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The Story of the Stolen Cob

Chloe
Ronan

I heard this story from my great-grandmother who is now 96 years old and in Skibbereen Hospital. She told me that my great-great grandfather, George Whitley, lived in Skeagh Schull during those years and he told her how the black and tans (British auxiliary army) came one evening and demanded his cob (small horse/pony) you dare not refuse. My great-great grandfather thought he'd never again see his cob. To his delight three days later the cob was returned unharmed. At that time travel on horseback may have been the only means of transport.



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