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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21  
STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,366

Witness

Thomas Hourihane,  
Midleton,  
Co. Cork.

Identity.

National teacher (deceased)

Subject.

I.R.A. activities, Skibbereen,  
Midleton, Co. Cork. 1918-1920.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No S.2698

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

7 Pearse St  
Kinsale

21-3-56

To the Bureau of Military History

I have to testify that the particulars of my late husband's activities as a member of the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion East <sup>Cook</sup> ~~West~~ <sup>IRA</sup> Brigade (which have been furnished to the Bureau) were compiled by my husband a short time before his death.

Signed,

Maura Hourihane.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21
NO. W.S. 1,866

COPY.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRS MILEATA 1913-21  
No. W.S. 1,366

W S 1,366

7, Pearse St.,  
Kinsale.

21st March, 1956.

To the Bureau of Military History.

This is to testify that the particulars of my late husband's activities as a member of the 4th Battalion, East Cork Brigade, I.R.A. (which have been furnished to the Bureau) were compiled by my husband a short time before his death.

(Signed) MAURA HOURIHANE.

July 1919.

ORIGINAL

Statement prepared by  
Thomas James Hourihane N.J. (deceased)  
Middleton, Co. Cork

S. 2698

Raid on Captain Morgan's. Unalun, Skibbereen.

During 1918 I had organised & kept a Coy. of Volunteers on frequent drilling parades at Droony bridge, Skibbereen. Captain Morgan of Unalun had become very aggressive to his workmen telling them "many Irishmen would not a chance of going to heaven out of the trenches". He decided on getting his wind-up by raiding his home for sporting guns at about 10.30 a.m. one morning we disguised ourselves and held up workmen in Morgan's yard at about 1.30 p.m. at point of revolver. We got four sporting shot guns and a box of cartridge caps in this raid.

1920 early on. Attempted raid on Killbarrack Camp.

In company with J. Aherne and T. Hanley of Middleton Coy. I went to hold up a soldier who to our knowledge carried mails from the camp to Castle-martyr P.O. every eve. about six O.C. He captured two men who came along cycling. He gave his name and address as private White of Sudbury. We took him to a disused quarry where it had been arranged we should wait. Cove and Middleton Volunteers to assemble at (9 O.C.) The prisoner gave us full detail of approach to camp, number of soldiers, where arms were situated etc. He was ready to assist us by coming with us to the door, on condition he was allowed to fall back then save his own life. At appointed time the Middleton Coy. arrived but Quonstown men were late. On arrival of the former Diarmuid Hurley (Capt. O.C.) T. Hanley and myself in charge of the prisoner approached the camp. It was dark and the idea was to have a final look round at the immediate surroundings of the camp. I remember having a rope round the prisoner's body, as he walked in front of me and my orders were to shoot him if he attempted to warn his comrades, two of whom were on guard at the entrance door. We arrived at a spot about fifty or sixty yards from the camp and lay on the ground behind some horse bushes. In a few minutes the light in what we were told by the prisoner was the guard room went out and two soldiers came towards our position-kicking the bushes as they came. We got to our feet and still in a stooping position we hid behind a small shed. I took the prisoner back to the quarry followed by the others. All was up and we dispersed in failure. A group of us came along the Railway line towards Middleton bringing the prisoner with us so that he could not give our whereabouts to soon. Eventually he was set free and returned to camp.

Feb. 10th. 1920. Castle-martyr Barrack.

The 10/2/20 was fair day in Middleton and M.P.C. men from outlying stations came to town for duty on that day. Two men came from Castle-martyr barrack it was believed these men were armed with revolvers and two volunteers T. Hanley and another went towards Churchtown to disarm them when they were returning to barrack in the eve. The M.P.C. came along cycling on the foot-path and were hold up by pushing a farm cart on to the path from a side road. They were found to be unarmed. They were immediately blindfolded and handcuffed and put into a vacant farm house a short distance on the Castle-martyr side of Churchtown Cross. Local volunteers were placed in charge of them and a local man was sent back to Diarmuid Hurley (Capt. O.C.) saying there was a possibility of taking Castle-martyr barracks telling where the two prisoners were held. T. Hanley and his comrades continued on to Castle-martyr but did not meet the man and the barracks had been taken.

When Hurley got the word he sent a messenger to me stating just as was said to him and asking me to join him at the junction of Church-hal road and St. Mary's road. This I did with little delay and found in all about fifteen men assembled. T. Hanley and I cycled on having told the others who were on foot that they would find our bicycles on the roadside opposite the house where the prisoners were held. As we cycled along we arranged what we considered our best plan of action. We were to set our prisoners to go to the door and knock. When the door opened they could fall back and get away while we rushed in.

arrived at the farm house Furley took one prisoner and moved along the main road. I with the other followed at a little distance. We both suggested to our prisoners what we wanted them to do and each gave a point blank refusal by stating "put me against the wall and shoot me before I'll give away my own men". We tried bluff of every kind and informed them that we would capture the barrack in any case but they stood firm.

Our men on foot overtook us as we reached the sharp turn close to the village. Furley put another man in charge of his prisoner and came back to me. Another Volunteer took charge of my prisoner. Furley and myself then discussed the failure at Killeagh previously and we decided making getting in at the door if we had a third man to help us back if either of us were wounded. We got the man Joseph Aherne, and the three of us went down the street towards the door. Steps lead up to the door and a little wall runs down at either side of the steps and along the side-path. J. Aherne lay on the ground beside the wall at the right-hand side and Diarmuid Furley and myself mounted the steps. I lay back over the wall at the left and he did the same at the right just for a moment to steady ourselves. Then Diarmuid asked if I were ready and I said 'yes'. We knocked at the door and a voice asked "who's there?" "Sergt. O'Orion" was the reply. The bolt was drawn and the door opened slightly Diarmuid dashed his foot in between the door and the jamb, but as on all barrack doors at this time there was a chain on this door, I rushed from my side round to the right, and stood close to Diarmuid's back with my right side against the door. I put my hand over his shoulder, turned my gun in the open space and opened fire. The policeman put out his gun several times and fired until he emptied his gun. During the firing Diarmuid had been beating the chain with his revolver in an effort to burst it, and by the time the firing ceased the staple had come away out of the jamb. There was then a pushing match between us, two of us outside and Constable Lee inside. He had the advantage of being a step higher than we were and he was a powerfully built man. However we gained little by little and as soon as there was room enough Diarmuid pushed himself in. The door banged out on me. What happened inside Lee still held his back to the door. Both pointed guns at each other and pulled, no shot - Lee's gun was empty and the safety catch had gone in Diarmuid's as he was beating the chain. Then a hand-to-hand struggle took place while Lee kept his full weight against the door inside and my effort to push it in was hopeless. Diarmuid must have got a telling stroke home as the door opened with a bang. There stood Lee with an eye hanging out and Diarmuid a pace away watching the doors and stairs leading to the hall. Lee staggered into the day-room, J. Aherne came in and got orders to cover the constable with a carbine that stood in the room. As we stood in the hall Diarmuid asked me in surprise "is it taken?" then he shouted for any others in the barrack to fight but there was no response. We blew a whistle and the remainder of our men filed into the hall. He questioned Lee in the day-room and while he was doing so I took the table-lamp and a number of us went up stairs. There was a door on the left of the landing I tried opening it but it was locked, I did not delay but rushed into two others in search of arms, which I did not find. As I returned to the locked door Diarmuid had come up. I told him it was locked, on looking through the key-hole we saw the key inside, Diarmuid threatened to fire through the key-hole if not opened. The key turned, the door opened and we stood face to face with Sergt. O'Sullivan. He told us where the arms were. The quantities procured of Carbines and revolvers I now forget but we got our first box hand-grenades there. The telephone was dismantled in the Sergt's room to the accompaniment of some gruff remarks from him as to would-be patriots etc. We sent for Priest and Doctor for Lee, the two prisoners of the early Evg. still blindfolded were brought into the hall and we were ready to move off. Before leaving Diarmuid and I shook hands with these two R.I.C. men and hoped to meet in better times as we had to admire their loyalty to their comrades such as we desired otherwise.

May 8th, 1920.

Cloyne Barracks.

On Saturday May 8th, 1920 in company with T. Manley I went to Cork. We searched several garages for a car but could not find one until coming to Grey's garage at Sumner Hill. Grey who was a Volunteer told us he had not a car except a Military Officer's car which was in for repairs and that would do fine. At about 7 p.m. we set out for Tubbercomire driven by Grey. There we got some rifles, cleaned and oiled them, driving by a back road to Adclinton we reached St. Mary's road where we took in some cases of ammunition in Furley's digs (Diarmuid) we then proceeded to Cloyne technical hall at the Adclinton side of the village. Our arrival and the assembling

of volunteers was unnoticed as we were preparing for the staging of two plays in the hall on the following night. It was then before 10 p.m. and we were sent to Mrs. Meades public-house adjoining the barracks so that they may be inside to open the door for us in case we did not arrive before closing time. When 10.00 p.m. came Mrs. Meade ordered them out and threatened to send for the police if they did not leave. They returned to the hall. Soon ready we went up the street in laclachisacil fashion, some snipers of ours had got into a store opposite the barracks with orders to fire into the barracks when the attack opened. Mrs. Meades door was locked. Joe Berno proceeded to cut a panel out of it, simultaneously Diarmuid Hurley proceeded to nearest barrack window and slipped his revolver through the loop-hole in the steel shutter. When Mrs. Meades door opened we got in and up-stairs to a room over the bar and adjoining the barrack, with five others armed with revolvers I was lined up ready to rush into the barracks when the cross wall was blown out. Sean Kelleher of Cahra bored a hole near the fire place and inserted a stick of gelignite. The explosion did not penetrate through and the fumes came back into our own room. We had to leave until the fumes cleared. All this time grenades were poured from the barracks into the street and very lights sent up. (The snipers in the store did their shooting well - aiming while very lights lit up the sky and firing in the darkness). On returning after the fumes cleared we found the wall was not penetrated. Kelleher went to work again with a hammer & chisel and made just a small hole through - Diarmuid Hurley rested a rifle on edge of hole and fired in, the bullet ricocheted off a stone and lodged in his arm, he whispered to me he was wounded. He took off coat and vest, pulled up the sleeve of his shirt. The bullet was in the flesh only. We pulled it out. We rubbed iodine which I had to the wound, I bound a handkerchief round his arm and he put on his coat and vest again saying "as good as ever again lads". He decided the fight was lasting too long. He took a silver tea-pot from a side-board in the room and remarked "I am going to make tea lads", he filled the tea-pot with petrol from the ordinary two gallon tin and poured it through the hole as best he could. He lighted a handkerchief and in doing so the floor of room took fire, however he persevered until he pushed the handkerchief through the hole into the barrack. In doing so he got badly burned. Some petrol spilled on his right hand as well as on the floor and to the elbow his hand was absolutely raw. The public house being then on fire we had to leave. He rushed down stairs and could see fire dropping in to the bar from the room which we had left. We got out the door and down the street keeping close to the wall. Having passed a few doors we a porch where we all stood in. The Pub was then blazing and the barracks showed no sign of fire. The men in the store still sniping into it. As we waited minutes seemed hours, thinking the barracks would remain intact. It must have been only minutes until one window burst completely out and after it leaping flames. We shouted. In a few more minutes a pillow-slip was thrown from the window over the barrack door - surrender. Comdt. Hurley went into the street and shouted "cease fire". There was not a shot. The barrack door opened and Sergt. Grace headed ten men into the street. One man was wounded and had his head bandaged. Comdt. Leahy enquired of the Sergt. where the arms were. They both entered the burning barrack and upstairs, in the far corner of a room they could see a box actually on fire. The Sergt. begged for "God's sake" to leave as that was a box of hand grenades. The arms were scattered in all places inside and only few were got.

Immediately the police were in the street I in company with five others stood guard over them. Diarmuid Hurley went to Dr. Power then in Cloyne district to have his wounds dressed. The doctor came back with him. By this time Volunteers had gone for a long ladder to cut the roof between the burning houses and the post office. Those houses were to the leeward of the barracks and had the flames blown on them. As the ladder was being put up Dr. Power insisted with Hurley that we move off and he and the locals would do their utmost to stop the flames. The order to disperse was given. Hurley, Hanley, and myself marched the police towards Middleton almost a mile. There a tree was felled across the road and a car awaited us at the Middleton side. We made the R.I.C. good night boarded the car and drove off to Middleton. The others went on by the only open road to Tubberevanire. Just as I reached my digs in the Crescent Cork Road I heard lorries rush past on the way to Cloyne. The trees felled on the main road had done them.

That Sunday Evg. we innocently gathered in the Clc hall and acted our parts in the plays. Hurley though prosenly hurt to take his part.

5/6/20

Disarming of Cameron at Middleton

On Saturday eve. June 5th. 1920 I had returned to Middleton on the eve. train from Cork. While down street to get newspapers I met Bernard Hurley and P. Hanley coming from their digs towards the Cork road side of the main town. They told a patrol of the newly arrived Camerons had gone out Mill Rd. on bicycles accompanied by Constable O'Donnell and in all probability they would go around by Carrigane to Carrigtwohill and back by the main Cork Road. We decided on a score of Bowls and played towards Mile Bush. Before the bowling started we were joined by other Volunteers who had got word. In all we didn't have more than nine or ten men. We bowled along having an eye out for the cyclists. Just as we approached a turn on the Middleton side of Milepush we saw the patrol coming over the hill towards us cycling. ~~Two dots with the constable between the leading pair.~~ As they approached we came a little closer together and got on the foot-path apparently to give a clear road. As the leading soldiers came in line with Hurley and Hanley who were the last of our group, they fired two shots from the only guns we had. That was our signal. We sprang from the path on the cyclists who were helpless with rifles slung on their bicycles. Once relieved of their arms they without asking stripped off bandoliers and steel helmets and piled them in a heap on the middle of the road. One Cameron who had a punctured bicycle was some distance behind. He at once took cover and opened fire. He must have fired in the air as he could not have missed ~~knocking~~ knocking out one of his own men or one of us. Hurley ordered us to take cover. This we did behind both fences. He then ordered the Soldiers to fall in and form fours. He marched them back against their firing comrade we followed on their cover. We had disarmed the soldier in charge of the party and when he came within earshot of the man in cover on the roadside he gave an order to put down his gun which he did. The lot were then stood facing the fence in single file the constable on the extreme left. He knew me being from my native place near Skibbereen, and fearing they were all to shot he called me by name ~~at~~ in almost appealing tone. I did not answer. Hurley saw that we could not prevent this awkward situation of Connor appealing to me. He told me take one of the soldier's bicycle's and move off. As I did so an incoming motor from Cork was held up. The arms & Ammunition were piled in and taken to Mr. O'Shea's farm at Tubberennaire.

I cycled down an old ~~knax~~ road hoping it would lead down to the road to Slattey road. The old road went only part of the way and I had to cross some fields with the bicycle on my shoulders until I reached the Slattey road. I cycled to Jim Ahern's of Harriscourt, changed my cycle ~~for~~ for his, and going round by Carrigtwohill got back to Middleton by the Milepush road again.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRS MILITARY 1913-21  
No. W.S. 7,366

STATEMENT PREPARED BY THOMAS HOURIHANE, N.T.,  
(DECEASED)

Midleton, Co. Cork.

July 1918.

Raid on Captain Morgan's. Bunalun, Skibbereen:

During 1918 I had organised and kept a Company of Volunteers on frequent drilling parades at Dreeny Bridge, Skibbereen. Captain Morgan of Bunalun had become very aggressive to his workmen, telling them "many Irishmen would get a chance of going to heaven out of the trenches". We decided on getting his wind-up by raiding his home for sporting guns, at about 10.30 a.m. one morning we disguised ourselves, and held up workmen in Morgan's yard at about 1.30 p.m. at point of revolver. We got four sporting guns and a box of cartridge caps in this raid.

1920 early on.

Attempted raid on Killeagh Camp:

In company with J. Aherne and T. Manley of Midleton Coy., I went to hold up a soldier who to our knowledge carried mails from the camp to Castlemartyr P.O. every evening about six o'clock. We captured the man who came along cycling. He gave his name and address as Private White of Sudbury. We took him to a disused quarry where it had been arranged we should wait Cove and Midleton Volunteers to assemble at (9 o'clock). The prisoner gave us full detail of approach to camp, number of soldiers, where arms were situated, etc. He was ready to assist us by coming with us to the door, on condition he was allowed to



fall back then and save his own life. At appointed time the Midleton Coy. arrived but Queenstown men were late. On arrival of the former, Diarmuid Hurley (Batt. O/C), T. Manley and myself in charge of the prisoner approached the camp. It was dark and the idea was to have a final look at the immediate surroundings of the camp. I remember having a rope round the prisoner's body as he walked in front of me, and my orders were to shoot him if he attempted to warn his comrades, two of whom were on guard at the entrance door. We arrived at a spot about fifty or sixty yards from the camp and lay on the ground behind some gorse bushes. In a few minutes the light in what we were told by the prisoner was the guard room went out and two soldiers came towards our position - kicking the bushes as they came. We got to our feet and still in a stooping position we hid behind a small shed. I took the prisoner back to the quarry followed by the others. All was up and we dispersed in failure. A group of us came along the railway line towards Midleton bringing the prisoner with us so that he could not give our whereabouts too soon. Eventually he was set free and returned to camp.

February 10th. 1920.

Castlemartyr Barrack:

The 10th February, 1920, was fair day in Midleton and R.I.C. men from outlying stations came to town for duty on that day. Two men came from Castlemartyr barrack. It was believed these men were armed with revolvers, and two Volunteers, T. Manley and another, went towards Churchtown to disarm them when they were returning to barracks in the evening. The R.I.C. came

along cycling on the foot-path and were held up by pushing a farm cart on to the path from a side road. They were found to be unarmed. They were immediately blindfolded and handcuffed and put into a vacant farm house a short distance on the Castlemartyr side of Churchtown Cross. Local Volunteers were placed in charge of them and a local man was sent back to Diarmuid Hurley (Batt. O/C) saying there was a possibility of taking Castlemartyr barracks and telling where the two prisoners were held. T. Manley and his comrade continued on to Castlemartyr and we did not meet them again until the barracks had been taken.

When Hurley got the word, he sent a messenger to me stating just as was said to him and asking me to join him at the junction of Youghal road and St. Mary's road. This I did with little delay and found in all about fifteen men assembled. D. Hurley and I cycled on having told the others who were on foot that they would find our bicycles on the roadside opposite the house where the prisoners were held. As we cycled along, we arranged what we considered our best plan of action. We were to ask our prisoners to go to the door and knock. When the door opened, they could fall back and get away while we rushed in. Arrived at the farm house, Hurley took one prisoner and moved along the main road. I, with the other, followed at a little distance. We both suggested to our prisoners what we wanted them to do, and each gave a point blank refusal by stating, "Put me up against the wall and shoot me before I'll give away my own men!" We tried bluff of every kind and informed them that we would capture the barrack in any case, but they stood firm.

Our men on foot overtook us as we reached the sharp turn close to the village. Hurley put another man in charge of his prisoner and came back to me. Another Volunteer took charge of my prisoner. Hurley and myself then discussed the failure at Killeagh previously, and we decided getting in at the door if we had a third man to help us back if either of us got wounded. We got the man, Joseph Aherne, and the three of us went down the street towards the door. Steps led up to the door and a little wall ran down at either side of the steps and along the side-path. J. Aherne lay on the ground beside the wall at the right-hand side, and Diarmuid Hurley and myself mounted the steps. I lay back over the wall at the left, and he did the same at the right, just for a moment to steady ourselves. Then Diarmuid asked if I were ready and I said, "Yes". He knocked at the door, and a voice asked, "Who's there?". "Sergeant O'Brien", was the reply. The bolt was drawn and the door opened slightly. Diarmuid dashed his foot in between the door and the jamb, but as on all barrack doors at this time there was a chain on this door. I rushed from my side round to the right, and stood close to Diarmuid's back, with my right side against the door. I put my hand over his shoulder, turned my gun in the open space and opened fire. The policeman put out his gun several times and fired until he emptied his gun. During the firing, Diarmuid had been beating the chain with his revolver in an effort to burst it, and by the time the firing ceased the staple had come away out of the jamb. There was then a pushing match between us, two of us outside and Constable Lee inside. He had the advantage of being

a step higher than we were, and he was a powerfully built man. However, we gained little by little and, as soon as there was room enough, Diarmuid pushed himself in. The door banged out on me.

What happened inside; Lee still held his back to the door; both pointed guns at each other and pulled, no shot - Lee's gun was empty and the safety catch had gone in Diarmuid's as he was beating the chain. Then a hand-to-hand struggle took place while Lee kept his full weight against the door inside, and my effort to push it in was hopeless. Diarmuid must have got a telling stroke home, as the door opened with a bang. There stood Lee, with an eye hanging out, and Diarmuid a pace away watching the doors and stairs leading to the hall. Lee staggered into the day-room. J. Aherne came in and got orders to cover the constable with a carbine that stood in the room. As we stood in the hall, Diarmuid asked me in surprise, "Is it taken?" Then he shouted for any others in the barrack to fight, but there was no response. He blew a whistle, and the remainder of our men filed into the hall. He questioned Lee in the day-room and, while he was doing so, I took the table-lamp, and a number of us went up stairs. There was a door on the left of the landing. I tried opening it, but it was locked. I did not delay, but rushed into two others in search of arms which I did not find. As I returned to the locked door, Diarmuid had come up. I told him it was locked. 'On looking through the key-hole, we saw the key inside. Diarmuid threatened to fire through the key-hole if not opened. The key turned, the door opened and we stood face to face with Sergeant O'Sullivan. He told us where the

arms were. The quantities procured of carbines and revolvers I now forget, but we got our first box of hand grenades there. The telephone was dismantled in the Sergeant's room, to the accompaniment of some gruff remarks from him as to would-be patriots, etc. We sent for priest and doctor for Lee. The two prisoners of the early evening, still blindfolded, were brought into the hall, and we were ready to move off. Before leaving, Diarmuid and I shook hands with these two R.I.C. men and hoped to meet in better times, as we had to admire their loyalty to their comrades, much as we desired otherwise.

May 8th, 1920.

Cloyne Barracks:

On Saturday, May 8th, 1920, in company with T. Manley, I went to Cork. We searched several garages for a car, but could get none until coming to Grey's garage at Summer Hill. Grey, who was a Volunteer, told us he had not a car except a military officer's car which was in for repairs and that would do fine. At about 7 p.m., we set out for Tubbereenmore driven by Grey. There we got some rifles, cleaned and oiled them. Driving by a back road to Midleton, we reached St. Mary's road where we took in some cases of ammunition in Hurley's digs (Diarmuid). We then proceeded to Cloyne technical hall, at the Midleton side of the village. Our arrival and the assembling of Volunteers were unnoticed, as we were preparing for the staging of two plays in the hall on the following night

It was then before 10 p.m., and two men were sent to Mrs. Meade's public house adjoining the barracks, so

that they might be inside to open the door for us in case we did not arrive before closing time. When 10 o'clock came, Mrs. Meade ordered them out and threatened to send for the police if they did not leave. They returned to the hall.

When ready, we went up the street in lackadaisical fashion. Some snipers of ours had got into a store opposite the barracks, with orders to fire into the barracks when the attack opened. Mrs. Meade's door was locked. Joe Aherne proceeded to cut a panel out of it. Simultaneously, Diarmuid Hurley proceeded to nearest barrack window, and emptied his revolver through the loop-hole in the steel shutter. When Mrs. Meade's door opened, we got in and up-stairs to a room over the bar and adjoining the barrack. With five others, armed with revolvers, I was lined up ready to rush into the barracks when the cross wall was blown out. Seán Kelleher of Carra bored a hole near the fire place and inserted a stick of gelignite. The explosion did not penetrate through, and the fumes came back into our own room. We had to leave until the fumes cleared.

All this time, grenades were poured from the barracks into the street and Verey lights sent up. (The snipers in the store did their shooting well - aiming while Verey lights lit up the sky and firing in the darkness).

On returning after the fumes cleared, we found the wall was not penetrated. Kelleher went to work again with a hammer and chisel and made just a small hole through. Diarmuid Hurley rested a rifle on edge of hole and fired in. The bullet ricocheted off a

stone and lodged in his arm. He whispered to me he was wounded. He took off coat and vest, pulled up the sleeve of his shirt. The bullet was in the flesh only. He bulled it out. We rubbed iodine, which I had, to the wound. I bound a handkerchief round his arm and he put on his coat and vest again, saying, "As good as ever , again, lads!" He decided the fight was lasting too long. He took a silver tea-pot from a side-board in the room, and remarked, "I am going to make tea, lads". He filled the tea-pot with petrol from the ordinary two gallon tin and poured it through the hole as best he could. He lighted a handkerchief and, in doing so, the floor of room took fire. However, he persevered until he pushed the handkerchief through the hole into the barrack. In doing so, he got badly burned. Some petrol spilled on his right hand as well as on the floor, and, to the elbow, his hand was absolutely raw.

The public house being then on fire, we had to leave. We rushed down stairs and could see fire dropping in to the bar from the room which we had left. We got out the door and down the street, keeping close to the wall. Having passed a few doors, we saw a porch where we all stood in. The pub was then blazing, and the barracks showed no sign of fire, the men in the store still sniping into it. As we waited, minutes seemed hours, thinking the barracks would remain intact. It must have been only minutes until one window burst completely out and, after it, leaping flames. We shouted. In a few more minutes, a pillow-slip was thrown from the window over the barrack door -  
surrender.

Commandant Hurley went into the street and shouted, "Cease fire!". There was not a shot. The barrack door opened and Sergeant Grace headed ten men into the street. One man was wounded, and had his head bandaged. Commandant Leahy enquired of the Sergeant where the arms were. They both entered the burning barrack, and upstairs, in the far corner of a room, they could see a box actually on fire. The Sergeant begged, for God's sake, to leave as that was a box of hand grenades. The arms were scattered in all places inside, and only a few were got.

Immediately the police were in the street, I, in company with five others, stood guard over them. Diarmuid Hurley went to Dr. Power, then in Cloyne district, to have his wounds dressed. The doctor came back with him.

By this time, Volunteers had gone for a long ladder to cut the roof between the burning houses and the post office. These house were to the leeward of the barracks and had the flames blown on them. As the ladder was being put up, Dr. Power insisted with Hurley that we move off, and he and the locals would do their utmost to stop the flames.

The order to disperse was given. Hurley, Manley and myself marched the police towards Midleton, almost a mile. There, a tree was felled across the road and a car awaited us at the Midleton side. We bade the R.I.C. good night, boarded the car and drove off to Midleton. The others went on by the only open road to Tubbereenmire. Just as I reached my digs in the Crescent, Cork road, I heard lorries rush past on



the way to Cloyne. The trees felled on the main road had delayed them.

That Sunday evening we innocently gathered in the Cloyne technical hall and acted our parts in the plays. Hurley, though present, (was too badly ) hurt to take his part.

3rd June, 1920.

Disarming of Camerons at Middleton:

On Saturday evening, June 5th 1920, I had returned to Middleton on the evening train from Cork. While down street to get newspapers, I met Diarmuid Hurley and T. Manley coming from their digs towards the Cork road side of the town. They told me a patrol of the newly arrived Camerons had gone out Mill road on bicycles, accompanied by Constable O'Connor, and in all probability they would go around by Carrigane to Carrigtwohill, and back by the main Cork road. We decided on a score of bowls and played towards Mile Bush.

Before the bowling started, we were joined by other Volunteers who had got word. In all, we didn't have more than nine or ten men. We bowled along, having an eye out for the cyclists. Just as we approached a turn on the Middleton side of Milebush, we saw the patrol coming over the hill towards us, cycling two deep, with the constable between the leading pair. As they approached, we came a little closer together and got on the foot-path, apparently to give a clear road. As the leading soldiers came in line with Hurley and Manley who were the last of our group, they

fired two shots from the only guns we had. That was our signal. We sprang from the path on the cyclists who were helpless, with rifles slung on their cycles. Once relieved of their arms, they without asking stripped off bandoliers and steel helmets, and piled them in a heap on the middle of the road. One Cameron, who had a punctured bicycle, was some distance behind. He at once took cover and opened fire. He must have fired in the air, as he could not have missed knocking out one of his own men or one of us. Hurley ordered us to take cover. This we did behind both fences. He then ordered the soldiers to fall in and form fours. He marched them back against their firing comrade. We followed on their cover. We had disarmed the soldier in charge of the party and, when he came within earshot of the man in cover on the roadside, he gave an order to put down his gun which he did. The lot were then stood facing the fence in single file, the constable on the extreme left. He knew me, being from my native place near Skibbereen, and fearing they were all to be shot, he called me by name in a most appealing tone. I did not answer. Hurley saw that we could not prevent this awkward situation of Connor appealing to me. He told me to take one of the soldier's bicycles and move off. As I did so, an oncoming motor from Cork was held up. The arms and ammunition were piled in and taken to Mr. O'Shea's farm at Tubereenmire.

I cycled down an old road, hoping it would lead down to the road to Slattey road. The old road went only part of the way, and I had to cross some fields with the bicycle on my shoulders, until I reached the

Slattey road. I cycled to Jim Aherne's of Harryscourt, changed my cycle for his, and going round by Carrigtwohill, got back to Midleton by the Milebush road again.

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