

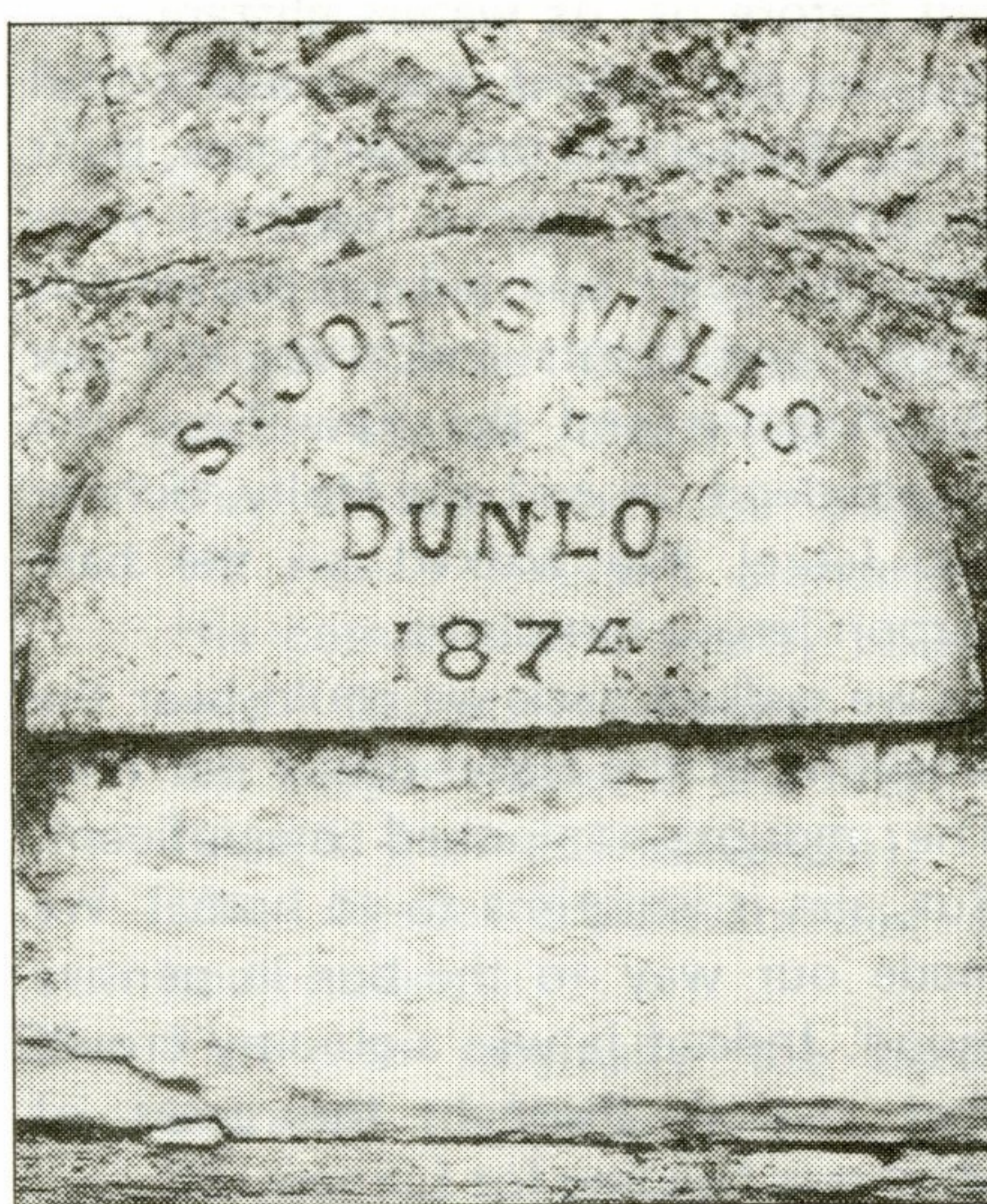
# DUNLOE mill

by PETER COGLAN

In these modern times with the huge rise in the cost of all sources of power and energy, it is ironical to hear of water-powered mills closing down, as is the case at the moment of one near Navan in the Co. Meath, where owing to a drainage project the water supply is cut off from the Mill and so it is left hanging high and dry as it were with its great big wheels at a stand still. Such is the fate too of many more such mills throughout the country, they were considered too slow going to keep pace with the hustle and bustle and mass productions of modern times, even though, as many admit, their method of production was far more natural and therefore more healthy and of course, more infinitely cheap than to-day's monopolised mass production.

St. John's Mill, Dunloe, at the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe, suffered the same fate as many others of its class. After the last World War, in the early fifties, when flour production once again became the monopoly of the big syndicates, the demand for work at the Dunloe Mill gradually decreased and finally ground to a complete stand still about 1955.

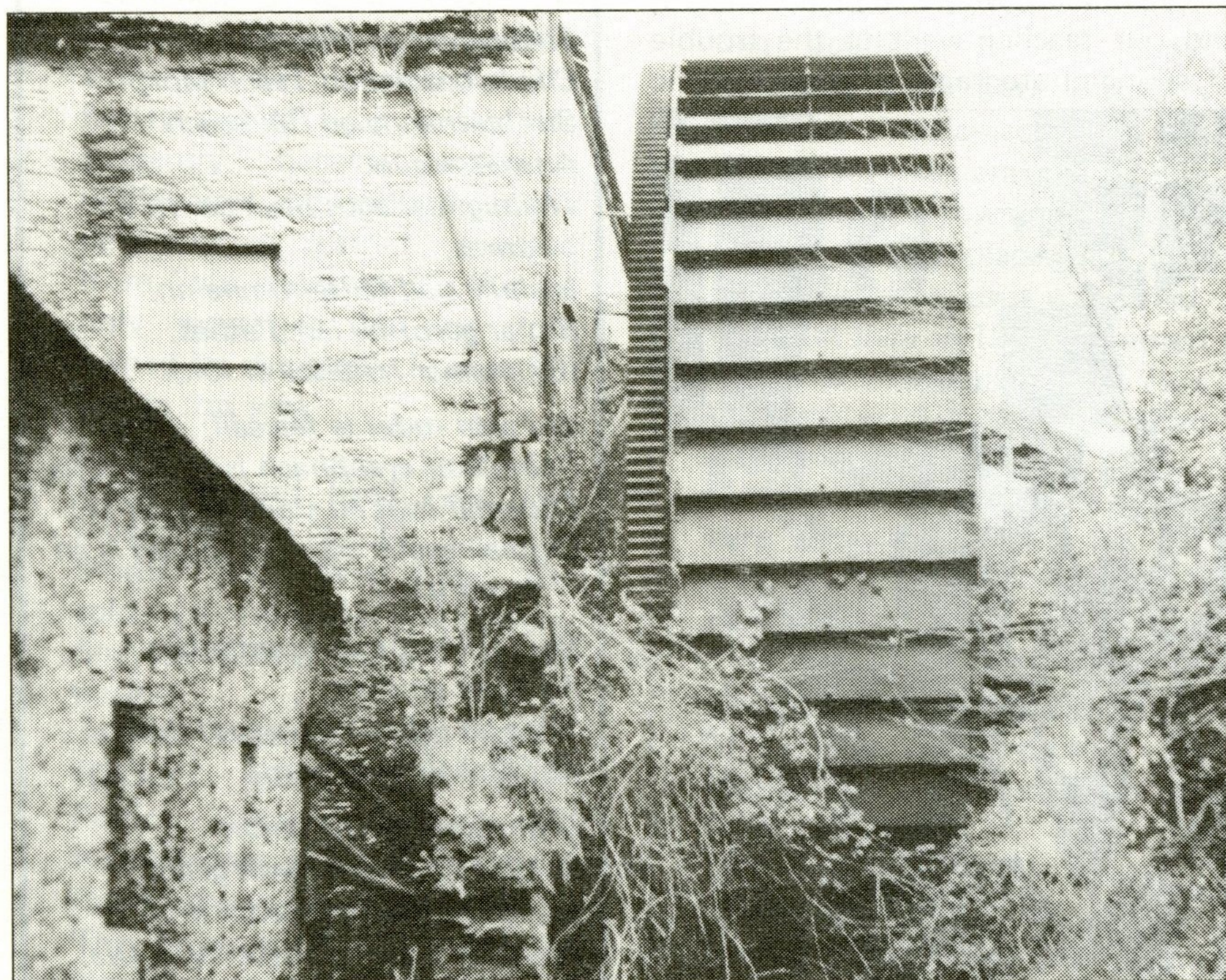
Dunloe Mill was built in the year 1874 by the landlord of the district, O'Mahony of Dunloe Castle. The building was a solidly built four storey construction, with most of the machinery in the top storey, and the huge grinding stones or querns in the third storey. The grain was poured into the conveyor buckets on the ground floor and conveyed to the querns on the third storey from which it was transferred to the second storey where it was screened and sieved—where the bran was separated from the flour and both products packed into sacks. Power to put the wheels in motion was supplied by water, conveyed by sluice from the River Loe about 200 yards away. The master, or main wheel is a great size, twenty six feet in diameter, with a rim six feet wide and weighing about 10 tons. Each mill stone weighs about 20 stone and had to be taken down periodically to be dressed by the Miller with hammer and chisel. This work demanded a great deal of skill and patience from the miller. All kinds of grain wheat, oats, barley and maize were ground and each type of grain required its own special type of treatment.



"Date stone of Dunloe Mill"

In its early years the bulk of the grain was conveyed into Killarney by train and then transported by horse and cart to Dunloe where it was ground and then brought back to Killarney where it was sold to the people in the shop of J. M. Reidy, Main Street. A team of horses, carts and drivers were constantly day in day out, employed at this work. Needless to mention the local farmers also took their grain to the mill, wheat to be made into flour and other grain to be crushed as fodder for cattle and pigs.

In 1922 the mill, or at least the mill's source of power, was used for another purpose. Howard S. Harrington of Dunloe Castle had conceived the idea of producing a turf machine, which would cut the peat and then by compression dry it and so make it



"The Mill-Wheel at Dunloe (circa 1968)"

# ROS

Journal of Kerry Folk Life Vol. 8 No. 2

fit to burn as fuel. He employed a number of engineers and the then experts and after a few years of trial and experiment had produced a machine a pre-decessor of Bord-Na-Mona early machines. The big snag was the difficulty of conveying the big machine to the bog and also of getting an engine powerful enough to propel the machine without sinking in the rather soft peat bog. However the experiment was a great pioneering effort in the production of machine won turf.

During the years between the two Great Wars the work of the mill was greatly reduced, confined mainly to crushing oats or barley for animal fodder. However in 1939 with the outbreak of war when foreign flour and grain were unobtainable, the mill came into its own again and during all the war years was kept going full blast, night and day, grinding wheat. We, in Ireland had to depend entirely on our own resources—our own grown wheat and locally produced flour. The mill at that time was a wonderful boom, not only to the people of Dunloe and Beaufort but to the people of all Mid-Kerry and even far into East-Kerry. The flour produced during those years was considered first class and most palatable. It was wonderful to see the long line of farm-carts each with its quota of wheat awaiting its turn to have it ground into flour. Those were the booming days of the Mill.

However in the early 1950's with the importation of foreign wheat again the business of the mill greatly declined, and with the death of the miller, William Williams in 1956 the mill finally closed down, never to re-open. As the years went by the building began to deteriorate.

First, some slates were blown off the

Continued on Back Page

## APOLOGY

In the last issue of ROS vol. 8. No. 1, unfortunately, the photographs of the Ring Fort at Craggaunowen and the Crannog got transposed with their titles. The picture on the front page is that of the Ring Fort and the picture on the back page is obviously that of the Crannog.

## Our Chairman

Mr. Sean O'Keeffe

It has been a tremendous honour for me to be asked to be Chairman of the Trustees of the Muckross House Folk Museum, and, during my year in office, I will be hoping to see the Folk Museum develop and increase in size and concept.

I have only been a member of the Committee for the past four years, having arrived on the scene, so to speak, as a nominee of Killarney U.D.C. During that time I have come to realise that Muckross House is not just for Killarney, or even Kerry, but for the people of all nations, from all over the world, to come and see. Here they can experience a glimpse of life in the "big house", or they can examine the topography or geology of our county, they can see examples of rare flora and fauna, or they can enjoy the skill or the craft workers. It is thanks to many people throughout the county, who saw the potential of Muckross as a base for a Kerry Folk Museum, that we have live crafts in operation in the house to-day.

I would like to pay a special tribute of gratitude and thanks to the late Dr. Frank Hilliard, for his work and effort during his nine years as our chairman. It was a position he held with leadership and dignity, and no little modicum of success. I would also like to mention my predecessor, Canon D. K. L. Earl, and thank him for the guidelines he set down, and which make my job as chairman so much easier.

This year I am confidently hoping to see the magical figure of 100,000 visitors to the house, reached. It is a figure that had as much reality as landing on the moon a few years ago. I would like to see us, in the not too distant future extending our crafts, and maintaining all the workmanship and skills which are of the highest level in the country.

I would recommend our educational programme to all schools in the county.

Finally, I trust our association with the Office of Public Works will grow in strength, and with full co-operation on all sides, we will, together, extend and develop a well established Kerry Folk Life Museum.



# Ár gCuairt ar Mhuc Ros

(Alt scríofa ag na cailíní atá i rang V agus rang VI i Scoil Mhuire Gan Smál—Scoil an Chlochair, Leic Snámha).

It was on a breezy November morning we set out for Muckross. It was a dream come true. As we drove up the

## MUCKROSS

*When Muckross gates came into view,  
The dream of a life-time then came true.*

*Our hearts beat faster the very moment*

*When up the narrow path we went.*

*Then our eyes saw the sight  
Of Muckross house and gardens bright,  
Laid like a beautiful carpet of green,  
With many coloured flowers to be seen.*

*Up to the house we boldly went,  
Our young hearts happy and well content;*

*There we were greeted graciously:  
Then all the rooms we went to see.*

*Next were the Potter, the Weaver  
and Blacksmith,  
All three who kindly taught us their best,*

*While we listened intently, then  
looked and wrote  
In a little room, cosy as a nest.*

*A Chandelier, glistening and bright,  
Hung in the Hall; what a pretty sight!*

*We were not happy or in any way gay  
When came at last the end of our day.*

*Then back again to our homes we went,  
And of Muckross House that night we dreamt;*

*Then we made a project about our visit*

*To Muckross House and all that was in it.*

*We took an interest in our parish;  
Learned of its history and lore,  
And with poetry, maps and charts in our project,  
Recalled its happy days of yore.*

avenue the massive house came into view. It was surrounded by forests and gardens. The scent from the flowers could be felt even inside the bus. Kerry Cows were grazing in the fields. We saw what seemed to be an infinite number of windows, several chimneys and ivy creeping over some of its grey walls. Incidentally we later learned this was Portland Stone, and naturally had to be imported.

The bus came to a halt at last and we all got out feeling very excited. As we approached the steps leading to the house a lady greeted us with a welcoming smile. She then guided us to a room where she had placed some workbooks for our use. Let us add we had already been arranged in groups by our teacher. One group went to the potter, another to the weaver, while the third was directed to the blacksmith.

The weaver showed us the many different types of yarn he used, mohair, wool, cotton and linen. He did some weaving for us on the loom. We were fascinated by this demonstration.

The potter was busy making a mug when we went in. She turned the wheel with her foot and moulded the clay into shape. She told us that objects are first moulded, then baked in a kiln and finally painted. We even brought some clay home to experiment with.

The blacksmith's forge was very interesting. We saw how he heated the iron until it became red hot, then shaped it on the anvil. We were delighted when he presented Shirley Hickey with a ring he had made of a horse shoe nail.

After visiting the craftshops we were taken on a grand tour of the house. We were shown the dairy and the wine cellar, the G.A.A. room and the Geology room. We were very interested in the stuffed animals and birds, as well as in the moths and butterflies. Upstairs in the children's room we saw

two dolls in a glass case—their faces were made of china. We were shown the room in which Queen Victoria slept. The bells amused us. There was so much to be seen, but it was time for lunch.

After hurried snacks, we squeezed into our wellingtons and started on the boat house trail. The air was fresh and exhilarating. How beautiful the lawns and sunken gardens looked. We couldn't help remembering the time when ladies in elegant gowns walked through them. We could nearly hear the clip-clop of the horses hoofs on the cobbled paths. The lake stretched out before us, its waters glistening in the sun. We indeed were in a beautiful place. We noticed the boat house, built of bricks, and over a hundred years old. The guide pointed out the various shrubs and plants and trees. We saw the Arbutus and the Yew Tree, the Rhododendron and the Holly, lichens and laurel. We walked on the bare carboniferous limestone.

As we walked back we could hear the crackling of the leaves under our feet. The mountains looked magnificent. But, alas it was time to go home! We made our way to the bus in pensive mood. Indeed it was a gloomy crowd that passed through the gates of Muckross heading for Lixnaw.

For about a week we chattered and reminisced about our day at Muckross. We felt we should write a book about it. The trouble was to put our ideas into words. That was a challenge but we succeeded in producing three little booklets. Some girls illustrated the accounts and composed suitable captions for the covers. One title was "The House of Wonders and the Gardens of Beauty". We felt our little booklets were very fine and colourful. Then to add to these we were moved to express our feelings in poetry.

And our visit to Muckross did more for us for it made us realise that our own parish had a history too. For instance, we discovered that the old name for Lixnaw was Cill Chárthaigh—so called because St. Carthage built a monastery there in the sixth century. The ruins of this can still be seen. Kitty Quinlan, who is in fifth standard, and our teacher went to the trouble of taking photographs of some historic

places and ruins. We made an album of these.

We approached the parish craftsmen to watch them at work. The blacksmith, Mr. Crowley, told us that ready-made horse shoes now take the place of those which were formerly made in the forge. The local sculptor amazed us by telling us he used stone which came from Italy, Belgium, Galway and Belfast—as if we hadn't enough stones around Lixnaw!

Elsie Keane did some research on the growth of the parish's Co-operative Creamery. The Presentation Sisters are working in the parish just one hundred years. The Railway line is no longer in use—what a pity we thought. All in all we collected quite an amount of information.

We made a special study of the townland place names and were fascinated by the beautiful Irish names some of them had, they were so full of meaning. Dysert, for instance, comes from Díseart which means a hermitage; Ballintogher was originally called Baile an Tóchair—the town of the causeway; Aghacoora comes from the lovely name, Átha Cumhra—the sweet scented field.

Some girls wove little purses and wall hangings as a result of our Muckross tour. Others collected samples of local rock types—then we studied the geology of the whole of Kerry. Samples of different rock types were mounted on a sheet of cardboard. The townlands, showing fields and dwellings were best seen on a 6 inch map, so we looked it up and drew a similar map ourselves. Two girls showed the parish of Lixnaw by using a half-inch Ordnance Survey map.

Indeed, we worked very hard but the finished work was something we were proud of. We had done our best and were grateful to our teacher, Miss O'Dowd, and the people of Muckross for their help and encouragement.

## Ár gCuairt ar Mhuc Ros.

*D'fhágamar Leic Snámha,  
Mí na Samhna a bhí ann;  
Bhí gaoth bhog ag séideadh  
Thar cnoc is thar gleann.*

*Tháingamar go Muc Ros:  
Chonaiceamar an Teach Mór;  
Bhí bláthanna go flúirseach  
Anso is ansúd.*

*Tháinig fear agus bean go dtí an doras,*

*Is chuir siad fáilte romhainn.  
Bhí ar gcroíthe lan d'áthas,  
(Chireamar i dtuaisce ár lón).*

*Bhí alán rudaí le feiceáil;  
Coinnleoir craobhach is cloiginn fia;  
Chumar suas an staighre galánta,  
Chonaiceamar seomraí leapan is an seomra suí.*

*Bhí an fíodóir is an potadóir  
Ag obair go dian;  
Thug an gabha crú capaill dúinn.  
Bhí lúchair ar ár gcroí.*

*D'ítheamar ar lón ansin,  
Shiúlamar amach faoin gcoill;  
Bhí an bus ag feitheamh linn.  
Bhí an-lá againn, buíochas le Dia.*



"The girls of 5th & 6th classes, with their teacher Miss Treasa Ni Dhubhda, from Scoil Mhuire gan Smál".



# Old Killarney

In our Christmas issue of ROS we published an article by John Joe Murphy in which he gave details of his research into the residents of the group of lanes off Plunkett St. (Henn St.) and Main St. namely Glebe Place, Bothar Caol and Old and New Market lane: Since then John Joe has spent many other hours engaged in conversations and reminiscences with former residents of these lanes with the result that he has added considerably to his store of knowledge. We now publish here the result of his latest findings and suggest that anyone reading it should have a copy of the Christmas issue of ROS before them so that they can refer to the map which was published then.

John Joe has asked us to express his thanks to Maggie Doherty, to Mrs. Malley and his parents who spent long hours discussing the whole project with him.

1. Flemings—Had a sweet shop here.
- 2/3 Maurice Malley Snr. lived here. He had three Sons, Maurice Jr., Charlie and Mick. Maurice Jr. had 5 children. Pat, Neilus, Florence, Delia and Cathy.
4. Thade Moriarty lived here. When Thade died, Maurice Malley Jr. bought it, knocked down the existing thatched cottage and built the present three storey dwelling. His son Pat lived there afterwards.
5. Maurice Malley Jr. lived here and bought No. 4.
7. Mary Anne Dunne's House. Malley's bought it. Other names involved were Robert Walsh, Mr. Mayberry and Fred Neill.
8. Mary Ann Barry—she was born here but sold the house to Malley's and moved to No. 70.
18. Malley's owned this—Smith a butcher bought it. O'Brien bought off Smith. O'Brien rented the house to Bill Devany. O'Brien later sold to Jack Cronin. Now owned by the Dunloe Hotel.
22. Tom Lyne a carpenter lived here, (grandfather of the Doherty who lived in No. 9). When he died, his wife moved from here to No. 9. Steven and Ellie McCarthy (brother and sister) bought this house, it was later bought by Katie Howard of No. 24. Her son Jack lived there.
26. "At one stage, 1811, Bohercaol contained a spirit shop and conjoint grocery and provision store. It was inhabited by a family named Leahy, who subsequently became extensive millionaires and landlords, in the neighbouring district" (quoted from "old newspaper"). We are only suggesting that the store owned by the family in question was in this area.
27. Lucey's. Katie Howard lived here, but moved later to No. 24.
32. Mother Shea lived here. She sold fruit, vegetables and flowers. She was Dicko Cliffords grandmother.
33. Johnnie Clifford lived here—(Dicko's grandfather). Capt. Patrick Callaghan owned the house before selling it to Johnnie Curran the grocer of Main St. The Bowlers moved here from No. 85.
34. "Bohercaol is the oldest part of the section and appropriately enough housed the last two practitioners of old crafts—Thade Daniel O'Sullivan, who made sugaun chairs for both the cottage and the palace. He was a splendid craftsman. His comrade in a nearby house was 'Captain Callaghan, the last brogue maker of the town.'" (quoted from old newspaper). Mrs. Thade O'Sullivan had a cook-house.
35. This was originally the back entrance to McCarthy's in No. 36.
36. A McCarthy family built and lived here before moving to No. 44. Their daughter married Sugrue, Johnnie (one of the family) moved to No. 38, which is now a store. He was a shoe maker. When the McCarthy's moved they sold to Hurley's.
37. "At the end, and facing New Street, were the Assembly Halls and Market House, built by the Kenmares in 1750. The structure was of similar type to that erected during the regime of the Planters. The smaller but same type are partially preserved in Milltown and Castleisland, and can only be described as an unrelieved ugliness, being of the same class of architecture as the building in the Shambles Market. The structure was replaced in the middle 70's by the existing building. In the upper Assembly Hall were placed a very fine mantelpiece from Old Killarney House and the picture of Apollo crowning Handel from the same place. The first Feis na n-Airne, as it was called, was held here in 1903". (quoted from old newspapers). The first floor was used in 1923 for selling fresh milk and cream.
39. Captain Callaghan had a house here, same Callaghan as No. 33. Died there and house knocked down later.
40. This was not belonging to Callaghan's as originally explained. This house was occupied by Michael Garvey, who was a tin smith by trade.
44. McCarthy's moved here from No. 36. McCarthy's Daughter married Sugrue and their daughter married Jerry Brosnan now the



"Mr. Sean O'Keefe, Chairman of the Trustees of Muckcross House handing over inscribed plaques to Donie O'Sullivan and Tim Regan before they left on their American tour in June. The plaques were made by Lyn Stace in our pottery for presentation by the Spa G.A.A. Club to their hosts in different cities in America."

47. house is owned by M. D. O'Shea. Now in the possession of Mrs. Sheila O'Connor. Originally owned by the Church Temporalities of Ireland and sold to Daniel McDonnell 1880. Was later in possession of John O'Connor. Daniel McDonnell died 1896 and his Executrix, Lucy Healy, sold the plot to Patrick Finnegan, Gate Lodge Keeper, Mental Hospital, Killarney in 1904. Later occupied by Timothy O'Connor. There is also mention of an "unoccupied" "plot" in possession of Timothy O'Sullivan, this could be No. 56 on South side of old Market Lane. Mrs. Julia Gleeson bought plots in 1904 from Patrick Finnegan. She died 1944 and her heir James Gleeson sold one plot to Michael Spillane which he sold to Mrs. S. O'Connor 1960.
48. Originally built by James Gleeson, sold to John Horgan of Fair Hill and owned later by Michael Broderick, (John Horgan's brother in law). Later owned by Miss O'Connor, and now by Donie Sheehan it was always let in flats (now a store).
49. Now in possession of Mrs. Sheila O'Connor. Originally owned by the Church of Ireland and sold to James Mahony butcher, and later to Maurice Gleeson a cooper, in 1885. Willed to James Gleeson, son of Maurice Gleeson, by his mother Julia Gleeson. Sold to Mrs. O'Connor by James Gleeson in 1947.
51. Formerly Dano Jack Gleeson's—later Jack Lynch. Nos. 51, 52, 48, 50, 53, 54. All belonged originally to Gleeson's and were connected inside.
58. First owned by Mr. & Mrs. Michael O'Riordan, then by Mrs. McMahon and then Nellie Cronin.
60. "Suckie" Sullivan's and later Seamus D'arcy O'Sullivan.

To be continued in Next Issue.

## EDUCATIONAL PROJECTS

For some years now, the Trustees of Muckcross House have organised a Winter Educational programme for National School children in Co. Kerry. For this last such programme we added a new dimension in that we organised a competition. This was done as a result of an offer made by Mrs. Hilliard to sponsor a prize to commemorate her late husband, Dr. Frank Hilliard.

Dr. Hilliard was one of the Founders of the Folk Museum at Muckcross House and the first Chairman—for nine years—of the Trustees. Naturally, we gladly accepted her offer and we decided that the most appropriate area to use it was where Dr. Frank would have most wished it—that was undoubtedly in fostering the interest of young people in the heritage of their County and particularly in the heritage of their own localities. Therefore, we offered the prize to the group which, having participated in the programme, would submit the best project on their visit and an evaluation of it.

Our adjudicators were very impressed with the standard of three projects and while there had to be a winner, the other two very definitely deserved prizes, so the Trustees added special prizes of Plaques made in our own pottery.

The Dr. Frank Hilliard Memorial Prize for 1977/78 was presented to Miss Treasa Ní Dhubhda and her pupils from fifth and sixth classes at Scoil an Chlochair, Leacsna by Mrs. Hilliard at Muckcross House on the 19th June. On the same occasion the Chairman of the Trustees of Muckcross House Mr. Sean O'Keefe presented the special prizes of Muckcross Pottery plaques to Mrs. Eileen Kearney and her pupils from 3rd, 4th, 5th & 6th classes at Dromerin N.S. near Listowel, and to Sister Angelica and her pupils from 5th & 6th classes, at the Loreto N.S. Killarney. We were very pleased that these teachers and their pupils were able to be present (see photograph) and also appreciated the fact that Mr. Dominic Burke, Schools Inspector and Mr. Eamon Foran, Schools Inspector were able to be present.



# Some May Eve Customs and Beliefs

Prepared by: MARGARET HEALY, Muckcross House.

May Eve falling on the 30th of April, has long been associated with supernatural charms and customs. The Irish country people held strong beliefs in evil forces, which, when used against them could harm or destroy themselves, their property or their livestock. The rites associated with May Eve are now on the decline but at one time they were as important as those of Christmas or any other festive occasion. A remarkable similarity may be noticed between customs in the individual baronies of Kerry.

Customs dealing with agricultural produce and livestock were particularly widespread.

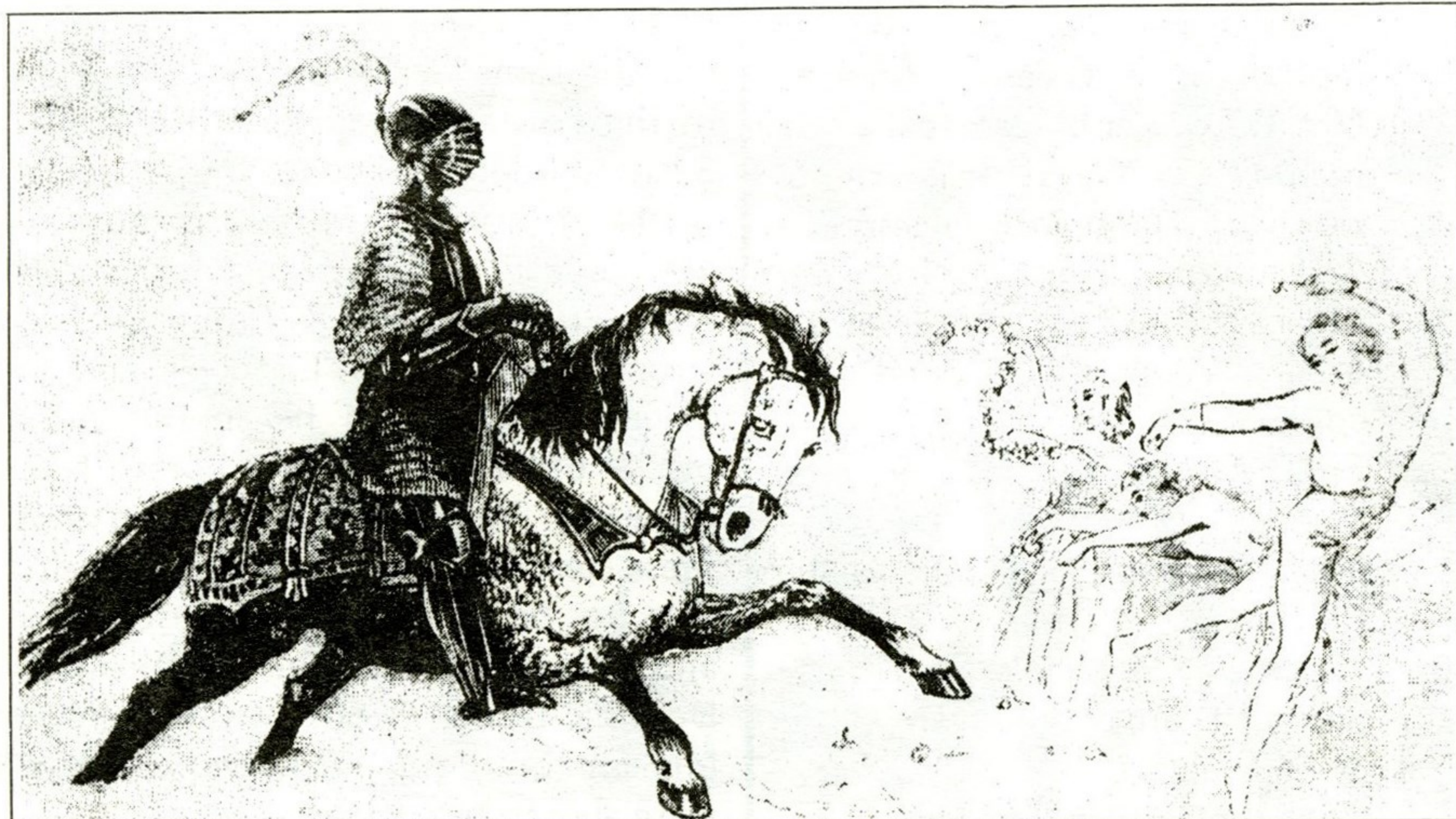
*"About 40 years ago a spancel would not be left in a stake May night lest it should be stolen. If a spancel were stolen, it was believed that the milk of the cow would go with it for that year. So some people remained up until after sunrise May Morning when the spell was broken".* 463/315

The evil charm which prevented the churning of cream into butter was probably the most feared as butter was the main source of income. At that time many dairies were consecrated to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Brigid. Blessed hymns were sung while milking was in progress so as to protect against evil charms which could prevent butter from being made.

*"If anyone came to a house for milk on May Day especially one who was known to have plenty milk at home, it was thought that they could take away the luck of the produce of the milk by charm. If butter was given away on that same Day, he who gave it could not make butter during that year, even if he were churning from dawn 'till dark".* 406/518

It was believed that bad luck was associated with animals born on May Day.

*Dá mbeirtidhe gamhain bán Lá Bealtaine deirtí gur rud mí-rathmhar é do coiméad maraon leis a mháthair, da gcoimithidhe an gamhain, diol-faidhe a mháthair".* 461/191



The May Morning Vision, Killarney (Hall Ireland)

## The Fairy Stroke

Children were never allowed out alone on the Eve of May. This was for fear of a "fairy stroke" which could cause severe illness or death in many cases.

*"Two little girls were gathering flowers on May Day. When the flowers had been picked they sat down and began to arrange them. They heard a noise in the wood nearby. They were looking and looking but could not see anything. When they got home that night one of the girls developed a sore knee. They sent for the doctor but he did not know what had happened to it. The girl died within twelve months".* 407/569

At this time it was assumed that the girl had got a "fairy stroke". Music on this night was generally forbidden as can be seen here:

*Do bhí fear i mbaile an Eanaig fadó, agus le linn dorchadas na h-oiche, do chonaic sé an sluagh ag gabhail seana bothar a chnuic siar agus port bréagh feadghuille tógtha suas acu. Do thóg an fear an port uatha agus bhí sé féin abalta ar é seinnt chomh maith leo. Ach níor bhfada bhí, nuair a thógadar ón saoghal seo é agus deirtear gur dócha gurab amhlaidh nár theasting uatha an port a bheith ag aoinne ar an saoghal seo".* 419/383

It is clear that fairy beliefs had a dominant bearing on the lives of the people at that time.

## Fortune Telling

Some customs had eminent advantages. Young girls could discover their marital prospects as follows:

*"The night before May Day the girls of a marriageable age went out to the plains looking for snails. If a girl found a brown snail, it was believed that she would marry a brown-haired man, if she found a black snail, it was likely that she would have a dark-haired husband. The girls brought home the snails and left them in a plate of flour until morning. The old people say that the movement of the snail in the flour would imprint the initials of her future husband. This custom was called "Snail Hunting".* 439/110

But caution must be observed at this time as the saying goes: "If you marry in May, you will rue the day.";

## Religion

Most customs practiced were of pagan origin, however, we see that the people of the time used religious objects and holy water as protection against bad luck.

*"The hair on the cows udder was burned by a blessed candle on May Day".* 414/195

It was common practice to sprinkle holy water on the livestock and crops. In Rathmore there is a special well dedicated to Saint Craobhdearg, a sister to Saint Gobnait of Ballyjourney. It is called "The City";

*"Those who visit "The City" on May Day are not short of fun. Crowds young and old gather there, at least one from every household bringing a bottle to take home holy water from the blessed well. Oddly enough, it is still given in food to sick cattle. People remain at "The City" for two days—April 30th and May 1st, but the water is taken before midnight on the 1st. People perform "rounds" before the amusements begin. "Rounds" over, everyone collects in the middle of "The City" and if there is not music and dance go leor, ní lá fós é. It is amazing to watch the crowds go home in the evening, each in his own direction, some and not a few across the purple hills of Claodach and Gleann Fleisce, some towards the Great Abha Mhór, some towards Sráid A' Mhuilinn and some towards famed Barra Dubh".* 456/426

*"All the cattle from townlands within a three mile radius of "The City" were driven in to this spot on May Eve and left there all night, yet the old people declared they never fought as is usual when strange cows meet".* 457/12

It must be remembered that at this time such ceremonies as these, were as much a social as a religious occasion for those concerned.

Most of these customs and beliefs are now but a relic of the past. However, in rural areas the older generation still hold a deep-seated belief that such customs were and still are effective when practiced, though their practice is steadily declining.

## DUNLOE MILLS Continued

roof and the rain pouring in damaged the machinery so that to-day the building is almost derelict, falling to pieces bit by bit, but still the big wheel stands fast and as firm as the day it was installed. It's a pity that such a building should be left fall into decay—Bord Failte and the Directors of Muckcross House considered turning it into a tourist attraction but nothing came of the Project. I wonder could anything be done even at this very late date to prevent another of our historical buildings from being brought under the influence of the sledge hammer and bull-dozer.?

The mill, when working was a great land-mark in the district and the booming thunder—like sound of the great wheel as it turned around could be heard for miles about. The sound of the wheel too, acted as a weather—guide and under certain circumstances was infallible. When people living North of the Mill, heard the sound of the mill louder than usual, knew that rain was in the offing, while those living west of the mill could forecast dry weather when the mill could be clearly heard. A common expression in the locality was—"Do you hear the mill: We'll have rain tonight".

Many tales were told of the experiences of one of the early millers, John Reidy and his assistant Batt Coffey—how they were periodically tormented by a plague of rats, and how a certain breed of cats was so successful against them. Batt Coffey was prone to allowing his imagination become a little more than vivid in describing his experiences during his long night vigils in the mill, seeing to it that a continuous flow of grain was supplied to the querns because should a supply be cut off, even for a short time, irreparable damage could occur to both querns and machinery.

William Williams, nephew of John Reidy succeeded him as miller. Williams was a native of Blennerville, Tralee, and learned his trade from his uncle and also worked for many years in McCowan's flour mill Tralee. During the second World War Williams and his son kept the mill going at full capacity, 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

But alas the old familiar boom of the mill is to be heard no more—mar a dúirt an file:

*"Tá an sruth geal i nDísc, is an cabhlach in a thimpeall, tá an roth in a shíor-stad, gan torann, gan tonn, Ar bhóithrín na smaointe chím plásóg na rinne, Agus airím ceol píbe cois Muilleann na hAbhann".*

## ROS: BACK ISSUES

Recently we have started printing extra copies of each issue of ROS and we have these on sale in Muckcross House and through some News Agents. These copies can be bought at 10p. each plus postage if that applies. We have a limited number of copies of back issues.