



**THE
EMMET
REVIEW**

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**PUBLICATION OF THE
CUSHENDUN HURLING CLUB**

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Vol. III 1973

EDITORIAL

This is the third Edition of the Emmet Review, and it is bigger and better than before. The questions might be asked – Why a magazine? What need has a Hurling Club for a magazine?

The answers to these questions are still the same as we gave in our first issue. It is meant to give an account, not necessarily to those in the Club and indeed more particularly to those outside it, of what has been happening in and to the Cushendun Hurling Club. A record like this, is surely worth preserving, not perhaps for any literary merit, but for its historical value. How often has one picked up an old school report or a newspaper cutting of some match ten or fifteen years ago, to find that no matter how well the incidents and action had been recalled at the time, they were now all but forgotten? This is our reason for bringing out our little magazine, and we hope this record of events will be of interest both to the present day and future Emmets, ten or twenty years hence.

Those who have read our first two issues, will see that the same features are included. There is a Round-Up of the Year, an account where the honours went in County competitions and a continuation of the historical notes. But this time there is much more. We have asked several other Clubs in the locality to contribute an item on what they have been doing. There is a glimpse into life in the Glens in days gone by – a life which is now only a memory, an account of the life of Robert Emmet, and a light hearted contribution from Denis O'Hara – a past player of our Club. Denis has made his name by writing for larger publications than ours and we do appreciate his taking time to contribute to our small effort. There are also contribution from the children, and we would like to thank them and all who did contribute to this issue.

Finally we would like to thank the typists who gave their help so willingly.

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ROUND-UP OF THE YEAR

Round-up in the last "Review" covered the early part of last season. At that stage, the club were in the Final of the Feis Cup and had played 6 matches in the All-County League and were still undefeated.

Much has happened since then, and it has not been all success. Before the Feis final we suffered 2 defeats in the League, one surprisingly at home against St. Paul's, when a huge half-time lead was wiped out by the city team in the second half. The following Sunday we travelled to Armoy for what was undoubtedly the hardest match of the season. But once again the absence of injured Dan McKeegan seemed to be too much of a handicap and we were never really in with a chance. This result against Armoy should have been reversed at home when we were undoubtedly the better team but had the worst of luck, to be beaten by a very narrow margin.

Meantime, we had successfully overcome Eire Og in the first round of the Intermediate Championship at the opening of Ahoghill's new ground, and retained the Feis Cup at the expense of Carey. Both of these victories were very easy. Against Eire Og, a bad start made the match closer than it should have been. Against Carey a high class first-half effort made the second half a mere formality. It seemed that the team had regained its early season confidence, but Carey shocked us in the League a couple of Sundays after when a good few of the team failed to turn up. This was followed by a draw with Glenarm and meant that we had practically no chance of catching Armoy.

In the Semi-Final of the Intermediate Championship we now met St. John's and at Glenariff a good display ensured our place in the final. Because of our victory over St. John's we were made favourites – Sarsfields having been hard-pressed to beat Glenarm in their semi-final. However, Sarsfields improved beyond recognition before the final. Victories over St. John's, Ballycran and a narrow defeat by Ballycastle was evidence of this. What happened on Final day? Despite the anonymous (?) scribe who put a notice on the Chapel Board and blamed defeat on the lack of a "Comitee", the fact is that Sarsfields were a much better team. They rose better to the occasion than the Emmets who seemed nervous and overawed by the "big day".

After the Final, the League was completed and we finished second it is just a pity that the excellent early start to the season was not carried through. We look forward with optimism to the new season.

As we pointed out in our last issue, it was decided to enter a team in Div. 3 this year. This has turned out to be a good decision and the display of this team in Div. 3 was very encouraging. By far the strongest team in this League was Eire Og who beat us twice. However Glenravel were something of a surprise. After we beat them in Glenravel we did not expect them to reverse this result at home, but they did, thanks to Alistair Scullion who was unbeatable in goals. One of the best matches in this League was against St. Teresa's at home. The hurling in this game was of a very high standard. Overall, finishing third in this division was a

creditable performance for a first attempt. In the Junior Championship, the 3rd Div. team was eliminated by Glenariff in the first round.

Before concluding the round-up, a word of congratulation is due to the minors who assisted Glenariff in the Minor competitions, and particularly to Gerard Scally who represented Antrim in the All-Ireland semi-final.

THE ANNUAL DINNER

The second annual dinner was held in McBride's Hotel on Saturday 13th January. 184 people sat down to an excellent dinner, and even more crowded in for the Dance which followed. This year the medals won for the Feis and runner-up trophies for the Intermediate Championship were presented.

The Secretary, M. McSparran, welcomed the guests on behalf of the club. He said he wanted to extend a particularly sincere welcome to Rev. Harry Heatley, to the area. The secretary also praised the efforts of the teams during the year, describing it as one of moderate success. He thanked the trainers – Alex McKay and Danny Quillan and hoped the next year we would avenge the Intermediate fonal defeat.

Dr. R. Fitzpatrick presented the medals and trophies. He said the amount of silverware on the table led him to believe that the year had been one of considerable, rather than moderate, success. He congratulated the recipients of the trophies and all concerned in the achievements.

The captain, Dan McKeegan, replied on behalf of the team members. He thanked Dr. Fitzpatrick for making the presentation. He also thanked the Committee for all their work during the year and finally Mrs McNeill and the Staff of the Hotel for the excellent meal.

Rev. Harry Heatley was the final speaker. He thanked the club for having invited him to be present and he was very glad he had been able to come – in fact he would not have missed it for anything.

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F O O T B A L L

This Winter saw a revival of the North Antrim Football League, and 8 teams are taking part.

Cushendun's record so far has not been too impressive but the first victory against Carey recently will perhaps lead to a better run in the Championship.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE CLUB WILL BE TAKING PLACE VERY SHORTLY. WE WOULD LIKE TO APPEAL FOR A VERY LARGE TURN-OUT. ANYONE WHO IS INTERESED AT ALL IN THE CLUB SHOULD MAKE A VERY SPECIAL EFFORT TO ATTEND THE A.G.M. AT LEAST. THIS IS THE TIME TO PUT FORWARD ANY NEW IDEAS ABOUT THE RUNNING OF THE CLUB AND TO ELECT A NEW COMMITTEE. FOR ONE THING, WE MUST ELECT A NEW CHAIRMAN AS THE PRESENT CHAIRMAIN, DANIEL O'HARA, HAS INFORMED US THAT HE WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE NEXT YEAR.

THE STRUGGLE WITH GLENARIFF

Continuing the history of the Emmets, in the last issue we saw how they gained their greatest triumph, the Senior Championship, in 1931. Very soon however, a new force was coming to the fore in North Glenariff.

Shortly after the Championship final in 1931, and ironically on the same day on which the medals were presented and the celebration dinner held, Cushendun met Glenariff in the final match of the North Antrim League. The match was in Glenariff. Cushendun having defeated Glenariff at home and all other north teams twice needed only one point to take the League title too. Probably the Emmets were over confident, but whatever the reason Glenariff certainly surprised them by winning two goals and four points to one goal. This Glenariff victory meant that both teams were level on points and a deciding match was necessary. The question was where it would be played? Glenariff suggested Cushendall but Cushendun disagreed, arguing that Cushendall pitch which was then on the other side of the Coastguard station, was practically a home venue for Glenariff.

For hours the debate raged at a meeting in Carey, until the Glenariff delegate in a fit of exasperation said – W'e'll take it to Corrigan Park – Cushendun agreed, and we had the unusual spectacle of two North Antrim Teams going to Belfast to decide a north Antrim final.

Corrigan Park in the winter as most of us know, is not the firmest of grounds. In 1931 it wasn't any better. Glenariff had purchased a new set of white jerseys for the occasion but after 10 minutes of ploughing through the muck, they bore more resemblance to the All Blacks. In the game itself, Emmets were a much hearier team and stood the conditions better. After 15 minutes they led by 8 points due in the main to a sterling performance from Dan McCormick. Conditions in the second half were even worse and the light was falling. Cushendun remained on top and ran out easy winners by 5 – 3 to 1 – 0. Thus they added the league title to their Championship success but many were able to see Glenariff a much younger team would be a force to be reckoned with in the future.

This promise was carried out the following year. The teams met again in the Championship semi-final and this time the venue was Ballycastle.

The first half was close and keenly fought. Glenariff went into an early 4 point lead but at the interval it was 2 – 3 to 2 – 0 in Glenariff's favour. In the second half Glenariff lasted the pace much better and finished easy winners by 5– 5 to 3 – 2.

The teams were:-

Cushendun - James McDonnell, Alex Delargy, James McBride, John McLoughlin, James McAllister, John Gore, Hugh McGavock, Henry Scally, James McMullan, Daniel McCormack, Paddy McQuaige, Neil Delargy, Stephen Cochrane, James McHenry, and Denis McKeegan.

Glenariff - Dan McKillop, Joe McMullan, Charles McAllister, Charles Black, Bob Graham, George Spence, Danny McAllister, Eneas Black, Mick Graham, Alex McAllister, Patrick McGrath, Jim McMullan, Mick McKillop, William Graham, Alex McDonnell

Glenariff met Ballycastle in the North Antrim final at Cushendun but went under by 4 – 4 to 1 – 5.

ROUND-UP OF G.A.A. AFFAIRS

by Roving Reporter

For the first time in many years all the County Championships went to Belfast. Rossa regained the Senior title after a long period in the wilderness, by beating St. John's in an all Belfast final. Most observers think that the North Antrim Team who would have had the best chance, was Glenariff who were eliminated early on by Loughgiel. We all know what happened in the Intermediate final while Dunloy failed in the Junior final. To crown a disastrous year for the north Ballycastle were no match for a good St. Gall's team at minor level.

Does anyone recall my forecasts in the last issue? With just a switch of Armoy and Cushendun between Division 2 and the Feis Cup and they were all correct. Glenariff for the Senior Feis Cup was surely a long shot.

BELOW IS THE COUNTY HURLING LEAGUE TABLES

A.C.H.L. DIV. 1.

| | P. | W. | D. | L. | Pts | |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|-----|----|
| Ballycastle | .. | 10 | 10 | 0 | 0 | 20 |
| Loughgiel | .. | 11 | 8 | 0 | 3 | 16 |
| Rossa | .. | 10 | 7 | 0 | 3 | 14 |
| Portaferry | .. | 11 | 7 | 0 | 4 | 14 |
| St. Johns | .. | 9 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 11 |
| Ballygalget | .. | 10 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 10 |
| Glenariff | .. | 10 | 4 | 0 | 6 | 8 |
| Cushendall | .. | 11 | 4 | 0 | 7 | 8 |
| Ballycran | .. | 11 | 4 | 0 | 7 | 8 |
| Sarsfields | .. | 10 | 3 | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Dunloy | .. | 10 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 5 |
| Michels | .. | 11 | 2 | 0 | 9 | 4 |

A.C.H.L. DIV 2.

| | P. | W. | D. | L. | Pts | |
|------------|----|----|----|----|-----|----|
| Armoy | .. | 16 | 15 | 0 | 1 | 30 |
| Cushendun | .. | 15 | 10 | 1 | 4 | 21 |
| Glenarm | .. | 15 | 9 | 3 | 3 | 21 |
| St. Galls | .. | 13 | 7 | 0 | 6 | 14 |
| Gael Uladh | .. | 16 | 6 | 1 | 9 | 13 |
| St. Pauls | .. | 16 | 6 | 1 | 9 | 13 |
| Ardoyne | .. | 14 | 5 | 1 | 8 | 11 |
| Carey | .. | 15 | 5 | 1 | 9 | 11 |
| Tir Na Og | .. | 16 | 0 | 2 | 14 | 2 |

A.C.H.L. DIV. 3.

| | P. | W. | D. | L. | Pts | |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|-----|----|
| Eire Og | .. | 12 | 10 | 0 | 2 | 20 |
| Glenravel | .. | 12 | 9 | 0 | 3 | 18 |
| Cushendun B | .. | 12 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 14 |
| Glenarm B | .. | 12 | 6 | 0 | 6 | 12 |
| Dwyers | .. | 12 | 5 | 0 | 7 | 10 |
| St. Teresas | .. | 12 | 5 | 0 | 7 | 10 |
| O'Donnells | .. | 12 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 0 |

A.C.H.L. SEN. RES.

| | P. | W. | D. | L. | Pts | |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|-----|----|
| Loughgiel | .. | 10 | 9 | 1 | 0 | 19 |
| Rossa | .. | 10 | 8 | 0 | 2 | 16 |
| St Johns | .. | 10 | 7 | 0 | 3 | 14 |
| Ballycran | .. | 10 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 11 |
| Dunloy | .. | 10 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 10 |
| Portaferry | .. | 10 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 10 |
| Ballycastle | .. | 10 | 4 | 0 | 6 | 8 |
| Ballygalget | .. | 9 | 3 | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Glenariff | .. | 9 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 5 |
| Cushendall | .. | 10 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 5 |
| Mitchels | .. | 10 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 4 |

THE MEN BEHIND THE WIRE

The standard of Gaelic games has risen immeasurably during the past decade.

The reason for this improvement is fairly obvious when one compares the heights and hollows, rigs and furrows of the old hurling fields with the beautifully laid-out playing pitches of today, it is no wonder that the standard of hurling has progressed. No longer can the man from the Braid describe a hurling team as a wheen of ducks chasing a prata.

Progress, however is not always an unmitigated blessing. There is not the same emotional involvement now as there was when the crowd stood along the touch-line and shouted encouragement to their team or gave unsolicited advice to the referee.

Carried to extremes, the greatest amount of audience participation occurs when the spectators surge on to the playing area and engage in unarmed combat with the players. On the other hand, physical separation of players and spectators can be so effective as to make the game as remote as Match of the Day on Television.

Unhappily physical contact between spectators and players became so frequent in some places that the game was in danger of "falling into disrepute". To counteract this tendency, the County Board insisted that a barrier be put up to divide players from spectators. It could be argued that the County Board overreacted to this situation, and by erecting a chain-link fence topped with a stand of barbed wire it, effectively converted a potentially involved crowd into a discrete number of individuals, each gazing abstractedly into a wire cage where thirty robots were performing a set ritual. From being too involved with each other, the spectators have now become too detached.

And every man will stand behind
The men behind the wire.

Glenariffe and Loughguile provide for the big occasion. We go to watch an operation being performed clinically and expertly. But the excitement is muted, the adrenalin is not secreted. Our only reaction is when we lean our chins too heavily on the barbed wire.

Even the linesman is as lonely as a long distance runner. He used to have a man-sized job, gently menacing with his hurl the over-eager spectators of a side-line puck. Even the umpires have no longer much to argue about since the nets were put up round the goals. Their status has been reduced to mere flag waving.

A hurling match years ago was a social occasion. The time was when the bus taking players to a match in Ballycastle stopped off for refreshments at McBride's, McCann's, The Turn and Ballyvoy. The return journey could not begin until the "drouths" were rooted out of Clarke's and Molloy's. Now we go in ones and twos in motor cars to see the matches and rush home again. We watch hurling instead of hurlers.

A hurler is rapidly becoming an unpaid professional. The structure of the League and Championship fixtures is such that a player is forced to turn out every Sunday, even though on occasions he might prefer to go and visit his girl-friend or look at the sheep on the mountain. In Clubs which have a small number of players to draw upon, it can be tyrannous for a good player since compulsion takes away from a player his spontaneity and enjoyment of the game.

Cushendun, along with Carey enjoy over other clubs unique advantages which it might exploit. The Club has both the situation and the room for providing facilities for family groups. It could develop Lig an airgead as a social centre on the lines of the complex which Jimmy Hill is building for Coventry City. The whole family can spend an afternoon enjoyably. The father watches the match, the mother chats with her friends and the children require the minimum of supervision.

It will be up to the young men to see visions while the old men dream dreams.

ROBERT EMMET BY SEAMUS GRAHAM

Robert Emmet was born on the 10th March 1778 at 109 Stephen's Green, Dublin where his father had a doctor's practice. His early years were lived in a time of great change in Irish politics. In 1781 with the help of the French, the American Colonies obtained their independence from Great Britain. This stirred the interest of the Irish people in Republicanism, and Wolf Tone in 1791 with the aid of Belfast Presbyterians formed the society of United Irishman. The main aim of the Society was the reform of the corrupt Irish Parliament, and religious liberty. Robert Emmet's older brother Thomas was the chief organiser for the Society, and although Wolf tone and Thomas Emmet were Presbyterians, they championed the cause of Catholic Emancipation.

Robert entered Trinity College, Dublin at the age of 14 and with the help of others in the College he spread the Republican viewpoint and formed a branch of the United Irishman. In 1794 the Society was declared illegal by the Authorities and Wolf Tone was exiled to France. In 1798, all known leaders of the Society were arrested, Thomas Emmet among them. Robert along with the other members of the Society at Trinity were expelled from College.

Although the leaders had been arrested the members of the United Irishman decided on an armed rebellion against the British Government and the fighting commenced on May 23rd, 1798. But with all the leaders having been arrested they were hopelessly disorganised and the fighting lasted only six months, although Michael Dwyer still continued fighting in the Wicklow Hills for a further year.

Robert Emmet took no physical part in the fighting but spent most of his time in Dublin writing Republican propaganda, mainly in the form of poetry. Two of his most famous poems are "Arbour Hill" and "Genius of Erin". During the following year however, Robert was busy trying to reorganise the United Irishman. He visited his brother Thomas in prison in Fort George in Scotland, and when Thomas and the other United Irishmen prisoners were released and exiled, he went to France to visit them. While there he attempted to obtain Napoleon's aid to free Ireland from British rule, but without success. The exiled United Irishmen in France advised him to return to Ireland which he did in 1803, determined to stage another uprising.

He soon contacted those who survived the 1798 rebellion, and preparation in Dublin got under way. Unfortunately for Robert, everything seemed to go wrong. First there was an explosion at an arms dump in Patrick Street, and the whole building was blown up. Fearing the Government had become aware of his intentions he advanced the date of the uprising to the 23rd July, and all weapons were taken out of various hiding places and distributed. A party of men from Kildare considered the arms, mainly pikes, to be inadequate and left Dublin, turning back all those they met who were on their way in. Robert, mainly due to his age as he was now only 25, was unable to exert authority over the men in Dublin with the result that the rising was completely disorganised and developed into a confused flight after only a few shots had been fired. Robert's great hopes for freeing Ireland from British rule were dashed within one hour.

Robert was forced to flee to the Wicklow mountains where he met Michael Dwyer. He was advised to go to France, but declined, saying he could not leave his people after having led them into such trouble. As well, he had recently become engaged to Sarah Curran and wished to let her know he was safe. He therefore returned to a house in Butterfield Lane, outside Dublin. The military learnt of his presence and he had a narrow escape. He went to a house near Harold's Cross only a short distance away from where his fiancé lived. He stayed there for a month under the name of Hewitt. Here he was visited by Myles Byrne, whom he persuaded to go to France and bring his brother Thomas all the news of Ireland.

A few hours after Byrne left, the house was raided by the military commanded by Major Sirr. This time Robert was captured and his trial was set for the 19th September. By this time the jails were filled with participants in the rising and many of these turned informer. As a result, the Government had all the information about the rising, and Robert's part in it.

The trial was opened by a speech from the Attorney General and this was followed by an examination of witnesses. Robert Emmet offered no defence and after a few moments deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. On being asked if he had anything to say, Robert took the opportunity to urge the Irish people to continue their struggle. He ended his speech with these famous words, "I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace; my memory be left in oblivion and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place along the nations of the earth then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written".

However ineffectual Robert Emmet may have been during his life in freeing Ireland from English rule, after his death he was soon proclaimed throughout his native land. His speech from the dock soon became a classic. Thomas Moore spread his fame throughout the world by the songs and poems he wrote about him. His picture soon came to adorn the houses in Ireland, and his memory has engraved in Irish History. After the Fenian rising in 1867 a huge procession of about 20,000 people followed three empty coffins through Dublin to commemorate three men executed in Manchester. On passing through Thomas Street where Robert was hanged, the different sections of the parade stopped and everyone shouted –

"Remember Emmet!"

OVER THE MOUNTAIN by M.O'H.

“Over the mountain” was an oft-used expression of the Carey people in the 1920's denoting the remoteness of the Glens from their own prosperous parish.

The two districts were only a few miles distant but the inhabitants were as races apart. The thrifty Carey people were up before dawn, and as each farmer has a “sarvant man” who in winter was handed a hurricane at 6 o'clock to go out to pulp turnips and feed a byreful of fatteners before breakfast, his farm was a hive of industry. After breakfast the horses were yoked and, hail, rain or shine, the ploughing, reaping or potato digging progressed until dusk.

A very different pattern prevailed “over the mountain”. The small farmer who had no need for a “sarvant”, rose with the sun, took his breakfast, went outside to have a long look at the sky and predict the weather. If the weather looked favourable he'd head for the field to do a leisurely day's work. No job was so urgent as to prevent his having a chat with a neighbour over the hedge, or to join in conversation with a passerby if his small field adjoined a road. At potato-digging time, he would often be seen leaning on his spade and chatting with his gatherer (usually his wife) as she sat on the up-turned “washer” having a break in the October sunshine.

In Carey there was no time for sitting. Horses yoked to a digger were steadily turning up rows of potatoes for six or eight nimble-fingered gatherers who worked in pairs. Each pair raced with full “washers” to the pits competing not for a prize but to be able to boast the most potatoes gathered at the end of the day.

Subsistence farming was then the order of the day in the Glens. What crops were grown were turned into food for the family and the animals. The corn was ground at the local water-powered mill into oatmeal for porridge for the family or gruel for the calves. Part of the grain was made into smash to be spread on the pulped turnips for the milk cows and maybe one or two fatteners. The only bags of “bought stuff” to come to the farm would be bran, pollard and yellow meal of which a very little was required to mix with the mashed potatoes for the hens. Of course the ten-stone bag of flour for the soda farls was a must.

The Glens fold went “over the mountain” in reverse to the Lammas Fair and the Hiring fairs in Ballycastle. They travelled on horseback on jaunting cars and in carts to make merry, and often called on the way home to “treat” their friends in Ballyvoy or Ballypatrick.

Turf cutting began in May and it was such a family affair that usually the schools closed for a fortnight and men, women and children “took to the mountain”. What a hub-bub there was in the morning – father going to catch the mare in the high field, mother packing the basket with eatables, the children feeding the hens and friving out the cows after milking and maybe, by nearly noon, the cart and its load of people, spades, forks and barrows would set out on the long trek to the Lough or below. The occupants of the slow-moving cart enjoyed every minute of the journey and waved to the tourists in the faster-

moving char-a-bancs as they sped on their way to the Giant's Causeway or the sea-side at Portrush.

But no day at the sea could be so enjoyable as a day on the mountain at turf cutting time. The mare was taken out of the cart given some hay and tethered to the shaft for fear she would stray to a soft part and "bog".

One member of the family got the much-coveted job of lighting a fire (usually from heather and left-over turf), going to the spring well at the Lough for water and boiling it to make the tea. Father would have previously pared the bank so now when he had the "hands" he's start to cut. Some of the children would carefully wheel the wet sods on the flat turf barrow some distance back where mother would fork them out in rows to dry in the sun.

There was never any rush to work after the meal and one could sit and drink in the beauty of the sea at Ballycastle with Rathlin in the distance. Usually the man working the neighbouring bank would come over for a smoke and a bit of crack.

No one objected to resuming work for an hour or so until tea time when the same delightful respite was experienced. After a short spell, all the families on the mountain headed for home to take in the cows, milk them, and after supper, retire to bed for a well-earned rest.

This turf-cutting and saving business continued on a similar pattern, off and on, throughout the summer. As the sods dried they had to be first castled, then footed and then rickled. Before the corn harvest they were built in a big stack on the mountain and later in the autumn, they were carted home to make a pleasant winter fire in the open hearth. The soothing sound of the heavily laden carts and the rhythmic sound of the mill wheel are now only nostalgic memories.

Memory Lane – Denis O'Hara

WHIN STUBBING AND STONEWALL JACKSON

It always gives one a sense of euphoria to take a nostalgic ramble down memory lane. Inevitably, however, it is often difficult to recall in detail any one single happening, especially when hurling is the subject.

Recently "Yer Man", the editor of this progressive publication, demanded a few paragraphs on the past. At first it sounded quite a simple task as fleeting moments of drama and levity came flooding back from the good old days. But to place an exact date on a singular incident proved beyond me.

However, a chronological list of the major incidents in the life of Emmets club is currently on the draughtboard and I would not like to cut across such a valuable exercise in research.

I will, nonetheless, attempt to describe a few happenings that I regard as prize memories. Old timers, the not so old and the young bloods will probably recall live or remember yarns from yesteryear and especially an eventful era the club enjoyed during the Fifties.

Yet, throughout what was a non-stop litany of events, the team never quite achieved the success it deserved. In a manner of speaking, it was a transitional period for the team and it did unfortunately end with amalgamation with Cushendall.

A junior team did keep functioning during that bleak period until the acquisition of the county junior title that helped turn the tide of frustration and subsequently mould Cushendun into one of the stable units in Antrim.

Despite the great achievements by way of modernisation, including the new pitch, the period of the mid and late fifties was one of special character. And a single defeat during that time probably was the beginning of the end of a golden run.

We were, unfortunately, never efficient when it mattered and a particular disappointment was the junior championship loss to Glenariff on the old ground in 1956 (I think).

We had become league experts – of a kind – and, for many the meeting in Waterfoot was regarded as something of a formality. Instead, we were fortunate to come away with a draw during which a certain degree of confusion was supplied by referee John Pat.

Much to the disgust of protesting Glenariff players, we lived to fight another day. A late point, from a retaken free behind the referee's back and amid howls of

protest from the opposition, opened the gates to a flood of enthusiastic whin-stubbing on the Rockport end of our old ground.

The pitch was some ten yards on the short side for championship games, and to gain home ground for the replay a posse of members plus the accustomed and experienced wrists of Dan McKay (Ganty) mowed down the unsightly bushes to make room for an extended and suitable arena.

But it was all executed in vain. We faced determined Glenariff on a hot, sultry afternoon and the confrontation developed into one of the great duels of the North.

It proved an important victory for Glenariff, who moved on to win the county crown and into the senior ranks where they have remained ever since.

We didn't succumb easily and went down fighting in a classic we could and should have won.

I can recall the promptings of "Stoots", the tenacity of the late Jim Webb, the ceaseless work of Paddy O'Mullan, the wizardry of McHugh and Wee John and the steady display by "Stonewall Jackson".

Probably the most feared exponent of the game in the North at that time, Jackson held a respected dominance at midfield that would have been sufficient to win most matches.

Jackson regarded even teammates as interlopers in the centrefield area. His displays were always something special. His positive striking was always an inspiration to the rest of the players and probably contributed more than anything else to some spectacular victories at that time.

Many opponents tried and failed to curb the waspish hitting and remorseless pulling of the man who always played with a cap set a jaunty angle.

And while finesse was never one of his strong points the wholehearted productions from Jackson (Johnny White for the less informed) always lifted the team to greater heights.

He bridged a period that saw the eclipse of men such as Dan McDonnell, Jim McSparran, Dominic McKay, Jim Murray (who most recently played bootless), Jimmy Martin, Teddy, Stoots, Gus, Joe McCormick, Paddy O'Mullan and many, many more.

He moved through this apprenticeship in the company of giants, gathered some of the old fashioned tricks of the trade and then ploughed on into the days of stylish "Wee" John, tricky McHugh, polished Liam O'Hara, rugged Brian McQuillan, Jim Webb and right through to the present team.

For me, Jackson carved a special place in the club's history; so did the whin-cutting exercise, the great days of Torr Sports, that unfortunate and costly Sunday bus-stop on our way to Glenarm and many other memorable occasions.

No doubt I may possibly irritate some readers through use of pseudonyms or omission of names, but no harm is intended in these few disjointed recollections of an era that is fast becoming a foggy memory.

LOCAL DERBY

I have seen many “Local Derbys” in my time. I have seen Cork and Kilkenny, Ballycastle and Carey, Celtic and Rangers, but nothing equalled one I saw. The date was Ascension Thursday 1927, the place, Clady meadow, and the occasion – a grand challenge hurling match between Glendun and Cushendun.

How the game came to be played – by no stretch of the imagination could it be called a friendly – is not too clear. It seems however that the Glendun area were dissatisfied at their representation on the Emmets team and they were anxious to prove their ability.

The line of demarcation was drawn between Straid and the Chapel. All above the line could represent Glendun. As there were not enough hurls for the two sides, Glendun were allowed to make their own. They certainly made good use of their licence and some of them came, armed with the most fearsome looking cudgels. The Cushendun team was equipped in a more conventional manner and the game got under way with Neal Roe – a good hurler himself but now past his best – as referee.

The game was soon interrupted when a private fight took place behind the goals between Pat O’Hara and Charley McBride of Glenmona. Both were umpires but Pat claimed that Charley has stopped a ball going wide and kicked it into play for Cushendun to score. When this scrimmage was sorted out, the public hostilities were allowed to continue.

Pat was organiser and mentor of the Glendun team, and when any dispute about the rules took place, he would take the field brandishing a book, which was allegedly a Rule book. “Argue with that” he would say.

Jim Magee came on as a sub for Glendun, but after watching him in action for a while, the organisers, while they were prepared to tolerate almost anything, felt they might have a fatality on their hands, so he was persuaded to retire permanently. This was much to the relief of Eddy Brogan, for Magee seemed prepared to mark him literally and metaphorically.

Play was fast and furious. One particular tussle, between Paddy McQuaige and Stephen Cochrane, ended in the sheugh along the road. Both goalkeepers were Johnny McNeill, (Johnny Archy) for Glendun and Johnny McNeill (Johnny Baker) for Cushendun. Dan McCormick, centre-forward for Cushendun found Ned O’Neill a clever and handy full-back, while Joe Magee with his tearaway style was a hot handful for Harry Scally and the Cushendun mid-field, while John O’Hara (of the House) surprised many with his style and ability.

The spectators certainly got good value and there was a very large crowd present, especially from Glendun, since it was a “home” match. Some of them were never seen at a game before or after. It was obvious, however, that the Glendun style of playing the ball first time on the ground – this being because of the nature of their implements – was the best tactic, and sure enough when the final whistle went, Glendun were the winners.

The spectators left, but the arguments continued long into the evening, and several fights were stopped in the nick of time. However, peace eventually descended into the glen. It has not had such a rude awakening since!

THE TEAMS

GLENDUN

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| Johnny McNeill | Alex O'Hara | Joe Magee | Hugh McGavock |
| Ned O'Neill | John O'Hara | Paddy McQuaige | Jim Murray |
| Johnny O'Hara | Jim O'Hare | Jim Magee | |
| Jim McNeill | | | |

CUSHENDUN

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------|------------------|------------------|
| Johnny McNeill | Bill O'Hara | Archie McSparran | Stephen Cochrane |
| John McKiernan | Eddy Brogan | Jim McMullan | Dan McCormick |
| Henry Scally | Alex O'Hara | Jimmy McNeill | John McGreer |
| Alex McKay | | | |

(The author, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain anonymous. We respect his wishes. Ed.)

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PLAYING POOL 1972

| | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Bobby McLister | Turlough McKeegan | Hugh O'Hara | Mick O'Neill |
| Dan McKeegan | Liam O'Hara | Martin McKeegan | Brendan McGaughey |
| Paddy Hamilton | Eamon McLister | Terry O'Hara | Connor McQuaid |
| Alastair McNeill | Gerard Scally | Sam McGreer | Paddy McQuillan |
| Paddy McKinney | Seamus Graham | John Blaney | Kevin McHenry |

The above players got Feis Cup medals and Intermediate Runners-up trophies.

The following played Div 3 or Junior Championship:-

| | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| Mark Delargy | Sean McHenry | Brendan McAuley | Joe & Sean McQuillan |
| James McKillop | Liam Convery | Dessy McKeegan | Alex & Joe Hamilton |
| John Leach | Laurence White | Paddy Delargy | James & David McAuley |
| John McKay | John McKay | Hugh McKeenan | Seamus & Gerry McNeill |
| (Tyban) | (Milltown) | | |
| Kieran McHugh | John Carey | Charles Graham | |

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WHY A HURLING CLUB?

by Hugh O'Hara

The current cult figure Don Quixote said he witnessed men dying in battle with wonder on their faces, not as to why they were dying but as to why they had lived. Why we are alive and what we are to do here are great imponderables, and part or maybe all, of the purpose of living is to try and find the answers. We will never get the answers to our complete satisfaction, so that we will have something to keep us occupied until we die, after which the word "worry" will have become obsolete. Anyway, according to the parable of the talents we are to use our faculties to the full; work hard all week, watch little boxes in our boxes at night, wallpaper and shop on Saturday, pass suburban Sunday afternoons leading dogs and pushing prams, work hard all week.....

What has all this to do with hurling? – just that hurling is an integral part of life in our corner of the world, and any such alleviation from the humdrum is to be treasured; it is a means of communication with other people in our own parish, with people in other parishes and other parts of the country; it gives those participating a sense of unity, a feeling that they are more than just a mere statistic; it provides a strong link with home for those who leave, but sure Cushendun is a great place anyway. Anyone not interested in hurling is thus denying himself something whose value only he can judge.

As hurling is divided along parochial lines, it seems that the club must have been started by people who saw it as part of the local scene, not the fad of one or two individuals but requiring the willing co-operation of everyone. This is the way it should still be. Ideally, there should be a parish council whose functions should be the organisation of the parochial amenities, the running of the youth club, the hurling club, a soccer club, a camogie club, and the raising of funds instead of eyebrows for these ventures. This may appear a rouse to get money for the hurling club out of other funds, but Cushendun is too small a community to consider itself as being made up of different sections, and the more people who have a say in the club the better, although the buck must stop somewhere, there must be someone at the top.

For those who organise clubs, or a magazine like this, it all may seem a thankless task. What do these people get out of it? For a start, they have to be doing something and they are putting an organising ability to good use (the five talents again!). There is obviously a sense of achievement in doing anything like this and it would be unjust to class it as do-gooding. Anyone with an organising ability has a duty to use it and if he does not he will have to convince himself of why not. You should do whatever fully occupies you, as only then will you be happy, only then will you have no time to ask "Why?" let alone find the answer – delusion perhaps, but as long as you can keep whistling, so what?

For those actually playing the same applies. Wholehearted participation is all that is needed. You get out of it what you put in to it. This requires that you train to get yourself fit; they say it helps the mind as well. You should not expect everything to be provided for you, and be prepared to buy your own kit and stick

as some of the Belfast clubs require. Everyone should be proud to wear the Emmet jersey, green and black are still the better colours though.

The sermon is over, and it is not even from the mount. Hi! ho silver!

FACE TO FACE

(Denis McKay is interviewed by the Editor)

- Q. You are one of the best hurlers that I remember in Cushendun, can you recall your first game?
- A. I can indeed, I was 15 at the time. Cushendun were playing Ballycastle in minor and senior games. I had played for the minors – we won by 32 – 7 and I was coaxed to play in the senior match as well. I played wing forward. Incidentally, we won the senior match too.
- Q. That was in the late 30's, were any of the team that won the Senior Championship still playing?
- A. The only two left of that team were James McDonnell and Paddy McQuaige who played for a few seasons. The most of the team which I played on, started at the same time as myself.
- Q. How would you compare that team with that of the present day?
- A. I think the players of my time were better. They were more determined, went for the ball and did not lie back. I think the present day team, although they have plenty of ability, are inclined to be soft.
- Q. What players of your own time stood out?
- A. Oh! there were plenty of good men on our team. Harry McKendry, Dan McDonnell, Paddy McNeill, Gus and Charlie McKay, Joe McCormick, Joe McBride and Danny Leavy. I think Danny Leavy was about the best of that time.
- Q. How can you account for the fact that Cushendun, a comparatively good team had such a lean time in the late 30's and 40's?
- A. The main reason for this was that we had great difficulty in keeping the team together. There was no work around Cushendun at that time and some of the players went to England or Belfast, and unlike nowadays when some are in Belfast, they did not travel home so often. We had not enough numbers to keep a strong team going.
- Q. This led to amalgamations with our neighbours on occasions?
- A. Yes, we joined with Cushendall at a time and with Carey at a time.

Q. Do you think these mergers were a good thing?

A. Well! If we had not enough for a team of our own it was better to keep some playing even if it was for somebody else.

Q. You played for Antrim on occasions – how would the Antrim team of your day compare with the present County team?

A. The present day team is much better – it is fitter and better trained. In those days there were no other good hurling teams in Ulster – Donegal was the best of them – and we always got soundly trounced by the Southern teams. Incidentally, the only medals which I have for hurling, I won them playing for Antrim.

Q. In those days did the team train during the week?

A. The position was no better then than it is today. Some of us practised through the week but there were others whom we never saw from one Sunday to the other.

Q. Of the other local teams of that era, which was the best?

A. Overall I would say Ballycastle were the best team in the North. They had a much superior style to the other teams, they alone resembled the style of the Southern teams – John Butler and Frank Fleming stand out in particular.

ALCOHOL FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION

By Randal McDonnell

Alcohol is offered for human consumption in many forms, e.g. whiskey, rum, gin, vodka, beer, poteen and metholated spirits. Whatever form of preparation used the effective drug contained in is ethyl alcohol. Distinction is made between "spirits" and beers. The only real distinction between these two types is the percentage of alcohol contained and subsequently the dose required to obtain the desired effect.

Alcoholic drinks are manufactured in distilleries and breweries scattered throughout the world. These vary from tiny one-man worms to some of the largest businesses around. After fermentation and distillation, or pasteurisation, these products are stored and blended, or bottled as appropriate. They are then distributed to wholesalers to dilute, standardise, bottle and deliver to the final retail outlet, i.e. public houses, hotels, off-licence shops, sheebens. By the time alcoholic drinks are sold to the public the price is such that it seems a terrible waste to drink the stuff. In fact a very large portion of the price consists of Excise Duty. A 26 oz. bottle of whiskey costs 8/-; to which is added an Excise Duty of £2.8.0. The annual profit to the Government from alcohol and cigarettes is over two thousand million pounds (£2,000,000).

The strength of drink is measured as % proof. As retailed, most spirits are 70% proof. Gunpowder soaked in alcohol ignites, gunpowder soaked in water does not ignite. An alcohol-water mixture containing 49.3% alcohol by weight (or 57.1% by volume) barely allows ignition. This is "proof spirit". The expression "70% proof" (=30% under proof) means that the spirit so described contains 705 as much alcohol as the same volume of proof spirit.

USES OF ALCOHOL

Alcohol is consumed for its effect on the human body. The use of the drug is worldwide. Even Our Lord made the stuff; though there is no evidence from the Gospels that he got drunk or even drank it. The effects of alcohol are seen in all systems of the body but the principal effect is on the brain and nervous tissue. It is depressant to all nervous tissue and the process of alcohol intoxication is exactly analogous to anaesthesia by chloroform or the barbiturates. It is reversible poison to all cells of the brain and body but if there is an overdose the cells and body will die. The effects can be divided into three time phases;

- (1) One to four hours after administration
- (2) Four to twenty-four hours after administration
- (3) Delayed effects up to thirty years from chronic heavy drinking.

1. FIRST OR IMMEDIATE EFFECT

The effect is seen on higher centres and then in descending order of evolutionary development. The higher centres are the repositories of intellect, reason and personality. These faculties are dulled and personality change may occur. A person whose personality has altered is drunk. There is a loss of the normal behavioural pattern of the person's personality, thus exposing his true uninhibited characteristics. It would be useful to give several examples of this change. Some people who are naturally truculent and aggressive can adopt a plausible and calm demeanour in everyday life – when they get drunk they lose this adopted pattern and the true unpleasant nature is exhibited. Conversely; some naturally quiet and calm people can adopt a forward, arrogant, or cheeky personality as a defence against society – when drunk this façade is dropped and such a person becomes quite agreeable. Other people are always “themselves” since they have no adopted pattern and no change is seen. Some people lose their cuteness and unsureness and display an overconfidence which leads them to drive like lunatics. Accompanying these personality changes the cerebellar balance and co-ordination faculties begin to fail and person staggers and falls. Later, in acute overdose, the respiratory and circulatory centres in the medulla will be depressed, and in very severe intoxication would fail and death would ensue.

2. SECOND OR 4 – 24 hours DELAYED EFFECT

Alcohol is a reversible tissue poison but reversal takes up to 48 hours to complete. As a poison it affects all the cells of the body. In the brain all the tissues and cells swell and after a few hours are pressed against the inside of the bony cranial cavity. This causes pain which is aggravated by anything which increases pressure such as coughing, or bending down. The kidneys are affected in such a way that there is increased urine production and loss of fluid from circulation – this causes thickening of the blood, sluggish circulation, sinking and reddening of the eyes, loss of elasticity of the skin, dryness of the mouth, thirst, and a haggard appearance due to prominence of the beard. In the liver there is cloudy swelling

and loss of ability to detoxicate metabolic waste products this leading to a sick feeling. The heart cells are weakened and pumping power reduced. A major effect is on the blood vessel linings. Blood vessels are little pipes which distribute blood and oxygen to all tissue of the body. No living tissue is further than one-tenth millimeter from a blood vessel. The lining swells and bulges into the centre of the pipe thus slowing even more the circulation which is already hindered by the weakness of the heart and the thickening of the blood. This is a serious reduction in the efficient operation of the whole body. Everything depends on blood oxygen supply. Oxygen is not supplied at optimum rate to the brain. Reactions, judgements and reflexes are reduced and impaired. Oxygen is not supplied in optimum quantity to the muscles and contraction force and stamina (ability to continue to function) is greatly reduced. The total effect on a hurler in the day after a drinking bout is that he has lost the ability to make split second moves and reactions required, he cannot apply full muscle power, and becomes exhausted much sooner than is normal (no stamina). These effects last up to 48 hours after the time of drinking and surprisingly little alcohol can cause them.

One benefit from impregnation with alcohol is that persons seem to resist exposure to cold – probably because of the reduced circulation facility. However, it is important to remember that alcohol should never be given to a person or animal already suffering from exposure and severe chilling. It increases the circulatory speed for a short period, causes increased heat loss and may bring in so much chilled blood from the peripheral circulation to the heart that the heart may stop dead. To rub alcohol on the skin has a severe chilling and detrimental effect. Alcohol is also a food and is fattening. It forms the basis of most intravenous foods.

3. THE THIRD OR CHRONIC EFFECT

After many years of drinking the body suffers many permanent changes especially cirrhosis of the liver. A fibrous growth pervades the liver to such an extent that function is lost, and death follows.

CASE OF A DRUNK PERSON

A drunk person has to be protected from injury. Severe injury from falling is not usual unless he falls in such a way as to damage the skull. Traffic, driving and drowning accidents are the greatest hazard. If the person vomits he will often lie on his side with his legs curled up. This is a position of safety and should not be changed. Never place an unconscious or sick person on his back. If he vomits he will inhale the vomit and die of asphyxia. Money, valuables and car keys should be taken care of.

DRIVING

No one who is not daft would allow himself to be partially anaesthetised with chloroform before driving.

No one who is not daft would allow himself to be partially anaesthetised with alcohol before driving.

80 mgm of alcohol per 100 ml of blood is quite a small amount – about one gl. of whiskey in an average person. It is the size and weight of the person that determines this measurement – not his ability to “hold his drink”. “Holding his drink” is a function of the brain and has nothing to do with the blood.

POTEEN

This is a nasty, potent, dangerous poison. Any person drinking, selling, giving, advocating, buying this poison should be excluded from decent company. There is little to choose in any potency between poteen and methylated spirits except that the methyl alcohol can cause idiocy, deafness, blindness, and death, slightly sooner than poteen.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Rain lashed on the little church of St. Mary's Creggan estate.
The thirteen men lay still in their coffins.
Flags flew from hundreds of homes.
Relations and friends mourned in the sleet and rain.
People were jostled as the television cameras.
Recorded their grief for the world to see.
The dead were slowly lowered to rest in the wet clay.
Hundreds of wreaths were laid on the graves.
And as we looked on the bank of flowers
We thought of peace.
How far is it away?

Teresa O'Neill.

THE DRESSER

Henry has a dresser.
An old-fashioned dresser.
Standing against the kitchen wall.
It holds all Henry's china
And letters
And his glasses
Placed between the bowls.
The shelves are white.
The cupboard beneath is black
With blocks of wood for feet.
There are two ashets.
One is old and faded.
The other is new and blue and shiny.

Clare.

THE REGATTA AND FIELD SPORTS

Many years ago August 15th was a big day for Cushendun People.
It was the date of the Annual Regatta and Field Sports.
Skiffs came from Larne, Carnlough and Cushendall to compete with the
Cushendun crew in the "Maid of the Moyel".

In the afternoon the village street was packed with crowds.
People came from all arts and parts to compete in the races
and meet their friends and to search the stalls for bargains from Barney McKeown
and company.

The stall were laden with crockery or hard nuts and yallaman.
The pub did a roaring trade and the evening finished off with
dances in McBride's and Hamilton's Hall.

Anne McKay

FLAILING CORN

Many years ago the corn as built in a tier in the barn.

The farmer would go into the barn, put down the sheaves on the floor with their heads together. Then he lifted his flail and beat the grain from the straw by winding the flail over head. This was carried out until he had enough corn to go to the mill.

When he took the corn to the mill, it was ground into meal.

THE FLAIL

A flail is two bits of thick stick tied together with a piece for fine rope. One stick is called the hand staff and the other is called a supple. The hand staff is the stick you hold in your hand and the supple is for beating the grain.

Clare McKay.

CHURNING

In the olden days, most people on farms milked cows and made butter by churning the milk. The Churn, the staff, the butter pats used in the making of butter were made of wood. Salt was rubbed into all the articles used, and boiling water poured over them. The milk was kept in a crock until it was sour. Then it was put into the churn with a little boiling water added, to help to bring the milk to a higher temperature. It was then plunged up and down with the staff until butter formed. The butter was lifted into the bowl, washed and salted, then made into prints. The buttermilk was used for drinking and baking.

Maureen Gallagher.

ST PATRICK'S YOUTH CLUB
CUSHENDUN.

We would like to thank the Hurling Club for donating us a space in their Annual Report, enabling us to bring the activities of the youth club to the attention of the parish.

Two teams have been entered in the Down and Connor Leagues.

- (i) Under twenty Football Scorer
- (ii) Under twenty Badminton.

- (i) After a good start to the season with A 5 – 2 win over Cushendall, the team has not fared too well of late! – losing twice to All Saint's Ballymena. With Cushendall and Glenravel still to play, the team can still achieve something in the League Cup which we are running for Down and Connor, before the end of the season.

The Football Team has been picked from the following

Eugene McHugh, James McKillop, John McKay;
Kieran McHugh, Mark Delargy, James Farrell,
Paul McHugh, Charlie Gallagher, Sean McKendry,
Gerald Scally, Paddy McQuillan, John O'Hara,
Terry Mulholland, Sean McQuillan, John Carey,
Paul O'Hara, Kieran McKay, Aidan McPeake.

- (ii) The Badminton team remain unbeaten in their league having beaten –

| | |
|----------------------|---------|
| RANDALSTOWN | - 7 – 1 |
| ALL SAINTS BALLYMENA | - 7 – 1 |
| GLENRAVEL | - 6 – 2 |

They are now top of the league with only the return matches to play. The following played on the Badminton Team.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Charlie Gallagher, | Shebby O'Neill, |
| Sean McQuillan, | Ailish Hamilton, |
| Mark Delargy, | Angela McAllister, |
| James Farrell, | Mary McKay, |
| | Helen McKay, |

We have introduced "A" new sport – canoeing and have had a terrific response, but owing to a lack of funds we have been unable to acquire our own canoes.

The club have now permission to develop the small hall as their club house. "County Hall" will aid us in developing the new project but it will still require finance and hard work to achieve the required result.

With this new project in the offing we are running a dance in the Bay Hotel on February 6th. and trust we will have your full support.

THE CLUB LEADER