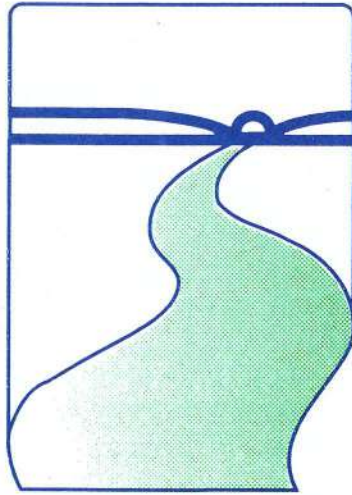


Scoil Phobail Bhaile an Chollaigh

~ 21 ~



*blain is fiche
ag fás*

BALLINCOLLIG
COMMUNITY
S C H O O L

1976 - 1997

"A Collage of Memories"

Price : £1.00

The task of compiling a commemorative Journal of a School's 21 years history is not an easy one, this publication is not intended to be a historical record but rather a collage of memories.

We hope you will enjoy this collection of articles, photos and press cuttings from our first Leaving Certificate Class of 1981 to our 21st Leaving Certificate of 1997.

Edith Waterman
Celia O'Riordan
Gillian Donnelly
Bernie Fitzpatrick

Ballincollig Community School
21 Years Serving the Community

Ballincollig Community School first opened its doors to the pupils of Ballincollig and the surrounding area on Tuesday, 14th September, 1976.

With a staff of 10 and an enrolment of 114, this was to be the beginning of a long and satisfying relationship with the community. Over the intervening years, our school has grown and flourished along with the community it serves.

The wide range of subjects on offer affords every pupil the opportunity to find his or her forté. The varied and busy Adult Education ensures that adults too can benefit from the facilities available.

Along with excellent academic achievement, the school has also excelled in the fields of sport, quizzes, debating and public speaking, drama and many other areas, too numerous to mention.

Foreign language exchange programmes, which have helped to foster relationships between our school and other European schools, are also in place.

A successful campaign to fund the building of an Astro-turf pitch, here in the school, once again re-enforces the commitment that exists between the school and the community, in their mutual desire to provide and offer the best of facilities to the pupils of the community.

Now celebrating its 21st year, we look forward to the continued growth of our school and your continued and valued support.

Ballincollig Community School
Your Community
Your School

At the outset I wish to thank all concerned, staff, pupils (past and present) and parents for their work with the organisation of our 21st Anniversary which we are commemorating on 21st September 1997.

The Educational concept involving "Community Schools" started some 11 years prior to the establishment of B.C.S. Having studied the concept, I was convinced (and still am) that the Community school concept is the way forward in Irish Education.

I was delighted to be offered the opportunity in 1976 to put this concept into practice in the new "greenfield" school at Ballincollig..

B.C.S. in June 1976 was in the embryonic stage. I will always appreciate the co-operation I got from Mr. Buckley then C.E.O of Co. Cork Vocational Education Committee, who provided me with an office and staff in the County hall, and had formed the initial Board of Management. Board meetings were held in the Parochial house with the late Canon Mitchell Kelly P.P. as the first Chairman. The initial teachers appointed to B.C.S. were interviewed at Jurys Hotel Western Road.-hence our return to Jurys for our Anniversary dinner.

I shall always remember the expression of disbelief on the faces of the newly appointed staff, when I gave them a tour of the new school, prior to opening its doors to the first secondary school pupils in Ballincollig. The school building was the only building in Innishmore. Windows were not in place and the school was to open to pupils the following morning. However O'Shea builders under the guidance of the excellent foreman Paddy Buckley had what is now known as Area D habitable for our 1st. year intake of 114 pupils on 14th September 1976. The building continued to progress and was finally completed with a magnificent Gymnasium by the Summer of 1977.

Looking back over the last two decades, B.C.S. has justly earned an excellent reputation of developing the whole person. The broad balanced Curriculum exposed to 1st year pupils, gives each pupil an exposure to as many subjects as possible before embarking on choosing Examination options. I know that many of our pupils now in employment, would not be pursuing their present career, if their education at B.C.S. was restricted to they choosing their examination subjects on entry to the school. Our school has justly earned a reputation for good academic performance. Our past pupils are to be found in all walks of life with varying qualifications from primary to doctorate degrees. Some years ago, a staff member who was pursuing further studies in a University had the experience of getting lectures from a past pupil of B.C.S. who was a resident lecturer at the college. The school year just ended continues to highlight the academic success of our pupils. One 1997 class had a pupil who obtained 6 A1 and an A2 at 1997 Leaving certificate examination, while 16 pupils obtained 23 A1 (90-100%) grades in Higher papers.

Pursuit of excellence in Academic results is not the sole ambition of our school. It is fair to say that each pupil who had the motivation and ability to succeed, has done extremely well.

It is a pleasure to meet many of them now as adults and listen to their views and opinions of B.C.S., when they themselves were pupils. Nowadays, with the introduction of the "Internet" many past pupils keep up contact with B.C.S. from places as far apart as Russia, Australia, and America.

I believe that the success of thousands of our pupils over the past twenty one years is a tribute to our teaching staff over that time. They gave of their time unselfishly to develop the talents of each and every pupil, far and beyond the call of duty. Activities organised by teachers in areas such as Games, Musicals, Public speaking, Debating, Quizzes, Science exhibitions, Art/Music competitions, Essay competitions etc. etc. etc., play a major role in developing pupil self confidence and school appreciation. Involvement in such activities will give many happy memories not only during pupils school days, but will live with them through adulthood.

B.C.S. most certainly has fulfilled its role as a servant of the Community and has played an important role in the

development of Ballincollig to cater for a fast growing community. Close on 1000 adults attend both Autumn and Spring Adult Education courses. B.C.S. has served the Community in many other ways. It has acted as church, a social centre and meeting hall for political parties clubs/societies parish bazaars etc. Parents have played an equal part with teachers and pupils in the development of the school. Our active and vibrant Parents advisory Committees put unending time ,effort and money into the school.

BCS continues to develop. Our Astro turf pitch financed from a sponsored draw ,so excellently supported by the Community, Belvedere Hockey Club and the Department of Education will provide an additional facility for the young of Ballincollig. The joint efforts of all concerned, will see the project being completed by Mid October 1997.

Ballincollig Community School in its successes represents a true team effort. We have had and continue to have excellent teaching staff Boards of Management down through the years have been most supportive and have shown a general commitment to the school. Our ancillary staff be they permanent Caretakers or part-time employees have always treated the establishment as if it were their own. They have also aspired to achieve excellence.

On this occasion, I thank sincerely, the many people and firms who so generously continue to finance many projects, including the provision of finance that is required to launch this 21st Anniversary. Having received so much support from Staff, parents, pupils and friends of B.C.S., I indeed feel privileged and most fortunate to have been Principal of B.C.S.

I have briefly, touched on many events over the past two decades that has given me much pleasure and satisfaction. Unfortunately, over the same period of time sad events took place. During the past two decades we experienced the deaths of two diligent staff members, the deaths of three members of Boards of Management as well as the untimely death of some of our pupils. In this anniversary year we have occasion to remember them with sorrow.

"Ar dheis lamh De' go raibh a n-anam dhilis."

As far back as 1965, the Minister for Education, the Late Mr. George Colley told the Dail that he saw the new Comprehensive schools - later to evolve into the Community schools "the pace setters in second -level education generally. Their role should be to serve as a cementing influence between the two existing types of post-primary school".

I am proud to say that Ballincollig Community School has been a pace setter. In conclusion, I leave you with this quotation as our motto as we flice the third millennium.

"If there is kindness and truth in the heart
There will be harmony and love in the Community.
If there is harmony and love in the Community
There will be justice in the nation.
If there is justice in the nation
There will be peace in the world".

D. Murray
Principal

once upon a time ..

The vaults of time have gathered dust,
 Memories fade and turn to rust,
 Delving in my ancient store,
 Can I recall those thoughts once more?
 Dizzy circles round and round,
 Teenagers sprawled upon the ground,
 Rough green carpet, a kicked in locker,
 Basketballs and fields of soccer,
 Coloured buildings yellow and cream,
 It was easy to hear the teachers scream.

Dan was from the lord sent out,
 To recruit a group who could all shout,
 He went to America for recommendations,
 And from Robert Mitchum received nominations, "A
 friend of 'Ryan's daughter ' could play a part,
 She'll learn the Irish off by heart,
 She'll autograph journals during the day,
 Employ the lass, Maura O' Shea"

He soon travelled for a teacher of French,
 He found her in Paris, perched on a bench,
 He saw her at twilight, deep in a park,
 He was convinced it was Joan of Arc,
 He brought her to join the Apostles,
 (They stopped in Rouen, to Collect some fossils.)

As he sat in his office reading his comic,
 He thought of the girls and Home-Economics,
 A mentor for the cookery sphere,
 Led to a search that was really severe,
 A teacher with talent to cook something tasty,
 Like bacon and cabbage with crubeens in pastry.
 Someone to sew and make the school ties,
 And add multiple crests without any sighs,
 Mrs. Casey was employed for a particular reason,
 She made check shirts and wore them in season,
 Dan was impressed, she signed on the staff,
 And knitted grey jumpers to dress the riff- raff.

Dan needed an agent double 02,
 To help run the ship and handle the crew,
 A man with a beard and gold-rimmed glasses,
 Became the assistant to round up the classes,
 Others were gathered, the team was complete,
 Future pupils were in for a treat.

We joined the inmates in '79
 And quickly learned to stand in line,
 Gobnait, Ciaran agus Noamh Brid,
 And other names my mind has not freed,
 Eileen Kavanagh was the first year head,
 When pupils spoke, she shot them down dead,
 I associate her with that phrase still,
 You know the one- "If looks could kill.

Loise was boss in the music room,
 Talented at creating a magic tune,
 A hundred lines for forgetting a copy,
 Perhaps underneath she's really quite sappy,
 The proof of the pudding is in the dictation,
 Jon insisted in exasperation,
 The Bunsen flame set Lola on fire,
 So we sang "Happy Birthday" in a choir.

Onto my hero, a pin up male,
 Girls fainted, he made them pale,
 John Doolan and Maths in B21,
 Algebra and Logs were constant fun,
 He was always a hit with the girls,
 Perhaps it was his silver curls,
 He influenced my future (I should tell,
 Now I teach mathematics as well.)

Father Teddy wore electric socks,
 Just like Jesus, he gathered his flocks,
 Father Aidan took over his mission,
 And proved to be a great addition,
 Moloney's demos in CO2,
 Show precisely what to do,
 And big J.J who taught us civics,
 Perfect silence for Myles in physics,
 Maria Woodward directed "Grease Lightning",
 Dan Murray thought that he was frightening,
 He mooched around and did not smile,
 Distant, detached, that was style.

Shield's wore little golfers on his tie,
 And told the first years a massive lie,
 He claimed he could turn dust to gold,
 His recipe was never told,
 I don't believe that this was true,
 He didn't own a jet or two,
 His bank manager thinks he's nuts,
 When he deposits bags of dust!

Dora Myers had a commerce chair
 She examined home work layer by layer,
 We learned it off and said it out,
 And almost knew it on the sixteenth bout,
 Noel Sheehan was obsessed with "straight edges",
 Boys hid in the toilets with "Benson and Hedges"

Dermot Lucey taught straight from the heart,
 And is famous for his works of art,
 His chalky lakes and towers of Piza
 And a smiling face called "Mona Lisa",
 Camogie and Irish was Iníon uí Shéa,
 She didn't teach me but left her mark,
 Is sise an duine leis an Irish spark.

Originally born quite near the boarded,
 Sean Slowey's job was to maintain order,
 The bold boys sat outside his door,
 And trembled when they heard his roar,
 Mansfield met a man with bread,
 She changed he name to Donnelly instead,
 The staff were happy when they got free lunch,
 Bread for breakfast and bread for brunch.

Marjorie and Pat found love at school,
 Then Dan added an extra rule,
 no kissing or Hugging in Area B,
 We cannot let the scholars see,
 Making cakes with the wrong utensils,
 Irish class and Paddy pencils,
 Red modules upon wheels,
 The odd ceili with jigs and reels,
 At one stage we had a mock election,
 Fevers soared beyond recollection;
 Campaigns and speeches were great flin,
 One party got money from Ben Dunne.

Margaret kept our names on file,
 Trish Horgan had a big bright smile,
 She arranged the great school trip,
 P. Greene was queasy on the ship,
 McCarthy's nails were long and polished,
 Food in the caff. was quickly demolished,
 A circular garden grew in the middle,
 Signing report cards was always a riddle.

Keneally left with the swallows one time,
 And headed down south to a tropical clime,
 Fed up of looking at Irish plain faces,
 He mingled with youth from tropical races,
 We wanted to help his cause and his plight,
 We fasted and starved at school all night,
 Soccer and sport while the world was asleep,
 Bodies in sleeping bags thrown in a heap.

Bearded Jim was calm and composed,
 For a job as leader he was proposed,
 He finally left where he'd given his best,
 And now runs a convent in the wild west.
 Ger and Ger looked after the games, \par
 Downey the boys and Geraldine the dames,
 How we enjoyed P.E. for an hour,
 And love to sing when in the shower.

Some past acquaintances did not get old,
 Now lie in the ground in coffins grown cold,
 Their presence and friend ship are vivid in mind,
 Such living images are precious to find.

It's time to end and leave the past,
 Years are gone, the void is vast,
 Teachers once who ruled our day,
 Struggle on to earn their pay,
 As we live our "other" lives,
 Some have husbands, some have wives,
 We realize some days are done,
 As we leave behind the setting sun,
 The past is buried, almost dead,
 We continue on the road ahead,
 We value the moments cherished in mind,
 The road to the sun remains behind.

Ann Piggott

The Parents Advisory Council

On Monday, 8th November, 1976 at 8 p.m. the first meeting of the Parents Advisory Council was held in Ballincollig Community School. Since then the Parents Council has met on the first Monday night of every month during the school year, these meetings are usually well attended by the members who have been elected by the main body of Parents. In 1976 all the parents attending the meetings were very new to this type of school and very enthusiastic, Mr. Murray being a new principal gave all the help and encouragement that was needed. A constitution was drawn up and through the years this has been amended slightly to facilitate changes in the school and the changing times. Apart from the constitution, the committee worked hard on a number of issues e.g. to have the school buses organised more efficiently, to improve Road Safety which was a great problem, and provided funding for extra curricular activities and extra facilities not provided for by the Dept. of Education.

In those early years we did a lot of fund-raising, at least one hundred pupils were cycling to school and the cycle-stands provided were not adequate so we erected an extra one hundred cycle stands, at the present time only about forty of these are used by students in spite of the increase in the number attending the school. We also worked for years to have a Traffic Warden appointed to the school and eventually a pedestrian crossing was erected at Oriel Court and Traffic Lights at the White Horse junction, these improvements were welcomed by the school community with a sigh of relief, our cyclists and pupils on foot now had a safer passage. School Uniform received a lot of attention and that has also been modified over the years. Book-shops were set up every summer for the return to school rush which never really materialised and eventually the shop was phased out.

Socials were held by the Parents' Council in the school for a number of years, one was held in the Spring and another in the Autumn, for a long time

these were very popular and enjoyed by all who attended, eventually the numbers dropped and so the Socials are now held in venues outside of the school. In 1981-82, Mr. Murray suggested that we should start a Brass Band for the community, after a lot of fundraising and organisation the new Band was formed. The first few years were not a great success in spite of all our best efforts of buying instruments and paying tuition fees for the members but when John O'Connor took over the Band it went from strength to strength and I now think it was one of our better projects.

Through the years the Parents' Council has helped with funding for School Tours, Dramatic Productions, Projects for Pupils, T.V.s, Computers, Technology Room, Prayer Room, School Sports and Eacht Awards. They have set up an Insurance Scheme for pupils where medical costs can be recouped by parents. The Altar in Christ Our Light was presented to the parish by the Parents' Council, a constant reminder of all the parents and pupils who have passed through the school.

As well as being active in their own school the B.C.S. parents have also played an active part in the setting up of P.A.C.C.S., which represents parents of all Community and Comprehensive Schools throughout the country and in the N.P.C. post-primary tier. A number of Ballincollig Parents have served on the National Bodies of these organisations since their foundation and have made a worthwhile contribution to the education system. In 1988, Ballincollig were proud to host The National Conference of P.A.C.C.S., in the school, it was a great success. I am sure that B.C.S. parents will continue to represent their school at national level in the future. The school rules are another item which are discussed at length each year and changes are made when parents, principal and staff have had their say.

The Parents Teacher Liaison Group meet regularly to discuss items of mutual concern thus keeping both groups informed of problems that might be of interest to parents and teaching staff. Mr. Murray has always been encouraging to the Parents' Council and they in return have worked at all times with staff and principal to create a good working atmosphere and a school of which we can all be proud. Mock interviews are held each year and the Parents' Council puts a lot of effort into helping the career's dept., to ensure that the interviews are run efficiently.

In recent years a great deal of energy and funding has gone into the library which is run by parents and is a great asset to the school. A Bowls Club was set up for parents with the help of Mr. Murray and the Board of Management, this venture is doing very well now and the Astro Turf pitch which involved so much work for parents and staff will be in use in the new school year. A book loan scheme for some option subjects is in place and if possible will be extended to the future.

We can certainly be proud of the Parents' Council's contribution to Ballincollig Community School over the first twenty-one years.

Mary Kelleher



Parents Advisory Council 1977/8 :- Left to Right St. Mr. Shields V.P., Mr. Guinevan, Mr. Burke, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Goulding,

Mr. D. Murray, Principal, Mrs. Mullins, Mrs. O'Gorman, Mr. Corcoran, Chairman, Mrs. Kelleher, Mrs. Brady.

Members not in photo:- Mrs. Greene, Mr. Kirk, Secretary, Mr. O'Keefe, Treasurer, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Shea, Mrs. Hurley,

Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Buckley, Mr. O'Leary, Mrs. Healy

Who would ever believe that a letter from 3 girls to our principal, Mr. Murray, in December 1993 could lead to the building of a £300,000 astro-turf pitch in B.C.S.? Well it has.

The letter which Áine Buckley, Lisa Nolan and Katie Spitere wrote led to the setting up of a staff committee to investigate the costs and problems of building a pitch in our school. This committee of Gerry Downey, Dermot Lucey, J. J. Murphy and Tony Weir investigated the cost of grit and astro-turf pitches. They spoke to many people and visited a number of pitches. They concluded that while grit (small stone) pitches were much cheaper, they were now out of date.

By the autumn of 1994, a joint committee representing staff, parents and Board of Management took the project further. It was obvious that the school needed a partner because it could not afford to build the pitch on its own. This led to an agreement with Belvedere Hockey Club through their chairman, Pat Foley. Belvedere agreed to sell their existing grit pitch in Tower, Blarney and the proceeds of the sale would provide some of the funding for the astro-turf pitch. Belvedere also decided that the club would move to Ballincollig.



The school committee now became a joint B.C.S./Belvedere committee, chaired by Dermot Lucey. The committee had still to find more than £200,000. over £100,000 was provided by a massive Super Draw when £100 tickets were sold by teachers, past and present parents and pupils. The remaining £100,000 was committed by Minister of Sport, Bernard Allen, and Minister of State, Hugh Coveney.

It is almost 4 years since this project began and there were many hurdles, not just financial ones, that had to be overcome. But we can all be proud that the combined efforts of the school and the local community, and Belvedere Hockey Club, have led to this great achievement. And it all began with a letter.

Dermot Lucey

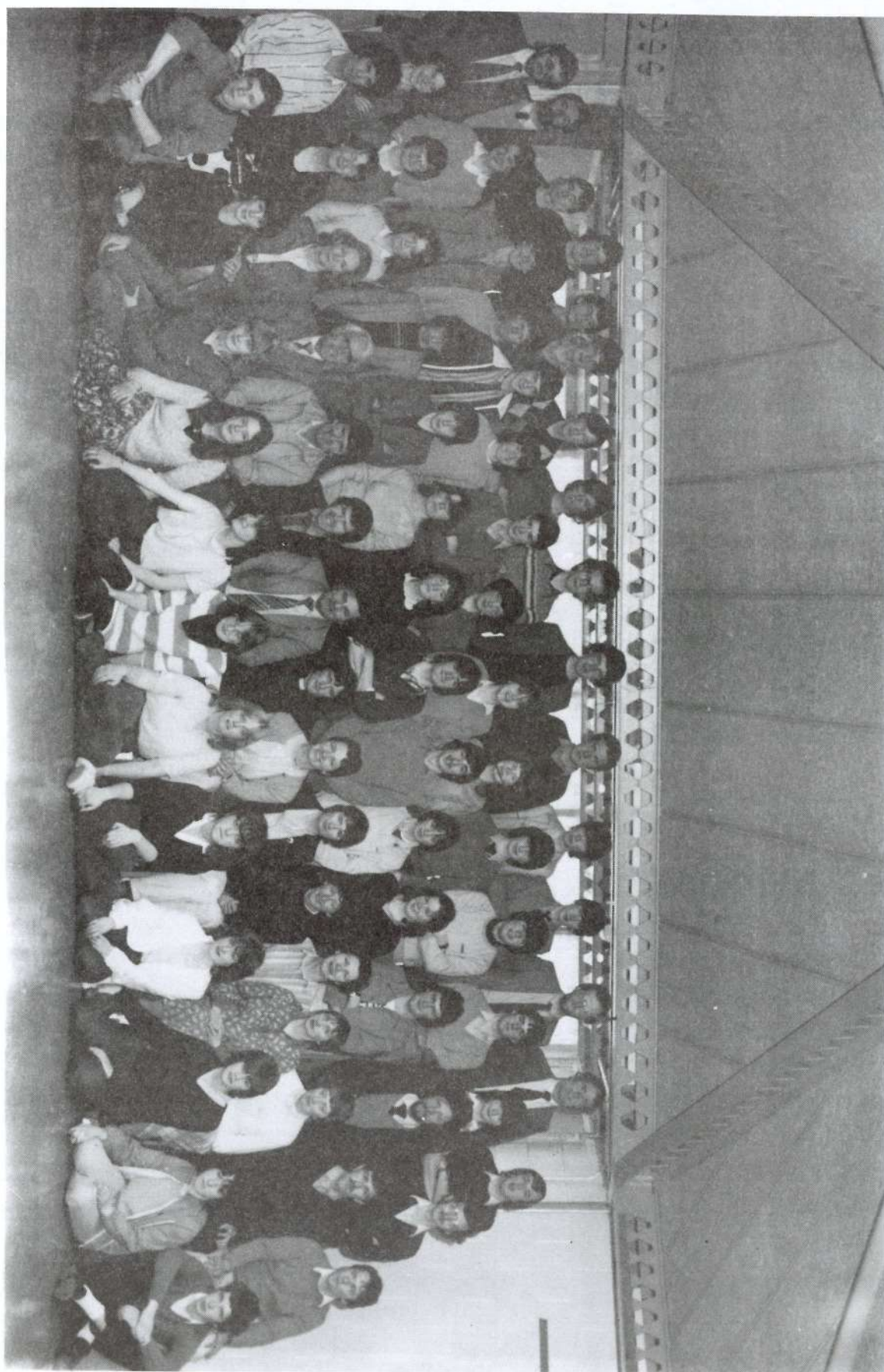
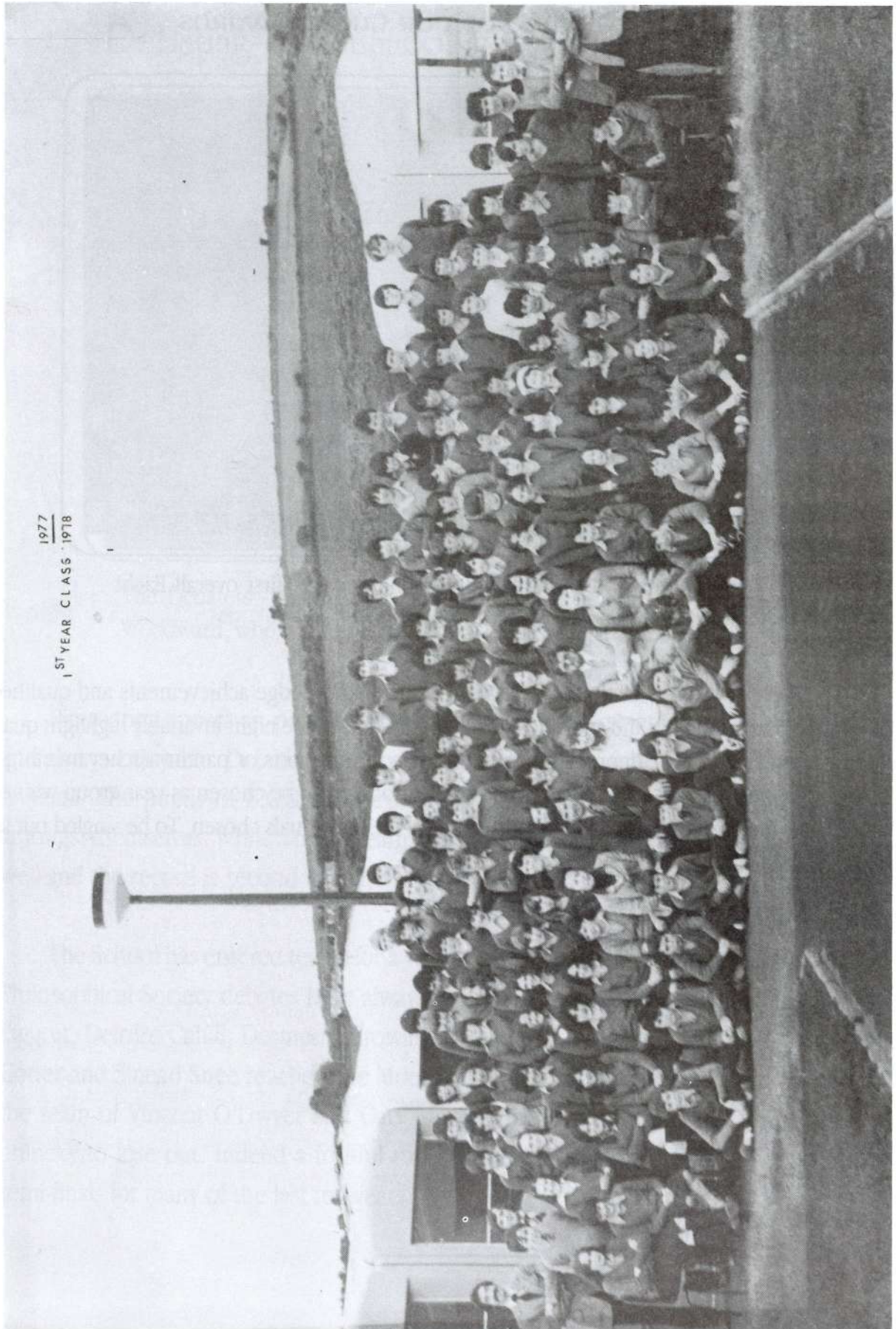


Photo of first Leaving Certs.



1977
1ST YEAR CLASS 1978

Photo of 1982 Leaving Certs. as first years... ahb!

The beginning of our Eacht Awards



The photograph shows Deirdre Cahill, our very first overall Eacht Award winner receiving her trophy.

The Each Award was instituted to recognise and acknowledge achievements and qualities other than pure academic and sporting ones. The citations on the night invariably highlight qualities and contributions not normally adverted to in school reports or parent-teacher meetings. To be nominated for an "Eacht Award" is a singular honour. To be chosen as year-group winner should be a matter of great pride and satisfaction to the individuals chosen. To be singled out as overall school-winner is something very special.

Debating at Ballincollig Community School



The Debaters - Anne Piggot and Mary Collins with their teacher, Mrs. Woodward, who were the trail-blazers of debating in the School.

Rip-roaring speeches, puzzling points of information, sweet victories, bitter defeats, and always enjoyable. Debating has been an integral part of school life for the past twenty years. The pupils of B.C.S. have excelled in inter-school competition and of course amongst themselves. While a major team victory has been elusive, teams have always done well and the record is second to none.

The School has entered teams for a variety of competitions over the years. The U.C.C. Philosophical Society debates have always produced good results. The successes of Ann Piggott, Deirdre Cahill, Desmond Crowley are amongst the most notable. In 1989 Anna Cotter and Sinead Snee reached the Munster Final of the competition. In the same year the team of Vincent O'Dwyer and Gary Murphy reached the semi-final stage and were unlucky to lose out. Indeed a fruitful run has seen B.C.S. teams regularly reaching the semi-finals for many of the last ten years.

The Concern debates offered a more serious approach for students. Topics centering on issues affecting the developing world required a deal of research and a much more applied type of debate. Once again the school has done well. The 1997 vintage reached the semi-final stage of the competition taking a few notable scalps along the way. Other competitions with a greater emphasis on public speaking rather than debating included the Rotary Club and Soroptomist competitions.

Success at inter-school level spawned a greater interest within the school. The Debating Society, founded in 1988, became a forum for lively, enjoyable, at times controversial discussion. The culmination of a deal of hard work led to the inaugural Speakers Trophy in 1988. The beautiful trophy kindly sponsored by Mr. John Henchy has always been keenly contested. The trophy symbolising the gathering of knowledge could not have been more apt. Indeed the debate has also served to reunite past winners, some of whom have returned to adjudicate.

The competition has seen winners from third year right through to sixth year and has always been enjoyable. To promote interest among the younger generation in the school, a junior competition was set up, thereby giving people a less daunting introduction to the joys of debating. These debates coupled with those run within the classroom have maintained the interest in the art of the spoken word.

The work of students must also be augmented by a supporting staff, who gave much time to help prepare speeches. This sort of constructive criticism gave sound preparation for the big occasions.

Debating is a great confidence builder. It is also a bit of a laugh. B.C.S.'s record is up there with the best. Long may it continue.

Martin O'Dwyer

School Memories

The old cliché, school days are the happiest days of your life is actually true. My six years in the series of colourful huts called Ballincollig Community School were truly happy. This school gave me a sense of community, a love of learning, (I became one of them!) and of course a good education! However it is in the area of extra-curricular activities that I owe most to B.C.S. Now I never really excelled in the sporting arena but in true all round education fashion my needs were catered for in musical and dramatic fields. How many of class Ciaran (1st year 1978) remember "Christopher Columbus" or "Joseph" eh? Since music was my forte (excuse the pun!) I remember all those Wednesday afternoons in choir, the trips to Feis Maitiú, Limerick or just local concerts. All these have insured an active social life now. Indeed my career choice arose out of a love I discovered for music and drama and is something which I now try to instil into my own students.

I look back on my teachers, the majority of whom I respected and emulated, the science teacher whom Des Crowley and I plagued through third year or the French teacher whose wish for a larger blackboard was fulfilled on our final day in sixth year. The tuition all these people imparted was truly unimportant in comparison to the fun we extracted from them. It is wonderful to have the memories to look back on, the person and not particularly what they taught.

I will finish by saying that I find it rewarding to be able to give something back to my Alma Mater. I have been involved in some of the musicals over the past few years. This has given me the opportunity to requaint myself with the teaching staff and the building. It is funny to be in the place and remember how much of my life evolved there. In those days we had no coca-cola machine or soft chairs near the office but the yellow walls and of course the familiar faces are there and these along with photographs and memories serve as a timely reminder of my six years in B.C.S.

John Murray

This product of the class of '84 is freely admitting to suffering from selective amnesia when it comes to a trip down memory lane in my Alma Mater. Like many of my primary school buddies I too had been served the death sentence in my formative years when Ballincollig was a far cry from being deemed a satellite town. 'You're off to school in town, young lady' my mother triumphantly announced. But Lady Luck had sealed my destiny and the star-ship had landed down by the weir. That's what it looked like to me then, like a sub-

station from outer space, multi-coloured and moduled. It was like no other place I had ever seen.

I have measured out my life in laps around the school which was a major cost-effective enterprise in talent spotting, hugged every yellow-radiated wall and dive bombed for the coveted red seats in the social areas. We huddled around male-central lockers, checked out every blind-spotted corner and drank the caf dry of tomato soup!

We were the Leg Warmers Brigade and for variation we wore fluorescent ankle socks over our tights. I cringe to think of the sad spectacle we were of the 80's look! Parkas were everywhere and no-one seemed to go home with the right jacket. We were clones but that's what being a teenager was all about. Everyone wore Adidas runners and skirts were not the tissue length they appear to be now. Wow - we seem like fuddy-duddies when we thought we were the bees knees! MODS RULE O.K.!

Sometimes when I think back about what shadow we grew up under back then it strikes me that we were always writing essays, whether in English or Irish about the impending threat of Nuclear War. We were Reagan's Star Wars Era and it was everywhere, comprehensions, oral preparation, we were doomed! But in B.C.S. we were safe from all that. We had fun, good solid fun. Whether on retreat when we hid the entire male contents of the year group under our beds or yelled support for our shining star of G.A.A. Seanie McCarthy. Remember that name because it's the only one you'll see in this monologue. (We'd be here all day).

Being part of the early days we were always breaking new ground, creating school history and we knew we were privileged. I cast my rose-tinted bifocal lenses back to our in-school South Central Constituency elections and I can hear us on the rampage electioneering and canvassing the social areas. We were rousing the school troops into action with debating fever, instilling the fiscal fear of God into first years to join our bank or else! And all the time we were beating our drum we had behind us a marching band of full support, teachers who backed us up and who pushed us into the fray. We had a fighting spirit, ready to tackle head first the points system, confident that third level was a step outside the door of B.C.S. We were ready for anything that life threw at us. We were enabled to travel during those 5 years and many of us have come back to roost in Ballincollig, while we remember those who have gone abroad. Though the years have passed and have made us 30 somethings we are still, when we meet, class mates. We wear the same colours and still laugh at our old jokes. Long may the condition of adolescence continue, but spare us the middle-age spread!

Deirdre Cahill

School Memories

Well I was wandering along by the banks of the river
When seven fat cows came up out of the Nile
Bob ShooWaddy Waddy Bop Bob ShooWaddy...

1980-'86 - an era in Ballincollig Community School when fun was rife and dusters were scarce!

The above excerpt from the musical "Joseph" conjures up fantastic memories in me - evenings of exciting rehearsal, moments of "stardom", Elvis reborn and gosh was Joseph a misfortunate fellow! What I wouldn't give for his coat though!

The year was 1984, the month February, the country Switzerland, the experience - thrilling! My memories of this "every student's dream" included breath-taking scenery of snow-clad mountains and wooden buildings, heart-warming student companionship, brave attempts at ice-skating with size three feet in size six skates - and a Valentine card which I delivered half way up the tour bus with heart-stopping secrecy, and for which I was thanked in person!

Memories of things that mattered so much at the time. But these memories are a huge part of what we became in our adult life. Our strengths, our capabilities, our personalities were formed largely in B.C.S. I will always remember Ballincollig Community School and its teachers with fondness and gratitude.

Anna Lucey

A Good Night All Round

One of the highlights of an otherwise boring and monotonous year, for sixth years, of course, was the Debs. In fact, 4 months later, the girls from 6B and 6A are still known to be chatting about it. Also, some of the flames of romance which began so humbly with the Debs are still flickering in the doom and gloom, which has now become part and parcel of everyday sixth year life. But to keep us happy in our old age, most of us, will have fond memories of that fateful night in Blarney. For instance, will we ever forget Anna Lucey disappearing behind a pole with a most respected(?) sixth year? Or, what about David Holohan and John Crowley, showing that everybody's opinion of them as... was perfectly true. And we mustn't forget the girls, whose style was mighty!! In an attempt to be original the girls decided to wear any colour and shade under the sun! Everything went well for them until they said that, in an attempt to be also different most of them had the same type of dress!!! (But I suppose we can't blame them for trying). And then there was the food(?)!!! People were bringing it up in conversation weeks afterwards, because it was so bad. (That can be interpreted in two different ways). But what can you expect for £6.50 these days? Finally we mustn't forget the dynamic Rainbow, as if it weren't for them I'm sure we would have had a better night!!! It didn't occur to me till afterwards that I realised that they were pathetic. Who can recall "and now we're going to slow things down, with Nikita" — with the same rhythm, pauses and introductions that they had for the fast songs!! However, luckily for Rainbow, many people had other things on their minds (e.g. Tommy Murphy and Lorraine Riordan) and were totally oblivious to the whole thing. The Debs conjures up different memories for different people but I suppose in general it was a good night all round (except for the final speech, it was awful).

by D.A.C.

Beidh Céilí Mór sa Halla Anocht

Ní amhain gur tháinig siad ach tháinig siad ina gceadta. Bhí an slua chomh mór ag Céilí na Samhna go raibh orainn aistriú go Halla an Phobail i gcomhair na cinn eile. Ceithre chinn ar fad a bhí againn i mbliana agus bhí gach ceann nioa taitheamhai na an ceann roimhe. Ionsai na hInsa, Ballai Luimni, Baint an Fheir, Sean Waltz agus An Staicin Gorna, is mo a cheineamh ach seans go gcabhroidh comhaltas linn an bhlian seo chugainn agus go mbeich reimse rinci nios leithne againn. Tá video a ullmhu i lathair na huaire agus beidh sé ar fáil don bhliain scoile nua. Tadhg, Brid agus Sean O Cearnaigh a bheidh i mbun an cheoil arís le cunamh Dé agus os rud é gur eirigh chomh maith leo i mbliana is i Halla an Phobail a bheidh siad arís. Tugadh breis is £500 do eagraíochtaí charthannachta eagsula i mbliana ce nar chosniagh na ticéid ach £1. Míle bhuíochas leis na múinteoirí agus na tuismitheoirí a chabhaigh linn i mbliana agus nara fada uainn an fogra thuas arís.

Rang Peadair

Ballincollig Take Title

Ballincollig 0-8 Carrignavar 0-5

Ballincollig Community School took their first Munster U-161/2 football title at Páirc Uí Chaoimh yesterday in very difficult conditions with a three points win over Sacred Heart College, Carrignavar. Wing forward Barry Fitton and full forward Vincent Hegarty kicked two excellent points to put Ballincollig in the lead, but Sean Daly reduced the gap for Carrignavar. Despite a lot of pressure the Ballincollig backs defended extremely well and Robert Rea, in particular, was outstanding at corner back. However, Sean Geaney added two points for Carrignavar and they led 3-2 at half-time. Ballincollig dominated the early part of the second half and Barry Fitton equalised from a free. Then points were exchanged between Sean Daly for Carrignavar and Vincent Drynan. With ten minutes to go Carrignavar scored from a close in free taken by Emmet Kelly and it looked all over for Ballincollig. However, they refused to give in and inspired by captain Donagh Callanan at centre back they took over completely. Michael Doab equalised from a free and the same player added two more from play. Corner forward Gerard O'Leary scored the final point.

Padraig Twomey at midfield and Kieran Duggan at centre forward played their heart out as did each Ballincollig player.

Best for a never say die Carrignavar team were Sean Daly at midfield, goalkeeper Robert Walsh and centre back Frank O'Connor.

Scorers - Ballincollig: M. Doab 0-3; B. Fitton 0-2; V. Hegarty 0-1; V. Drynan 0-1; G. O'Leary 0-1. Carrignavar: S. Geaney 0-2; S. Daly 0-2; E. Kelly 0-1.

*The Joys and Sorrows of Student Life**or**Nothing is But What is Not*

“Will Colette Murphy, Class 5A, with permission of her subject teacher, please come to my office”. The voice of the beloved one echoed around the ever silent English class. No. We weren’t all asleep but were concentrating intently as is standard practice in every fifth year class.

“May I go?” I asked, hoping that Mr. O’Leary would refuse on the grounds that the killing of Macbeth was too important to miss. however, ‘nothing is but what is not’. (Oh, the joys of quoting lines from Macbeth).

“Certainly”, he smiled and added smugly, “Have a good time”.

As I left the classroom amid a chorus of “What have you done now?” and ‘expulsion for sure’, I realised that this definitely wasn’t my lucky day. Things had started to go wrong from the very beginning. I literally got out of the bed on the wrong side and banged my foot off the wardrobe which until that moment I could have sworn was positioned two feet from my bed rather than two inches. I hobbled down to breakfast contemplating amputation, automatic wheelchairs, or at best, remote control crutches. Surely things can’t get much worse I foolishly thought, but ‘nothing is but what is not’ (I loved that phrase).

My breakfast was cold, the tea was too strong and there was no toothpaste left since my little brother had used it all the night before in an attempt to brush our cat’s teeth. (If anybody sees a small black cat with Colgate smeared all over his fun and a big red toothbrush hanging out of his mouth, please return him to Classis, Ovens, Co. Cork.) Then, my schoolbag couldn’t be found but after much searching and promises of donations to St. Anthony, it was located behind the fridge.

All this, of course, meant that I was late for school. As I limped along I began thinking of excuses for the little man with the red book (no, I don't mean Eamon Andrews). My name had appeared in that same book no fewer than eighteen times in the past month and I was beginning to run out of excuses. All the boring excuses like sleeping late or the car breaking down had been used up in the first week. The original ones like rescuing a drowning puppy or saving a child's life had been taken care of during the second week and at this state I was at my wits end. I had even considered buying a copy of the book 'Excuses for Everything', which had successfully been published by a fifth year group of entrepreneurs attending our great institution. I had almost decided to say that while walking to school I had slipped on a banana skin and the result of the collision of the extremely hard molecules of the road surface with the even harder subatomic compounds of my skull had caused me to be unconscious for a period of time exceeding thirty minutes and this was the overall cause of my lateness.

However, for the third time 'nothing is but what is not' and this excuse was to be kept for another day as I spied out of the corner of my eye an open window.

In fact, that very same window was the reason why I was making my way through the sacred ground of Area B towards the dreaded cage in Area A. I bravely fought my way through the pile of carcasses which had been strewn for the vultures. This would be my fate if I found myself unable to justify my mid-morning actions. I pushed the button, praying to St. Joseph de Paor, that the engaged sign would light up but once again, 'nothing is but what is not'.

Colette Murphy 5A

A Day in the Life of a 6th Year Student

The day begins with the screeching brakes of an aged BMW. The area quietens with the approaching swish of shapely leather. Keys rattle in her left hand, bones rattle in her approach. A quick prayer, a pep talk and we are in our classes.

Dappled dawn draws Mrs. Woodward to my senses. O that this too too solid flesh would melt and rise up in Ovens. To be or not to be ... am I here at all? Who is this woman? hath the furies sent her? The Fury sends me forth to my appointment with the Pontiff.

Bonjour. Asseyez-vous. Stewart be quiet. Thomas don't ask any silly questions. A murmur of French, a gargle of assonating rhythm, a bell, dismissed. Lunch; A pause, a moment for reflection. A man shook loose from the horrors of hell, bleached by the eternal fires.

We move as waves make towards the pebbled shore. A class, a learned man, bearded sage, so woeful in his wisdom, so bereft of beatitude, but a saint. A man revered by all, in fifth year. We read the word of God and listen to the word of Jim as he strokes his beard to the rhythm of the parting bell.

We project ourselves to our next class. Are we but fractions, dangling on the balance of the X and Y axis? It's just a theorem. Is my function in life in the domain of -2 greater than or equal to 0 ? "Damn right it is", says Mrs. Donnelly. "Rock me back to my roots," she says, with an algebraic expression on her face. A chance perchance to dream? In this class... not on your life!

The sickly smell of sausage rolls assails my senses. I buy, I gobble, I gargle, I oogle, I return a man fulfilled.

We go next to listen to a man on a higher plane than a 2×4 . A chip of the auld block. Oh the smell of fresh cut sawdust, it's filling up my senses...

How man puts up a ceiling is beyond me. A man is not a man unless he can handle tools and smoke a pipe. Salt of the Earth, we salute you.

Next I have an appointment with the lady of my dreams, my honey-haired harbinger of biological knowledge. Does she know the torment she brings to my sensory neurons? She implants the seeds of knowledge in my cerebral region (brain) which will hopefully bear fruit come June... Ah sweet auburn...

The bell tolls the parting knell of day. I move swiftly to my area, passing the scent of a clean-shaven handsome English teacher. In his wake, the buzz of fainting females. I take my coat and don't look back. Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new I shall return.

Eacht '88



Daniel McAllen and Johnny Martin
who received Eacht Awards at B.C.S.

I dedicate this poem to Mr. Greene's 6th Year Maths Class

it's all 100% true you see.

Maurice O'Sullivan 6A - The Poet

Confessions of a Deviant

I do hate Monday mornings
That day in every week
When pupils are sprawled out,
On the carpet floor
And feeling very weak.
First class is mathematics
My favourite class of all
When me and James Piggott seated down the back
We really have a ball
Mr. Greene does Mathematics
With chalk on the blackboard
While me and James sing sixties songs
Those songs sung by the Lord.
Sometimes we sing the Beatles
Sometimes Elvis the King
Mr. Greene seldom tells us off
For he likes the tunes we sing.
The class does mathematics
While we do "Rock and Roll"
James has music in his blood
I've got it in my soul!
When music class is over
All the day goes well
We'll either go to Heaven
Or we'll go to Hell.

One day when I am sixty
I'll look upon these days with glee.
Down the back, in our old Maths Class

Elvis, James and me.
My grandson then will say to this
"How did you dodge it all"
It's easy son you see I am
"The King of rock and roll".
Elvis died and I was born on earth
To take his place
He sang his songs and so do I
I even have his Face.
Again when I am Famous
All of you will say
Maurice really is the King,
It's to him that we do pray.

*Martina's
Portrait of
Sean
O'Riordan*



Martina Cleary





The Debs

Stepping through the main door was rather like stepping into another era. All that was missing was the top-hat, tails and the Victorian equivalent of “Antoinette And the Good Time Band”.

Despite the glamorous attire, it was all rather informal. When we entered the dining hall, rows of tables were soon snatched up, and the meal began.

The meal itself began with soup and rolls followed by the main course. Ian Healy looked rather doubtfully at his soup, and hurriedly pushed it aside. The main course consisted of chicken / turkey / rabbit (many different opinions) plus cauliflower that looked as if it couldn't believe what was happening to it.

Antoinette and The Good Time Band started up, and showed their might. During this time, John Quaid was busily snapping about one hundred couples.

Even the best laid plans go wrong and midway through Antoinette's set, Michael Kelly decided he wanted an emotional reunion of “The Cause”.



Kevin Mulcahy - 'Flower Power'



"Yah - Darraghs Band Is Brill !!!"

But Daragh Whooley beat him to it, and played an excellent version of the Joy Division's "Transmission" during which Stewart Campbell and his cronies decided to improvise a primitive (very, very primitive) "dance". Then Michael Kelly got his wish. Come back Antoinette, all is forgiven.

Antoinette & Co. finished up the night with a fine rendition of the national anthem, which would have been more enjoyable if John Carlton and Alan Cahill knew (a) the words and (b) how to sing.

Afterwards, I held a deeply meaningful philosophical conversation (man) with John O'Donovan. But it was a really enjoyable evening and on behalf of the sixth years I would like to offer sincere thanks to Mr. Murray, Mr. O'Leary and the debts committee who helped organise this glittering occasion. We would like to thank the management and staff of Christy's hotel, Antoinette and Her Good Time Band, and last but by no means least all you wonderful students who made it all possible.



The Charmers

Battle of the Bands

"The Cause", Darragh and Gary to be involved in "Strange Destiny" and up until recently "Judgement". This seemingly small event in Area F was to be the genesis of a rapidly developing music scene within the school. Later in the year, Darragh, Gary, Pam Byrne and Rory O'Hanlon played at a school disco. Their repertoire was comprised of cover versions of Van Halen, U2, ACDC and Led Zeppelin.



"The Cause" have amassed a huge loyal following. I had the pleasure of introducing them at their very first gig in the school on the 11th of May 1988. Their performance was powerful but raw. Since then they have polished up their sound.

The line-up was changed for their next appearance. The band, still fronted by Darragh Whooley now had Tim Kearney on drums, Ciaran Hyland on

keyboards and Rory O'Hanlon on bass. By this time the band has amassed a loyal following including numerous first year females swooning at big Dar and his cohorts. "Strange Destiny" stayed together and entertained hundreds until they broke up in 1988 as Ciaran Hyland was leaving for England.

They were replaced by a mob of "moshers" known as "Judgement". Their concerts were

no place for the faint-hearted with moshers slam-diving off the stage and head banging to their hearts content. Again they were fronted by Darragh Whooley on guitar and vocals, Aidan Manning on drums, Kieran Conway on bass and Anthony Allen on guitar. Their repertoire consisted mainly of Megadeth, Metalica and other "musicians" of that ilk. While their sound is very professional it somehow doesn't seem to have a majority following. The latest is that Darragh Whooley is no longer in the band and that they have stopped rehearsing until the summer; our eardrums are safe for the moment.

Recently Darragh, Kevin Mulcahy and Rory O'Hanlon came together to stage a very successful lunch-time concert in the gymnasium to raise funds for the French Students Exchange Programme. The concert was enjoyed by almost 300, especially by those adoring third and fifth year females. The set was composed mainly of classic rock and roll numbers, which even had the teachers bopping! (Yes, Mrs. Donnelly and Mrs. Woodward).

Vincent O'Dwyer



Vicky



Vicky Chan
As a girl,
A woman
A female

I am expected to be many things
They expect to be
Gentle and kind
Loving

See the eyes stone when I swear
When I argue
Give my opinion

I should sit in a corner
Smile, flutter my eyes when spoken to
I am only a Woman
Not a man
Woe are They.



Down and Out in the Netherlands...

Friday, the 17th of March, another day to trudge through, but for a group of 63 hyper-active students and 9 equally active teachers, it marked the beginning of an absolutely fantastic, fun-filled tour of Holland!

God seemed to be looking down on us right from the start, for we were blessed with gorgeous sunshine on our departure to Rosslare. But not even a blizzard could have dampened the high spirits that day. On our long coach journey to Rosslare everyone participated in the usual renditions of "Oh you're all a bunch of... up the front" (and down the back!) and "Everywhere we go" to keep us entertained. It was not until we boarded the boat that it finally struck us that WE WERE ACTUALLY GOING TO HOLLAND!! Until then, it just didn't seem real! But fortunately

for us, it was true, we were on our way! So it was, AMSTERDAM, look out, here we come! Saturday night we spent in the Hotel Carlton in Amiens in France. Everyone was so exhausted that they went to sleep straight away, but for the more lively exceptions, who decided to try out the shower facilities at two in the morning (ahem!). The following day we were let loose in Amiens for half an hour before mass in the Cathedral and boy did some people make use of it.

The rest of Sunday was spent travelling through France and Belgium. At this



Picture includes: Maria Barrett, Linda Keohane,
Claire McCarthy and Claire Allen

stage now, Miss Harrington decided to bestow some of her vast knowledge upon us. To say the most we were absolutely engrossed in what she had to say about the "open field" type of landscape in France and the "Campine Region" in Belgium, pointing out the ugly slag heaps left over from the mining! In that way the tour was very educational finding out about other people, their life styles and their completely different ways of living. But as Mr. Murray warned us "our eyes would be opened to the vices of the world in Amsterdam and such like places", and so they were, for some of us anyway!

There was absolutely no time to be bored for us on this tour, for every minute of the day was occupied either sight-seeing, shopping, bowling, swimming, bob-sleighting, ice-skating etc. It was fabulous. The only problem was having to get up so early every morning. Some of us who shall remain anonymous virtually had to be dragged out of bed in the mornings. But we all managed - eventually.

Tuesday, 21st March we travelled down to Valkenburg, a picturesque little town completely equipped with loads and loads of tourist shops where we could buy our presents to satisfy the family at home in miserable Ireland. We stopped off at the Philips Exhibition in Eindhoven on our journey down where we met with another group from Ballincollig, led valiantly by Mrs. Hegarty who, along with Mrs. O'Riordan enjoyed the exhibition immensely, as I'm sure we all did. We also visited "Madurodam" a tiny model of a town completely equipped with an airport, vast canals and it's own "nudist beach"!!! Everyone "enjoyed" the disco that was arranged for us that night in the Hotel Corona except for one person in particular who just had to sprain her ankle whilst trying out her own version of the "Can-Can" and who had to be carried home down the streets by Miss Harrington and definitely mental friends Deirdre Nash and Linda O'Connell.

The next day was probably one of the best in the tour. First of all in the morning we were brought bob-sleighting, an absolutely brilliant activity tried out by practically everyone in the group. It was hilarious to see Miss Cronin, Miss Harrington and Miss Daly zooming down the slide on their sleighs "recapturing childhood memories" - (will I be killed for saying this???) . And then hearing the frantic screams of Sonia O'Connor and Petrina Bohan as they whizzed past on their sleighs. That same day, we visited a closed coal mine in Valkenburg and saw just what it must have been like to work underground, not seeing daylight for hours. We also had a guided tour of an underground grotto where we saw some fabulous paintings and sculptures of pre-historic creatures. After dinner, which consisted of an absolutely disgusting soup for starters, fish and chips (very continental eh???) , along with mashed potatoes and a sort of salad, we went ice skating. Miss Cronin has vowed she is never letting me take her ice-skating again (I wonder why???) . Oh! the thrills and spills of it all!

All good things must come to an end and alas! it was back to Ireland for us on Thursday. We departed from Le Harve at around nine o'clock on board the Irish Ferry. Those of us who still had a spark of energy left ventured up to the disco that night where old and new "friends" were met. (I think I'm going to cry - it's so nostalgic!) Whilst others, a certain person with the initials S.C. to name but one, slept in their cabins completely oblivious to everything.

On the whole I think it was a fantastic trip, enjoyed by teachers and pupils alike and special thanks must go to Mrs. Hegarty and Mrs. Fitzpatrick for all the hard work and effort they put into arranging this tour for us. There is not much left to say, only that I hope other students will have the pleasure of experiencing tours such as ours in the future and finding out that there is more to the world than meets the eye!!!

by Eileen Carroll

5th Year Tour 1989: Itinerary:-

Day 1: Friday 17th March 1989 Rosslare/Cherbourg

Depart from Church of Christ Our Light at 16.30 hrs. after mass. Arrive and check in at Irish Ferries Port, Rosslare. Depart Rosslare at 22 hrs.

Day 2: Saturday 18th March 1989 Cherbourg/Amiens

Arrive in Cherbourg at 17.30 hrs. Continue on to Amiens, en route stop for meal. Stay overnight at Hotel Carlton.

Day 3: Sunday 19th March 1989 Valkenburg

Mass in Amiens Cathedral. Travel To Valkenburg in the heart of Holland. Stay overnight in Hotel Limburgia.

Day 4: Monday 20th March 1989 Valkenburg/Aachen

Visit to Valkenburg coalmine following breakfast, afterwards shopping for two hours. Early afternoon set out for Vaals and visit Drieland Punt the point where Holland, Germany and Belgium meet. Overnight in Valkenburg.

Day 5: Tuesday 21st March 1989 Amsterdam

After breakfast depart Valkenburg and travel to Amsterdam. En route visit Philips Exhibition in Eindhoven. Continue the journey to the Hague and visit the smallest town in the world. Stay overnight in Hotel Waikiki, Noordwijk.

Day 6: Wednesday 22nd March 1989 Amsterdam

Leave Noordwijk behind and travel into Amsterdam. Go on a guided Canal-Boat Trip and visit some of the main attractions in Amsterdam. Stay overnight in Noordwijk.

Day 7: Thursday, 23rd March 1989 Amsterdam/Le Harve

After breakfast leave Amsterdam and travel through Holland and Belgium into France. 21.30 hrs. depart Le Harve for an overnight crossing to Rosslare.

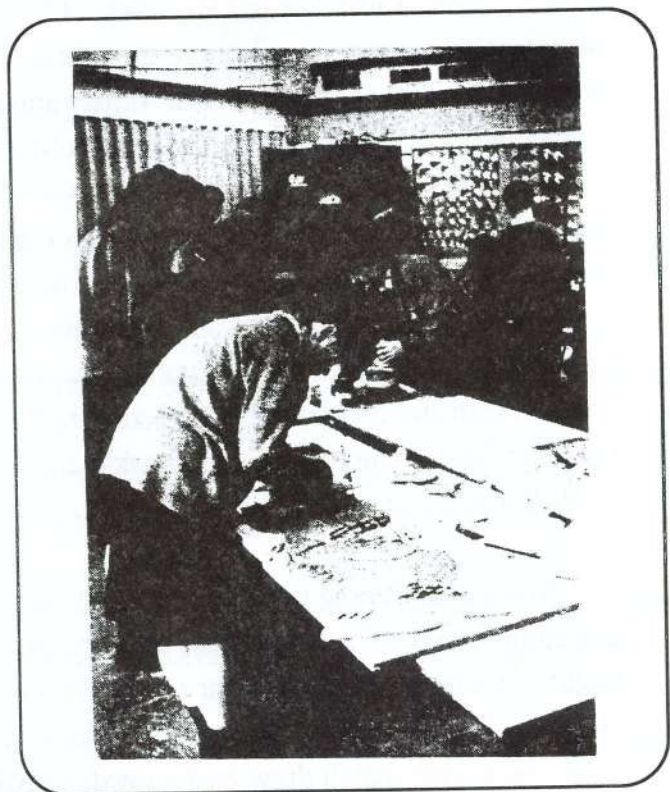
Day 8: Friday 24th March, 1989 Rosslare

Arrive in Rosslare at approximately 18.00 hrs. Return to Ballincollig at midnight.

Dreamhouses & Landscapes

Children and adults wandering in the cool evening light, peered through the shrubbery. And they gasped as they caught sight of miniature mushroom houses, pepper-mill houses and old boot houses. And no, they weren't dreaming - all these things were at the main entrance to Ballincollig Community School, the occasion being the official opening of the permanent ceramic art exhibition, *Dreamhouses and Landscapes*.

Since November last, pupils from fifth year and second year classes have worked on a project to design and construct ceramic fantasy houses, under the guidance of Ms. Gabi Beuchert, the artist-in-residence, and Art Teacher, Mrs. Ruth O'Mahony.



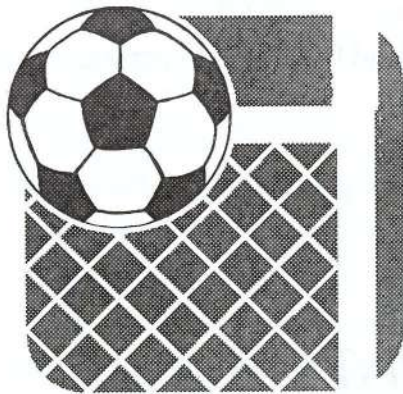
The completed project will now be on permanent exhibition by the main entrance.

Speaking at the official opening, school Principal, Dan Murray, thanked all concerned with the project and noted the very high level of interest displayed by all the pupils in the daily progress of the construction.

This, in itself, he said, was testimony to the success of "this fantastic" scheme.

Martin Drury, of the Arts Council, declaring the exhibition open, congratulated artist, teacher and all the pupils involved and praised them for their marvellous work.

He challenged the pupils to always remember what they had learned from the project - that, with the correct blend of skills and imagination, dreams can become a reality.



FOOTBALL

In football we entered the U-16 Munster Colleges. In the first game we took on St. Augustines in Tallow. This was a very tough and physical encounter but the Ballincollig side showed true spirit and character in overcoming this challenge. The next game bought us back to Tallow once again for another test against De La Salle of Waterford. After winning this game we qualified for the semi-final against a much more experienced Carrignavar team. The first game was played in Ballincollig in a day of extreme heat with a minute remaining Carrignavar were a point ahead but Ballincollig's determination earned themselves a replay a week later in Carrignavar. This was another close encounter and after a few controversial decisions by the referee, Carrignavar won by the slightest of margins. As soon as this competition finished the U-17 Cork Colleges commenced. We took to the field once again to play a highly rated Farranferris team. This game took us through to the semi-final against our main rivals Carrignavar. It was on the teams mind not to let Carrignavar defeat us one again. This was another epic battle which Ballincollig won. This resulted with the team once again returning to Páirc Uí Chaoimh to play Douglas in the final. However Ballincollig rose to the occasion and under severe pressure gave a great exhibition of football to run out as deserving winners.

Next came the big one. The senior (Cork) Colleges final. After weeks of preparation and defeating St. Aidans and Macroom we were ready to take on the might of Carrignavar. Carrignavar qualified for the final by an exceptional defeat over Munster champions St. Fachtnas of Skibbereen. This match drew great crowds to Ballincollig G.A.A. field. Going out as complete under-dogs Ballincollig however were very confident. The confrontation matched the expectancy of the crowd who cheered on their spirited team to an emphatic victory. We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all players involved and especially to trainers Mr. Downey, Mr. Buttimer, Mr. Spillane and Mr. Kenneally for their support and time.



IN TEN YEARS TIME

Gavin Burke: Will have entered a monastery and become a monk, vowing his celibacy after the loss of Marie O'Shea.

Joe Murphy: Will be milking the cows with his trusty wife Meg making scones.

Ann-Marie Maher: Will be working on the family planning stand in the Virgin Megastore.

Toni O'Brien: Will be running a successful "Rent-A-Flirt" company.

Sean Murphy: Will be happily married to Natalie with 3 kids and living in a cosy little cottage by the woods.

Colm Barry-Murphy: Will be spying on the cottage 24 hours a day and serenading Natalie at night.

Mark McGillicuddy: Still protesting that he was good enough for Ger Downey's football team.



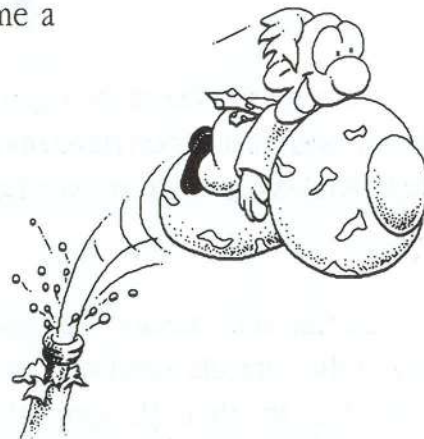
Der Barry-Murphy: Divorced and married six times with 50 illegitimate children.

Gordon Murphy: Chief editor of the Irish Times and best-selling novelist.

Maeve Twomey: Captain of the Republic of Ireland football team and having an affair with Jack Charlton.

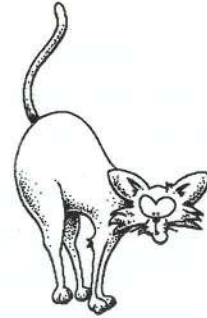
Toss Leach: Will be 27 and going out with a 13 year old. (Some things never change).

Ian Byrne: Sitting in rocking chair and telling stories to his grandchildren.



DRACULA SPECTACULA

Eerie music filtered through the hall, ghostly shapes manoeuvred in the ominous manner on stage smoke billowed through the air and at the back of the stage there stood a figure in black, arms spread, cloak flowing.



In case your memory has failed you, this was the first most people saw of the 'Dracula Spectacula' the single biggest production ever seen in B.C.S. at the time. However what remained hidden to the multitudes were the hours of work that went into the whole play. From the securing of an empty whiskey bottle for a drunken airline pilot (I could say with teacher provided it but I still have to go to school on Monday) to the massive task of constructing and erecting the stage, there were endless amounts of preparation required.

It all started with the herding of unsuspecting fifth-years into C17 by the daunting Herr Alcock in his gently persuasive manner ("Do you want to audition for a play or go on report"). A week later and all the roles had been handed out. Now it was time to roll up the sleeves and settle down to hard work and a bit of fun.

After 3 months of rehearsing, learning lines, practising moves and doing routines the cast of Dracula Spectacula was finally ready to take to the boards and break a few legs. On the Thursday night pre-show nerves were at an all time high with about ten people wanting to bale out 5 minutes before show-time. However we overcame the tension and succeeded in putting on a truly "Spectacula" show.



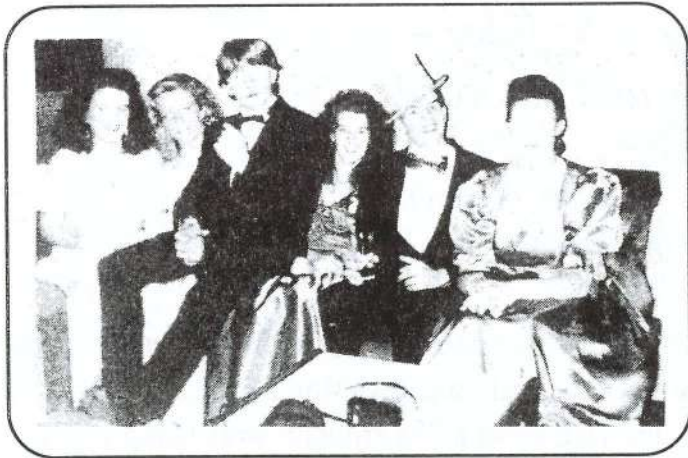
The Way We Were . . .
. . . . cute and innocent!

*"Those were the days, my friend,
We thought they'd never end. . ."*

As long ago as first year may seem, we will always remember the many incidents of those days. Who can remember the first morning as a rather pale and sickly Ann Dwyer fell to the floor of the cafeteria (does she want to be reminded?) while her fellow students were being acquainted with the school rules. The excitement, it seems, was just too much!

As first years we weren't denied our fair share of romance. Who has 'conveniently' forgotten those swooning couples such as Ciara Fahy and Jonathan O'Hea, Noelle Dalton and Paul Buckle, Melanie Hill and Killian Whooley. . . The list is endless.





Top Hat



*and six
years later*



*.... The
Grads !!!!*

*Lucky
Fellas*





Golfing Success

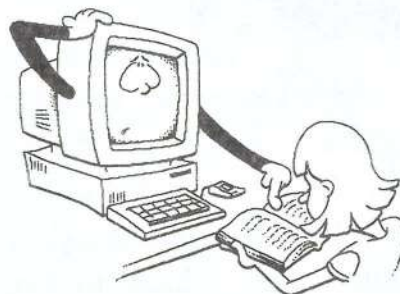
Golf has made progress in the school under the watchful eye of Mr. Murphy. Morgan O'Donovan and Jim Corcoran were on the school team that won the Cork City Schools Golf Competition. In the South Munster Schools competition the same team, which included 2 second years, Philip Costello and David O'Donovan - were unlucky to lose. However, Morgan O'Donovan had the best individual score of the day.



Morgan also won the very prestigious Cork Junior Scratch Cup - following on the footsteps of Eoghan O'Connell.



1989 All-Ireland ITGWU Project on the 1913 Lockout



Sara O'Dwyer (winner of the Junior Competition) and Greta Costello (second in the Senior Competition) being presented with an Apple Computer by Mr. Declan Shelvey (Production Manager, Apple Computers), with Mr. Murray, Principal and Mr. Lucey, History Teacher.

German Honour for Clever Catriona

Congratulations Catriona!

Catriona Buckley of Templehill, Carrigrohane, a pupil of Ballincollig Community School, has won a scholarship sponsored by the German Embassy.

The scholarship entitles Catriona to a three-week language course in a German school.

Catriona was awarded the scholarship on the strength of her excellent results in the German Language paper of her Intermediate Certificate, which was followed by an interview at the German Embassy in Dublin.

Catriona was selected as one of the top twenty pupils in the country. She has brought great honour to her community and to her school.

Sixteen-year old Catriona is a member of the German-Irish Friendship Society, which has a very active junior committee at the Ballincollig Community School.

She is also part of a youth group which is busily organising a visit of young German students to the Ballincollig area.

*First Year...
.. The Year of New Experiences!*

Remember way back to September 1988 - doesn't seem so long ago does it? The first day in big school! The girls with the skirts that were pleated in the front, and the not so trendy of us with or navy socks pulled neatly to our knees! The "fellas" with their hair neatly groomed - lovely and short (God - don't times change!). And now look at us, short skirts above the knees! Socks pulled down and the "fellas" with not so short hair!

Brenda O'Connell



EUROFOOT '90

Ireland 1

B.C.S.

England 0

Wolverhampton

Instead of "The Boys from Brazil" marching out it was the "Boys from B.C.S." marching out onto the main pitch. It was the last day; the final match of the tournament. Us against them, Ireland versus England. A few hours beforehand, both teams had suffered a defeat from Spanish team, Pamplona. So both teams were looking forward to leaving the French soil with a victory. Five minutes before kick off the pressure began to build up. The first half got on its way. Shots from Eamon Long, David Kiely and Niall Murray had the English defence on their toes at half time. At the half time interval the score still remained.

Ireland 0 England 0

B.C.S. Wolverhampton

Coming out on to the pitch after the half time break there was only one change. Colman Murray came on for Eamon Long. "He played his part", quoted Mr. Doolan. The English first attack of the second half resulted in a corner. The corner was taken and cleared out by Damien Long and Colin Kilty. One more English attack was a failure and the ball was cleared out to Colin Lenihan who immediately passed to Niall Murray. A ten yard solo run by Niall left the ball to



Colman Murray. Colman took control of the ball like a true striker. As he approached the English goal mouth he had two options, to pass it across the square to the awaiting Adrian Duggan or Paul O'Connor or take it on himself. Well! He took it on himself and plotted it into the corner of the English goal. "Goal", he cried as he was surrounded by his fellow team mates.

Five minutes remained on the clock. An English attack which would have resulted in the equaliser, but a crucial interception by Alan O'Leary saved the day. The last attempt by the English swung across our goal mouth but ended up in the hands of our goalkeeper (me).

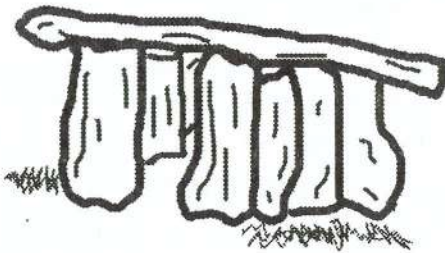
David Keane

an tsaeltacht



We knew it wouldn't be easy but 50 courageous students on the 6th November 1991, were determined to experience "an saol mar a bhi ag Peig". We were accompanied by Mr. Doolan, Mr. Buttimer, Fr. Micheal, Inion Ni Mhurchu and Miss Daly. Sleeping bags, walk-mans and a video-camera, all alien to the Life of Peig, arrived in Wine Strand to find three-bedroomed bungalows and not thatched cottages.

Helen Crowley
Niamh Fleming



"Sweeney Todd the Barber" ...



The 5th Year Production



Cast

Sweeney Todd (The Barber of Fleet Street)	Vincent Flynn
Ezekiel Smith (a mechanic)	Brian Hallahan
Mrs. Rag (a poor woman)	Aileen Buckley
Tobias Rag (her son, an apprentice)	Amy Barry-Murphy
Mark Injestre (a mariner)	Richard Finn
Jean Parmine (a lapidary)	Humphery Morrissey
Johanna Oakley (a young lady in love)	Sarah Lynch
Eustace Jeffer (Colonel)	Liam Canty
Jasper Oakley (a spectacle maker)	Colman Murray
Mrs. Oakley (his wife)	Claire Griffin
Dr. Aminadab Lupin (a wolf in sheeps clothing)	Richard Galvin
Mrs. Lovett (Todd's accomplice in guilt)	Brenda O'Connell
Jarvis Williams (a lad with an appetite)	Linda O'Donovan
Jonas Frog (the keeper of the madhouse)	Peter Ahern
Sir William Brandon (a judge)	David Keane
Narrator	Helen Byrne
Narrator	Geraldine Mulcahy

Young Scientists!



Ruth and Janet with Mr. Doolan, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Tyrell, Mr. Slowey and Mrs. Hegarty.

Class of 1993

The Kids from Area C (A Year Head's Lament)
Some stayed for two years and some lasted one,
Some said goodbye before we'd begun;
One or Two, so I'm told would go on the run,
To escape from Area C.

While a few spent their time standing out by the wall,
Most, like the Kellehers, could learn it all;
Fr. Michael would say They're having a Ball,
That Shower from Area C.

There was Hilda and Lynda who always took part,
Like the Lynchs and Amy, they lifted my heart,
As did Brenda whose smile would a dead pulse restart,
Some kids from Area C.

Duggie, Longie, Niall Murray, the Kellys F and D,
Played Gaelic far better than we get on TV,
And Vincent played 'Sweeney' down to a T,
My kids from Area C.

We had Romance there too, every day during break,
But to tell you their names is a step I can't take,
It's been hinted to me "it might be a mistake",
Can be 'tough' in Area C.

On a boat in Killarney the whole Year Group sprang,
At the feet of the Pope they prayed and they sang,
Then one Friday in May they just went on the lang,
More phone calls from Area C.

At the RDS and Vigneux they won Fame, as they ought,
They swam in Trabolgan, in the Gaeltacht some fought (le huibheacha)
But twice they shed tears, for Fergus, for Cait,
Forlorn in Area C.

They hadn't a Debs - the BOM saw to that,
A decision considered by some to be CAT,
Through a 'stailc' and the rumoured self-chaining of Pat,
We survived in Area C.

It's 1993, they'll be soon out the door,
The best years of their lives - I'll see them no more,
C'est La Vie, ach an bhfeicfidh me a leitheidí go deo?
Those great kids from Area C.



Class of '94
The School Choir



The School Choir, though established long before we entered First Year, has undoubtedly benefited from the participation of the present Sixth Years. These Sixth Years, namely Louise Hegarty, Caroline Casey, Patrick Gillen, Niall Twomey and Trevor Desmond, have entered various choral competitions and although they have been unsuccessful in winning awards, they have always maintained an extremely high standard. This high standard was seen when the choir consistently achieved an A standard in the Department of Education choir exams. In 1st and 2nd year the choir displayed their humanitarian nature when they braved the elements on cold December days to entertain Christmas shoppers in Paul Street Shopping Centre in order to raise money for "Simon". The involvement of the present 6th years in the school choir has enabled the school to boast a full SATB choir, a status envied by many other schools.

The school choir has continued the strong choral tradition in the school, and their interest in musical matters is to continue next year as both Trevor Desmond and Caroline Casey hope to study music in college. The sixth year members are very grateful to Mrs. O'Connell for her constant support, advice and encouragement throughout the last 5 years.

Trevor Desmond and Robert Flood

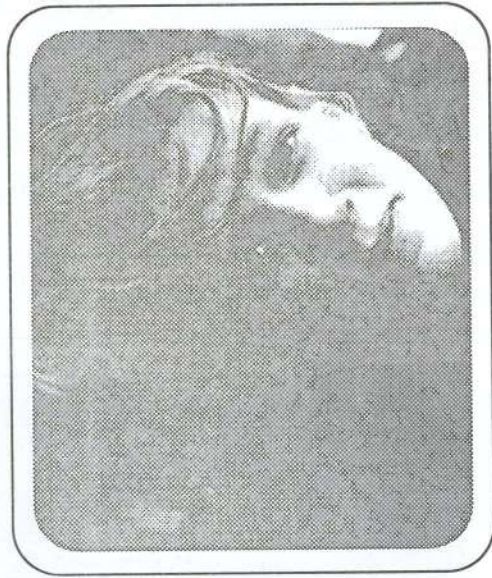
turas gaeltachta

On a glorious spring day thirty Leaving Certificate students set off for the West Kerry Gaeltacht in the company of their teachers, Iníon Ní Mhurchú, Iníon Ní Ghalbháin agus an tUasal Ó Buttimer.

Bhíomar go léir ag tnúth le deireadh seachtaine saor ó staidéar is saor ó thuismitheoiri. Is é an cuspóir a bhí in ar n-aighe na feabhas a chur ar ar gcuid Gaeilge labhartha. D'fhág an bus an scoil ag a dó a chlog agus ar aghaidh linn ar ar dturas fada go dtí na sealaithe i d'Trá an Fhiona. The chalets were absolutely wonderful. Chuir siad ionadh orainn go léir. Bhí trí sheomra codla-

ta, dhá sheomra folctha, teilifís, oigheann micrathon-nach agus gach ais nua aimseartha.

Oíche Dé hAoine, chuamar go dtí Tigh Bhric agus bhaineamar sult as na heachtraí. After that we returned to the teachers chalet where we had a memorable night singing, chatting and improving our spoken Irish. On Saturday morning, the principal of the secondary school sa Daingean, Padraig Ó Firtear gave a stimulating lecture on the history and lore of the area. Tar éis sin, chuamar go dtí Gallurus Oratory, Cé an Oileáin, Com Dhineoil, Uaigh Pheig agus aiteacha eile stairiúla. An oíche sin chuamar go céilí i gCeann Trá. San halla, thaispeáin na múinteoirí a glicteacht ag damhsa is ag canadh.



Bhí an aimsir go haoibhinn fad a bhíomar ann. Ach, ar an Domhnach bhí orainn fillleadh abhaile. D'fhágamar an ghrian inár ndiaidh. Míle buíochas do na múinteoirí. Bhí deireadh seachtaine den scoth againn. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and educational trip.

Karen Fleming

“H.M.S. PINAFORE”

After two months of slogging, our production of “H.M.S. Pinafore”, the Gilbert and Sullivan classic, hit the stage. The story of a Captain (Trevor Desmond), his daughter (Gillian Darrer), a bi-sexual Admiral (Philip Murray), his cousin (Caroline Casey), a buttercup (Áine Murphy) and a sailor (Colin Horgan). There was a lot of swopping at birth and falling in love with the wrong person, with a bit of singing and dancing thrown in. The captain caught many a lady’s eye while the admiral flirted with the sailors. The “ladies” put on a great show in their glamorous attire and the sailors flexed their muscles and did some acrobatics.

How can one forget the many tempers, compressed and explosive, which were displayed throughout our rehearsals and especially on the nights of the performances? Remember Tim Murphy, he of the artistic temperament, and his outbursts backstage! Those involved had the time of their lives and were very sorry when the lights dimmed and the curtain fell for the last time.

After our last performance, it was back to Maria Fitzgerald's house for a big bash into the early hours and always one to draw out a good thing, we were back again a week later. This time to watch a video of the play (or rather Audrey and Philip Dolan). Despite losing many hours of study it was agreed by all that it was worth it. All agree that it was phenomenal experience for all and will lead to many illustrious theatrical careers?

Gillian Darrer, Áine Murphy and a little help from Robert Flood



A scene from 'H.M.S. Pinafore'

Feeding the Masses

Picture this scene: One moment, a mass gathering of young people, cold, tired, HUNGRY, huddled together in abject misery watching in forlorn silence the minutes tick by with agonising slowness, a silence broken only by a sudden cough, snuffle or the occasional police arrest (I didn't want to kill him Guard, honestly. He tried to steal my Kit-Kat...). Next instant: a banshee shriek rings around the room and the whole place is plunged into utter chaos as over a hundred and fifty malnourished bodies hurl themselves on the piles of food set on tables before them, like a multitude of over-prescribed, H.R.T.-crazed lunatics...

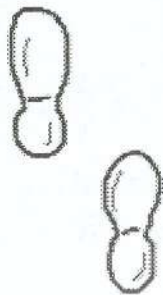
Remember it? Us neither. That entertaining space-filler was, in fact, one slightly deranged person's memory of an event which, we're told, took place when we were all in second year, a time when we were all young and sweet, a time when Mick Kelleher was just an abdomen with legs, whose head disappeared off into the heavens.

It was, of course, the twenty-four hour fast which was held in aid of Trócaire. After a torturously long day without food of any description (we-ell...) all the participants gathered in one of the social areas for a table quiz. The teams battled long and hard into the early hours of the morning for the incredible sum of £20 - that's FIVE pounds each, or four pounds each in the case of the winning team which despite being hindered by having an extra member on the team, managed to walk away with the prize. (After winning the quiz of course).

Then, to cap off what was, you all must agree, a "most enjoyable occasion", it was off to the cafeteria to indulge in soggy pizzas and melted Mars bars. yeaahh!!

Second year saw us back in the dramatic fold as we provided the chorus for the 5th year's production of Sweeny Todd. Slaving away nightly until we achieved perfection and finally made our debuts - some of us fortunate enough to be wearing those long, coffee-coloured, curtain-lining material skirts! But such sacrifices were well rewarded by the nightly view we had of Sweeny Todd (Vincent Flynn) and the 'one' can and 'one' packet of crisps which we got on the last night.

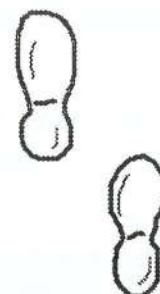
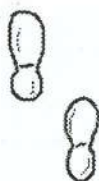
ANOTHER STEP UP



We take the third and
final step of our Education
University and
A life of working looms
We stood together, our friendship,
a chain linked.

As we step up beyond what we know
 As the chain breaks and scatters,
 old friends and foes are memories,
 old teachers, something of the past,
 As our school days draw to a close.

This school will be but an era gone by
 Where and when we meet again,
 the time and place nobody knows.
 Old friends recalled with joy,
 Old tricks remembered with laughter.



Mark Gamble

Famous Past Pupils of the Future

So who'll be the chosen ones?

Tim Kelleher - winning the Tour De France.

Rachel Lynch - first female Garda Commissioner.

Ian Cullen - astronaut on Star Trek.

Con Healy - owning a fleet of trucks.

Ivan Barrett - strutting his stuff on Broadway.

Camilla Hegarty - president.

David Carroll - playing professional football - as another Roy Keane or Cantona (but no viciousness intended)

Emer O'Connell - continuity announcer in R.T.E. or presenting the Eurovision.

Stephen Ahern - head of National Front or running for Taoiseach.

Where the pupils will be in ten years time.

Brendan O'Sullivan - famous model for Calvin Klein boxer shorts or Mr. Universe or champion on Chippendale.

Suzanne Lucey - making lots of money as Man. United's mascot due to her red hair.

Declan Healy - married to 'The Millstreet One' with fifteen kids, two sheep and one pig.

Kenneth Ross - biotechnician owning a huge house with a string of wives.

Ballincollig Wins School's Football Blitz

Ballincollig Community School won the annual Gerard Hickey Memorial Football Blitz (for Community Schools first years) held recently at the local club's grounds. Ten schools, including Castletownbere, Boherbue and Millstreet, took part in the competition and the blitz format proved an outstanding success.

Ballincollig came through their section with victories over Mayfield, Millstreet, and Douglas community schools while Boherbue who were appearing in this competition for the first time, defeated Carrigaline, Bishopstown and Mayfield in the semi-final to reach the final.

By far the best games in the competition were the semi-finals. Ballincollig had a goal to spare over Douglas (2-3 to 0-6) in a great game, while Boherbue had just a point to spare over Mayfield (1-4 to 1-3) in another cracker.

The final turned out to be a one-sided affair with the Ballincollig lads proving much too strong for Boherbue winning 6-5 to 0-1.

Carrigaline 1-7 Bishopstown 0-1; Boherbue 2-1 Carrigaline 0-1; Boherbue 2-4 Bishopstown 0-1; Ballincollig 1-6 Mayfield 0-2; Mayfield 6-7 Millstreet 0-0; Ballincollig 7-7 Millstreet 1-1; Douglas 3-9 Coláiste Choilm 1-1; Douglas 2-5 Castletownbere 0-5; Castletownbere 0-6 Coláiste Choilm 1-3. Semi-finals: Ballincollig 2-3 Douglas 0-6; Boherbue 1-4 Mayfield 1-3.

Final: Ballincollig 6-5 Boherbue 0-1.

The victorious Ballincollig team which won the Schools' Football Blitz.



The Class of '97

That great white temple of lore
 Stood at Fred Alcock's door,
 The lads would gather to gossip and flirt,
 To watch babes pass and dig up some dirt;
 Center to the culture of our school days:
 To our sacred bin - all praise!!

And then, those tall yellow pillars, the poles,
 'Twas often the day they'd lighten our souls,
 As some screaming damsel was strapped up with ties,
 Amid howling and jeering from all of "da boyz";
 Until Gentleman John helped her get free,
 And, with a blast of a whistle, back in class we'd be.

For the rest of our lives, anti-clockwise we'll walk,
 And we'll miss sausage rolls, assembly and chalk,
 Notes in the Journals, uniforms as well,
 In our sleep we'll hear pips, you never can tell;
 We must leave to start a life exciting and new,
 So to Yellow B.C.S., we bid a sad adieu.

4th Year

As Fourth Years, we were the school guinea pigs as we all trooped enthusiastically (blindly!) into Transition Year. Taking only a few days to find our feet, Fourth years got involved - in everything. The Saint Vincent de Paul, under the guidance of Ms. O'Farrell held a second-hand book sale; others collected for Rose Week, Concern and the Simon Community. This involved freezing one's posterior off, while being attacked by narky people about the number of charities collecting on the streets. Just in case anyone got bored, Connor set up a computer club and a litter committee. (Both disasters?) Those same computers were used on Valentine's Day, when the television in area A displayed that year's romantic messages - that is until the beady eyes of a certain Careers teacher put an end to the Romeos of the school. Our Transition Year modules took place on Tuesday afternoons. We had swimming (those swim-

suits, Ladies), peace studies (peace to sleep), mini-company (Kate still remembers the thumb-tack on her chair, Ian), photography (Debbie saying Susan 'looked like the Loch Ness Monster'), environmental studies (using up electricity watching videos), and drama (Tim Murphy - what more can you say!).

QUOTES

- "Of course that's not actually on the course -it's just interesting to know!" Mr. Myles
- "Give me a break, I only have one hand" Mrs. Myers.
- "I'll just repeat that again..." Mr. Kennelly
- "Just take a triangle - any old triangle at all" Mr. Myles.
- "I don't know what you're on Derek, boy, but it's not Geography" Mr. Murphy.
- "I always do my French homework" Connor Barry.
- "Are you just going to sit there like a lemon?" Ms. Dawes.
- "You don't have to understand it - just learn it" Mr. Myles.
- "I would argue for that at conference level!" Mr. Downey.
- "I was out walking the other day when..." Mr. O'Broin.
- "If I was a gynaecologist, would you come to me with your problems?" Herbert Down.
- "Isn't that gas lads - get it? Mrs. H. Lynch.
- "We are relieved by our suffering only by experiencing it to the full" Ian O'Shea.
- "Today's essay - the rise of Muslim Fundamentalism" Mr. Alcock.
- "I don't think that's a lot of homework!!!!" Ms. Owens.
- "David, do you normally sleep with your doc boots and woolly cap on?" Mr. Alcock.
- "Am I cool, or what?" Mr. J. Buttimer.
- "I'm going to photocopy this book and leave the pages at the bottom of the classroom. If anybody asks where you got them - just say that you found them there!" Mr. Nally.
- "Use your initiative!" Mr. Horgan.
- "Always think from your feet up and follow in your own footsteps" Ms. Horgan.
- "And then you take this yokey - that's the technical term for it!" Mr. Myles.
- "Go west for a woman" Mr. O'Connell.
- "My name is Mr. W.E.I.R., not with a D, not with an O" Mr. Weir.
- "If this block fell on your foot, you'd have strawberry jam in your shoe" Mr. Alcock.

We have called teachers a lot of things over the years but never:

- "Mum!" Connor addressing Mr. Nally.
- "Hey Mom!" Jennifer B. to Ms. Owens.
- "Dad!" Ruth to Mr. Alcock.
- "Hey Sir!" Annora to Ms. Cronin.

When You Are Old

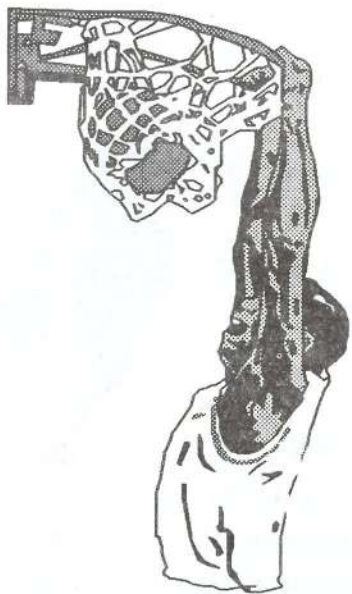
by William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

F. Alcock
Year Head



SLAM DUNK

Three All-Ireland Basketball Titles

Competitive basketball began in B.C.S. in 1988 when Colin Bradley and Mattie O'Callaghan were young students. But it was only in the past 3 years that it really took off. This coincided with the arrival of Jim Nugent as coach to the boys' teams and Michael Healy as coach to the girls' teams.

The girls' teams, who are coached in First year by Ms. Chute and Ms. Galvin, are making steady progress and we are

expecting county titles from both the seniors and cadettes this year.

However, last year (1996-97) the boys' teams brought the first All-Ireland sporting titles to B.C.S. The Under 19 and Under 16 teams won the Cork County Championships and then won play-offs in Limerick against the winners of 3 other regions. The next step was the All-Ireland finals in the National Basketball Arena in Tallaght.



Wednesday, 19th March was a great day for our school. The U-16 team, captained by Jonathan Kelliher, defeated St. Patrick's Classical School, Navan. The MVP was awarded to Jonathan's twin brother, Cian, who scored 26 points in the match. A couple of hours later, the U-19 team, captained by Darren Forde, and including many of the U-16 team, went onto beat St. Aidan's Community College, Tallaght, in a thriller. The MVP for this match was Robert McGowan.



While these teams were enjoying their success, the U-14 boys team, coached by Jason O'Connell, headed for a weekend's basketball in Waterford in early May. From Friday evening until Sunday afternoon, the team, captained by Barry Moylan, played 5 other regional winners until they eventually beat Knockbeg College, Carlow, in a great final.

Dermot Lucey

Quiz Brains

B.C.S. has a great record in school quizzes over the years. Teams have performed very successfully in the (Cork) Examiner Munster Schools Quiz, the Cork Credit Union Quiz, Blackboard Jungle and in science and business studies competitions.

The highlight of these is the Examiner Quiz where for the past number of years over 100 school teams - each comprised of 2 juniors and 2 seniors - from all over Munster have displayed their expertise in general knowledge.

We have a proud record of beating teams from St. Aloysius' Cork, Sacred Heart College, Carrignavar, Christians, Cork, De La Salle, Macroom, North Mon, Cork, St. Brendan's College, Killarney, Coláiste Choilm and Intermediate School, Killorglin. We travelled to Killarney, Mallow, Passage West, Cahir and various places in Michael O'Halloran's mini-bus and feasted on burgers and chips afterwards.

Our most exciting contest was against St. Mary's School, Mallow, in the last 8. In a dramatic and exciting game, we were beaten by 2 points by the team which eventually won the quiz.

Students who have participated in the school quiz teams include Donal Bradley, Deirdre Buckley, Jeremy Coleman, John Daly, Herbert Down, Robert Flood, Connor Murphy, Martin O'Dwyer and Diarmuid Twomey.

Dermot Lucey

“peace”

by Siobhan O’Shea

Once, like an elegant Schooner,
You were the flagship transversing the sea of our lives.
Until the storms of World Wars shredded your great sails
at Auschwitz, Colditz and Nurnberg.

Battered by the gales of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Vietnam,
Tossed in the raging tide of Red Square, Tiananmen Square and Gdansk,
Listing in the hurricane of Belfast, Bosnia, Iraq and South Africa,
Swallowed by the tidal swell of para-militaries, drug-barons,
war lords and dictators.
Your mighty presence heaved and sank into the deep darkness of anarchy.

But like a ghost, you are invisible yet present.

Lying on the seabed of Mans’ heart, soundwaves echo off your crushed frame,
Attempting to locate your precious wreckage, we send negotiators
and Peace envoys as exploration experts.
Political salvage teams, in twos, like Gorbochev and Reagan,
Major and Reynolds, Mandella and De Klerk,
Confront the murky, churning oceans of violence to recognise you.

Carefully they form a cradle, delicately edging your return to life’s surface.
Despite the compression of resistance to their bravery,
they persevere with your mammoth recovery, their oxygen tanks refuelled
by the will-power of all people.

Humanity rejoices as your emerging mast becomes visible again,
Nobel Peace winners, unity of divided nations, fall of Communism
and democracy.

Loving restoration to your former beauty is underway.
Now more wonderous, valued and more precious than before,
Your passengers are to be the people of today and the unborn children
of tomorrow.

*Siobhán, our award winning poet expresses our hopes for the next 21 years,
bliain is fiche faoi bhláth.*