrange exchange posts for those who are interested in going abroad for a period of six months or one year.

As you will have noted from the prospectus the fee for the full year's course amounts to £100, plus a charge of £5 for books and uniform. Because the expenses connected with operating the course are proving very considerable we should appreciate receiving this amount (£105) from you at as early a date as convenient.

Yours sincerely,

SHANNON AIRPORT.

Dennehy
CATERING COMPTROLLER.

SHANNON AIRPORT HOTEL SCHOOL,
RINEANNA,
COUNTY CLARE.

21st July, 1955.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that Mr. Michael Dennehy was a student in Shannon Airport Hotel School for two years, and he completed the full course. During this period he received Theoretical and Practical training in the three main branches of Catering:-

CULINARY: Nutrition, Dietetics, Quantity Cooking, Menu Planning and Costing, Kitchen Management and Hygiene, Control and purchase of Merchandise.

ADMINISTRATION:

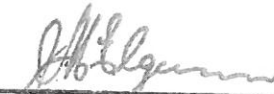
Hotel and Restaurant Accountancy, Food, Beverage and Equipment Controls, Financial and General Administration, French and German.

SERVICE: Principles of Waiting, Diningroom Service, service of Wines and Beverages.

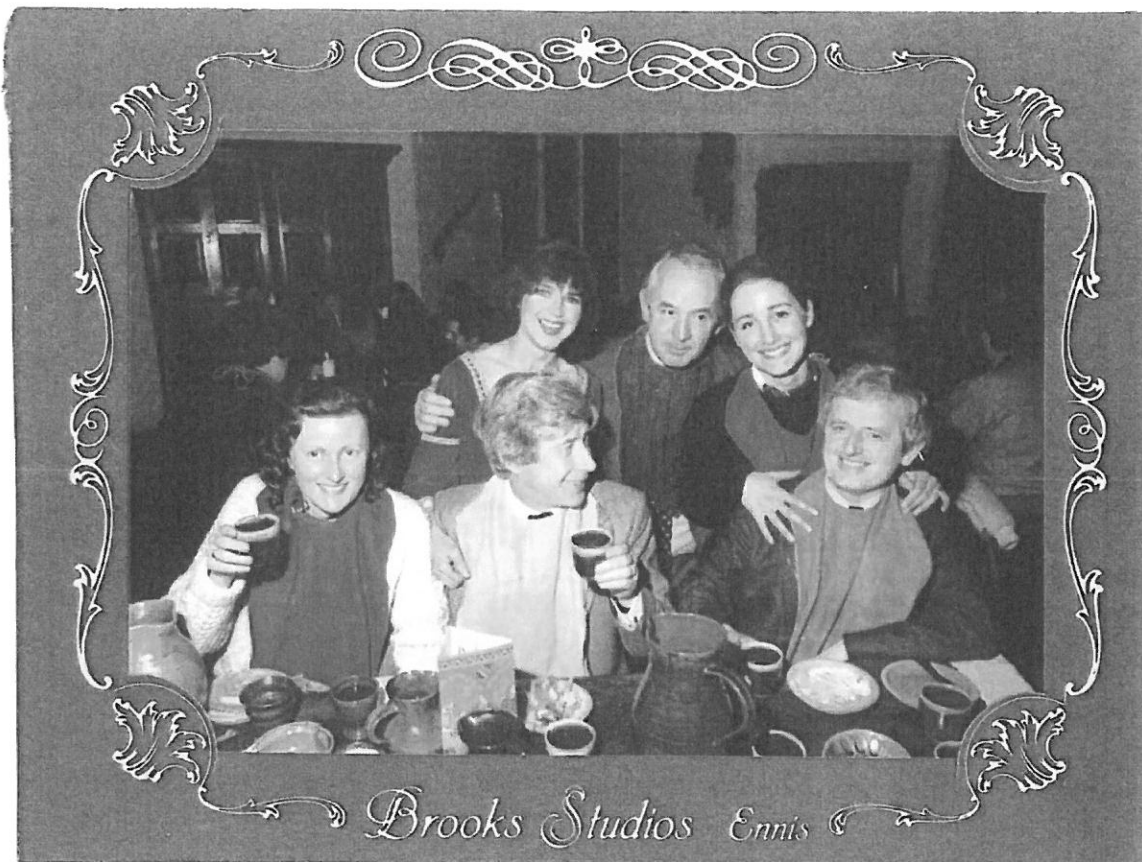
He obtained practical experience through being employed two days each week, and for two complete summer periods in various departments of the Catering Division at Shannon Airport. We found him conscientious, honest and reliable, his conduct and deportment were excellent, and he proved a most satisfactory student.

On the completion of this two years' Course, an exchange post was arranged for him in the Kurhaus, Gaststatten, G.M.B.H., Baden-Baden, Germany, where he was employed for one year from the 24th August, 1953 to the 1st September, 1954. During this period he served for seven months as Commis de Rang, and five months as Demi Chef. At the end of this period he sat for an examination sponsored by the German Department of Industry and Commerce, and was successful. He returned to Shannon on the 4th November, 1954 where he gained further practical experience as Assistant to the executives in the Catering Department, Accounts' Department, and Mail Order Department. He left our employment on the 18th February, 1955, to take up a position as Assistant to Mr. Ryan, Grand Hotel, Tramore, Waterford.

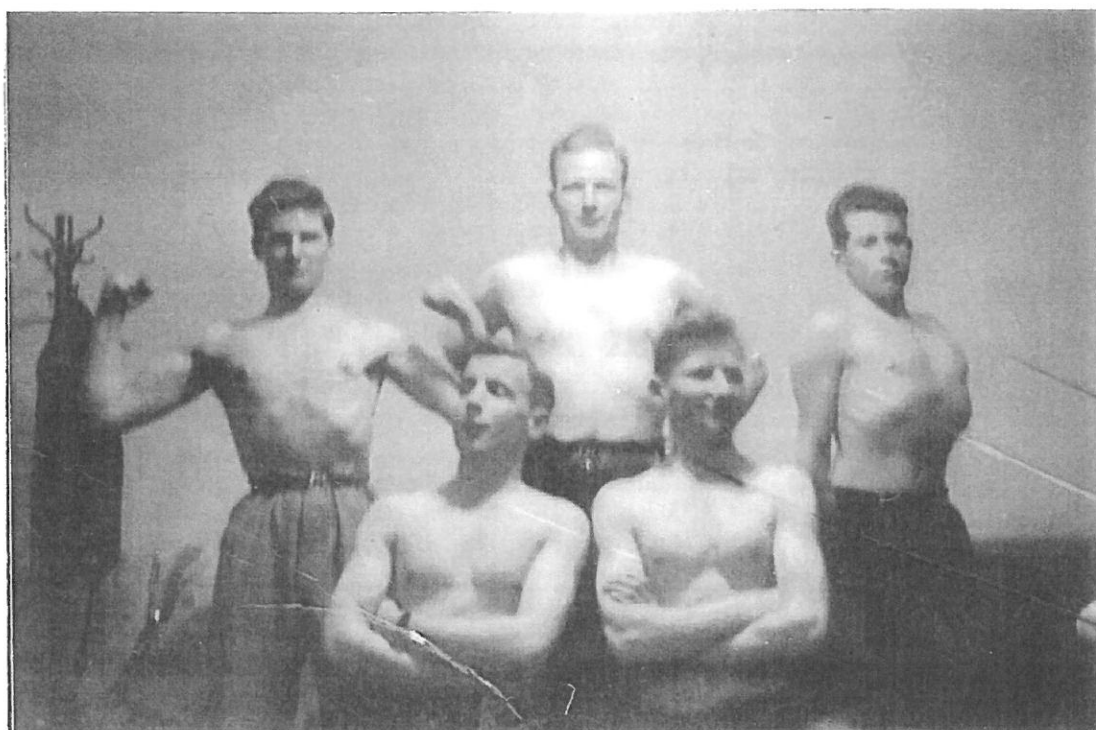
We have pleasure in recommending him to prospective employers, and will be glad to furnish any further particulars regarding Mr. Michael Dennehy, which may be required.



J. M. McElernan.



A Celebration Night Out at Bunratty Castle



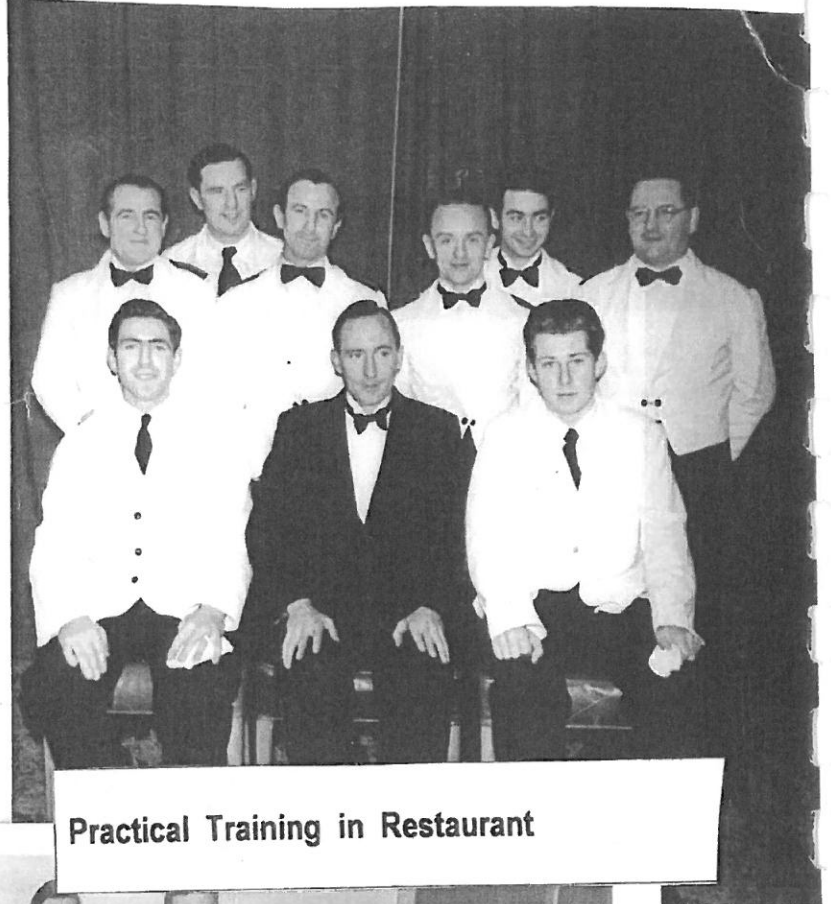
I started up a fitness class and gained myself the nickname of 'Muscles'





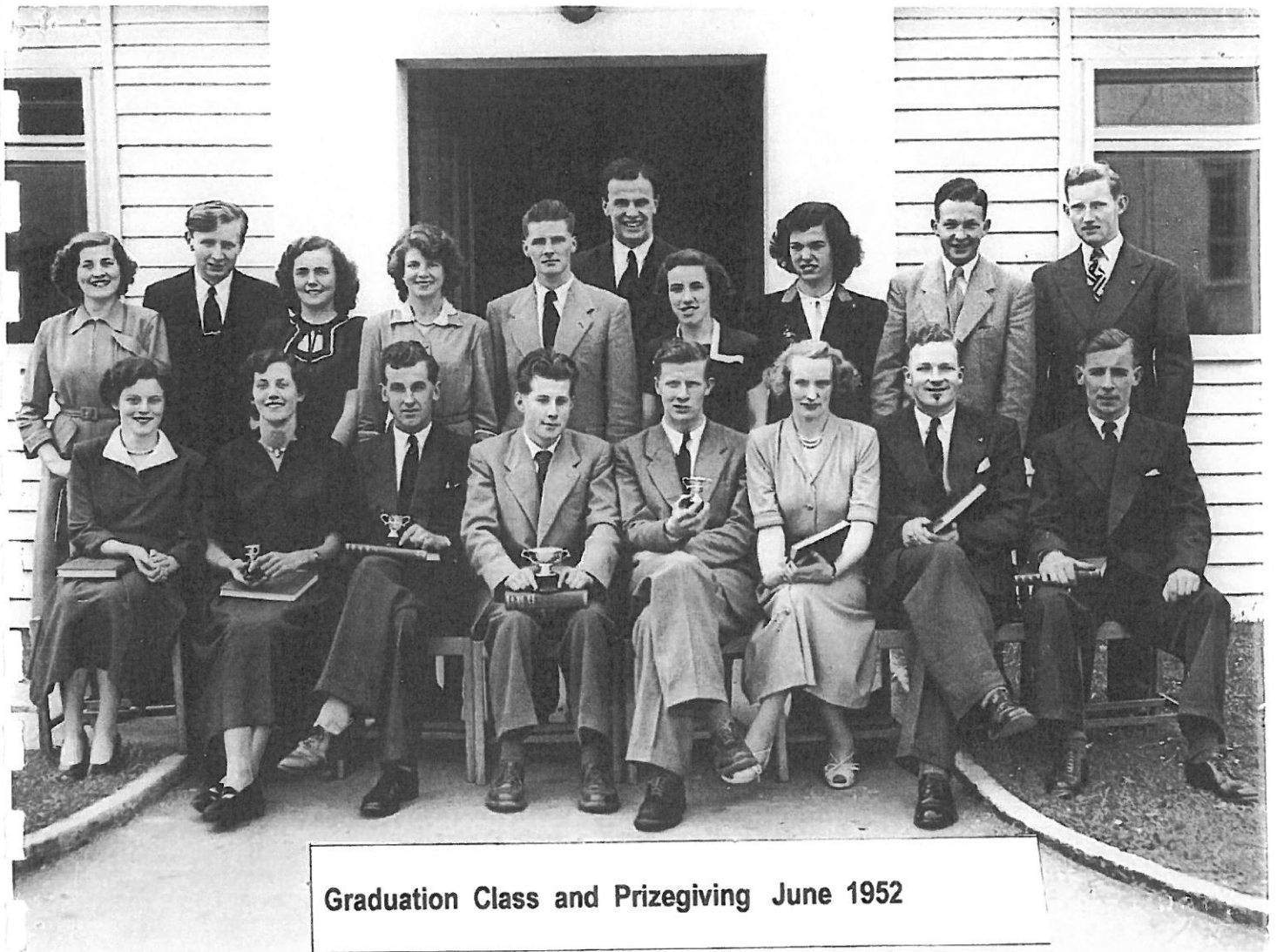
15
1960

Paddy Power was the Assistant Manager at the airport. He later became one of the management team at Pocono Manor Hotel in USA. He was killed by a fall from this horse in 1959



Practical Training in Restaurant





Graduation Class and Prizegiving June 1952

Back row from Left to Right:

Eithne Payne, Jimmy Coen, Pam Murphy, Moyna Hannon, Garry McDonagh, Bobby Kerr, Sheelagh O'Connell, Paddy Murray, Gerry Dallaghan.

Front row from Left to Right:

Ann Walsh, Liz Clifford, Peter O'Neill, Mike Dennehy, Jim McGahan, Iris Lipoczy, Mike Lee, John Carney

Capt Kurt Carlson and the Flying Enterprise

After his cargo ship experienced difficulty and was thought to be sinking, the crew were safely air-lifted off, but he stayed on board for five days and became the focus of world attention.

The picture below was taken on his return to the US, where Shannon was the last spring board for all flights across 'the pond'. There is prima facia evidence to support the conspiracy theory of a very valuable cargo being on board, involving the US Government. As soon as the ship got into difficulties, two US destroyers followed him, until the ship eventually floundered off Falmouth and Carlson was winched off by a coastguard helicopter. Two years after the event, local divers went down to the wreck and discovered that a large section of the hold had already been removed. The safe which was in the purser's office and the contents of the mail room had also been removed. This was the first indication that the wreck had been tampered with.

SEE PHOTO "50th ANNIVERSARY" "50th ANNIVERSARY"



SOME SOCIAL EVENTS
1952-3
SATURDAY NIGHT HOPS STELLA BROOM
DINNER DANCES AT CRUISES
HOTEL.

