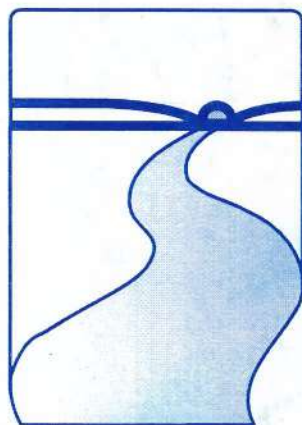


Ballincollig
Community School
Class of '97



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Ballincollig
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School



Foreword



I am delighted to have the opportunity to present this foreword to the Class of '97 Yearbook. I wish to congratulate the students for the various articles, as well as the teachers involved, particularly Mr. Nally who assisted in the editing, Mr. Horgan who acted as typesetter and photographer, and Mr. Alcock, the Year Head, who ensured that the Yearbook would provide an excellent memento for the pupils of the 1997 Leaving Certificate class.

This Year Group is unique, in that it was the first to embark on a Transition Year, and thus a six-year cycle. Accordingly, students are all a year older than previous Leaving Certificate groups, but also a year wiser. B.C.S. has had many achievements during the lifetime of this Year Group, including the arrival of the Astro-turf pitch to Ballinacollig. The school won two All-Ireland Basketball competitions in U19 and U16. We also now appear, for the first time, on computer networks around the world.

The Year Group has made many contributions to B.C.S., particularly in the area of games, debating, quizzes, science exhibitions, etc. Ireland is now part of mainland Europe; therefore, we are not only Irish citizens, but also citizens of Europe. Now that the world is getting smaller, it is important that cultural barriers are overcome. The present Leaving Certificate pupils have certainly played their part in overcoming these barriers, by participating in French and German exchanges, and through educational tours to places such as Switzerland and Stratford-on-Avon.

The contributions made by our pupils down through the years have been enriched by the support they have received from the people of Ballinacollig. Most of the work undertaken by pupils in project work could not have been achieved without the help of the community at large.

I particularly thank Mr. Alcock for the part he has played as Year Head to the present Leaving Certificates. He has nurtured their development and has instilled in each a sense of maturity and responsibility that I am sure every student will appreciate in years to come. I am confident that the class of 1997 will prove themselves worthy successors of the excellent tradition set by previous Year

Groups. Those of the Year Group who will go immediately into the workplace will contribute to the growth and development of the country. Others, in pursuing further studies in third level colleges, will emulate their predecessors by obtaining excellent qualifications.

Deep friendships have been formed during your six years in B.C.S. I know that many of you will remain in close contact with each other. Please do not forget your teachers who will always be interested in your welfare.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the 1997 Leaving Certificate Year Group for their contributions to B.C.S. I wish each member of the Year Group every success in the Leaving Certificate Examination, and the best of luck to you all as you enter another exciting phase in your lives.

Rath Dé ar bhúr n-iarrachtaí in sna blianta atá romhaibh,

D. Murray
Principal

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

First Year

Lambs to the slaughter! Eighteen different subjects with eighteen different teachers. Eighteen fiendish creatures to despise instead of just one. Aaagh! Walking down the Yellow Brick Road to First Year, being looked upon by everyone as horrid little squirts - not a great period in our lives really.

Weighed down by ridiculously bulky school bags, like diminutive Hunch Backs of Notre Dame, we trooped obediently around the school in an anti-clockwise direction, while the rest of the school (Teachers included) marched against us, squashing us like detestable insects.

At least the school work itself wasn't too hard. Which was why David H and Jane McG found the time to get on so well together. Not to mention Rowena and Donncha. Now, does that seem so long ago?

Career choices came early for Karen P and Debbie when they decided to take Fireman Sam as a suitable role model to follow. Their first duty in their new professions was to set off the fire extinguisher in G10. This, despite the fact that there was no fire! But what a fine job they did in evacuating everyone from the premises. Well done girls!

Our old friend Patrick Hanlon started a new trend of throwing chairs (and/or tables) out the window. The odd (very odd?) teacher tried to talk him through this difficult phase of his life, but we can only guess where they ended up!

Lorraine H added an artistic hue to Herbert's school uniform, something Herbert was not overly grateful for. There's no pleasing some people.

Who can forget Ms Owens wrestling with a stubborn piece of chewing gum that refused to let go of her pants? Or Jan wrestling with David H for the right to fight Mike Tyson? The judges are still out on who was victorious. What about a rematch lads?

Singing in the chorus of "Sweeney Todd" became too hot to handle for Kevin B and Eva, so they took to performing Romeo and Juliet instead. Skipping right along to the "warm embrace" part, the curious, gaping mouths beside them failed to sing another word.

Hours of hard work and rehearsing were once more foiled by Connor, this time in Miss Hickey's Nativity Play for an Open Night. Mary and Joseph found no answer at the second inn-keeper's door as the patron (alias Connor) was busy cutting open a heart in the Science Lab. Strangely enough, Miss Hickey left the school that year.



Second Year

Second Year proved to be a major boost for our egos. We actually had people we ourselves could now look down on, as the horrible little things traipsed anti-clockwise around the school. How uncool!

Second Year was when the class groups which were to last throughout our time in school came together. It was a year that will be remembered for fewer subjects, fewer teachers, more responsibility, more report cards and suspensions for smoking, and for throwing chalk, chairs, books, teachers and basically anything else we could get our hands on.

Females in the year group openly humiliated themselves in front of the Sixth Years. Amy F walked into one of their science classes thinking it was her own, sat down and diligently took out her books. Susan M fell forward into Debbie's behind in front of all the jeering Sixth Years.

Then Ms Owens astounded us with her new found generosity, smothering her bewildered French class with Crunchie Bars and Chocolate Roses. Geraldine (Oliver Twist) Hickey actually had the gall to ask for more. Eeek!

Our Year Group, enterprising as ever, decided to embarrass the Sixth Years for a change, stretching sellotape across the poles in our area and sitting and waiting breathlessly. Moments later, an unsuspecting herd of Sixth Years tumbled like dominoes across the floor.

Following tradition we had a twelve hour Lenten fast for Trocaire. Ruth lasted all of two hours before succumbing to the temptation of a tantalizing Wispa bar. Mr McCluskey faced tough questions about the immaculate conception from Anthony and Darragh, quoting the reproduction chapter of their Science book. Mr McCluskey soon sought refuge elsewhere, despite heart-felt renditions of The Proclaimers, leaving us all in a state of depression in his absence.

B.C.S. bid a "sad" farewell to Mr O'Leary that year too. Little did we know what was in store for us with his replacement.

Thirty five of us took part in the French Exchange to Nîmes that year, our French exchange partners visited us for two weeks in April and got a "right blast" of Irish culture. Then in the last week of May we boarded an Aer Lingus flight for Paris. We were unfortunately unable to tour the city as planned due to an unforeseen dispute by Paris rail-workers. We spent the next four hours testing our knowledge of French on any unfortunate native who chanced to pass by.

Our host families more than repaid the hospitality they had received in Ireland. Perhaps the most impressive event of our stay was the Feria de Nîmes. This French festival, with a strong Spanish influence was absolutely spectacular. Unforgettable. After two action packed weeks we bade sad farewells, enriched by the French language and culture.

The Irish invasion continued, in the form of the school



Eurofoot team and their trainer Mr. Weir. The venue was Vigneaux, near Nantes in France, and though the team, as Irish representatives, lost, they experienced much of what Jerry O'Keefe described as "the enchanting French way of life". I wonder what he was up to???

Third Year

In the words of Cliona: "PANIC!!! Yes, it's that time of year again, the childline phones are choc-a-bloc and the suicide rate is doubling". The stress obviously got to Paul L, who got carried off by men in white coats during one of Ms. O'Sullivan's classes. Some even threw themselves off cliffs, with Susan K absailing the Cliffs of Moher - for charity? While things weren't quite that bad for most, it certainly seemed like it at the time. But worse was to come, as Roy Keane cards were banned from our tables during the exams, even though troll dolls were permitted.

If classroom experiences were anything to go by, we all seemed to be suffering from pre-examination stress. Bryan's elaborate scheme involving two journals and one commerce teacher was brought to a dramatic end. Crocodile tears proved useless as a device to counteract the wrath of Ms. Myers. Bryan still maintains that the second journal belonged to Brian Buckley, his evil twin.

Mr. Horgan's technology class were in shock after discovering the marvels of practical work. Their Junior

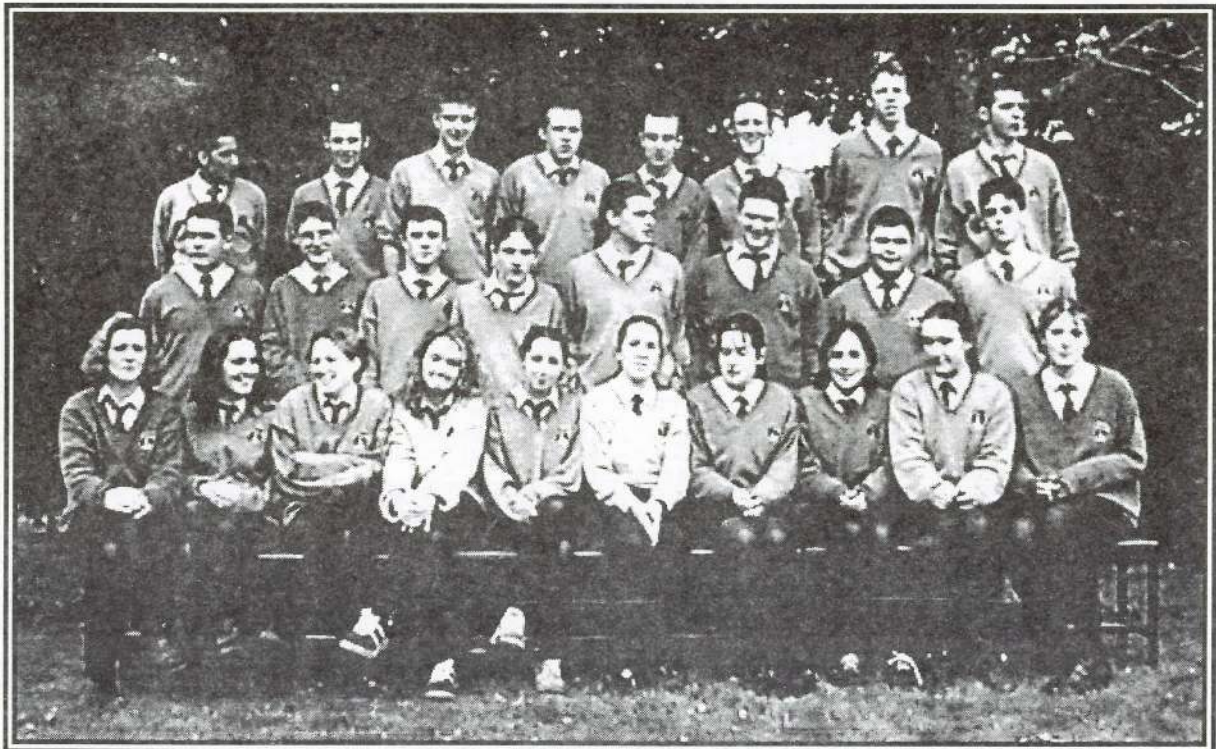
Cert projects did, however, prove more successful than the "buzz-off" games of the previous year. "Full Working Drawings" flew about the metalwork room, to the sounds of numerous musical jewellery boxes and demented screams of frustrated students.

Ms. Kelleher, the minuscule (even smaller than Ms. Daly) religion teacher shocked us all with her tales of all her extraordinary friends. All respect we had for her, however, was soon destroyed by the sight of her having to stand on a chair in order to clean the blackboard. Incidentally Carragh, there actually was a point in religion exams!

An unfortunate student in Mr. Nally's English class claimed that they took Thomas Hardy to bed with them every night. The mystery still remains - was it Susan? or Sinéad? or Jan?

Avril Leach started talking about her beloved fluffy canine friend, and she hasn't stopped since. Ian O'Shea discovered that breaking his arm wasn't and entirely bad experience. While the other students scribbled away frantically in the exam halls, Ian sat back and dictated his Junior Cert into a tape while sipping copious amounts of coffee.

The gallant efforts of the Saint Vincent de Paul to raise cash for Ballincollig's needy suffered a severe setback, when no teachers showed up at the so-called pupil-teacher bowlathon.



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panel, and from their mentors Mr. Downey, Mr. Buttimer and Mr. Kennelly.

4th Year



Holy God! Junior Cert result time! When Mr. Murray started his "just a few words before giving out the results", we'd never before felt such a desire to gag our dear Principal. Most people spent that night on the town in the Grand Parade Disco, though a lucky few did manage to spend the entire time sitting in McDonalds. Exciting or what?! Some people obviously had a better time than others with Regina disappearing from the school for the next few weeks. Hmm. She must have scored high - in her results!



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.



The U16 footballers defeated Douglas easily in the semi-final of the Cork Colleges championship and overwhelmed Coláiste Choilm in the final, when David H played "the best game of his life" (I wonder who wrote that??). This was the culmination of many years' effort and enjoyment from the entire

Our Transition Year modules took place on Tuesday afternoons. We had swimming (those swimsuits, 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!).



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Fourth Year was laden with great memories. The trips to Cappanalea were enjoyed by all, even the teachers. When Mr. Alcock lost out on some of his much needed beauty-sleep, however, he wasn't slow in letting his group know his feelings on the matter. Ms. Lynch and Mr. Murphy rekindled their childhood by trying to start a snowball fight with us mature students. Not everyone had a great time, however, when Sinéad failed in her attempt to seduce Simon, the blond bombshell instructor.

As for the activities, imagine one solitary rope being the only thing preventing you from splattering like strawberry jam on the rock face 100 feet below. A very interesting experience, especially for anyone with vertigo - isn't that right Tim? On the water, those who stayed in the canoes remained cosy, while capsizing was a different story, as Eoin found out.

Physical exhaustion was relieved by spiritual development, in the form of the Transition Year retreat. We all enjoyed "revealing our inner selves" and "burning our masks". The running of the School Bank was put in the capable hands of Herbert (no wonder the books never balanced), ably assisted by Linda (whose main function seemed to be to stop Herbie borrowing the pennies), John M. H, Jennifer H, Sharon O'D, Ruth and Lorraine H. How calm Herbert used to remain when intruders would enter the premises and "hog the rad". (David, Damian, John, Tim and Connor were not involved).

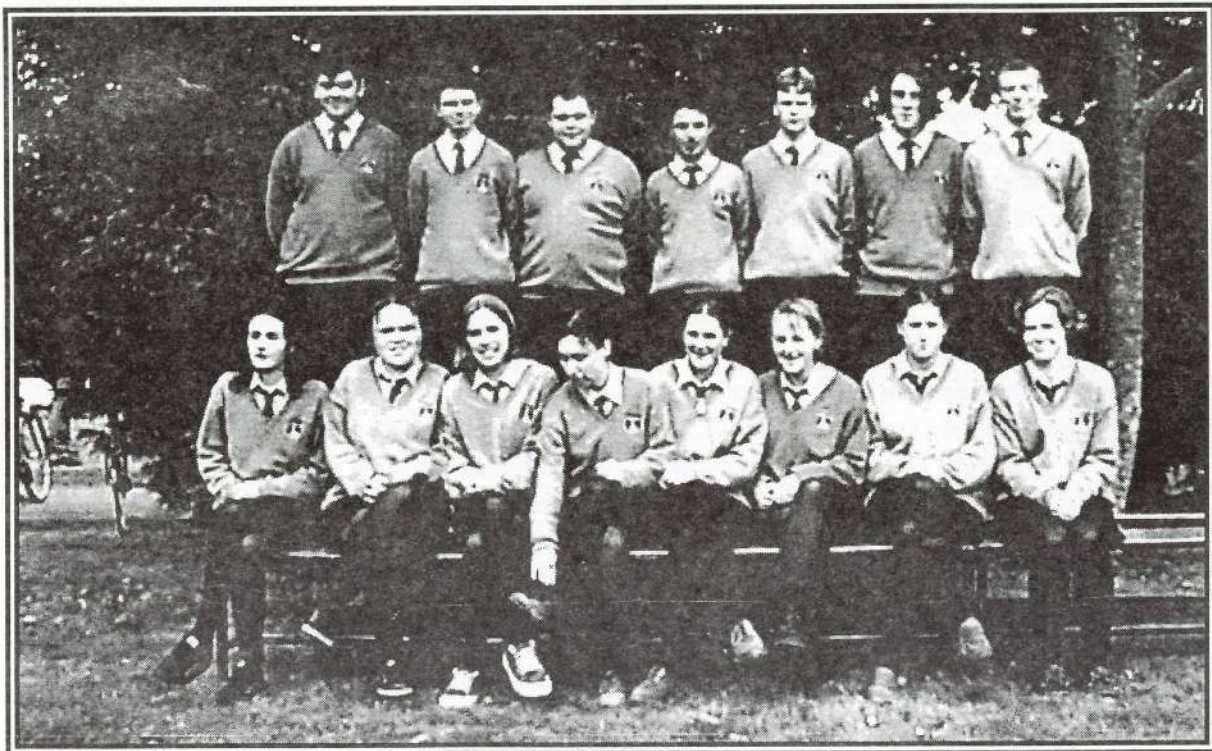
Transition Year was also the year in which the school

had enough of our childish ways as we were sent on a 2 week holiday (or so we thought), called "work experience". Cad é? All of us invaded the business world of Cork city and environs for our first taste of the real world. Some tasted more than others, with Treasa having a mysterious supply of Tic-Tacs for some months. You'd think a sergeant's daughter would know embezzlement was illegal.

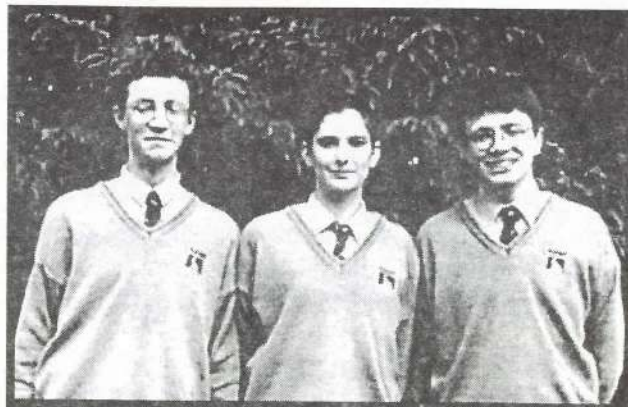
It was straight from Work experience to the annual Speaker's Trophy competition. A surprise was in store as the winners were none other than (in their own words) "those illiterate, culchie, D-grade English Students", David H and Damian. On the sports field, the highlight of the year was the winning of the County Senior Football title by the school team. Elaine B, having been trained by Ms. Lynch, represented the school in the Munster swimming championships, and achieved fifth in Munster. Meanwhile, Lisa became the first girl ever to win The Chief Scout's Award, the highest award in Ireland, for her project "World of the Handicapped". Yet another success for our year!

5th Year

After the carefree days of Transition Year, 5th year came as something of a shock to most people. All our teachers told us that we had to start studying again, but nobody really took them seriously. However, taking down endless lists of CAO points in Careers class did manage to convince us that work actually had to be



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done if we were ever going to get out of the place. While a distraction from work did appear in the form of West Side Story, the cast soon realised that an evening spent in the company of Tim Murphy made even organic chemistry and differentiation appear unfrighting.

Fred Alcock's early-morning speeches were as inspiring as ever. When Amy F was following her beloved year head around the school on one particular occasion, he stopped dead in his tracks, causing something of a pile-up. ("I only wanted a sniff of his after-shave!") Annora arrived in the school, and completely coincidentally, the population of Outer Mongolia increased by about 150 people, due to an influx of war-refugees

The X-Files appeared on our screens for the very first time, and caused everybody to start discussing mass-energy conversions and alien DNA. When Mr. Myles maintained that nobody knew what one divided by zero was, Jan reminded him: "except Fox Mulder"!!! And speaking of Maths, who could forget JJOC's "Sellafield Fish theory" or his "Sleeping teddy-bear formula"?

Fifth year students were "absolutely trashed" in Senior Colleges football. In one particularly marvellous dis-

play of goalkeeping skills, Tim managed to let in 6 goals in 8 minutes. Jan, Clare, Amy Y and Fiona joined the first ever Ballincollig women's rugby team. David S became the All-Ireland kart racing champion and Stephen was selected to play for the national rugby squad. The B.C.S. Pitch&Putt team, which consisted of Cyril, Finbarr, Mark S, Derek and Shane, narrowly missed winning the first ever All cork Schools' Pitch&Putt competition.

John S was suitably mortified when a "compromising" photograph of himself and Annora was posted on the module by his so-called friends. Speaking of such matters, Philip D certainly enjoyed a vibrant love life during Fifth Year, as Debbie and Yvonne can testify. Jane got sent to the office for "canoodling" in the area during lunch break. Miraculously, we all managed to keep the secret of Karen's surprise birthday party.

Meitheal was established to improve the standard of student life. We owe liquid soap and "kitten-soft" loo paper to the earnest efforts of Shirley, Clare, Lorraine W, Lorraine H, Connor and Elaine B, assisted by Iníon Ní Shé. Mr. Nally established Amnesty International (again). Nal also continued his quest to convert his English class to Paul Simon, West Brom and Steely Dan. Man. United won the double to everybody's disgust, except for supporters Martin and Hackett. For reasons known only to herself, Elaine D felt obliged to start her own mini-fashion show in Jurys while the real one was still going on at the other end of the room.

John S and Herbert won third place in their category at the Young Scientists' Exhibition with a project about Senecio Viscosus, a weed which grows on railway lines. They also narrowly escaped being hit by trains on several occasions while conducting their research.

Fifth Year students continued their strong involvement in the Homework Support Group in the Family Centre.

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fact at every possible opportunity.

Strong rivalry developed between the Fifth Year teams that entered the NRBI "Challenging Images" competition. David H, Damian and Linda H creamed all competition by winning the regional final.



Treasa, Lorraine W and John S achieved third. Their wheelchair, however, had an exciting time, being both confiscated (for performing acrobatics in the area during lunch time) and broken (during a particularly traumatic visit to town).



Cliona, Sharon O'D, Eric and David H made their impact on the music business by forming the first-ever school band, which they decided to name "Billy in Flares", for reasons only known to themselves. The two lead vocalists drove all the men insane with their co-ordinated dresses and dance moves. While the band rocked in the music room during lunch breaks, certain unfortunate Fifth Years were involved in Caf. Duty, Caf. Duty, and still more Caf. Duty.



That summer, Jen H, Éimear, Bryan, Rob, Ruth and Orla prepared with sunglasses and T-shirts for the 1996 German exchange. Led by Ms. Dawes and others, we all had a fantastic time, despite the "Irish" weather. Some people even got to make shovels - hmmm! The Longford crowd are another fond memory who left us the classic lines that end as the motto of the exchange:

"Ich habe ein Krankenhaus gegessen" and "Ich habe Duchfall in meine Schule und in meine Nase". Yes, they really were "fließend", true masters of the language!



6th Year

Another very successful table quiz for the St. Vincent de Paul was organised. During the quiz, certain contestants mistook a photograph of a very young Mr. Nally for one of Rosemary West. Michelle F was elected class rep., and insisted on reminding everyone of the

They said; "you're going to hate this year", and they were right. Yes, the spectre of the Leaving Cert loomed threateningly over us, but we plodded on regardless.



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On the sporting front, the school won its first intermediate County Camogie title, choreographed expertly by Ms. Imelda "Vivienne Westwood" McCarthy. Congratulations to Michelle F, Orla, Lisa, Liz and Patrice. The Ladies also ventured out for their maiden voyage on the previously male-dominated football fields, but without quite as much success (ahem) this time. To save embarrassment, we won't make any further mention of the "footballing exploits" of Clare, Jan, Fiona and Co. except to say that Eileen's performance in goal on this occasion was not quite as spectacular as her usual goalkeeping exploits on the hockey field.

Meanwhile, the lads seemed to take us seriously when we told them to "break a leg" when they took to the playing fields. Among the walking wounded were Damian, Anthony, David and Roy (thanks Darragh!). Then, refusing to be outdone, the womenfolk of BCS, including Regina, Ciaragh and Therese, followed suit with their crutches and slings.

Stephen "Evita" Keane moved his large mass to the rugby pitches of Argentina (much to Mr. Myles' delight!). I wonder did the arrival of Michael McEvoy to the school have anything to do with it??? Speaking of Rugby, B.C.S. became the first winners of the Kinsale 10's Community Schools' Shield. Despite having Paul C on the team, they still managed to win all 6 matches played.

And then, ah yes, there was the Gaeltacht. Why exactly did Connor invite 24 girls to dinner in his chalet and why was it subsequently withdrawn? Maybe, it was to do with Emma mistaking Iníon Ní Mhurchú for Diarmuid (understandable given the circumstances). Meanwhile, Jennifer "Scrooge" Buckley picked the most inopportune of times to go debt-collecting (i ndáiríre)! Baby-sitting Herbert seemed too onerous a task for his so called friends. All in all, just a normal weekend in the Gaeltacht.

King Lear, again! And still, "it is vital for our education!!!" A great day out in the "Big Smoke", especially for Aideen! Unfortunately, the nappies seemed to have been left at home for the return journey, judging from how earnestly Darragh pleaded to be allowed go to the loo! Wuthering Heights provided yet another educational trip to the theatre, that is at least from what we could hear of it over Susan's hysterical laughter.

Mount Mercy, Spioraid Naomh, Pres and St. Mary's Charleville all fell victim to Ms. Owens' rigorously instructed debating team of Herbert, Jennifer H, Connor, Treasa (plus Lynda Murphy from Fifth Year) in the Concern debates, reaching the Munster semi-finals. Well done to all. Also congrats to Donncha on his financial windfall. All wishing to join his fan club should please contact Rowena. John C. H and Jerry H had their fan club too, this time of First years, who were awestruck at how "anyone" could be able to touch the ceiling of the school.



David S continued to excel at kart racing becoming Irish Open Champion for the third successive year. He promises to be a major contender for the 1998 British Championship.

As Andy Warhol once said "Everybody has 15 minutes of fame". Some like Diarmuid T and Jan managed to do very well with 25 minutes on T na G's "Charts i gCeart". Both had the privilege of being captained by John "Armpit Sniffer" Smith (infamous comedian, apparently). Consoled by a "Charts i gCeart" T-shirt (which got great wear!) and a clock resembling a CD, fame beckoned for our two aspiring TV personalities. Speaking of fame, Bryan B replaced Cliona and Sharon on the re-vamped school band "Hushmoney", which competed at the All-Ireland final in Carlow.

Diarmuid T showed his versatility when he teamed up with Herbert "Gimme Five" Down (and Connor Murphy - Fifth Year), for "Blackboard Jungle". A first for the school, they progressed as far as the second round.

On the hockey front, Ms. Cronin's dedication to her team was well-rewarded when we once again slaughtered (!!!) Coláiste Choilm, despite Matilda's desertion. Throughout our time in BCS, hockey proved to be a case of one enjoyable success after another. In other sports, Colm and J.P. were part of the team that won

the Cork Schools' Golf Championship Shield. Nessian CBS, however, put a stop to our gallop on the hurling fields. This was despite our best efforts and a thrilling victory over Blarney in the first round of the Cork Colleges competition. Many thanks to Mr. Holland, Mr. Buttimer and Mr. Cuthbert for all their assistance down through the years.

It's Beyond Me

A dangerous phenomenon has recently stationed itself in the confines of Area D, in Ballincollig Community School. This being a multitude (numbering between ten and twenty) of females, all feeling the need for speed and a trip to the latrine, all at the same time! Now the one teeny weenie question that flies to mind is how they all fit in the toilet room or on the toilet at the same time. It's beyond me.

First years, lost shoes, school bags, Mars bars and ironing boards (OK, maybe not ironing boards) have been known to be left in the wake of this stampede. Though far-fetched, telepathy solves the puzzle of how they all decide to go at the same time. Future manslaughter trials will bring this phenomenon into a much more focused picture. Now, however it's beyond me.

Fashion has tried on many occasions to break its way into everyday schooling at B.C.S. Though difficult to



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outdo, the bold statement made by our brilliantly coloured uniform, with its dazzling grey, bright navy and exciting blue ensemble, we succeeded. (I however was a bit of a fashion victim.) Some wore "them" marvellous bumper shoes, while more decided on the "lethal weapon" broad high heel style. "Them" brown canvas army bags seemed universal up until the attack from the "black leather, one strap, hand-bag" wonders. Hairstyles were constantly changed in both sex camps. Shoulder length, buttocks length, none, flat-topper, overcoat, (I mean over-lap) and Elvis Presley styles were all the rage at some stage. But alas, fashion, it's beyond me.

Student comfort with surroundings and teachers, I feel, has been a primary achievement in B.C.S. up until recently. Once upon a time few luxuries existed to compete with the comfort of the ex-cream coloured chairs in Mr. Slowey's office. The installation of an extra two "teachers comment" spaces in the journal has also brought about much discomfort in the student body. The Board Of Management knows that "a happy

n' Roses were also popular while a lot of people were "raving" to The Prodigy Experience and 2 Unlimited.

In Third Year somewhat of a renaissance occurred with Therapy? and Kerbdog playing the City Hall in Cork to the delight of our year. Also thanks to "Creep" by Radiohead, we all got to express our collective "teenage angst". MTV was banished from our screens and gradually our attention turned to Britain. Grunge was forgotten as Messrs. Gallagher, Albarn and Cocker captured our love and Oasis, Blur and Pulp began appearing all over the place. In 1995 "Féile" came to Cork and everywhere you turned in Pairc Uí Caoimh, you met a number of our Year. Few of us will forget the amazing concerts performed there, by Blur and The Stone Roses.

Gorky's Zygotic Mynci made a splash in Fifth Year but Oasis maintained their grip on the hearts of the year. "What's the story, Morning Glory" was sung by everyone, particularly down in the Gaeltacht. Niamh, Amy and Debbie ran into Noel Gallagher on Grafton Street, causing everyone else to become madly jealous. Alanis Morissette became huge (unfortunately). Every disco was the same. "Ironic" was played by the D.J.; every girl in the disco started singing those really meaningful lyrics along with darling Alanis and they all linked arms. Truly, a touching moment. In Sixth Year we did not really care anymore. We were no longer keen to follow the latest trends. We had our favorite artists as diverse as Celine Dion and Beethoven. Dave Fanning helped ruin our chances of a good Leaving Cert. and to make matters worse, Donal Dineen began a show on Radio Ireland. God help our Leaving Cert. and God save our music!



student is a willing student" yet they persevere in trying to scare us. It's beyond me.

Music

From First Year to Third Year Kurt Cobain was king, obviously, and "Grunge" reigned with Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains dominating our schoolbags. The hippie chicks "dug" the Red Hot Chili Peppers while Jane McG and Linda K were in love with Take That, even taking a day off to go to their concert. Guns

The Tour to Switzerland

Groups of excited Fourth Years gathered in the car park of L&N on April 9th 1995. As the buses arrived, each said goodbye to those who had come to see them off before we left for our destination: Interlaken, Switzerland.

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We boarded the St. Killian II at Rosslare and everyone ran off to find their cabins. Thankfully we departed Rosslare on time and it was then our journey began.

We arrived in Le Havre the following day. It was here we were met by our "luxury coaches" and set off for Paris. In Paris we viewed the Eiffel Tower before dining in "Flunch", a restaurant typical of haute-cuisine. francaise - not!! Remember when eight or nine of us set off with a certain geography teacher to see the Arc de Triomphe and managed to get lost! It was then realised that this geography teacher was really destined to become a tour-guide. We slept on the buses that night and when we woke the next morning we were closer to Interlaken. By the way who did throw that shoe at Ms. Dawes to stop her snoring???

Our first impressions of Interlaken were really good. Spirits were dampened a little, when we heard that the curfew in the hotel was 8.30p.m. Fortunately some people managed to get around this - you know who you are! Also some were a little disappointed to discover it was girls in one hotel and boys in the other, especially David H and Linda H. How they bore the separation no-one can tell. Evan, Paul O'L and Toat tried to console themselves by tuning into Channel 18 - pity it didn't work. Luckily we had our own in-house entertainment provided by Emer O S and Karen P, who had a screaming match when they discovered that they couldn't sleep together. Then, being the mature 4th years we were, we headed off to the swings and seesaws. To this day we still don't know what happened to



Elaine B. on the roundabout.

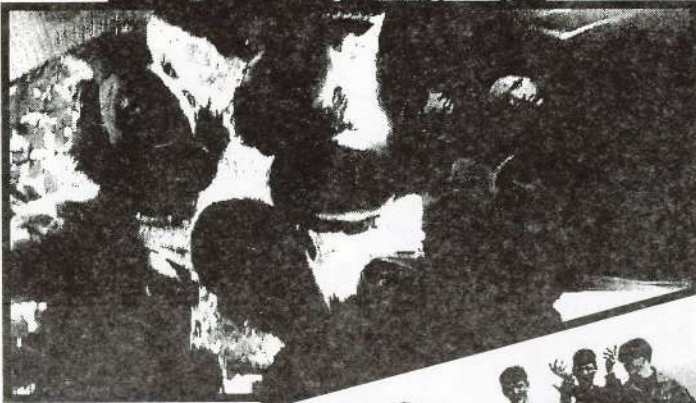
We visited many brilliant Swiss attractions over the following days including the Hall of Mirrors. Next stop the Shilthorne, where we embarked on an exciting trip to the revolving restaurant where 007 fanatics discovered a James Bond movie had been shot. Just as a matter of interest, were the prices of the gourmet food really so expensive for D.L. and Co. that they tried to sneak away without paying the bill?

For us mature 4th years the real fun came when we ventured into the snow. Mr. Weir's camera "was not" hit with a snowball and he "did not" threaten to throw the offending Geraldine H. off the mountain. Sadly our trip drew to an end. Once again we boarded our first-class coaches and delightfully we were greeted with the scent of the luxury loo, setting off for the "City of Amour". After completing an exhausting day of sight-seeing and shopping in Paris we headed home.

On the way home the teachers really let loose at the disco especially Tony "Travolta" Weir. The excitement was too much for John M. H. to bear as he decided to cool off with a shower. Unfortunately he discovered that he was in the wrong room and in the panic left behind his boxers. By the way Susan didn't walk out of the loo with a long piece of toilet paper stuck to her foot and was not seen over an hour later with that same piece of paper still stuck. We would like to thank(???) Elaine B. and Rowena for saving Cal's life, when he collapsed after realising that he was in the cinema queue for "Interview with a Vampire" and not "Pocahontas".

It was one of the best holidays any of us will ever have and none of us (including Greg, Mossy and Ian) will ever forget for various reasons - especially getting chased down the streets by raving racists! Mr. Alcock

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must also have been very proud (and relieved) that his advice was heeded. "Remember we're going out with 71. I don't want to come back with 70 and I most certainly don't want to come back with 72!!!"

Editor's Note:

1. The duty-free shop did not put up a sold-out sign as Ms. O Farrell left.
2. Ms. Dawes' hat was not alive, no matter what anyone says.
3. None of the girls spent the boat over being fed strawberry bonbons by the lads from Midleton.
4. Neither Regina nor Jerry H made any derogatory comments about David H and Linda H's behaviour on the bus.
5. Connor was not "donated" 6 plates of unwanted veal and 9 plates of squid rings by the vegetarians present, and then did not spend the rest of his Swiss money on 18 packets of Maltesers.
6. Yvonne was undoubtedly the most meek, quiet individual ever to go on a school tour. (OH YEAH!!!)
7. Philip L did not spend the entire time complaining about the food, buses, teachers and weather.

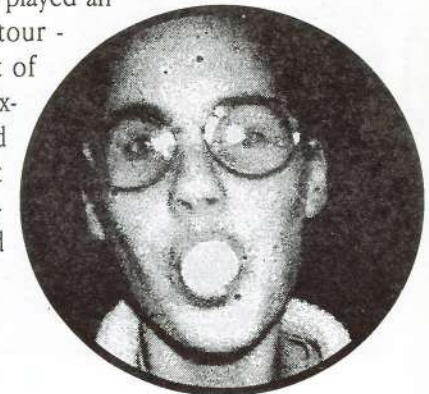


Stratford 96

April 2nd, 1996 marked the day when 43 Fifth years headed off for a 4 day trip to Stratford on Avon with 6 teachers for "guidance": Mr Alcock, Ms. O'Riordan, Miss Galvin, Mr. Nally, Mr. Weir and Mr. Buttimer. The purpose of the tour was purely educational, as we were expected to believe, but I'm sure everybody's memories of Stratford will be more than that.

On our first morning, we were awakened to the sight of Mr. Nally taking a stroll on the beach with a number of talented yodellers for some mysterious reason. Meanwhile, Barry's vanishing red locks continue to baffle Welsh police to this day.

The big white funbus played an important role on the tour - besides spending most of the time listening to a mixture of Pulp Fiction and John S's obscure tapes, it was there we were subjected to the violent and





indecent assaults on Brian K's teddy bear by Ian. (photos available as proof)

Everyone would agree that the production of King Lear and the visits to the surrounding Shakespearian properties enhanced our understanding of the play and also of Shakespeare and his times. Okay, even if the memory of Gloucester's eyes being pulled out or Edgar's fetching attire was the only memory you have, I guess that's something.

One of the more disturbing moments of the hotel stay at Stratford was surely the sight of Mr. Alcock strutting his stuff on the dance floor of the "students" disco. I'm sorry, but we were not impressed! That's not to say anything of other teachers visiting bedrooms at all hours....ahem...ahem.



For some, the highlight of the tour was our stop at Alton Towers. Like wild animals being released, we scattered to all parts of the grounds, eagerly awaiting our turn to make ourselves vomit in mid-air on rides such as The Thunderlooper, The Corkscrew, and of course, The Nemesis. Sick bag sales rocketed at the sight of this - and that was just for Mr. Buttimer.

Soon, it was time to once again pack our bags (and extremely large chocolate bars) and head for the delayed ferry, but a few questions still remain unanswered:

What really happened to Pdraig's bar of chocolate?

Did Mr. Weir really catch C.J.D. from the English burgers, or has he just always been like that?

What was the real reason for Eoin having to stay in his room during the disco?

Teachers -

Who would have thought?....

Conversation overheard between Third Years.

"I saw Mr. X in town yesterday. He was eating in Mc Donalds with his wife and three children!"

"What? He has children?"

Cue: looks of surprise, shock, and in some cases, outright revulsion.

This type of conversation is commonplace. When we were short and annoying all those years ago (first year), teachers weren't people, they were them and we were us. They didn't have lives; they had a small room behind the caf. They didn't wear clothes, they wore chalk-dust. And as for eating and other activities, they didn't need to.

But, over the years, one by one, they let down their guard and, huge mistake this, showed that they were human too. Yes, we have proof.

Proof that teachers have feelings too. If you were Mr. J. Buttimer, or The Fonz as he is known about town, how would



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you feel about being mistaken for a Third Year and ordered to walk the right way around the school. Embarrassed or extremely embarrassed? You decide.

Or how about Mr. Alcock's good use of vocabulary but bad use of judgment. Anyone remember "Take off that spurious jumper". "I would, but I've nothing on underneath it", replied Olive. Mrs. Lennon has to be congratulated, though. People often lose their hearts and heads in Paris, she only lost her handbag. Fortunately, she did get it back. After all, you can't get on the plane unless you have the tickets.

Many congratulations to the teachers who can hold their own and also excel in sports. Bold Mr. Myles enters the arena. A gold medal goes for his aim. A deft hand, with a piece of chalk. Mr. O'Connell comes in close second for his versatile use of furniture in detention, proving that everything can go far, even a chair, if given that extra boost. And who can forget the subs? Did Ms. Martini actually have the ability to see the difference between a nosebleed and red biro ink. Apparently not. To be fair, Ms. Whelan probably did notice when the entire class turned their tables upside down, and pretended everything was normal.

After all that, however, things worked out well in the end and it's comforting to know that, soon, we'll be just like them. Well, maybe not exactly...

Ten years time

(In ten years time anything can happen but with some people you just know what's in store for them.)

Connor, having a chalet in 23 countries (and a woman in every port) will be still suffering emotional trauma from having edited the year book (what editing?).

David H will have replaced Animal on the Muppet Show (but with more feeling!)

Stephen, having finished a prosperous career in Rugby, will be giving demonstrations to Mr. Myles' Physics classes of a fast moving particle of mass.

Herbert will have opened his own chain of pharmacies - "Herbi-Mart" - specialising in over-priced perfumes.

Tim will be a religion teacher with a fanatical interest in G.A.A and a lik-





ing for dodgy ties (now who does that sound like?). Neil, having taken over from Fireman Sam as the kid's most popular hero will be quenching Cork's fires instead of actually starting them.

Linda H after attempting to win the Rose of Tralee (being narrowly beaten by T.J. in the first ever mixed contest) will resume work in her own childrens' charity. Niamh B will have replaced Geri in the Spice Girls.

Annora will be taking time out of her mysterious career to look after her sheep and to ensure she has all her calcium requirements.

Sean MacD, Elaine O'R, Paul H, and Emma will have set up their own company, in a strategic plan to dominate world wide journalism.

Liz will successfully be elected as youngest T.D. ever, stealing Batt O'Keefe's seat. However, after 6 months, she realises she is misled and joins forces with Fine Gael's

Brian C.

Dr. Lorraine Hickey (BSc. M.D. Ph.D), will be completing her umpteenth degree, remaining as indecisive as ever about her career.

Donncha, having won the Lotto jackpot for the third time, will have retired to Honolulu, where he will spend his time looking after Rowena Jnr. and Donnacha Beag.

Evan and Toat will be voted Businessmen of the Year by Business and Finance.

Viv will finally be content with just 7 colours in her hair,

while Lynda O'C will get into the Guinness Book of Records for her 1000th body-piercing.

Colin will give a new meaning to the term "flexi-time", turning up at work for 3 hours per week.

WEST SIDE STORY

(Couldn't think of a better title)

"Ballincollig Community School presents West Side Story!", screamed the programmes. "Come on, cop on, I don't have time for this", screamed Tim Murphy. "Open your mouths, sing!", screamed Helen Colbert. The actors, on the other hand, bit their lips and managed to refrain from screaming back. The fact of the matter is that the renowned Ballincollig Community School production of "West Side Story" was the product of quite a lot of screaming.

Our school has a proud tradition of producing these musicals, and we all set out with the aim of making "West Side Story" the best one yet. The fruit of our efforts ran before full houses from Thursday 26th October to Sunday 29th October. West Side Story is basically a remake of Romeo and Juliet, set in early 1960's New York, but with lots of fist fights, knives and shootings to keep the interest going. I am sure we can all recall the details from Tim Murphy's numerous lectures on the subject.

Our first steps on the road to super-stardom were taken by Tim, who somehow reasoned that jumping up and down in lines of three would somehow enable us to "get in character". During our Wednesday afternoon dance classes, Bridget "Mrs. Motivator" Harte and Celia "Twinkletoes" O'Riordan did their damndest to teach us how to cha-cha, jive and generally look tough. Sunday afternoon was the time when the entire cast assembled to rehearse the biggest scenes. By this stage, the cafeteria floor was covered in shoe rubber shed during numerous "tap step, tap step" manoeuvres, and the music from the Wine Gum ad was engraved on our memory. Treasa's toes underwent terrible torture as a result of John S's size 11s. Herbert and Clare P looked as if they actually knew what they were doing.

When the posters were put up and the stage, under foreman Brian C, was constructed, our nervousness

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and excitement had reached fever pitch. Trepidation all around, but especially for the leads, Cliona and Ian during the kissing scene. The stress showed when Ian once forgot about his radio microphone, causing comments to go out over the PA system that no audience would ever want to hear! Everyone marvelled at Tony Weir's ability to transform our stage into a New York ghetto at the press of a button.

Our first task when we arrived on opening night was to put on our makeup, which for the male members of the cast in particular was a traumatic experience. The Puerto Ricans used vast quantities of fake tan to get that look just right. Ray managed to age 40 years in a matter of minutes, while Dave H just put on 20 years or so. Diarmuid T rushed around the dressing room, terrorising everyone with his baton. Our pre-stage nerves were not helped by the fact that the door had not been opened for our dramatic entrance as arranged, and that we had to rush around to the front of the gym before the orchestra ran out of time. Everybody performed brilliantly, and we produced the best show in the school's history, despite a few things being dropped (Basketballs, knives, cups, & lines by the cast along with instrumentals and pages of script by Tim).

The success of "West Side Story" was the result of a massive team effort. While not everybody was able to share in the on-stage glory, an enormous amount of people helped the production in numerous ways. Everyone involved enjoyed themselves immensely, and there is no doubt in anyone's mind that the result was worth all the effort we put in. In particular, we must express our gratitude to Tim Murphy, Helen Colbert, Ms. Fitzpatrick, Ms. O'Riordan and Mr. Alcock. Without their commitment "West Side Story" would never have been the success it was.

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 exiting and new,
So to Yellow B.C.S., we bid a sad adieu.

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 gynecologist, 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 be 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 wooly 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

Class of '94

Aherne, Finbarr
Aherne, Niamh
Barry, Connor
Bernardi, Mark
Bowe, Treasa
Bradley, Shane
Brady, Elaine
Buckley, Bryan
Buckley, Jan
Buckley, Jennifer
Buckley, Kevin
Buckley, Niamh
Burke, Therese
Cadogan, Eva
Callaghan, Neil
Casey, Barry
Coakley, Cyril
Collins, Paul
Conachey, Evan
Corcoran, Mark
Cronin, Brian
Cronin, Sinéad
Crowley, Dermot
Cullinane, Aoife
Cunningham, Sharon
Daly, Greg
Deasy, Rowena
Dempsey, Diarmuid
Desmond, Elaine
Dolan, Philip
Down, Herbert
Elders, Ciaran
Enneguess, Derek
Fahy, Ray
Falvey, Kevin

Fenton, Damian
Finnegan, Denis
Fitton, Colum
Fitzgearld, Amy
Fitzpatrick, Mary
Flemming, Michelle
Forde, Bridget
Forde, Sarah
Greene, Martin
Griffin, Orla
Groarke, Carol
Hackett, Anthony
Hartigan, Viv
Harvey, Yvonne
Heagarty, Jean
Heagarty, Michelle
Heagarty, Philip
Hickey, David
Hickey, Geraldine
Hickey, Jennifer
Hickey, Jerry
Hickey, John C
Hickey, John M
Hickey, Lorraine
Holden, David
Holland, Annora
Holohan, Rob
Horgan, Linda
Howick, Fiona
Hurley, Paul
Keane, Stephen
Keane, Susan
Kelly, Aideen
Kelly, Linda
Krauss, Louise

Class of '94

Lancaster, Darragh	O'Flynn, Gemma
Leach, Avril	O'Hea, Éimear
Lehane, Colin	O'Herlihy, Kate
Loftus, Debbie	O'Keeffe, Jerry
Lombard, Paul	O'Keeffe, Patrice
Long, Regina	O'Leary, John
Lucy, Roy	O'Leary, Paul
Lynch, Audrey	O'Mahony, Donncha
Lynch, Pdraig	O'Regan, Elaine
Lynch, Philip	O'Regan, Tim
Lynch, Rosemary	O'Riordan, Marie
Madden, Carragh	O'Riordan, Sarah
McAuliffe, Ruth	O'Rourke, Grattan
McCarthy, Cal	O'Shea, Ian
McDonnell, Séan	O'Sullivan, Anthony (Toat)
McEvoy, Michael	O'Sullivan, Emer
McGowan, Jane	O'Sullivan, Liz
McKenna, Ciaragh	Power, Clare
McQuaid, Lisa	Power, Karen
McSweeney, Eoin	Quinlan, Eileen
Mullins, Peter	Radley, Emma
Mulroy, Paul	Scully, David
Murphy, Eric	Sexton, J.P.
Murphy, Shirley	Sheehan, Geoffrey
Murphy, Sue	Slattery, Julie
Murray, Derek	Slowey, John
Nolan, Cliona	Spillane, Mark
O'Brien, Anthony	Tobin, Karen
O'Callaghan, Donal (Doc)	Twohig, Séan
O'Connell, Lynda	Twomey, Diarmuid
O'Connor, TJ	Walker, Lorraine
O'Donavon, Sinéad	Yelverton, Terry
O'Driscoll, Paul	Young, Amy
O'Driscoll, Sharon	

Class of '97



Class of '94

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