

By Naomi Sweetnam.
Told By Sam Sweetnam, - My Granddad.

My Granddad remembers his dad - Samuel Sweetnam and his Grandfather - (Don't know his name!) Sweetnam telling him stories about the Black and Tans and the IRA. Both would randomly barge in on any night and demand a meal and their best bed in the house for a night. They would also have them take them off to wherever they needed to go in the horse and cart. In my great + great great granddad's case it would have been Skibbereen which was around seven miles from where they lived. But it could take much longer as lots of roads were 'cut', meaning either the Black and Tans or the IRA would blow up part of a road with gunpowder so you couldn't get through. So, it was very inconvenient. But, if you didn't oblige, you would be shot dead. My great + great, great granddad weren't really on either side so they were never threatened. My granddad also knew one man who was such a target for the Black and Tans, that he was constantly on the run. One day the Black and Tans were searching a farm he was at, so, he hid under a pile of fur and they never thought of looking there, so he got away safely.

Told By =

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