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ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 1,424

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1424.

Witness

Michael J. Burke,
Inver,
Rushbrooke,
Cobh,
Co. Cork.

Identity.

Captain, Cobh Company, 4th Battalion, Cork I. Brigade.

Subject.

Activities of Cobh Company, 4th Battalion,
Cork I Brigade, 1917-1922.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil.

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STATEMENT BY MICHAEL J. BURKE,

"Inver". Rushbrooke, Cobh, County Cork.

My earliest contact with the Independence Movement occurred when, in 1915, I went as a youth to serve my time in the grocery business in Cobh, Co. Cork. The manager under whom I served was a man named Patrick Curran. He was a North of Ireland man by birth, a friend of Seán MacDiarmada (executed in Easter Week) and a member of the I.R.B. It was under Curran's influence that there developed in me a strong national outlook which strengthened as time went on.

I remember prior to 1916 getting in touch with a carrier who was drawing military stores to the Belmont depot at Cobh and receiving from him a small quantity of .303 ammunition which I passed on to Curran.

On the night of Easter Monday, 1916, I happened to be at the railway station, Cobh, with a few companions. When I was told by a Detective Officer Burns, who was on duty at the station, that the Rising had broken out in Dublin. I told my companions, who were members of the Irish National (Redmond's) Volunteers in Cobh. They expressed a wish to support the British authorities in any way they could. I opposed those views, although I was not at the time a member of any Volunteer organisation. I might add that subsequently these companions of mine became active members of the Cobh I.R.A.

On the Sunday following the Rising, on my way from Cobh to Cork by rail Paddy Curran came into the carriage, he having been "out" the previous week with Tomás MacCurtain

and the Cork Volunteers. In the course of conversation the Rising was discussed. It was Curran's opinion that it would prove to be a failure unless at least thirty of the principal men involved were executed. Such was the outlook of this man who so influenced my national outlook in my young days.

Some time later, in another conversation, I remember saying that I could not understand why the heads of the British Government were allowed to go scot free following the executions of April, 1916. Curran's point of view was that the Invincibles started at the wrong end of the ladder when they shot Burke and Cavendish and that in future a start should be made from the bottom of the ladder.

In mid 1916 Curran left Cobh to take up a position in Armagh. He was anxious I should go with him and eventually I did. We worked in the Armagh Co-operative Society together. Curran continued to impress on me the necessity (in his view) for keeping in the background where the fight for national freedom was concerned but at all times to keep my eyes on the one objective, the completion of the work begun in Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916. I have always endeavoured to adhere to the advice given to me by that man.

At Easter, 1917, I came down to Dublin, where I was present at a meeting in Beresford Place which was addressed, so far as I can remember, by Cathal Brugha and Count Plunkett. I remember a disturbance at this meeting and an Inspector of police being struck with a hurley by one of those attending the meeting. A baton charge resulted. I remember being one of the last to leave Beresford Place (when the police attacked the crowd) but

being one of the first to reach O'Connell St. I was, of course, a fleet-footed young man at that time. That night, on my way to join the train for Armagh at Amiens St. Station I passed through volleys of stones being hurled at parties of police in the vicinity.

About the month of May, 1917, I returned to Cobh and immediately joined the local Volunteer company. There were about forty of us altogether in the company, but, so far as I can recollect, we had very few guns - possibly a few revolvers and a .22 rifle. We drilled and held a few parades, where we were scoffed and laughed at by onlookers. The O/C of the company at that time was Michael Leahy, Cobh.

About that period I met a soldier home on leave from France. His name, I remember, was James Duggan and he belonged to the Royal Horse Artillery. He told me he had a pistol in England which he would send on to me when he got back. He did subsequently send it to me by rail in a boot box with about forty rounds of ammunition. The gun was a parabellum revolver with three magazines and, strangely enough, bore the date "1916". I kept the news of this gun to myself, telling very few about it.

In the year 1917 we started raiding for arms. A night raid by about twenty men of the Cobh Company in charge of Daithi O'Brien was carried out at the railway station, Cobh. Bandoliers, bayonets and some military equipment were captured. Private houses occupied by people of what is known as "the gentry" were raided by small groups of men at night. These raids provided us with about twenty shotguns or general sporting guns of a type used by these people. At that time the captured guns were kept in small lots by individual Volunteers at their homes. Later on in the fight

dumps were specially constructed to safeguard guns taken from the enemy.

Raid on O'Keefe's, Gunsmiths. Cobh:

In April, 1918, a daring raid took place on the premises of Messrs. O'Keefe, Gunsmiths, Harbour Road, Cobh, which resulted in a useful addition to our meagre supply of arms and ammunition. About ten Cobh Volunteers in charge of Daithi O'Brien entered the premises at night, at the rear of which the Volunteer Hall was situated. A number of lever-action rifles, shotguns, snider rifles and a few miniature rifles were taken, together with a quantity of ammunition. Those rifles were placed in a dump which consisted of a large wooden box sunk in the ground in the garden of the home of Michael Leahy, Cobh. At this period all the serviceable guns and ammunition were contained in this dump at Leahy's.

During the conscription crisis of 1918, our numerical strength grew to such an extent that we were able to form two Volunteer companies in Cobh. There was, however, a large falling off in numbers when the crisis passed.

The local R.I.C. were not very active in attempting to suppress our "illegal" activities at this time. I remember being with a group at .22 target practice in a quarry on one occasion when two local R.I.C. men came along. The man in charge of our party, seeing the police approach, took up the target and walked by the police carrying the rifle. One of the R.I.C. men said, "Stop, Stack, I know you", but Stack ignored the remark and passed on without being molested.

Owing to the raid on O'Keeffe's, Gunsmiths, we were compelled to vacate the Volunteer Hall (at the rear of O'Keeffe's) and transfer to the A.O.H. Hall on the beach, Cobh. There we endeavoured to experiment with the making of cement bombs (castings of cement into which a stick of gelignite fitted), also canister bombs (ordinary gunpowder and fuse in a tin can). These, when tried out, were a failure. We also took the lead pellets out of cartridges and refilled them with larger pellets which we made into lead moulds. This, too, was not a success, as when the cartridges were fired the home-made pellets in a number of cases damaged the gun barrels beyond repair. The gelignite we used was obtained for us by a local Volunteer named John Moore. This man, Moore, had a horse and cart and was hired by the County Council to carry supplies of gelignite to quarries for blasting purposes. Moore would keep a few sticks of gelignite from each load he delivered and pass them on to the company.

Attack on soldiers at Carrignafoy. Cobh:

In the month of February, 1919, an attack was made on three British soldiers relieving a guard at Spy Hill, Carrignafoy, Cobh. The attack was carried out very early in the morning by about half a dozen Cobh Volunteers in charge of Daithi O'Brien, Company Captain. These men were armed with revolvers. The soldiers were held up and three or four rifles captured. The guns were dumped in a vault in the old church cemetery about a mile from the scene of the hold-up. The vault chosen was covered with ivy, and the following week when the R.I.C. were searching for the captured rifles they came to this vault, noticed dead ivy on it, became suspicious, opened the vault and captured the guns.

I was not personally engaged in this hold-up at Carrignafoy, but the information I have given is accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Numerous raids on houses of suspected persons followed the hold-up. Military and police carried out extensive searches, and in the house of one Volunteer who had taken part in the hold-up at Carrignafoy they found a small revolver. The father of the Volunteer, who was an old naval pensioner, took responsibility for the gun and did a term of imprisonment. The son was not present when the police raided his home.

About this period - middle of 1919 - shotguns, rifles and other equipment were handed over by the Cobh Company to the Battalion. They numbered thirty or forty assorted weapons.

Attack on soldiers at Carrigaloe. Cobh:

In October, 1919, as some Cobh Volunteers were returning by train from a hurling match at Cork, they noticed three armed soldiers on the train, also travelling to Cobh. The Volunteers, numbering four or five and unarmed, got into the same carriage as the soldiers, and when the train stopped at Carrigaloe Station, about two miles from Cobh, they tackled the "Tommies", took the rifles and got clear away. I was not present on the occasion in question but I can vouch for the accuracy of the facts I have given.

Soldiers disarmed at The Bench. Cobh:

Some time previous to the Carrigaloe incident a few Cobh Volunteers happened to see two British "Tommies" armed with rifles walking in the part of Cobh known as "The Bench". Our lads overpowered the soldiers, took

their rifles and got safely away.

Raid on British Mine-sweeper by Fianna:

A daring raid by members of the Fianna in Cobh took place on a British minesweeper lying alongside the quay at Cobh. The boys got aboard the vessel at night and searched around for arms. Some of the crew gave the alarm and one of the Fianna, a young chap by the name of Tommy Hayes, was caught. He was tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Some of his gaol sentence was done in Belfast Gaol, where he took part in the hunger-strike and general smashing up of the prison ordered by Austin Stack (the prisoners' Commandant in Belfast Gaol at the time). I think the time this occurred was early in 1918. When young Hayes was finally released from prison his mind was unhinged as a result of the treatment he experienced. He died in a mental home some years later.

So far as I remember, the raid ~~the~~ⁱⁿ the question was abortive. I do not think that any arms or ammunition were taken.

As evidence of the constant efforts being made by men of the Cobh Company to acquire arms, I would refer to another incident which occurred at the railway station in Cobh in 1919, when a couple of Volunteers noticed that three soldiers had left their rifles lying carelessly about while they waited for a train. Watching their opportunity, the Volunteers quickly seized the rifles, dropped them into a bread basket which was on the platform and calmly walked out of the station carrying the basket and the rifles.

Abortive attempts to raid Ballyquirke Aerodrome:

On 4th July, 1919, the Brigade decided to raid Ballyquirke aerodrome near Killeagh, Co. Cork, and about

sixteen miles north east of Cobh. The intention was to disarm the military party guarding the aerodrome. The raid was to take place late at night. Men from the Cobh and Midleton Companies participated. I was in charge of a small party of Cobh men on the main road between Midleton and Castlemartyr about a mile from the aerodrome. Our job was to scout the roads in the vicinity and warn the attacking force of the approach of any enemy forces.

Sometime about midnight we were told that the attack was called off, whereupon we returned to Cobh. I learned afterwards that the failure to proceed with the raid was due to the fact that a party of Cork Volunteers under Terence MacSwiney, who were bringing arms and ammunition to strengthen the attacking party, did not turn up at the time appointed, with the result that the O/C, Michael Leahy, decided to call the whole thing off.

Later that year (early in November, 1919) another fruitless attempt was made on Ballyquirke. On this occasion also Cobh and Midleton Volunteers took part.

Twelve of us left Cobh at night on bicycles but the party got divided on the way to Ballyquirke, three of us having trouble with our bikes. I was one of the three. When we eventually arrived at Ballyquirke we got in touch alright with our O/C, Michael Leahy, but owing to a dense fog we could not locate the remaining members of the Cobh unit, notwithstanding the fact that (as it afterwards transpired) they were in the very next field to us. Unfortunately they had spare guns which were to be given to other men engaged on the raid. For ourselves, we were armed with revolvers, but, so far as I can remember, the Midleton men were poorly armed and should have received some

arms from the Cobh men lost in the fog.

The job was called off by Michael Leahy, presumably because of the arms mix-up. At any rate, we returned to Cobh having accomplished nothing.

Attack on Carrigtwohill R.I.C. Barracks:

Late in the year 1919 the Brigade decided that a barracks should be attacked in East Cork, and the 4th Battalion staff selected Carrigtwohill R.I.C. barracks for an attack which was timed for Saturday night, 3rd January, 1920. The attacking party was composed of Volunteers from Cobh and Middleton. I will endeavour to tell the story from the Cobh men's point of view as I saw it.

Some weeks prior to the proposed attack we opened up the arms dump which was near the home of the Battalion O/C, Michael Leahy, at Ballywilliam, Cobh. I might add that Leahy's house was within two hundred yards of the British military hutments at Belmont, Cobh, where a battalion of soldiers was quartered. In Leahy's house we cleaned the nine lever-action rifles which were taken in a raid by Cobh Volunteers on O'Keefe's gunsmith shop, Cobh, in April, 1918. We found the rifles and ammunition in excellent condition. We brought the guns to the house of Joseph Collins, Tay Road, Cobh, where they were put up through a trap-door between the roof and ceiling in such a way that they could be got out quickly. The house was on the main road between Carrigtwohill and Cobh. The lever-action rifles I have mentioned were an old British Army pattern with a lever action under the rifle which, when operated, left the breach open. They were single shot and fired a .303 bullet.

During the week prior to the barrack attack at Carrigtwohill Daithi O'Brien, O/C of the Cobh Company, and I selected the Cobh men to take part. They numbered about twenty men. These men were not notified until the day on which the attack was to come off. It was arranged that the men would proceed to Carrigtwohill in ones and twos, on bikes, and that four or five others would commandeer a motor van in Cobh that evening, collect the arms at Collins's house and go on into Carrigtwohill.

At midday on 3rd January, 1920, Daithi O'Brien called to my place of business in Cobh and told me that there was a hitch in connection with the van. He said that the only Volunteer we had who could drive, refused to do so as the van was the property of a personal friend of his. Knowing another driver who, although not a Volunteer, was a sympathiser, I approached him and asked if he would do a job for me. He agreed and afterwards became ^{one} of the most trustworthy men in the Cobh Company. As a precaution, we did not give him any advance information as to the purpose for which we required him. On the evening of 3rd January, 1920, I called for my friend and got him out of his home on some pretext, eventually taking him to the home of Miss Howes, The Square, Cobh, very close to where the van was parked. Daithi O'Brien then told him of the job we wanted him to do that night. He was delighted. We gave him his tea, not allowing him out of our sight until we went with him to where the van was parked. We proceeded in the van to Collins's house, Tay Road, Cobh, where we collected the rifles and ammunition and continued our journey to Carrigtwohill.

We arrived in Carrigtwohill about 10 p.m., where the guns we brought were distributed amongst the Cobh men.

In Carrigtwohill I met Michael Leahy, the Battalion O/C, who instructed me to select a man with a revolver and go through the village to the schoolhouse, where I was to pick up two men from the Midleton Company armed with revolvers. The party of four of us were then to go on to the main street and, on the firing of the first shots by our main attacking party, we were to shoot any R.I.C. who might be on the street when the attack on the barracks opened.

I was proceeding along the main street towards the schoolhouse when, near the police barracks, I heard shouting and the noise of someone running down the street. What had happened was that one of our lads, who had proceeded us up the street, had been stopped and taken prisoner by a couple of R.I.C. men. He happened to be wearing a very loose-fitting overcoat, and as the policemen held him he wriggled out of the overcoat, leaving it in the hands of the police. He then ran in our direction. As the man reached us (he was John Moore of Cobh) my companion wanted to go ahead and shoot the peelers. I stopped him, reminding him of the orders I had received from Commandant Leahy that we were not to shoot until the general attack on the barracks began. The R.I.C. made no attempt to approach us but instead proceeded hurriedly into their barracks. It was fortunate, both for us and for Moore, that he evaded capture that night. He was the man who was to blast a hole in the barrack wall to enable us to force an entrance, and he was carrying in the inside pocket of his coat (not his overcoat) the sticks of gelignite for the blasting operation.

I got in touch with the two Midleton men in the schoolhouse, as instructed by the O/C, Michael Leahy, and informed the other Volunteers there to proceed to a hayrick at the rear of the barracks. Four of us went out on to the

street, had a good look around, saw no R.I.C. and decided they had all gone into the barracks.

When our attack opened with rifles and shotguns I made for the hayrick at the rear of the barracks, guided by a local man who said he knew the place well. We got to a position behind the barracks and proceeded to cross an iron gate when we were fired on from the barrack windows. To add to our misfortune, some of the Volunteers on the hayrick mistook us for R.I.C. trying to escape and fired on us. We got out of this to a position behind the pillars of a gate on a field. After some time we proceeded to within two houses of the barracks, where I was instructed to go down to the crossroads at the end of the street to see how things were and to report back. This I did.

Meanwhile, the attack was in full swing, the R.I.C. replying with heavy rifle fire and grenades. They continually kept sending up Verey lights to summon assistance. After an hour or so of this, John Moore, previously mentioned, set off his gelignite in holes bored in the gable end of the barrack wall. Several Volunteers entered the barrack through the breach and forced the garrison of eight or ten to surrender. I entered the barracks by the front door, which was opened by our men who had blasted their way in. I saw the R.I.C. facing the wall of the day-room with their hands up. When in the dayroom I was instructed to go down the village to the crossroads at the railway bridge, bring up the motor van and Cobh men and dismiss the other Volunteer unit there. I brought the car to within a hundred yards of the barracks. The captured arms and ammunition were put into it and taken away by some of our men. In the village street

Michael Leahy had lined up the Volunteers, and, having brought them to attention, all sang a verse of the National Anthem. I was again sent to the crossroads to ensure that units in the vicinity had received the dismiss order. When I returned to the village the Volunteers had dispersed. I returned to Cobh on a bike owned by one of the captured R.I.C. garrison.

In connection with the successful capture of Carrigtwohill barracks, I might mention that the night before the attack we got (from Brigade Headquarters in Cork) a half dozen Mills grenades, something of which we were very proud. So careful were we of these grenades, that one man brought the grenades to Carrigtwohill and another carried the detonators. In the subsequent attack the men threw the grenades without the detonators, so little did we know about them.

A short time after the Carrigtwohill operation, with some members of the Cobh Company I was arrested by R.I.C. in Cobh for complicity in the occurrence. We were brought to the local R.I.C. barracks for identification but were released after a few hours. At the end of April, 1920, I was again arrested by military and R.I.C. and conveyed to Cork Gaol. I was held there for about three weeks and then released, no charge having been preferred against me. The day of my release coincided with the date on which Cobh Volunteers attacked and disarmed a party of four soldiers at Bunker's Hill, Cobh, in the forenoon. One soldier was killed in the affair. The O/C of the Volunteers engaged was Captain Jack O'Connell of the Cobh Company, who had eight men with him, all armed with revolvers. Some of these revolvers were procured from a

dump located at my home in Cobh. The night of the Bunker Hill attack, with some other Volunteers I helped to remove the captured rifles from their place of concealment (temporary) to a safer dump at Cushkenny, Cobh.

Attack on Cloyne R.I.C. Barracks:

In the month of May, 1920, the battalion decided to attack Cloyne R.I.C. barracks. Cloyne is situated about seven miles east of Cobh. The barracks was a two-storied stone and slated building in the main street of the village and one of a row of houses. It had steel-shuttered windows such as were fitted on all barracks in the district at that time. There was a garrison of six or seven R.I.C. men.

About thirty-five men from the Cobh Company took part in operations on the night of the attack, which took place about 11 p.m. William Aherne, acting O/C of the Cobh Volunteers at the time, was in charge of that unit. My duty was to ensure that all communications leading to and from Cloyne be cut before the actual attack on the barracks commenced. I arranged, therefore, that telegraph and telephone wires be cut and road blocks of stones and felled trees be prepared. Sentries were placed at hamlets in the vicinity so that no person would leave while the attack was proceeding. I was instructed by William Aherne to see that the civilian population within fifty yards of the barracks were to stay indoors.

At approximately 11 p.m. the attack was opened by our lads with rifles and shotguns. The R.I.C. sent up Verey lights and replied to the fire with rifles and grenades. A breach was blown (with gelignite) in the side wall of the barracks by our men. Petrol was thrown into the breach

and part of the barracks went on fire. The garrison surrendered and the greater portion of their arms, with some ammunition, were captured. As my duty on that particular occasion was in the village, I cannot give a more detailed account of the actual capture of the barracks.

After the surrender I was instructed to withdraw all units from the vicinity of the village and see that all the men got safely home. It was about 5 a.m. by this time. Before leaving Cloyne I remember seeing Paddy Whelan and Jack Whelan, both Cobh men, with a donkey cart containing the captured rifles. One of them wore an R.I.C. man's cap.

Our men suffered no casualties at Cloyne, so far as I am aware. I do not know whether the same can be said for the R.I.C.

Shooting of D.I. Mordaunt at Cobh:

On a day in the month of July, 1920, Daithi O'Brien, then captain of the Cobh Company, called to my place for a revolver, which I gave him. At about 1.30 p.m. on the day in question I was in the vicinity of a group of private dwelling-houses known as The Park, Cobh, when I saw O'Brien and three other Cobh Volunteers named McCarthy, James Galvin and Donal Leahy near The Park. They were bending over a motor van as if there was something wrong with the motor. At about the same time the then local District Inspector of police named Mordaunt came along, proceeding to his residence in The Park, presumably for dinner. (He usually went from the barracks to his home at this time almost every day). As Mordaunt approached his house and was within thirty yards or so of the Volunteers, the latter opened fire on him with revolvers and then got away quickly. The D.I.

fell badly wounded in the legs. He subsequently, so far as I know, recovered from his wounds but did not resume duty again in Cobh. Mordaunt was shot because he was over zealous in his police activities concerning those suspected of being connected with the national movement.

Abortive attempt to ambush Lord French:

It was in the month of August, 1920, when the brigade received information of a visit to the British Admiral at Cobh by Lord French, the Lord Lieutenant at that time. Instructions came from the brigade that French was to be shot when he came ashore at Cobh. The day he arrived he landed at the customary landing place in Cobh and was driven to Admiralty House about a half mile from the pier by a strong force of military. Things were done so quickly that proper arrangements had not been made by our command for his "reception" and he reached the Admiral's house without mishap.

That Saturday evening, about twelve of us, armed with revolvers and grenades, took up position in an old stable which commanded the road back to the pier where, it was anticipated, French would travel. We were then about 300 yards from the Admiral's house. We put a scout named Paddy O'Sullivan in a house within view of us and much closer to the Admiralty, from which he could see what was going on there. O'Sullivan had instructions to close the window of the room in which he was sitting when French and the escort passed him. We would then prepare to attack. A brother of O'Sullivan, who had been in the British Army and was wounded during the 1914-18 war, was employed in the Admiralty and had arranged to "tip off" his brother in the window when French's car left the house. We stayed in position until 11 p.m., when we got word

from O'Sullivan that French was remaining at the Admiral's place for the night.

On Sunday morning we occupied the same position and left it again late on Sunday night as French had made no move. Michael Leahy, the Commandant of the battalion, joined us on Sunday.

Early on Monday morning we again took up position as heretofore. It would be about 11 a.m. when word reached us that French had left the Admiralty by a back exit. As he came out of the grounds a car met him and he was driven rapidly to a small private harbour at Cushkenny about a mile or less east of Cobh. There he boarded a launch and was taken to a destroyer out in the harbour. We were unaware of what was happening until French was well on his way to Cushkenny. There was nothing we could do about it then, as all the roads leading to and from Admiralty House were patrolled by strong forces of military from the time French came ashore at Cobh.

Disarming of soldiers at The Quarry. Cobh:

In August, 1920, we became aware that a party of military were demolishing a hut used by British ex-service men at a place known as The Quarry on the eastern outskirts of Cobh. The demolition party comprised about twenty soldiers unarmed and twelve armed. I was now O/C of the Cobh Company, and when the matter was brought to my attention I decided to lay plans to attack and disarm the military at The Quarry.

The undertaking was an extremely risky one. The attack would have to be carried out in daylight as the soldiers left the quarry in the evening, returning next

morning. The location was within fifty yards of the Admiralty House, which always had a strong garrison of marines; a hundred yards away was the R.I.C. barracks with a garrison of about thirty-five, and about half a mile to the north were Belmont Huts, a camp which housed a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders.

The hut being demolished was on a large piece of waste ground in which was a disused quarry. Also in the grounds was a forge which 'fronted' the hut. The quarry ground was surrounded on two sides by dwelling-houses. On the north side a car entrance led into the ground and on the west side there was a wicket gate. I had a look over the place beforehand and saw that the military stacked their rifles in three separate lots facing the forge, with an armed sentry over each stack, while the remainder of the military not comprising the working party, lounged about.

On the forenoon of the day of the attack I got my men assembled in an old club-room within fifty yards of the quarry field. About eight or nine of us had revolvers; the remainder carried sticks and/or iron bars. I went into the quarry ground and over to the forge, from which I sized up the situation. Three sentries were on duty. I left, came back again a few times and found the position just the same. Because of the three sentries, I considered the job extremely doubtful of success. I told the men to disperse in ones and twos and be back in the club-rooms again about 2 p.m. During this time I had a motor-car stationed in Coleman's Square about four hundred yards distant.

The men reassembled at the time appointed, when I outlined the plan of attack as follows: - I would enter the

quarry field with two others and go on into the forge. Three others would take up position at the wicket gate and at a signal from me (a wave of the hand) would enter the ground and hold up the sentry nearest them. (There were only two sentries on duty at the time, hence my decision to go ahead with the job). If no shots were fired and we had got hold of the rifles, we were to round-up the soldiers and take their equipment and ammunition, but if there was any firing it was to be a case of every man grabbing a rifle or two, running to the waiting car outside, dropping the rifle in the car and getting away as quickly as possible.

I came into the quarry field and into the forge, followed at intervals by two others. I had a final look around, decided to attack and left the forge with my two comrades, at the same time signalling to our party at the wicket gate to come in. They came in and held up the sentry nearest them. He offered no resistance, being taken completely by surprise. I approached the sentry nearest to my party and ordered him to put his hands up. He showed fight, so one of the men with me promptly shot him. So far as I can remember, more shots were fired. We grabbed the rifles and made for the exit and the waiting car. Twelve rifles in all were captured on that occasion. They were taken to Carrigtwohill and put in a dump there. All our men got away unscathed. Three British soldiers were wounded in the affray.

A significant feature of the occurrence was that none of our lads was arrested and charged with having taken part, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of children coming from school witnessed what was happening and undoubtedly recognised every man who was in it, as they

were all local men. The soldiers in the quarry field became completely demoralised. After the attack some of them were discovered a half mile from the scene running in the opposite direction to their barracks.

When it was all over I went home, changed my clothes and walked towards the centre of the town. I met a military cordon across the road and there was a Cobh R.I.C. man with them. This man, who knew me, told me I would not be allowed to pass. I asked him why. He said that something terrible had occurred, that soldiers had been attacked and shot, that their rifles were taken. I replied that it was a shame such things should happen in Cobh. He then said, "On second thoughts, you can go ahead, I know you had nothing to do with it".

The military came out that night, broke in doors and windows of shops with trenching tools and fired shots indiscriminately all over the town to terrify the people. Some time later they came on John O'Connell, blacksmith and owner of the forge at the quarry. The officer in charge of the military party recognised O'Connell - a man of sixty years of age - walked over to him, drew his revolver and shot poor O'Connell dead.

I would like to pay tribute here to two members of Fianna Éireann, one of whom was in the forge with me and the other at the wicket gate on the afternoon of the quarry attack. The latter worked in Cork but happened to return to Cobh for his half day's leave, when somehow he heard of what was on. He got his gun and came to the assembly point at the club-rooms and took his part in the action.

Raid on Rushbrook Docks:

Late in the year 1920 a party of twenty-five men from the Cobh Company seized Rushbrooke Docks and placed the watchmen and about ten officials under armed guard. Armed sentries were also placed at vantage points around the dockyard. Many of the men were competent tradesmen, i.e. ship-wrights and fitters trained in Haulbowline and Rushbrooke. The machinery was got going and the men set to making a furnace for the manufacture of hand grenades. The men worked from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., when the job was completed. The furnace was later delivered to the brigade grenade dug-out at Knockraha, East Cork.

A short time after this we raided the stores at Rushbrooke at night, taking away cross-cut saws and a quantity of electric cable, the latter to be used by the battalion for exploding land mines.

Raids on trains for mails were constant. Telegraph and telephone wires and cables were cut to disrupt enemy communications and hamper his movements in the Cobh area.

Rescue of prisoners from Spike Island:

Early in the year 1921 - the month of April - a member of the Brigade Staff named Denis Barry came to Cobh to tell me I was urgently required at Brigade H.Q., Cork. I went in to Cork and met some of the Brigade Staff at Master's Restaurant, Marlborough St. I was informed that an effort was to be made to rescue Seán MacSwiney (brother of Terence MacSwiney) from Spike Island where he was a prisoner. Plans for his rescue were discussed and it was decided finally what part I should play in the attempt. My instructions were simple, viz. to be at the back of Spike

Island with a boat at 11 a.m. on the following Saturday, the boat to fly the Union Jack.

I returned to Cobh and made arrangements to get a motor boat and crew. On the Saturday morning about 9.30 a.m. I informed my crew of three that I would like to go for a trial trip in the motor launch. We headed out towards Spike Island from the pier at Cobh. On our way out we met a launch coming in from Spike Island laden with soldiers. I, not being a very good skipper, accidentally hit the incoming launch with mine, and the military used some very nasty language towards me.

Proceeding to our rendezvous (with the Union Jack flying) we could see three prisoners, one of whom was Seán MacSwiney, the others being Seán Forde of East Limerick and Seán Twomey of Cork. The prisoners appeared to be rolling the golf links, under an instructor, with an armed soldier as guard. The idea was that they should 'make a bolt for it' when we moved in close to the island.

We arrived off Spike at the appointed time and were there over half an hour, during which time a British destroyer anchored within less than a mile of us. We could plainly see the prisoners and knew they must have seen us, but they made no effort to make a move to escape. I feared that something had gone wrong with the plan so far as MacSwiney and the others were concerned, and as I could not hang around indefinitely without arousing suspicion, I had decided to make back to Cobh and headed the motor boat in that direction. Apparently the three prisoners spotted my intention, because they suddenly attacked the instructor and the armed soldier, knocking out both of them. I immediately brought the boat in to the island. MacSwiney and his companions dragged their two captives down towards us

and flung them over a low cliff. I told them I had ropes to tie the prisoners and I wanted to have this done, but they assured me that the prisoners were unconscious and that I had no need to worry.

I got MacSwiney, Forde and Twomey into my boat, bringing the soldiers rifle with me, and headed for the point of land known as "Paddy's Blocks", Ringaskiddy, three-quarters of a mile away on the western shore of the harbour. All went well for a while and then misfortunes overtook us. First of all, the two British soldiers who had been knocked out by MacSwiney and his companions recovered consciousness, got up from under the cliff and made for the guard-room at Spike to give the alarm. Then our engine started to give trouble. On investigation we discovered that while lying alongside Spike, weeds had got into the water pump, stopping circulation to the engine. When about fifty yards from "Paddy's Blocks" the engine got red hot and seized up. Looking back towards Spike we could see the military swarming down the golf links, but I kept the prisoners (and all but two of the crew) lying flat on the boat while two of the crew managed to paddle the launch close to the shore. The prisoners and their rescuers waded ashore and got under cover out of view of the military at Spike, who were probably misled by the Union Jack we still flew from the launch.

We made our way ashore until we contacted the transport arranged for us by the brigade. There were seven of us in our party, and, to my horror, I discovered that our transport consisted of a pony and trap driven by Seán Hyde, a brigade officer, with two others from Cork, making a party of ten, all of whom could not possibly be accommodated in the trap. The escape of the prisoners being my main concern, they were taken in the trap by Seán Hyde and his men

and driven away. They were brought to a safe destination unknown to me. The rifle taken from the sentry at Spike was handed over to Seán Hyde.

The three Cobh men and I were now in a bit of a predicament. Looking around, I spotted a young lad in a boat. I called him ashore. The four of us got into the boat and pulled for Monkstown, two miles further up the harbour. Arriving at Monkstown, we sent the lad back with his boat to Ringaskiddy. To the best of my knowledge, this boy was arrested and interned.

We divided forces at Monkstown, two of the Cobh men crossing by ferry to Cobh, myself and the other Volunteer going on to Cork by rail. We were held up at Glenbrook Station by military and police, searched and questioned. Our explanations were accepted. At Blackrock we left the train and walked to Cork, where I reported the successful escape to the Brigade. I then walked to Knockraha, eight miles to the east, where I contacted Diarmuid Hurley, O/C of the 4th Battalion, and told him of the success of my mission. Hurley was very pleased.

Sinking of British sloops at Carrigaloe:

In May, 1921, we noticed that three British sloops and three trawlers were moored at Carrigaloe, about a mile west of the town of Cobh. There was a watchman on each boat at night and a naval patrol launch visited the boats at regular intervals day and night.

I got together about eight men from Cobh, all armed with revolvers. We boarded the vessels late one night and took the watchman off each. The sea cocks were then opened and broken and the watertight doors smashed with

sledge-hammers. The following morning when we went to see the result, the only things visible were the masts and funnels of the vessels; the latter were well under water.

In or about this period I asked the battalion to send me about fourteen pounds of gelignite to blow up Belvelly Bridge, which was the only land communication between Cobh and the mainland. I got the stuff alright and a few of us tackled the job at night, but we discovered that we couldn't manage to dislodge the keystone in the short time at our disposal. However, I placed about three pounds of detonated gelignite in the water traps at each side of the bridge and fired them, badly damaging the bridge and destroying the water main. Having a considerable lot of gelignite left, I cast around for somewhere to use it to the best advantage and eventually decided to use it to mine a British destroyer under repair at the time in Haulbowline dockyard.

Destroyer damaged at Haulbowline:

I selected two men from the Cobh Company who were working at Haulbowline dockyard and instructed them as to the placing of the explosive in the destroyer. Our men, who were working on the repair of the vessel with many others, had to be off the boat about 4.30 p.m. every evening. I arranged with our lads to lay the explosive just before coming off the boat and to ignite the fuse by setting a candle which would blow the fuse about two hours after everyone had gone ashore. At about 7.30 p.m. the explosion took place. The destroyer was very badly damaged and did not put to sea for a considerable time afterwards.

The following day the yard at Haulbowline was visited by the British Admiral in Cobh. He expressed a wish to

examine the damage, and from the fifteen hundred men employed in the dockyard the man he chose to show him over the destroyer was none other than Donal Collins of Cobh, one of the two men who had placed and set off the explosive. The other Cobh man concerned was Jack Clarke. Following this incident the Admiralty closed down Haulbowline dockyard for three days.

Seizure of passports:

In May, 1921, I received instructions from Brigade H.Q. that passports and tickets issued to men of military age leaving Cobh for the U.S.A. should be seized. This was to be carried out on the night before a ship was due to sail from Cobh. The idea was to discourage such men from leaving the country at a time when our government considered they should remain and help in the fight.

I got the company together, and in groups of two or three we searched all hotels and boarding-houses. We confiscated upwards of eighty passports and tickets that night. This action undoubtedly had the desired effect.

Arrest and release:

I was arrested at my place of business in Cobh on 10th May, 1921, by a party of Cameron Highlanders and brought to the military camp at Belmont Huts, Cobh. I was interrogated at least twice a day, my greatest trouble being to remember the lies I told at each different interrogation. On two occasions the soldiers on guard gave me every opportunity to escape, openly encouraging me to do so. When this ruse failed (I suspected the "shot while trying to escape" trick) one of their intelligence officers was put in the cell with me, but with no better

results from the military point of view. At one interrogation, Captain Morrison, a British Intelligence Officer brought me to a list of suspects being posted inside a door, and pointing to names on the list said that those through whose names a red pencil was drawn were dead, those crossed out in black pencil were in military custody, and^{asked}/how could I explain that my name was fifth or sixth on that list. I said it was a mistake as I had no connection whatever with any anti-British organisation.

During my days in the cell I used no food brought to me by the military, but I was not on hunger-strike. When asked why I wouldn't eat, I said I was under doctor's care and the food I was getting was unsuitable. I was then brought to the military hospital before a Dr. Tarrant, who treated me rather abruptly at first. When I told him who I was, his manner changed immediately. He enquired who my usual doctor was. I told him Dr. Pat O'Sullivan, Cork. On telling Dr. Tarrant that my food in the cell consisted of bully-beef and beans, he remarked "That would kill a horse". He ordered that I should be put on a diet of rice and milk puddings. On my way back to my cell I was again brought for interrogation. This time there was present Detective Officer Copperthorn stationed at Cobh. At the conclusion of the interrogation the detective and I were left alone, the military officers having retired. He turned and said to me: "Burke, you are known far and wide". I was put back in my cell and, to my great surprise, was released an hour or so afterwards.

I went to my home in Cobh and was just about to have tea when I heard the noise of lorries pulling up outside the house. I darted out the back and over the wall into a

house two doors from where I lived. The military surrounded my home back and front and made a careful search for me. Luckily, they did not search the house where I was hidden. To me it appeared as if my release was all a mistake. I did not sleep at home following this incident. With a few others of the Cobh Company who were in a similar predicament to myself, I slept at night in Cobh Hospital, where the doctor, matron and nurses gave us every facility, a special bed being always kept for us.

Cameron Highlanders Murder Gang:

It would be about the end of May, 1921, when I received information that a specially selected number of Cameron Highlanders were formed into a murder gang which operated in the 4th Battalion area of East Cork. These blackguards raided the home of Maurice Moore of Cobh who was executed in Cork Military Barracks on 5th May, 1921, following the Clonmult massacre of our Flying Column on 22nd February, 1921. His brother, Michael, about twenty years of age, was seized and taken outside into the yard of his home dressed only in his trousers and shirt, the intention being to shoot him. However, he capsized two of the gang in the yard and made his escape in the darkness. The next morning when he got in touch with some of our lads his feet were badly cut from broken glass and he had obviously been beaten up by the gang. He died about two years later from the effects of a blow in the stomach from the butt end of a rifle which he received the night of the raid.

A few nights after this the gang called again to Moore's house. This time his father and an elder brother, John, were in bed in a small front room of their labourer's cottage. The Camerons lifted up the window of the bedroom

and dropped in a bomb, which rolled under the foot of the bed and exploded. In some miraculous fashion the men escaped injury, but the bedroom was very badly damaged.

Another brother, Andy, was captured by the Camerons about this time. They used him as a hostage when carrying out raids by day and night for about a month in the East Cork district.

I had a personal experience with this murder gang in the following circumstances: The Section Commander at Belvelly, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Cobh town where the island is linked to the mainland, had repeatedly asked me to explore an old castle near Belvelly Bridge from which, he surmised, an underground passage ran to Fota on the mainland. This passage might be useful as a dump or as a dug-out for our lads when hard pressed by the enemy. We had arranged to meet some of the Belvelly men to investigate this passage, and a few of us were cycling to the meeting place one night when we heard a lorry coming behind us. We put on speed. The 1st Lieutenant, who was with me, made for the first farmer's house he saw and was captured there. I continued on, threw my bike over a gate into a field and escaped. The visit to Belvelly was abandoned for that night.

A few nights later eight of us again "struck out" for Belvelly. We searched and found no underground passage. Returning to Cobh, we ran right into the murder gang. We were brought into a farmhouse and questioned. I was first to be questioned. The officer accused me of being a member of a secret organisation, one of his reasons being that I was wearing what he called a "half-moon badge" in my coat. I denied this, saying that the badge was one worn by members of the Primrose League, a loyalist society.

He ordered me to stand aside. The other men with me were first searched and then ordered to strip naked. Nothing of an incriminating nature was found, and then, to our surprise and relief, we were told to "go ahead". To this day I cannot understand how we escaped that particular night.

My final brush with the enemy prior to the Truce of July, 1921, occurred in June of that year. Two or three men armed with grenades came with me to the Park, Cobh, one night, where we waited for an R.I.C. patrol. They came along alright and we threw the grenades at them. I cannot say what casualties we inflicted. We got away immediately.

By this time, early June, 1921, I realised that my service in Cobh was coming to an end and that I could bluff the British authorities no longer. I therefore got in touch with the battalion officers at Midleton and I was in the Ballycotton district when the Truce came. Immediately the Truce was signed I returned, on instructions, to Cobh.

During my active service with the Cobh Company in 1920-21 we could be said to have acted as an independent unit. Officially we were attached to the 4th Battalion, Cork No. 1 (East Cork) Brigade, but in actual fact we got no assistance and received no visits from the battalion staff. The Cobh Company supplied six men to the Battalion Column. Two of these men were killed and two executed as a result of the Clonmult massacre of February, 1921. One other was at Clonmult and escaped.

In connection with Clonmult, it may be of interest to record that it was I who brought the first news of the disaster to Diarmuid Hurley, O/C of the Column and the

Battalion. On the evening of the occurrence I had been instructed by Hurley to meet him in the vicinity of the railway station known as Cobh Junction, midway between Cobh and Cork. Hurley and two other officers of the battalion, Joseph Aherne and Paddy Whelan, had in mind the staging of an ambush on, I think, a troop train the following day and wanted to have me present when they looked over the terrain as I was well acquainted with that district. On my way to the rendez-vous I met a Volunteer, who told me that the Column had been wiped out in Clonmult that afternoon. Immediately I met Diarmuid Hurley and the others I told them what I had heard. Hurley hesitated a moment and turning to the others said, "Come on, lads, there may be a chance yet", meaning that perhaps he could do something to save the Column. Telling me to return to Cobh at once, he jumped into a motor car with the other two men and drove away rapidly in the direction of Clonmult.

It is now known that there was no chance of saving the Column at that time. When Hurley got to Clonmult nothing remained but the dead bodies of twelve of his comrades; eight others were prisoners of the British. The action was finished; there was nothing he could do.

General remarks:

The Cobh Company comprised six sections. Four of these were in Cobh town, one in Belvelly, one in Ballymore. The vast majority of the Volunteers had parents and other relatives in the British Army and navy and in the R.I.C., but not one member of our organisation was imprisoned or interned as the result of information given by the townspeople of Cobh. They gave us their loyal support during the fight, even if the sympathy of all of them may not have been a hundred

per cent with us. On the other hand, very little support was forthcoming from the Fenian element in the town, at least so far as our military organisation was concerned.

I would like to place on record the intelligence work carried out by a Cobh Volunteer named John Kilty, a clerk in the Admiralty office in Cobh. This man was in a position to obtain information from confidential naval documents which passed through him in the course of his duty. In particular he supplied us with the letters of the naval code, a few letters of which were changed weekly by the British and which after a few weeks would give the complete code. This was transmitted by us to the Brigade H.Q. in Cork.

During operations against the British forces we in the Cobh Company captured up to forty-five rifles. As to the number of small ^{arms} ~~tools~~ taken, I cannot say with any certainty the exact amount. At a rough estimate, I would say that upwards of two dozen revolvers were either captured or acquired by purchase from soldiers or marines.

In regard to this question of arms, it should be recorded that small lots of revolvers came in to Cobh with men arriving from the U.S.A. The brigade notified us in advance of the names of passengers with luggage containing "contraband goods". We contacted these persons and took away the luggage before its inspection by the British authorities.

When the Truce came in July, 1921, we had approximately one hundred and twenty men in the Cobh Company, excluding men 'on the run' or in gaols. The officer personnel was as follows:

Captain - Michael J. Burke
 1st Lt. - John Moore
 2nd Lt. - Andrew Butterly
 Adjt. - Patrick Collins, N.T.
 Q/M - Denis Duggan
 O/C No. 1 Sect. - George Reilly
 " " 2 " - J. Grealey
 " " 3 " - Daniel Leahy
 " " 4 " - Thomas Lehane
 " Belvelly Section - Edward Butler.

Capture of British ship "Upnor":

I desire to place on record details of the capture at sea of the British ship "Upnor" in which Cobh men played a prominent part. The date of the event was 29th March, 1922.

Early in March, 1922, I was in Cork attending a parade in honour of the late Tomás MacCurtain, when I was informed that the Brigade O/C, Seán Hegarty, wanted to see me before I returned to Cobh. I met him and the Brigade Staff (Cork No. 1 Brigade), when I was told that a British War Department vessel named "Upnor" was loading warlike stores in Haulbowline for delivery at Woolwich Arsenal and that I was to make arrangements for her capture at sea. After her capture she was to be taken to Ballycotton where she would be unloaded. The brigade would arrange for the unloading and transport of the cargo. I was also advised to contact one of our men in Haulbowline who would let me know when the "Upnor" was putting to sea. I was then to phone the All-for-Ireland Club, Emmet Place, Cork, where the Brigade Staff were standing by.

Returning to Cobh, I detailed a man to get in touch with our representative in Haulbowline and inform him that he was to send me word when the "Upnor" was ready to leave. I then organised a crew to man the boat which was to proceed to sea after the "Upnor". Several of the men I recruited were not members of the I.R.A. I did not, of course, inform them what was on.

A week or so elapsed and then my friend in Haulbowline sent me word, on 29th March, 1922, that the "Upnor" was sailing at 11 a.m. that day. She carried hundreds of rifles, machine-guns and many hundred boxes of ammunition, Verey lights and suchlike war stores.

I got in touch with Brigade H.Q. immediately and soon a car came from Cork with about fifteen Cork I.R.A. men, amongst whom were Mick Murphy, Tom Crofts and "Sando" Donovan, all brigade officers. The men were armed with revolvers. Mick Murphy carried a Lewis gun. With the Cork men was a sea captain named Collins, who was to take over the captaincy of the "Upnor" when she was captured. He was not an I.R.A. man. Arrangements previously made to commandeer a boat to follow the "Upnor" to sea did not materialise, but, luckily, the tugboat "Warrior" had berthed at Deepwater Quay, Cobh, that day about noon. We boarded her and found the captain had gone ashore. Putting our own crew aboard, we went in search of the captain. We could not put to sea until we located him; if we put to sea and he returned to the quay to find his boat missing, he would report the fact to the Admiralty and the alarm would be given. We searched hotels and shipping offices in the town and eventually found him in the very last office we tried. We took him prisoner and placed him under an armed guard in the "Rob Roy" Hotel. Lloyd's shipping agent, Horne, was with the captain when we found him. Horne was a Protestant and a Unionist and saw us take the captain prisoner. Mick Murphy asked me what would we do with this fellow. I said, "If he gives his word of honour not to discuss what he has seen, he is at liberty to go". Horne shook hands with us and gave his word (which he loyally kept) so we let him go. The time

was now gone 2 p.m. and the "Upnor" had at least two hours or more of a start on us.

We got aboard the "Warrior", with Captain Collins in charge of her, and made for the open sea. Our lads worked so hard on the engines that the original crew, who were aboard, were afraid the boilers would burst and they offered to do the job themselves. We agreed to this. Leaving Cobh Harbour, I told Captain Collins to strike a course for Waterford. He had no idea what was afoot and did as he was told. When we got outside the harbour there was no sign of the "Upnor", so I asked the captain to alter course for Portsmouth. He did this. We sailed on the Portsmouth course for several hours and, just as dusk was falling, we sighted the "Upnor" and her escort of two armed trawlers. The latter were about two miles from the "Upnor" and in front of her. She was making slow speed as she was towing a barge. We closed in on her and one of our lads shouted to her captain to stop, saying we had an important message for the captain, at the same time waving an official-looking envelope. She stopped. We lowered a boat and a few of us went aboard her. We produced our guns and held up the captain and any of the crew in sight. Mick Murphy ordered the captain, at the point of a Lewis gun, to leave the bridge. The man was thunderstruck. He said, "This is piracy on the high seas, do you realise what this means?". Murphy replied, "We are taking over now" and ordered the skipper below decks. Seeing that we meant business, the captain complied.

Meanwhile, the "Warrior" had pulled alongside the "Upnor" and a further party of our lads came aboard the

latter. We put our own crew in charge of her, with John Duhig, a seaman of long standing and an I.R.A. man, as skipper. Captain Collins was instructed to set a course slowly for Ballycotton. The "Upnor", with John Duhig in charge, followed. Darkness had now fallen. We were from thirty to forty miles off the Irish coast and the British trawler escort had gone ahead, oblivious of the fact that the "Upnor", with its precious cargo, had changed hands.

The journey to Ballycotton was uneventful. We tied up at the pier about 4 a.m. on 30th March, 1922, and the task of unloading commenced. There were upwards of a hundred lorries of all kinds and the same number of men, all from the Cork Brigade, waiting to unload and take away the cargo, and it was not until about 6 p.m. that the last lorry left the pier. The cargo comprised Lewis and Maxim machine-guns and spare parts, grenades and rifle grenade throwers, guncotton and boxes of ammunition. The quantity may be judged from the time taken to unload and the transport required to remove the cargo.

Just as I was preparing to leave Ballycotton on the last lorry, a grey shape loomed up at sea. It was a British man-of-war searching for the missing "Upnor". Apparently the "Upnor's" escort tried to make contact with her and, failing to do so, informed the British naval authorities that something was amiss.

Returning to Cobh, I went to bed and a few hours afterwards was called and told the Admiral wanted to speak to the O/C Cobh I.R.A. I spoke on the phone to him. He said he would like to see me. With Volunteer Denis Duggan of Cobh I called on the Admiral, who told me what had

happened to the "Upnor". I said I knew nothing about it, and added that I would take up the matter immediately with headquarters. He seemed pleased with the interview, so much for British intelligence.

We were disappointed with the contents of the barge towed by the "Upnor". It contained only an assortment of office furniture, which, of course, was quite useless to us.

In conclusion, I would like to state that it is my wish that the Bureau get in touch with those persons closely connected with the political struggle (as distinct from the physical force movement) in Cobh in order that the full story of Cobh's part in the fight for freedom be recorded. For myself, I was never connected with any political organisation.

Signed: *Michael D. Burke*

Date: *24th May 1952*

Witness:

J. O'Sullivan

(Investigator).

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