Project on Michael Collins

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My grandad Seán Collins gave me these three stories about his father's first cousin Michael Collins.

The first story is about why Michael was frowning in the only picture taken of him as a child.

It was around 1899 and Michael was living in Woodfield near my great grandfather Pattie Collins. They were cousins but also good friends.

One Sunday Michael was playing with Pattie and some other boys outside Patties house at Sam's Cross. It was a very exciting game of bowling, and Michael was winning, but before he could take the wining shot, his older sister Margaret came running down the road coming from Michaels house shouting his name.

"Michael! Come quick! The Yanks are home and theire taking a family photograph."

"But I'm winning, he moaned.

"Now!" Margaret yelled and she took off up the road again. Michael told his friends to wait for him and reluctantly ran home after his sister.

When he got home he sulkily greeted his

American cousins and stood in for a picture. Michael hardly took any notice of the new fangled, rare, fancy camera, and as soon as the picture was finished he rudely ran out the back door and pounded down the road to Patties house to win the game of bowling.

22 years later, Michael Collins was driving through West Cork and he decided to call in to Patties house in Sam's Cross to see if he was there

When he knocked on the door Pattie's mother ~~Harodt~~ Hannah answered. She told him Pattie wasn't there because he was in Cork, but he could come in if he liked. So he did, and he sat on the same kitchen table that my grandad Seán ate meals on as a child.

"Please mind yourself Michael," Hannah told him.

"I'll be fine," Michael assured her. "I won't be shot in my own county."

But that very day, only a few hours later, Michael Collins was shot in Béal na Bláth...

The third story my grandad told me is about how Michael was never caught by the British police.

When Michael was one of the most wanted men in Ireland. British soldiers turned buildings inside out looking for him, but they never could. Why? Because he was cycling through Dublin City on his bike.

Once he was stopped and told that he looked alot like Michael Collins!

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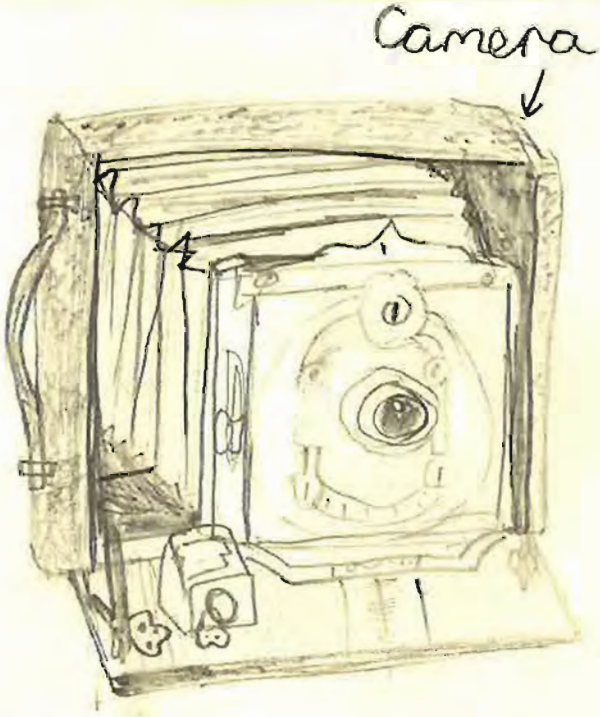
"Wouldn't it be fun if I was him!" Michael replied, and he cycled away chuckling

Michael Collins sulking in the picture with his family.



Michael in Sam's Cross