

Ballincollig Community School



YEARBOOK 1985



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Editor's Note: Due to size of yearbook and speed of publication, the proofing of all material was not possible. If errors do occur we hope they do not detract from your enjoyment of the yearbook.



MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I am indeed privileged to be asked to write the foreward to this end of year pupil magazine. It is fitting that such a magazine is brought out to co-incide with our Annual Eacht Awards evening. Such a magazine gives testimony to pupil involvement outside of the classroom.

Such pupil involvement is of vital importance to one's overall development. Skills such as self discipline, organisation of activities editing, ability to co-operate with others, salesmanship etc. are all inherent in the production of a magazine. There was never more need for self discipline and positive involvement than nowadays, when we read and hear so much about robberies, vandalism and car thefts.

Work and conduct are the fundamentals of schooling. Success in all else besides, you fail for sure if you fail in these. Through involvement in activities outside the classroom, the pupil demands the best from oneself. It also teaches pupils to consider excellence, not alone the goal but the norm for Ballincollig Community School pupils.

Down through the years pupils of Ballincollig Community School have had opportunities to testify and develop many life skills. Participation in activities such as Gym and field games, Debating, Public Speaking, Drama, Photography, Art, Cookery, Computers, Historical Magazines, Musical Society, Foroige, Orienteering, Canoeing, School Reporter and Magazine Productions, Science Projects are but some of the activities offered to pupils with the voluntary support of teachers.

In the face of such an effort, gratitude is always inadequate. Suffice to say that our teachers constantly are a shining light to the pupils fortunate enough to have them. All our endeavours would be futile were it not for the support, encouragement and appreciation shown by Parents, Parents Advisory Council and Board of Management.

Through reaching this magazine, you will see that our Academic Success is fueled by an environment where activities outside the classroom flourish.

So, I hope you will find parallel enjoyment from this magazine, on the lines which pupils have experienced in its production under the expert guidance of Mrs. Feeney. I thank Mrs. Feeney and other members of the staff, who monitored and encouraged pupils to close 1984/85 school year with such happy memories.

D. Murray,
Principal.

Nearly two years have passed since I was welcomed into Ballincollig Community School and today I take this opportunity of thanking Staff and Pupils for the support and help you have given to me in my work as chaplain. I feel very honoured to work in Ballincollig Community School. It is here I receive a most valuable gift – the gift of friendship which I treasure with all my heart. Every year brings with it its own share of excitement and this year was no exception. It is good to be part of it all.

We are fast approaching the end of term which will ring in the beginning of the summer holidays. I would like to wish all a very pleasant holiday. For some however the month of June is exam time. To Group Cert., Intermediate Cert., Alternative and Leaving Cert., pupils I pray God's Blessing on your work over the next few weeks and may it bring success. Many pupils will be leaving school this year, on leaving your school you will also bring with you many fond memories. May you always cherish those memories and not forget all those people, especially your parents, who helped you and guided you through your most important stage of development. A special word of thanks to the Pre-employment class who contributed so much during the year and for whom I have felt a close association.

Lastly, let us never forget that our life is a gift from God. He is with us in everything that we do and in all the people we meet. And when the time comes to move on and continue on the road through life, be reassured you are not alone for God will be with you.

Fr. Aidan.

BALLINCOLLIG COMMUNITY SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Congratulations and best wishes to the contributors and compilers of this school magazine. Such periodicals are not produced without much hard work, and expenditure of time and nervous energy!

As the nearby Powdermills remind us, a 'magazine' can also be a store for gunpowder or other explosives. Not having read the articles I cannot say how much dangerous material may be found within the covers of this edition; but I do hope that they contain many fresh thoughts which can be applied to this International Year of Youth 1985, with its triple theme of PEACE, PARTICIPATION AND DEVELOPMENT.

Pupils in this school are already participating in such schemes as the Pre-employment projects. They are working at development through sport, social activities and study. Above all, they are seeking PEACE in the quietness of the Prayer Room and the worship of the surrounding churches.

To those who are shortly to leave school, a word: May the real lessons in living that you have learned here remain with you; May you share all you value with others; And may the blessing of God protect you

John Clarke,
Church of Ireland Chaplain.



A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

The production of this magazine has been a very enjoyable and rewarding experience. The co-operation and enthusiasm shown both by the staff and pupils when pestered and cajoled for articles etc. had to be seen to be believed.

This end of the year school magazine will, I hope give outsiders a glimpse of what our school life is like, as well as providing a space for all our pupils to see their efforts, their clubs, their achievements and their own very personal feelings and experiences as described in their essays and poems, on display for all to read.

A special thanks to Ms. Agnes Early of the Art Dept., and her students for their help with the illustrations and also to Ms. Avril Owens for her help in editing the masses of material we received in response from our students. To all the students who almost had a path worn to my door with the reams of work that was written for this magazine, I offer a very special word of thanks. Without your special efforts there would be no magazine for me to edit. I can only apologise to those whose work has not been printed — unfortunately space did not permit me to include everything. Our gratitude also goes to the business people of Ballincollig village for their sponsorship of this magazine. Credit is due to my 5A English class who organised the advertisements area of this magazine, especially to Tricia Murphy, Helen Murphy, Karen O'Neill, David Burke and Declan Hogan. The front cover was designed by Ricky Lucey (5A).

Margaret Feeney.

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Ballincollig Community School is presenting its Eacht Awards for the third consecutive year to its outstanding pupils. A member of staff – obviously noted for his depth of knowledge – was recently asked, "But what does the word "Eacht" mean?" Well, it seems that the word itself translates as "An outstanding achievement". It is used more commonly in the Irish expression "Rinne tú Eacht!" Various equivalents of this phrase in either English or Irish would be – Sound Man! Doubt ya Boy! Togha Fir! Mo Cheol thu! Mo ghreidhin go deo thu! More power! etc.

The night of May 17th when the chosen pupils are called upon to walk up to receive their Eacht award, we can now all understand the true significance of the word and join in congratulating each of them on his/her 'outstanding achievement'.

The nominees for this year's awards are as follows:

6th Year Nominations

Maureen Darcy.
Fergal Molloy.
Mairead O'Keefe.
Brenda O'Shea.
Thomas Scott.

2nd Year Nominations

Olive O'Driscoll.
Eoin Yelverton.
Vincent Drinan.
Shirley Jones.
Hugh Hegarty.

Secretarial Nominations

Patricia O'Farrell.
Maire Guineran.
Lucia O'Neill.

3rd Year Nominations

Catherine McCarthy.
Theresa Gilleran.
Michael O'Sullivan.
Darragh Musgrave.
Colette Murphy.

1st Year Nominations

John O'Donovan.
Anna Cotter.
Cormac McCarthy.
Dominic Hegarty.
Ann Murray.
Caroline Flavin.
Jillian Harvey.

5th Year Nominations

Anthony Chambers
Mary Keelan
Noel Kerins
Eleanor O'Donovan
Antoinette O'Regan

Pictured below are the winners of last year's awards.

First year: John Martin.
Second year: Colette Murphy.
Third year: Eleanor O'Donovan.
Fifth year: Mary Chan.
Sixth year: Desmond Crowley who was also proclaimed Student of the Year.
Secretarial: Karina O'Grady.

Included in the photo also is Rosemary O'Shea who received a special award for Science.



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EACHT AWARDS

Desmond Crowley – Student of the Year '83 - '84, Overall winner of the Eacht Awards. Winner of The Academic Award on the results of the Leaving Cert '84. Desmond is now a medical student at U.C.C.



For one night the sedate surroundings of the school cafeteria came to life in a whirlwind of glamour and excitement. For months previous, a watchful network of teachers and yearmasters scrutinised the activities of all the students and after numerous secret meetings and mind boggling deliberations they narrowed the possible contenders down to a mere five or six per year group. Out of the thirty or so chosen all would receive certificates, five would receive trophies for student of their particular year and one would take home the overall student of the year.

Two days before the big night, the names of the chosen few were revealed at early morning assembly. Not ones to leave the grass grow under their feet, the school bookies set in motion, monopolising what time was left. By early noon fortunes were exchanging hands, conned students handing over their coveted pennies, placing bets on their own particular "Hot" favourites, and in such an air of "Hollywood Bliss" school laboured on until the big night.

Finally it arrived – the night of a hundred stars! Dressed to the nines, teachers and parents milled through the elite throng of businessmen, who had come to hand over their coveted award to the chosen student. Each student, in turn, came on stage to receive a certificate of merit, meanwhile Mr. Murray and Mr. Slowey in synchronised harmony listed the relative student's merits and achievements.

Then came decision time – the respective winner in each year group was named, the delighted and bewildered students, stumbled on stage to receive their glistening trophies – cameras flashed – the audience broke into rapturous applause. When all quietened down, it was time to announce the overall student of the year. Everyone waited with bated breath for the outcome, finally from the white envelope came the name. The audience once again burst into ecstatic applause, for a moment or so one student had the chance to wallow in the glorious rings of success.

Afterwards the winners were treated to food and drink in the lavish surroundings of the staff-room. The night came to an end – but memories live on.

The "Eacht Awards" recognise the achievements of a small minority of students. There are others whose achievements are recognised but not rewarded. All students must keep on trying, you may not receive an "Eacht Award" for your achievements, but I can assure you, your efforts will be recognised and appreciated, by someone, somewhere, sometime – give a little extra – the results make it all worthwhile.

Desmond Crowley (Past Pupil).

Ann Marie Kelleher – was the winner of the Academic Award in 1983. She is now studying for a degree in Science at U.C.C.

I attended Ballincollig Community School for five years and did my Leaving Certificate in 1983. I am now attending U.C.C. where I hope to get a degree in Chemistry. I can honestly say I enjoyed the time I spent in this school or maybe I only remember the good times. Either way, I really believe the school, my teachers and my friends helped me to develop character and personality.

What I appreciate most, is the interest shown in me by my teachers. Obviously, great emphasis is placed on passing exams, however, if passing your Leaving Cert., is the only reward for five years work, it really doesn't say much for the school or for education. I was lucky enough to have teachers who cared about me as a person as well as results, this fact helped to make a little hard work very worthwhile.

Anne-Marie Kelleher.

Deirdre Cahill — Student of the Year '82 - '83, Overall winner of the Eacht Award while a student in fifth year.



From the sweet security of B.C.S. to the cold pavement of University, my journey began. Leaving any "cosy" environment is quite a daunting task but the new departure for all of us must begin at some point. For me thankfully the transition wasn't as smooth as I had envisaged otherwise I would never have appreciated second level fully. Facing the gates of U.C.C. I wasn't hassled by prototypes on entry nor wrangled over I.D. cards. Their familiarity of faces and places soon disintegrated, it was more like entering into a huge commune — everyone individual in their own sense of the word. Yet we all had one thing in common, we were all trying to make a go of our lives. Not that University is the be all and end all of climbing the social ladder nor ascribing to fame and fortune. Far be it for me to idealize its potentialities. For me it is a course in self-realization. College makes you aware of the type of person you are.

An Arts course naturally is frowned upon by any commercially orientated type of person. Primarily it enjoys none of the security which faculties like Engineering or Science enjoy. It is the tradition of the College of Humanities, an unpractical, non-manual field of study. It appeals to supposedly deep-thinking individuals with a love of life and living. In all aspects it is hemmed in by the past yet free thinking and outward looking. In my own case I find the combination of Sociology, European Studies, German and English a comfortable integration of study.

I internalize my values every time I go to the Science level in our library where students bang on computers like secretaries in a flurry. Perhaps my deductions are rather simplistic and vulgar but the realm of Science or Engineering could never have been for me. If you're a child of nature, then it's only natural.

Getting back to the faces and the places before I once again digress into the absurdity let me set the record straight. I have not yet been confronted by a hippie. University students have come a long way from flower power and student revolts of May '68. Yet there are still a few "withering dandelions". People are people and everyone finds their own groove at some point, it's a question of being yourself. I don't know if I can boast but generally speaking I've found my own company as well. Because U.C.C. has a catchment area that encompasses most of Munster, I've found more of a sense of expansion. My friends are from as far north as Kerry to as southerly as Kinsale with a few by-passes from the county town of Waterford. This is one of the main differences from school life because people aren't all from the same area, social background and upbringing. It of course adds a more 'cosmopolitan' touch to the kampus. It certainly breaks the monotony of grey uniformed faces!

Relating to less appealing aspects of my life I must add that study is very hard. Sometimes it's impossible to believe that Universities are extensions of school with the functionalist dimension of transmitting knowledge. Lectures are an hour long, approximately 20 a week and tutorials which sentimentally resemble class room situations. It makes a change from being almost engulfed by teachers in a 10 x 10 room but the change isn't always advantageous. In a lecture hall you add to the haze of over 200 faces lost in a sea of rows. The onus is very much on oneself. There are no fairy godmothers nor individual care. This is all part of the course in self-realization. Knowing yourself, your limits, your capacity means that you can depend on your better judgement. Unfortunately I think my self-realization hasn't been instant, it's evolving slowly. For me this is the real task of University life. But as usual practicality will break through at the end of my three years. Jobless or not I hope I'll be a better person to take my place in the market where my relation to the means of production has been already mapped out.

Deirdre Cahill.



Niall Lucey — won The Academic Award in 1982. He is studying Electrical Engineering at U.C.C.



John Paul Mulcahy was the first winner of the Academic Award in 1981. He is also studying Electrical Engineering at U.C.C. Unfortunately we were unable to contact him personally. However Niall Lucey kindly filled us in on his progress through U.C.C.

John Paul Mulcahy is presently studying for his final exams in Electrical Engineering at U.C.C. I am one year behind him, studying the same course.

The growth of Electrical Engineering is based on the emergence of a large number of new, exciting areas, and the rapid development of many older and established fields. The subject has an abundance of opportunities and challenges in such areas as power and energy systems (e.g. E.S.B.), electronics, computers, telecommunications (e.g. R.T.E.) and control systems. John Paul's final year project is an illustration of the interdependence between these areas. He designed

and built a system whereby the position of an electric motor shaft is controlled by a computer. At present and in the future, the basic education we both received in Ballincollig Community School continues to be a great asset.

Niall Lucey.

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THE ESSAY COMPETITION

We wish to thank Mr. Sean Long, Manager of The Bank of Ireland, Ballincollig Branch, for sponsoring this essay competition. He kindly donated the sum of £100. The winners are as follows:

- Category 1 For all first year classes – Claire Holden, Rang Brid.
Category 2 For 2nd and 3rd years, Intermediate Cert. cycle – Colin Manning (3A).
Category 3 For 5th years and 6th years, Leaving Cert. cycle – Caroline Cooney (6A).

The high standard made the judge's task a difficult one. Additional prizes are being awarded to the following students for the high quality of their essays.

Mary Chan (6A).

Padraigh Twomey (3A).

Yvonne Carroll, Rang Eanna, 1st year, for her poem **OLD JOE**

"NOW AS I WAS YOUNG AND EASY UNDER THE APPLE BOUGHS"

MY SCHOOLDAYS

By Caroline Cooney – 6A

How would it be, I often wonder to experience a life without school. How would it be to grow up without the support of the school system. Now as our days as schoolgoers are coming to an end I can't help but view my school-life with mixed feelings. I wonder what would it be like to recapture the joy and innocence of childhood, I seemed happy then, but of course I now know that true happiness can only come with maturity, or can it?

I remember quite clearly my early school days, my zest for getting up each morning, my impatience to get to school. I never remember being unhappy in those early days. I loved to learn and loved even more to take some "protégés" under my wing, to show them "the ropes" as it were and to point out to them the evils of straying into the "big yard" where you might encounter any number of rather rough robust boys who would be only too glad of the excuse to try and frighten some small timid girls, not that I frightened that easily of course!

How easy I was to please then and how trusting! All through national school I preserved a certain innocence that is found only in children. I was easily shocked, the thought of complaining to the teacher or worse to the headmaster was enough to send me into hysterics! My early school days were happy amidst the small we were learning to cope with life. My increasing knowledge was giving me more confidence, as well as the knowledge that, now I was progressing in school I was becoming respected by the juniors.

Those national school days taught me a lot, giving me the stability that is necessary in a child's development, and I so enjoyed school in those days. The lack of studying, short hours and long holidays meant blissful days of doing nothing but exploring the jungle in the backyard. In my innocence, I wondered at the slightest and most insignificant thing, a bird, a flower, a rainbow or a storm.

Then came secondary school, I was thrown from the safe security of my first school, into the daunting and exciting life in the secondary school. I had new problems to deal with, new friends, new routines, new challenges and for the first time in my sheltered life I found out what it was like to study! A word that is so familiar in my vocabulary now but then it was as alien to me as Mars.

In this new school I found new pastimes, new interests and a new me. In my first years in this school I suffered the usual pains of growing up, disillusionment, hurt and much to my alarm I became quite cynical of the world. Through the process of learning I was finding out that people didn't always mean what they said, that there was usually a rational explanation for something that I would have rathered stayed a mystery, but also there was joy. There was a feeling of being part of a group, essential especially in our teens when nothing seems constant except change.

The school saw us through our difficulties of lacking self-confidence, first love, rejection and our happiness at achievement or simply at realising that we are each unique and no amount of acting can change that. We find ourselves during those years, growing out of our innocence. Our senses are dulled by experience and by lengthy hours of studying. The uphill road to exams may make everything sink into oblivion for a while. We come through our experiences as better people, perhaps not as drastic as Lear's regeneration but we change and cope with the cynicism, learning to see it for what it is.

Now as my school days are coming to an end, I see a different person in myself to the child who trustingly put her hand in that of her teachers on her first day at school. Though ignorance and innocence of life have vanished, they are replaced by maturity and a confidence to face life. I shall always treasure my school days, remembering the good and the bad days, the day of utter frustration and those of pure joy, but school is, in my opinion something which you grow out of. School is a support, an "Alma Mater", it helps your development even if it is tough work but it is only good as long as you need that support. Just as a time comes for us to mentally grow out of Primary school so too must we evolve from secondary school.

As maturing young adults we must see our schooling for what it is, be thankful for it but then turn to face the road ahead of us, prepared for life, be it in a 3rd level institution or immediately into a job and we must continue to grow to maturity, for learning is not confined to school and we must not be afraid of life for as Lambs says:

"It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott,
peering into a mirror, with your back turned
on all the bustle and glamour of reality".

To experience life we must continue to grow without the help of a school, but strengthened by the example we found there that gave us a solid rock on which to base our learning and understanding of mankind. I shall be sorry to leave school, with memories of my innocence but look forward to the challenges and adventures which make up for the loss of those contented years of childhood before experience woke me up to the reality of the world.

"PEOPLE LEARN MORE FROM EXPERIENCE THAN FROM BOOKS"

By Colin Manning – 3A

I am here to propose the motion that "People learn more from experience than from books". This of course is true. The opposition case is a perfect example of the sort of unimaginative rubbish that comes from doing nothing but reading books. Imagination is the key to learning and their speeches were so boring that they've almost proved my point for me. But in case you couldn't hear with all the snoring I'll prove to you without doubt that people do learn more from experience.

Take for example the case of the cave-man Mr. Ugg. One day Mr. Ugg got fed up of eating berries and decided to go elk hunting. But he didn't know how. Did he go and ask that great wise dinosaur "Encyclopaedious Britannicus". NO! he did not. Instead he threw things like pebbles, rocks, stones and the opposition's speeches until he found something sufficiently vile enough to get him his dinner. He called his new invention the "Spear". It soon caught on and he and Mrs. Ugg made a fortune manufacturing them in their little cave.

Now one day Mrs. Ugg accidentally rubbed two spears together, and without ever going near her home – economics books, she discovered fire to cook the dinner. And I also have it on good authority that the inventor of the wheel did not get the idea while reading the "Reader's Digest" on his stone tablets.

But it's not only cavemen that made discoveries without books. Take for example that world renowned scientist Issac Newton. Now Issac wasn't as bright as he's made out to be. In fact he was a bit thick. One day Issac was lounging about under a tree when he dozed off. Without warning, his beauty sleep was interrupted by a falling apple that plonked him on his forehead. It was this almighty knowk on the head that turned thick, dozey Issac Newton into a brilliant scientist. Thanks to a falling apple he discovered gravity and other extremely important things which are vital to our understanding of the world.

Today we learn about these things, in our very expensive labs., full of very expensive equipment supplied by the Department of Education who also believes that experience can teach more than books. Any science-teacher will tell you that experiments learned straight from the book go in one ear and out the other.

But from science to poetry, because, yes folks, even the opposition are on my side today, William Wordsworth was asked –

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you all alone,
And dream your life away?"

You think you know what he's up to. But you're wrong. NO ! He is NOT writing for an apple to fall on his head. In actual fact he is learning. Yes, folks, believe it or not, you can learn without books. This is due to the fact that –

“The eye it cannot choose but see
We cannot bid the car be still
Our bodies feel wher'er they be
Against or with our will”.

No matter where you are you're always learning from nature whereas you can stare at a book for hours and hours and hours and not learn a thing. Only a fool (not that I'm insinuating anything about my opponents) would suggest the opposite. As William said –

“Thin you 'mid all this mighty sum
of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
That we must still be seeking.”

In the last line he is referring to the opposition who are seeking amid their dusty old books for information to prove me wrong. However they will be forever seeking because no such proof exists.

The simple truth of the matter is from cavemen to scientists and poets, people always have, always do and always will learn more from experience than from dead, dopey and dusty books.

FIRE ! FIRE !

By Claire Holden, Rang Brid, 1st year

The lights shimmered in the river; the streets were silent and empty but for the occasional straggler or drunkard roaming aimlessly as though they'd nowhere to go. Suddenly a shrill bell clanged into the stillness of the cool night. Fire! Fire! In an instant, High Street came alive. Dogs barked excitedly and neighbours rushed out in their dressing gowns and slippers to see what was heppening. A huge murmuring crowd gathered as sirens wailed in the distance.

Twelve-year old Johnny and his six year old brother, David were engrossed in a wild western film when they heard the sirens. Johnny jumped up and ran to the window. What he saw made him cry out in dismay. A fire – and at the end of his street! He hurled open the door and ran down the street, shouting to his brother to stay at home.

The old house was well and truly ablaze. The sound of crackling filled the air and it was hot and smoky. Firemen milled around the house, just dark blotches against the glaring orange of the flames. Suddenly, above the noise, a high-pitched scream was heard. Heads turned upwards and the crowd gasped in horror as the outline of a small girl was silhouetted against the flames on the top floor of the burning, blazing building. Johnny pushed his way to the front of the crowd and saw a stocky figure ascending a long, white ladder. As the crowd watched fearfully, the man reached the narrow window where the girl was. But something was wrong. The man quickly descended and came over to the crowd after muttering a few words to a young fireman. His loud voice echoed clearly in the night. “Ladies and Gents”, he started, “As you all know, there is a young girl on the top floor of the building. But, her leg seems to be trapped in the floorboards and she can't free herself”. He paused as the crowd took this in and then said, “I'm looking for a volunteer to climb up that ladder, free the girl and bring her down. Our men are all too tall to fit in through the narrow window so we need someone small – a boy or girl perhaps.”

No-one spoke for a few seconds and then Johnny had a brainwave. He touched the fireman's sleeve and said clearly and steadily, “I'll get her”. A murmur of disapproval arose but the fireman stared silently at Johnny and was full of admiration for him. He said, “Alright son, give it a try”. He brought Johnny to the ladder, gave a bulky jacket to him and said, “Good luck, son – we'll be counting on you.” “Thanks”, said Johnny. He took a deep breath and started to climb the ladder.

When he was half-way up Johnny stopped and looked down. The people were like toy dolls and the fire engines like David's cars at home. Home. Johnny swallowed and continued his climb. Soon he reached the narrow window and there was the girl. As quickly as possible Johnny scrambled into the smoke-filled room. Coughing and choking, he groped his way over to the girl. He stooped down, gave the girl's foot a tug and it was free. But the fire was closer now. Any moment now the roof would fall in and he and the girl He didn't wait to think about the rest of it. He grabbed the girl's sweaty hand and stumbled to the window. Holding the sobbing girl in his arms, he started to climb down. Not a moment too soon! Suddenly the roof collapsed with a splintering roar. But nothing mattered now – he had saved the girl.

A few minutes later Johnny and the girl were standing at the end of the ladder. The crowds cheered and patted him on the back. The fireman came up to him and shook his hand, saying nothing. At last he spoke in a gruff voice, “Well done, son”. Johnny just nodded speechlessly and gave the shivering girl to him. His clothes were sweaty and black with smoke and his eyebrows were singed but he didn't care. He had done something the fireman admired and that was reward enough.

A DEEP, PHILOSOPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE GRADUATION CEREMONIES

By Mary Chan

Saturday 12th January dawned like any other Saturday has or will, but this one was completely different to any Saturday that has ever gone before or ever will come – at least for the graduating pupils. After months of mountaint anticipation (or dread), soaring tension, painfully nerve-wracking posess for partners, frenzied quests for that certain dress, the focus of all attention was to become reality.

Cork City was over-run by an army of graduating Ballincolligonians all trying to look extremely casual as if they weren't carrying round "Tom Murphy" bags. And scurrying round were some very flustered Debutantes, who though really very organised were frantically searching for last minute essentials – home-perms, fake skin tanning lotions, false eye-lashes, the usual

..... All for those few hours when everyone finally exploited that long-awaited chance to shine, to bask in the lime-light and share the excitement with the friends and conspirators of the five years of our lives at B.C.S. And shine they did!

Ladies first, they glided around in miles of taffetas, silks, laces and satins, rustling, swirling visions of shimmering whites and pastels. The young men were certainly very impressive, trying to feel comfortable and looking very enigmatic in dress suits and bow-ties – perhaps the school uniform could be altered somewhat?

After huddling round the roaring gas fires for a while, the couples were called to dinner, and what can we say except that no-one died or even got too sick. Actually it was a very nice meal giving us all a chance to demonstrate our prowess with real cutlery – having given the chicken-halves a few obligatory stabs, (to make sure they didn't suddenly join up with the neighbouring chicken half and scuttle off somewhere).

To aid the digestive process we had an after-dinner speech by Mr. Murray. All the while we were blissfully and innocently unaware that the video camers, being manhandled and abused by some trigger-happy fifth years, was greedily recording e-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g!!!

The taking of the photos was truly a memorable occasion. It's not everyday a group of sixth years huddle together for a photograph when the camera absolutely refuses to work while the toothpaste-commercial smiles slowly fade, the facial muscles cramp and legs go to sleep Finally the camera relented and having retrieved missing members from happy wanderings, immortalised the moment by which time all smiles were of relief and no-one cared anymore about remnants of dinner wedged between the teeth.

Soon the dance-floor was full of swaying couples and jostling groups while "Fantasy" poured out song after song. They also organised scientific and intellectual demonstrations such as the practical way to cram air into inflatable bags - balloons and an interesting method by which four girls skillfully undress four boys and then help to redress them.

All the while, Mr. Slowey stood vigil behind the bar so no sneaky bar-men could con the innocent sixth year pioneers with beverages other than milk, cocoa or Ribena.

Inevitably the last dance was played much to the disappointment of the champs of the "Birdie-Song", John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, (Hello, Mr. & Mrs. Kinsella). A certain sixth year of the male sex, Hello Cormac, gave us all a rousing, moving few words of endearment – "We all have fond memories of our years in B.C.S."

The last photographs were taken, with and without permission of the victims – and final death-threats were issued by those caught in unusual situations to those who dared develop or display these interesting momentoes.

Taxis were called, then cancelled, then recalled, and soon everyone went straight home to bed – to recover. Well, almost everyone! There may have been one or two who eventually found their way home on Sunday night suffering a temporary loss of memory of the intervening hours.

So ended in a few brilliant hours the object of months of preparation and most will agree it was a wonderful occasion.

"Your elbow is digging into me!"
I'm only making sure I'm in the photo!

What's the world coming to?





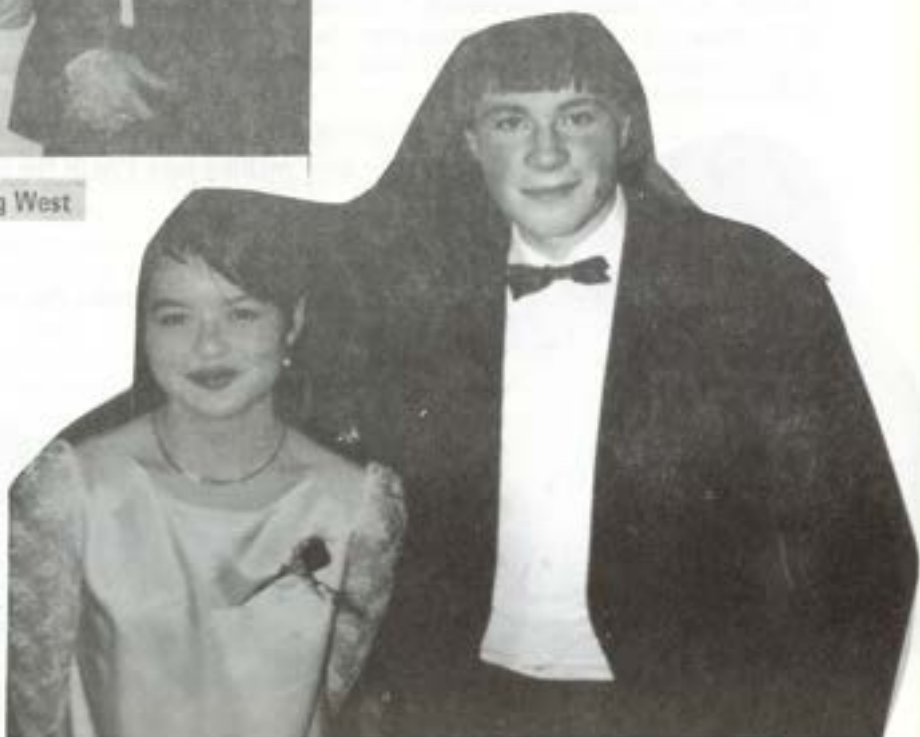
Belle of the Ball? – Birgit Stockhaus



Colin and friend – "It's only orange!"



A touch of class from Ballincollig West



You should see him dance!

HOORAY FOR THE PRE'S !

Most of us in the Pre-Employment wanted to get jobs in the summer because we did not want to stay at school for the Leaving Certificate. However, jobs are not too easy to come-by these days, so joining the pre-employment class was a good idea.

For the first few weeks we were in class brushing up our English, Irish, and Maths. That was just like old times. However, we were keen to get our hands on some real work and we asked the teachers to set out some projects for us.

In October came the good news that we would be paid £300 for the year. That was a surprise. Most of us opened accounts in the Savings Bank.

Our first and most impressive project was to lay a path up to the third year area door (it's impossible to keep those third years off the grass). That turned out so well that Father Aidan suggested that we have an Official Opening. Did you see us in "The Paper"? We even had our own Official Banquet (like Cork 800). Our's was in the Oriental Restaurant. We also had some distinguished guests. We are now planning the Official Opening of our Shed in June.

Our next project was to build a wall around the rose beds. This is an ongoing development since our fellow students have felt obliged to test the quality of our cement work. Mr. Slowey compares it to 'The Great Wall of China', but we don't really know what he means by that. We suppose it's a sort of compliment. Anyway, we've used fifteen bags of cement.

All in all the year was most enjoyable. Don't you think our work has improved the appearance of the school in general? We are now working on getting our own appearance into shape.

By the way if you want walls built, paths laid, we're your men. We think we did well in our Pre's, don't you?

P.S. Hard luck you would-be wall builders, we have cornered the market!



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THE SENIOR CERTIFICATE CLASS

Until recently the main emphasis on students has been to complete an academic course geared particularly for entrance to University, in other words the Leaving Cert. However, it is very conventional and not always a good foundation for some courses or jobs. Now a new scheme is being introduced. It's called the Senior Certificate and can be described as an alternative to the Leaving Cert. course. As yet it is only a pilot scheme and in Munster 30 schools are acting as pilot schools trying out the scheme. Besides our own school, other schools participating include North Presentation and the schools in Bishopstown, Crosshaven and Ballyphehane.

The Senior Certificate is a two-year course. A participant gains half the Cert. after the first year and having completed the full two years gains the full Cert.

The headquarters for the project are in Shannon, though it does have the support of the Department of Education. As yet the course is accepted by the National Council for Educational Awards. For some courses only in the Regional Colleges.

Basically, the courses a student may study are Applied Science, Art, Social and Cultural Studies, Communications, Mathematics, Computer Awareness, Business Studies, Outdoor Pursuits, Metalwork and Woodwork Technology and the Mini-Company Project. Students also study the usual school curriculum such as English, R.E., P.E., etc.

Regarding the technology course, the student gains compulsory work experience of three months out of the 2 years and does project work. Each project lasts for 7 weeks. It involves the research and production of a 3-dimensional project. Last year the students made musical instruments. This year they are working on transport. The new project room is on the balcony in the gymnasium.

On entering the room, there is an image of "organised class"! Even when empty there is a sense of activity with all the tools neatly laid in place and the equipment set out for work. Laid out are the makings of a potential band. There are a few sets of tubular bells, a drum kit and various types of stringed instruments. The pupils who made these obviously have a lot of initiative. Actually it would be a good idea to see them all on display in school sometime. The school musicians should be interested.

Every six weeks, Inspectors visit the schools and assess the work. An equal number of boys and girls undertake the Senior Certificate having completed either the Inter Cert. or Group Cert.

Another project is the Mini-Company. There are 2 mini-companies in the school making separate products. One group is making school scarves. It's going very well according to one member who said they have orders even before production is ready.

The other company produces coat hangers. It's a very original design in the form of a moose's head and antlers. Being in the mini-company gives very practical experience especially in teamwork.

The Senior Certificate course provides a greater appreciation of practical and modern skills as well as of initiative in a range of subjects not all covered by the Leaving Certificate. Hopefully it will soon be more than just a pilot scheme with greater recognition by third level educational institutions.

Mary Chan.

THE SENIOR CERT. – WORK EXPERIENCE

By Michael Hennigan (5B)

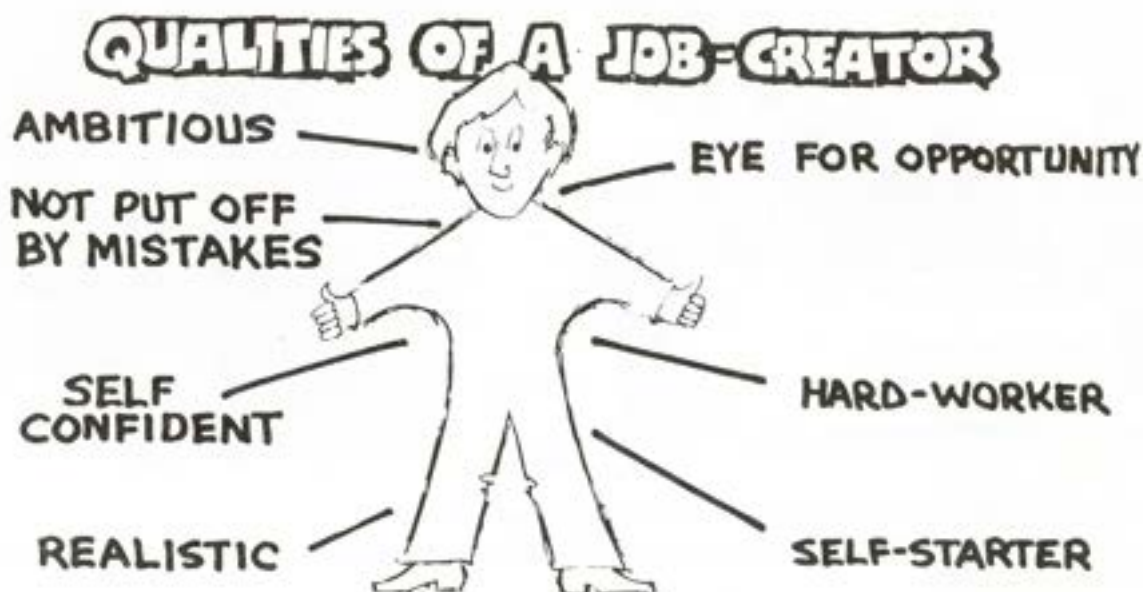
Work experience is a programme where the whole class goes out working for two weeks. The employers are not under any obligation to pay the students so there are many places willing to take in students and some places even pay a small wage for working. Work experience gives us a n idea of what working life is like, what certain jobs are like and what jobs suit or do not suit you. Out of this work experience we also get references so that if in the future we get called for an interview we have work expericne without pay and also references.

I was assigned to "Atkin's Farm Machinery", the Straight Road. They sell David Brown parts and farm machinery. I was put in the store which also took in the shop area. For the first few days as you would expect, I did not do an awful lot, except maybe price a few tools or other products. Once I even measured lengths of hose and pipe to see how much of each there was. Coming into the second week I began to serve customers, after I had learned where some of the parts were and how to get them

The job itself wasn't bad although there were times during the day when there wasn't much to do because December is a quiet month for farmers. I enjoyed the freedom of work compared to school, not having to shut up when you're told or not having to be all mannerly to the men in case they would put you in detention! While I was there I learned something different most days, so it was interesting. It was tough on the legs as they were not used to standing up all day and were often sore when I got home. I missed the comfort and the heat of school but these are all a matter of getting used to.

I think the work experience was useful as it showed me a type of job I knew nothing about. When it comes to getting through interviews and applications, my work experience should come in handy. I learned what starting work was like, even though I wasn't getting paid. I enjoyed having to make new friends and I would like to do it again but in a different line of work, something more practical maybe.

WHERE THE BEST BETS LIE !



Due to development in housing, Industrial planning, development of the town of Ballincollig itself, it is estimated that by the year 2000 A.D. the population of Ballincollig will have practically doubled. Would an estimated figure of 25,000 be too high? Wherever there are people, services must be provided and these services must be provided by people! So if you are young (or not so young) and bright you should be able to carve out a living for yourself in a variety of different ways. People eat, drink, read, drive, cycle, get their hair done, wear winter clothes, summer clothes, get involved in leisure activities, cut lawns, clean windows, heat their homes in winter, secure their homes, paint their homes, need babysitters, buy school books (5 large schools!), stationary, uniforms, shoes and the list could go on and on. Perhaps these services are catered for adequately in Ballincollig at present, but surely if the population is going to go up and up, there is plenty of room for expansion. So if you are young and bright (bright = awake!), what are you waiting for!!! Go for it!! What other good bets are there? What other avenues are open in the world of work? I'll try to answer these questions for you by giving you headings – you'll have to go and find out the details yourself, not a difficult task. My office is loaded with information, books, pamphlets, telephone numbers, prospectus, and I'll be glad to steer you in the right direction. So to those headings I mentioned.

Engineering: Is still a good bet despite the present unemployment levels for engineering graduates. Professional and technician level are required. If the recession lifts (it is lifting?) engineers should be the first to benefit. Areas with a good future – Electrical, Electronic, Mechanical and Production. The Electronics industry is doing well offering assembly line and engineering positions.

Marketing: Is mentioned a lot nowadays especially international marketing. There are plenty of marketing courses – Dublin, also Cork School of Commerce, for example. There are also schemes to help industry to employ marketing graduates. You may have noticed 'milk' getting 'the push' in school recently – a fine example of marketing!!

Accountancy: has held up reasonably well during the recession, in a sad way at times i.e. helping to tidy up the affairs of a closing down company.

In Industry, **Automated Production Methods** are on the increase with a consequent increase in demand for people who service this machinery – they would need a combination of skills + work study, engineering and computer knowledge.

The Private Security Business is one of the biggest growth areas and due to more leisure time and consciousness of healthy living there is a positive explosion in the **health, fitness, recreation area** – (there is an interesting course in Waterford R.T.C. "Recreation Management").

Another growth area is **Pre-School Education**, play schools and creche.

Food Processing: The processing at home of more of our food products and the development of new and different value added foods is a priority of our economic development and that should mean reasonable prospects for people qualified in dairy, meat and other food sciences.



Landscape Gardening: is thriving and horticulture has possibilities.

Secretarial Staff with a strong emphasis on having a knowledge of word-processors and having an ability to deal with computers.

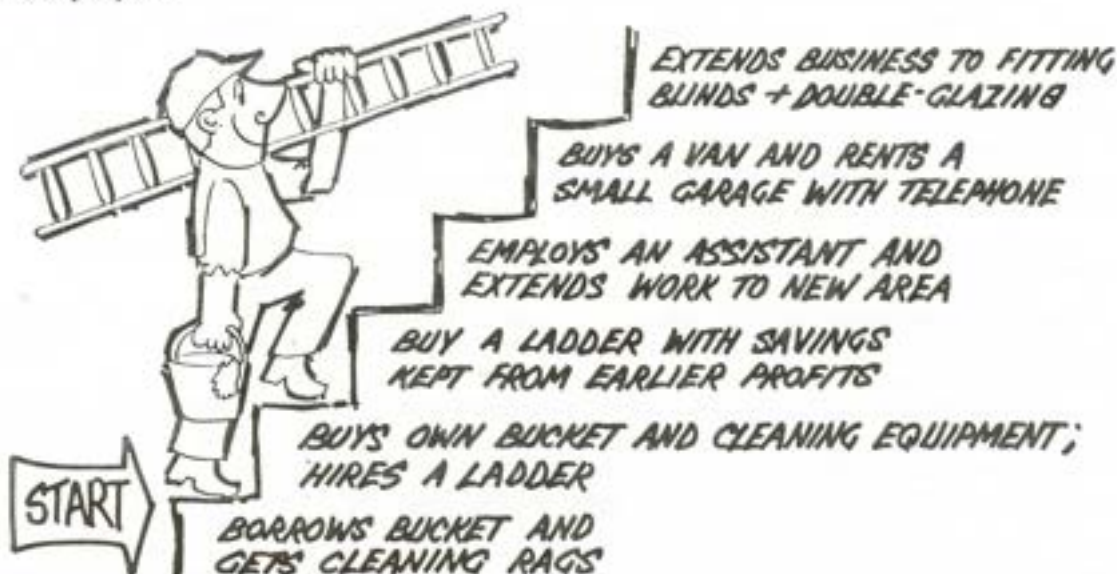
All the above are areas where development of one kind or another can be reasonably expected. That is not to say that there are not many jobs in more traditional areas. The **Health Services**, for example still take in a few thousand people a year. But this is likely to decrease. **Computers:**

Computers: There is a one hundred per cent placement from University and N.I.H.E. computer science courses. Computer applications courses also are doing extremely well. It is reckoned that anybody who learns how to work with or handle computers is wasting his or her time at whatever level.

Finally, as I said, in the beginning, if you see an opening, go for it!! The range of inducements in terms of training, advice and finance make "start your own job" a very attractive option indeed.

Footnote: On behalf of our students, we wish to say 'Thank you' once again to the Parents Association for arranging top class mock interviews.

Take, for example, the progress of a person who decides to clean windows rather than be unemployed.



DEUTSCHE ECHE

Dieses Jahr zum erstenmal in unserer Schule, machen zwei Studenten und eine Studentin einen Austausch mit Deutschland. Keith Kenneally, Rachel O'Flynn und Anthony Chambers fahren am neunten August los. Schon wechselten sie Briefe mit ihren Partnern in Lever Kusen in der Nahe von Bonn. Sie fahren nicht allein sondern mit einer Gruppe von Convent of Mercy, Cobh und Mount Mercy. Pass Auf Anthony!!

Drei Wochen werden sie bei ihrer Gastfamilie verbringen. Die Deutschen besuchen uns nachstes Jahr. Wir freuen uns sehr viel darauf, und wunschen unsere Schuler echt gute Reise.

Deutsch Lehnen macht spass nicht wahr?

Three students from our school are taking part in an exchange with Germany this year. Two pupils from Third Year, Keith Kenneally and Rachel O'Flynn, and Anthony Chambers of Fifth Year are leaving for Lever Kusen near Bonn on the 9th August. They will spend three weeks in Germany.

Their exchange partners will visit us sometime next year, perhaps at Easter and will join us in school for a week. Our pupils will be part of a group made up of pupils from Mount Mercy and The Convent of Mercy, Cobh. A German nun is arranging the exchange on the other side.

German students are also coming to Cork in October, and we are looking for exchange partners, especially boys. Even pupils not doing German can make the exchange. The cost of the visit will be in the region of £200, so now is the time to start saving.

Lisa Dressel of Fifth Year will also be visiting her other homeland this year, we wish them all "Gute Reise".

Pat Pope,
German Teacher.

DIE GEDACHTNISSE

Der alte Mann ging langsam durch die unenolichen Grabsteinen. Sein Gesicht war vom Alter gerunzelt und sein Haar von einer amerikanischen Sonne gebleicht. Sein Korper biegt wie einen Bogen. Der Larm seiner amerikanischen Schuhe hallte den Grabsteinen wiederzuruck.

Dann hielt er an. Er drehte sich um und er starrte an einem schmutzigen Grabstein. Sein ganzer Korper schuttelte und eine kleine Trane kam aus seinen einsamen Augen. Er dachte an sein Leben bevor dem Krieg. Er dachte an seinen Freund, mit dem er erwachsen hatte. Er sass an seinem Grabe und weinten. Plotzlich sah er sich um und er sah austrocknende Blumen, die wie seine Gedachtnisse waren. Er horte einen Schrei eines Vogeles Der Schrei orang durch seinen Korper und er fuhlte sehr sehr kalt und einsam. Ein kalter Wind machte ein trauriges Lied in den Braumen. Aber dann

, ruhig, nichts bewog sich, alles war bewegungslos. Der alte Mann war still, der Wind hielt, die Vogel sangen nicht, alles war unheimlich rukig. In der Ferne horte er eine seltsame Stimme, Die Stimme war die Stimme seines toten Freundes, sie sprach zu ihm, er horte gut zu. Nach einer kurzen Zeit welkten die Stimme, die Vogel sangen wieder und der Mann ging durch die unendlichen Grabsteinen, seine alten einsamen Gedachtnisse waren vorbei.

von

Anthony Chambers (5A)



Passau



Costumes from the Isarwinkel



Königssee with the east face of the Watzmann

FUN AND GAMES GALORE





IOMAINT ABU !

The Junior hurling teams, U-14½ and U-15, distinguished themselves in both Cork and Munster Colleges competitions. The campaign lasted for four months and ended when the U-15 team, pictured above was defeated in the Minster semi-final by Lismore. Nine competitive games and daily lunchtime training sessions give great hope for the future. Outstanding contributions were made by Padraig Twomey, Vincent Drinan and Michael Doab. Younger players, Vincent O'Connell, Pat Creagh and John Donovan gained valuable experience. The enthusiasm among first years was tremendous and the one regret of the year was that there was no U-13 or 14 competition to cater for them.

Team mentors Mr. Kinsella and Mr. Murphy intend keeping the panel together and entering U-16, U-15 and U-14½ teams next year.

P.S. Apologies to Paul Kenny, Vincent O'Connell and John Donovan, who missed the photograph.

My School Club (Camogie)

By Roisin O'Hea, 1st year, Class Brid

Hi, ALL you camogie fans out there,
 Read this article if you dare!
 It's about a bunch of strong willed lassies,
 The girls we have in our first year classes.
 Everyday at a quarter past one,
 They flock outside, you see them run,
 And in their hands they have their sticks,
 No, not the ones for a beat-up fix,
 These sticks are special you will see,
 If intruders go near them they soon will flee.

And on the pitch the girls will stay,
 Until their trainer approaches, yes it's Ini Ni She.
 She throws them a sliotar, leather 'an all,
 And off they start fighting for the ball,
 They play their way through til twenty to two,
 And then march in cheering and hearing no boo.
 Wednesday's are a special treat,
 For these energetic girls on their beat
 They train after school, getting goal after goal,
 Then after their game they've played their role.

So lads beware, you'd better take care because
 These superstars are very rare.

BALLINCOLLIG BASKETBALL CLUB

Ballincollig Basketball Club's youth section was formed 4 months ago. It has been a great success and now has 25 members. Basketball is growing rapidly as a sport in Ireland and especially in Cork. This has helped a lot by the fact that Ireland's three best teams all come from Cork. Teams Britvic, Burgerland and Harp Lager won every major honour in Irish basketball between them last season.

Ballincollig Basketball Club held its first tournament last April. Anyone between the ages of 10 and 18 was free to enter. After a couple of knockout matches the two teams that everyone thought were the best reached the final. It was between Terry Coomey's (3C) team and Kieran Sexton's (3B) team. Terry Coomey's team won in extra time by a single point. His team was Malcolm Casey, Colin Manning, Adrian Manning and Conor O'Sullivan. All the winning team received trophies and there was a special trophy for the M.V.P. (most valuable player). This was won by Kieran Sexton of class 3B.

Basketball will resume in September and any boy is welcome to join. Training is on Wednesday night between 7 and 8 p.m. in the Community Hall.

Conor O'Sullivan (5A)

THE BALLINCOLLIG REVIVAL

The time has come when Ballincollig Community School is being recognised as a small power in G.A.A. circles at both Cork Colleges and Munster Colleges levels. You have got the "great powers" – schools like The North Mon, Farranferris, Criost Ri, Spraid Naomh etc. in built up areas with a long tradition of G.A.A. in their schools. For one they have the pick of big clubs like Glen Rovers, Blackrock, Na Piarasigh, Bishopstown, St. Finbarr's, Douglas, Nemo Rangers etc.

But Ballincollig Community School I has the pick of only a handful of clubs, with the majority of players coming from Ballincollig. Then there is Inniscarra (a great club), Ballinora, Eire Og and Ballinhassig which circle the school.

Since the school began it hasn't enjoyed much success. But then came the Under 14 football team of 1982, which entered the Cork Colleges final against Mayfield only to be beaten in a replay. This team should have been the team to train and bring along, but the commitment wasn't there yet. If this team had been trained to the present Senior team, God only knows what titles they would have pulled off. With year seeing the same Mayfield U-14 team of '82 (now seniors) in the Munster 'A' Colleges football semi-final, yes Ballincollig could have been there but alas it wasn't!

The following year '83 the U-14 team won the Cork Colleges final beating Mayfield, who this year were in the final of the U-16½ Cork Colleges 'A' football final with Ballincollig in the 'B' final. This Cork Colleges title in '83 was to be the first major honour to be brought to the school. Now a future Senior team had been formed. But this year the Ballincollig School spirit was aroused to great heights when our U-16½ team reached the Munster final. The support was great at this game compared to earlier years. But because they were beaten you shouldn't disown them, because when you're down the only place to go is up. So keep supporting the school team and let's maintain that great spirit that was very evident at this final.

The new word that can be used to describe the Ballincollig progress in hurling, football and camogie is commitment. The U-16½ team have had full attendance at every training session, likewise U-14 and U-15. Also camogie is flourishing in this school and I could see the Ballincollig girls a major power in schools camogie.

At lunch time first years are learning the skills under the watchful eye of Ini Ni She. If this school commitment progresses in the future, a trophy cabinet will have to be erected somewhere in the school, because the gates of Glory will open in the near future and there will be no stopping Ballincollig Community School. Munster and Cork titles in hurling, football and camogie will have made their home in our cabinet.

Kevin A. Murphy, (5B)

CAILINI, CAMOGAIOCHT AGUS CLUICHI

Ar dtús, do na daoine nach bhfuil eolas ar bith ar chamogaíocht acu, cad é camogaíocht? Bhfuil freagra simplí ata agam daoibh: sport lufar, a bhaineann an chuid is mó de na cailíní sa chead bhliain, an-taitneamh as. Tá an fhoireann soisear camogaíochta don Scoil Phobail i mBaile an Chollaigh ag éirí níos laidre, agus níos farr, an chead la i nÍ Mheán Fómhair.

B'é an chead la ar scoil do na cailíní a bhí cruinnithe amuigh sa pháirc in aice an aras gleacaíochta. Mí Mheán Fómhair a bhí ann agus bhí siad ansin chun foireann camogaíochta a tosnu don Scoil Phobail. Bhí ionadh ar chuid de na cailíní nuair a chonaic siad Iníon Uí She, a caman greamaithe ina lámh aici, agus i ag buaileadh an sliotar go fíochmhair.

Gach Ceadaoin fiú amháin go raibh se fliuich, gofar agus fuar, chuaigh na cailíní ag traenáil sa pháirc le Iníon Uí She. D'ímigh an t-am go tapaigh agus ar deireadh, bhí an chead cluiche againn. Bhiomar i gcoinne Naomh Aodain, act, ta bron orm a ra, bhí an bua acu.

I ndiaidh sin, bhí a lan cluichí againn. Thainig Sacred Heart, Naomh Aodain arís, agus Mainistir na Corann chugainn, agus bhumar na cluichí go leir! Tamaill ó shin, bhí comortas camogaíochta do na scoile ar fud Chorcaí. Chuamar ann agus bhumar cluiche, chailleamar cluiche, ach níor bhumar aon chorn.

Taimid 'sna Cork Colleges Championship fe 15 i ngrad B agus tá suil again an bua a fháil.

Caroline Flavin,
Class Brid (1st year).



"UNDER THE APPLE BOUGHS..."

The following articles are extracts from essays from our Senior students as they reflected on their student days in B.C.S.

Mary Chan (6A) – A lot of my opinions have been formed as a result of my experiences at school, noting other people's attitudes, being presented with different ideas and either rejecting or accepting them. I've learned about failure and success having had a fair share of both, and I've also learned that these affect me first, I don't have to live up to other people's standards so long as I don't disappoint myself. I'm the one who has to live my life. I'm even beginning to realise the vastness of all that's implied by "responsibility". When I was younger and much more naive, I used to think that as soon as I'd left school, which seemed as far away as the end of the world, that suddenly life would be wonderful. I'd be my own person, grown-up, popular, successful and live happily ever after. How I wish that that's the way it will be in a few weeks time. But having sat through the examinations, the focus of all my years at school, I'll be feeling as shattered and vulnerable as the most timid child even felt on the first day of school.

But without doubt, the very best part of school is that I've made some really great friends. Everything is bearable with friends. School is great at forcing the oppressed together, to gripe and conspire, reflecting on lost years and dreaming of the day of release. My one true regret of those 13 years, particularly the last five is that I didn't get to know most of them until the last year or two. But I will miss them and one thing I want very much is to meet all again in a few years time and find that all are safe, sound and happy. Having compared notes and experiences, we can all reflect on our student days, the days of lost innocence as we were gradually brought face to face with real life.

"Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea".

Siobhan Daly (6A) – I remember my first day here and the feelings of awe and trepidation However, all my fears came to nought. I found a bright, roomy building, with first-class facilities which, as well as providing a great opportunity to explore new frontiers, as well as opening a whole new dimension of education unlike anything which I had previously experienced, it involved a whole new emphasis, breaking down the barriers that traditionally exist between the teacher and the pupils, and lending a more relaxed and informal air to the whole proceedings. This was a positive encouragement and aid to learning.

John Casey (6A) — Now, don't get us wrong! We sixth years are not the type who mitch because they don't like school. Oh no! Let me tell you, it was because we were constantly being brainwashed by our English teacher about the joys of mitching. Let me give an example. In the prose essay, "An Apology for Idlers" by Stevenson, the writer tells us how Dickens and Belzac learned all they needed to know on the streets. And can you not imagine the confrontation between a student in the canals and Mr. Man Durray —

"Excuse me now young fellow, just one or two announcements before you go. Ahhh what dost thou there?"

"Truly Sir, I take mine ease".

"Where's your class now and should'st thou be plying thy books with diligence, so that you get brains?"

"Yea boy!! But, I'm learning now".

"Learning, what are ya learning boy?"

"Peace and contentment boy!!"

"Listen, don't call me boy! right boy!!"

"O.K. Mr. Durray Sir. You're a fine man!"

"Now, get off to your class! Learning,! Ha!

Yes, looking back on it now, the student days that I spent here were like enforced penal servitude in a concentration camp with a sprinkling of "comic relief" here and there. But now it is time for me to go out, and face the big bad world, where apple boughs are few and far between.





Damien O'Brien — Rang Brendan (shown here with an arrow over his head!) won a calculator for his essay entitled "Just like other People" in the Irish Wheelchair Association Essay & Art Competition. Well done Damien!



ANOTHER WINNER !

Every year Cork Scientific Council presents a gold medal to the 4 students who attain the highest marks in Cork City and County in Leaving Cert. Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics. The 1984 Gold Medal for Biology was awarded to one of our students — Norin Ni Luasaigh, Poulavone, Ballincollig.

The above photograph taken at the presentation by Lord Mayor, Liam Burke includes Norin, her parents Donncadh & Bean Ui Luasaigh, her teacher Mrs. L. Hegarty, Mr. Murray, Mr. Slowey and members of Cork Scientific Council, Mr. P. Kelleher and Mr. Roche.

Well done Noirin!

AWARD TO PUPIL — Congratulations to Martina Cleary Aoife, and her Art Teacher Agnes Earley on winning a Texaco Award in the Children's Art Competition, Group B.



CIARAN, ACT THE PART

Rang Ciaran 1st year helped Cork come alive by winning the Irish Helicopters/Graffiti Youth Play competition.

In late '84 Ciaran started putting the script together. But because of tests and the Christmas holidays the first real practise they got was early in the new year.

I spoke to both Sinead Snee and Dominic Hegarty, class reps from Christmas to Easter. Sinead told me that the opportunity arose when Mrs. Murphy, their English teacher, brought the poster into the bored English class. Immediately agreement was found and they started thinking about ideas to form a play entitled "My Own Space"

It was agreed to act on the history of Ballincollig. And so it was. People to suit the characters of the script were drawn from the class of thirty-three. Of course not everybody acted and a total of about ten people took the posts of music-controllers to stage managers.

As Dominic put it "without the encouragement and ideas of the people behind the scenes we would not have made it to the stage never mind the final".

Later Sinead and Dominic told me they think these competitions shouldn't just appear for the Cork 800 but should be annual.

The Cup was presented to the reps in Ashton School and can be seen in Mr. O'Leary's office, Area D.

Dominic Hegarty.

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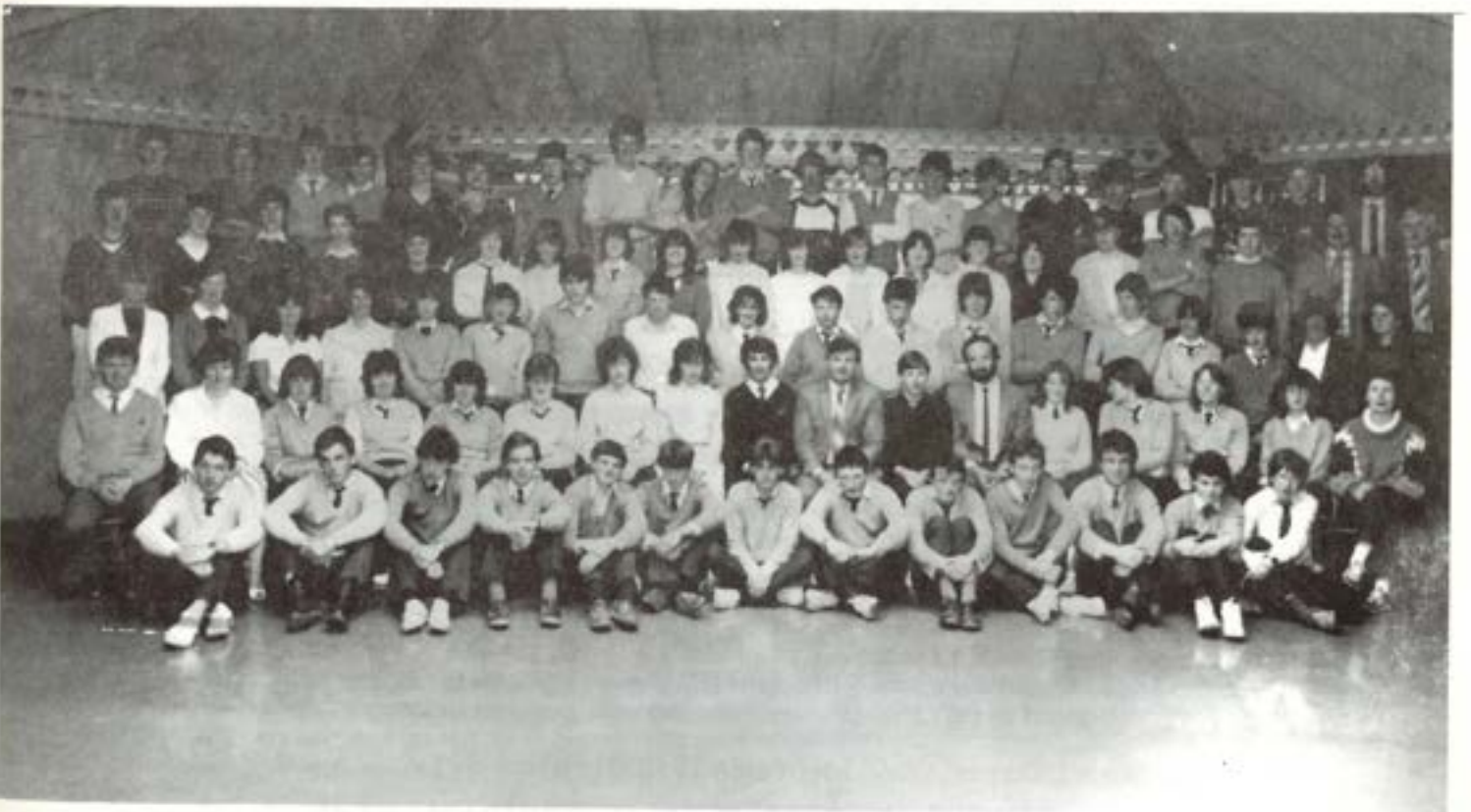
ALL ORIGINAL TITLES



THE INS AND OUTS OF 1984/85



Little and Large we wish our 1st year's well, and hope they turn out to be as nice a bunch as our last year's 6th year's



WHERE ARE THEY NOW? by Colin Murphy

Have you ever wondered just where the 6th years go after they have completed their formal education in Ballincollig Community School? Where did they go? What are they doing now? What futures have they in a country which has a chronic unemployment problem? Well, I decided to track down last year's Leaving Certificate pupils to see how they're getting on. This is what I discovered.

51%	3rd Level including U.C.C., R.T.C., College of Art etc.	44 students.
16%	Vocational training including AnCO and Secretarial.	14 students.
5%	Apprenticeships.	4 students.
15%	Employed.	13 students.
8%	Repeating Leaving Certificate	7 students.
5%	Unknown.	4 students.

The 3rd level institutions in question are as follows: University College, Cork Regional Technical College, Maynooth College and the College of Art. The courses being pursued by them are as follows: Medicine, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Marine Engineering, Commerce, Arts and Science, Theology (Maynooth) and National Teaching.

Some of those repeating their Leaving Cert. are repeating here in Ballincollig, a few others have gone elsewhere. It must however be borne in mind that this information is now a few months old and that some of those registered in employment may be temporary.

However, the statistics do present an overall view of where they are now and what they are doing. So, as you can see the future looks bright and holds many opportunities for them. Let's hope they achieve their goals and enjoy life. Good luck to them all.

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En français s'il vous plaît

Les Chapeaux Stupids

Écoutez, il y a cettès
Deux jeunes filles qui achètent
Deux chapeaux qu'elles mettent
Sur leurs petites têtes.

Elles montent sur le jet
Et qu'est-ce que leurs chapeaux faites
Leurs chapeaux tombent du jet
Et ils vont dans une net.

David Power, Aoife

Le Printemps

Le printemps est la saison que tout le monde aime
Il apporte vent pour les milans des enfants.
Les soirs deviennent plus courts et les jours plus longs,
Et tout le monde est en bonne santé.

Tous les enfants ont des joues roses,
Ils jouent leurs jeux comme cache cache.
Ils s'amuseent bien et ont beaucoup de sport,
Ils sautent et bondissent et plus ils courent.

En printemps les animaux ne restent jamais
Parce que c'est l'heure qu'ils font le nid
Leurs enfants sont si petits et amusants
Enveloppés comme des balles de fourrure.

Helen O'Brien, 2nd year

Le Cri de la Pauvre

J'écrire et je pleurniche, mais, il n'y a personne là.
Je cherche la nourriture, pour le petit bébé dans mes bras.
Tout le monde a un faim de loup,
Et ils se meurent tout à coup.

Le cri de la pauvre résonne sur les montagnes,
Et j'ai besoin d'un peu d'aide des copains,
Car, mon mari est parti,
Et, mes enfants ont faim.

Je ne peux pas entendre les rires,
Je ne peux pas voir les sourires,
Les visages vides avec des yeux proturberants,
Ils marchent sans but, ils ne sont pas encourageants.

Désor mais, je lutterai pour la vie,
Car, un jour, Dieu entendu mes cris.

Renee Carroll, 6A

REFLECTIONS

Tous les élèves savent qu'il ne reste que vingt ou trente jours pour aller à l'école. Ils seront très contents pendant l'été, ils n'auront pas les devoirs à faire. Mais cet été, il y aura des élèves qui ne seront pas très contents. Pourquoi? Parce qu'ils devront faire des examens. Pendant l'été ils transpireront en faisant leurs examens pendant que les autres se bronzeront sous le soleil.

Après les examens, après l'été quand tous les élèves seront à l'école, les résultats arriveront et enfin ils sauront.

L'année suivante les examens commenceront de nouveau, et de nouveau, et de nouveau



SUPER RECETTE !

Les Allumettes Au Fromage

Pour faire vingt allumettes au fromage il faut –

- 125 grammes de farine
- 125 grammes de beurre
- 125 grammes de fromage râpé
- 1 Jaune d'oeuf
- ½ cuillère à café de sel
- ½ tasse de lait.

- Mélange la farine, le beurre, le fromage et le sel. Laisse un peu de fromage pour la fin.
- Mélange le jaune d'oeuf et de lait. Laisse un peu de ce mélange pour la fin et ajoute la reste aux autres ingrédients.
- Fais une pâte avec tous ces ingrédients. Étale la pâte avec un rouleau. La pâte étalée doit avoir ½ cm d'épaisseur.
- Découpe la pâte en petits batons de 5 cms. de long et 1 cm. de large.
- Mets les petits batons sur une plaque beurrée, avec le reste du mélange d'oeuf et de lait. Saupoudre les petits batons avec le reste de fromage râpé.
- Fais cuire à four chaud pendant environ 20 minutes.

UNE REFLECTION SUR LA LANGUE

J'ai commencé d'apprendre la langue de Français quand j'étais dans la "première année". Tout était nouveau pendant ces jours tôt pour moi et pour les autres aussi, je crois. Nous avons commencé avec les verbes fondamentals, "être, avoir" et les autres mais c'était un peu difficile pour moi d'ajuster à une langue étrange mais néanmoins, c'était un peu plus facile de l'apprendre pendant les deuxième et troisième années.

La structure de la course a changé quand nous avons commencé la cinquième année et est devenue plus moderne et plus pertinente à la vie moderne en France. Maintenant nous pouvons lire des journaux ou des hebdomadaires sans difficulté et nous pouvons comprendre un peu des conversations sur la radio. Nous sommes la première groupe qui fait cette course. Nous lisons le journal "Authentique" chaque mois et c'est très bon pour augmenter notre vocabulaire en français. Les "Faits Divers" sont intéressants et comme le nom indique, sont fondés sur les sujets divers. Par exemple, ils rangent d'un article sur une femme qui a brûlé son grand châteaux parce-que'elle a voulu l'argent de sa police d'assurances à un article sur un gorille triste.

A mon avis nous avons assez de français pour travailler en France et sur ce point j'espère que je pourrai y aller pour la cueillette des fruits pendant les mois d'août et de Septembre. Je voudrais voir les spectacles de Paris et aussi gagner un peu d'argent quand je serai là.

Je suis très heureux que j'ai appris la langue parce-que une sphere neuf de la vie s'est ouvert pour moi maintenant et je connais un peu les français et je comprends leur langue.

J'espère que tout les autres étudiants dans notre lycée qui apprennent la langue l'aimeront bien et qu'ils recevront des bienfaits aussi que moi. Au revoir maintenant et bonne chance avec vos sujets, (particulièrement le français).

Colin Murphy, 6A



un Français, une Française



un Irlandais, une Irlandaise

... pensez aux noms des professeurs à l'école. By Billy Fitton, 2nd year.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Elle a peur du feu parce qu'elle est en bois. | 1. Elle a changé son nom de l'eau à l'alcool. |
| 2. Son père habite Rome. | 2. Il apporte toujours un sac. |
| 3. C'est "le big boss". | 3. Monsieur superfit. |
| 4. Elle porte "un stick" toute la journée. | 4. Le plus grande homme de l'école. |
| 5. Elle a une voiture noire. | 5. Blanc et noir. |
| 6. Le führer des enfants. | 6. Comme no. 1, il a peur du feu. |
| 7. Ils habitent ensemble. | 7. Elle est toujours dans la cuisine. |
| 8. Vert. | 8. Pensez à snooker. |
| 9. Elle n'est pas à l'école en ce moment. | 9. Le père des troisièmes. |
| 10. Danseuse Havana. | 10. "Où est ta class?" |
| 11. Elle travaille dans une petite salle spéciale. | 11. L'homme aux cheveux rouges. |
| 12. Les rideaux. | 12. Un "des Beatles". |
| 13. Comme les kilomètres. | 13. Elle garde des livres. |
| 14. Cherchez- vous une poste? | 14. Il a une bicyclette bizarre. |
| 15. Elle chante bien. | 15. Elle a une fille à l'école. |
| 16. Il a de la force, la puissance. | 16. Elle parle "posh". |
| 17. Il est professeur de la science. | 17. Un mois en printemps. |
| | 18. Elle s'appellait Kathleen une fois à la television. |



OLD JOE

He struggled down the street aimlessly, and having nowhere to go;
He'd been left in the middle of nowhere and the old man's name was Joe;
A drunk and a straggler, a man of nothing much,
He'd been sent to this fearful world,
With nothing but God's loving touch.

Dressed in his ragged clothes,
He looked a pitiful sight,
As he searched for a sheltering spot,
To keep out the cold of the night.

The light shimmered in the river,
The streets were silent and cold,
Old Joe huddled in a corner,
With nothing but himself to hold.

Yvonne Carroll, Rang Eanna,

A Day in E10

We start at nine
And all seems fine
Until we begin to work,
For then our hair falls down
Our arms get tired
And we think we have had enough.

Our teacher calls us shorthand tests
Which we take so readily
We now have mastered so many speeds,
100, 150, 200, GEE !!

In front of our brown machines
We sit
Arms, back, legs, straight,
We look so stiff.
We start to type and type
Until we make a mistake
But then our friend Mr. Tippex comes
And helps us good to make.

Wednesday morning with Mr. Myers
The man as handsome as Johnny Gyles.
His aftershave is sweet and fair
He has a sweet smile
And a flick in his hair.

We get religious guidance
In a peculiar sort of way
From Mrs. O'Mahony
Wohl! What she can say.
She reminds and warns us
Fussily, not to tangle
With men in Brussels.

We feel we have achieved our goal,
In shorthand/typing and in more
Perfectionist/Receptionists
We have made
Look our world,
We come to your aid.

Secretarial Class, 1985

The Four Seasons

Summer is the time when things do grow,
Flowers bloom and rivers flow.
The days they are so bright,
And stars shine in the night.

Autumn is the time when leaves will fall,
From trees so big but some so small.
Animals sleep while hidden away,
And don't come out till a Spring day.

Winter is the time known for snow,
And for Christmas as you well know.
This is the season when Jesus was born,
One cold and weary winter's morn.

Spring is the time when animals appear
And do not have any fear
Of the cold or the frostbite,
Or the darkness of the night.

Debbie O'Neill, Breandan.

A Heaven or Hell

A monument blackened and ruined,
Once stood erect and high,
The mourning voices on the wind,
As casualties crawl by.
The children's playground, once full of laughter
Now blushes with their blood.
Who, can you tell me are the victorious
The crippled seek refuge,
But where will they find it!

We call ourselves civilised,
Us, with our motor cars and spaceships,
Are definitely not savage,
But still, we would sooner kill our neighbours
Than our dogs.
Fire, blood, guns,
Is that what's in store for our sons!

Let us all be free,
To have Liberty,
To talk, to play, to learn to say:
Peace to all,
Let no man fall,
Let peace rule once again.

Let all colours, creeds and nations join as one
Let there be a world worth living for your son
Let no-one fall
Let Love conquer all,
Let no-one sit in the corner,
Let all talk aloud.

Jerry Burke, Class Brid.

THE MUGGING

By Eileen Conway, Breandan

She was old, she was grey, she was wrinkled,
She was feeble and very, very thin,
And she carried in her hand an old string bag,
Some meager possessions within.

She shuffled along on the pavement,
Until a corner she happened to round,
Where two youths for her lay in ambush,
And left her half dead on the ground.

As she lay there in pain on that pavement,
She tightly held onto her bag,
But those youths for her showed no mercy,
For that bag from her grasp they did drag.

To reap their reward for their deeds,
Its contents they spilled on the ground,
And as they searched through her meagre possessions,
These are the items they found.

First 'twas a little brown rosary
With beads that were shabby and worn.
Then a scraggy old prayer book,
With pages all tattered and torn.

From that fell a card of remembrance,
Of someone she really did love.
And there were also 30 brown coppers
Wrapped up in the palm of her glove.

Oh, and I nearly forgot, a little blue shoe,
A shoe of a child I declare,
And she had in her hand another blue shoe,
A shoe that made it a pair.

From her squalor she raised to her elbows,
And begged her assailants to go,
But leave me those shoes to remember
A child that was mine long ago.

Take if you must those pieces of copper,
They're all the wealth I possess.
This stirred the heart and the conscience
Of those youths she did address.

They saw the height of their folly,
They saw the fruit of their knell,
And they thought of him that was betrayed,
For 30 pieces as well.

For
In panic they ran from their crime.
They didn't know which way to go.
They left her there clutching that blue shoe,
And she prayed for the sins of her foe.

As she lay there alone on the pavement,
Her life it was ticking away,
To the Lord in the heavens above
That old lady started to pray.

Her face it was calm and composed,
The shoe she clutched tight in her hand,
She prayed to the Lord for forgiveness,
As she answered to his command.

Her lips they were clinched oh so tightly,
Her eyes they were opened wide,
And all alone on that mucky old pavement,
That dear old lady she died.

Then she heard a faint whisper
"Oh Mammy that shoe in your hand it is mine,
Oh come with me Mammy, don't worry,
I'll take you to see the divine".

The Fight

The gangs were prepared for the night,
They all were ready for the fight.
This time no guns, no knives, no chains,
This fight was different it felt so strange.
They realised now, bloodshed was cruel,
And popping and locking were really cool.
Breaking and spining were really hot
And that is all the kids sought.
No more to be killed, no more to be maimed,
Now the kids were searching for fame.

Kevin Power, Eanna.

Mother Nature

Mother Nature is someone sweet,
kind and gentle with lots of treats.
She has a special aim in life
to protect the animals from guns and knives.

She makes the pathway through their lives,
and digs their graves when they die.
She tries to help them as much as they need,
never fails but does her good deeds.

When there's trouble she's always there,
for the fox, the badger and even the hare.
Notice her always and treat her kind,
for Mother Nature is never blind.

Helen O'Brien, Class Breandan.

An t-Earrach

Ta an t-Earrach ag teacht aris,
Ta na scamill ag eiri geal,
Ta na duilleoga ag fas sa choill,
'S ta na spideogin ag deanamh nead.

Ta na crann ag eiri mor,
Ta na hein ag teacht ar ais,
Ta an tIora Rua le feicail,
Mar ta plutha le nithe sa choill.

Bionn na leanai ag dul ar scoil,
'S nach laidir a bhionn an ghaoth,
Bionn siad ag sugradh agus ag imirt,
'S brea le cach an t-Earrach.

Barra De Nogla,
Breandan.

B.C.S. FOROIGE CLUB

Hear ye, hear ye, unless you want to miss out on the news of the B.C.S. Foroige Club, the most upcoming youth club around. It consists of 34 members, both 1st and 2nd years and has been in progress for only about 3 months. In this short interval we have achieved many things. Mr. Horgan, the teacher that you hear shouting all the time down in Area B, does photography with us and one of these days we hope to develop our own photographs. Also in progress is the history of our own local castle in Ballincollig, done kindly by Mr. Horgan's wife. Each week we do various different sports for example basketball, rounders, soccer and lots more. Each night Anthony Rooney, Vincent Dwyer and Gearoid O'Sullivan hold quizzes and Sean O'Donoghue, Rosemary Brennan and Evelyn Legane hold debates. Lately we participated in an achievements day for Foroige clubs in Cork and here all the work was displayed, by each club, on charts. Unfortunately as we are such a young club we did not have a full display board but we hope, by next year, to be a fine healthy club. For the major part of the day we did some sort of sport and the evening was rounded off with a disco which of course was a great success.

We have a committee consisting of 6 members with Olive O'Driscoll as Chairperson and every week before the actual meeting, the committee discuss what we are going for that meeting during Monday lunchbreak. We hold our meetings every Wednesday night in the Community School from 7.30 to 9.30. For approximately 20 minutes at the start of these meetings we all sit down and discuss what we have planned for our Foroige Club for example at the moment we are thinking of doing some sort of community efforts and lots of clever suggestions have been made. Well, most of them are clever anyway! Unfortunately there are no vacancies in our club as there is a restricted number allowed to each club, and all those places have been filled.

Of course we mustn't forget Mr. O'Leary our club leader, and Mrs. Donnelly who also along with the Horgan clan help to make our club a successful one, a club we are all very proud of. Now that you have heard about our fabulous club I know ye will ALL support us in any activity we might take part in.

Jean O'Donoghue, (Secretary).
Olive O'Driscoll, (Chairperson).

THE DIARY OF THE SCHOOL'S SENIOR CHOIR

September, October and November:

Practising every Wednesday for the upcoming hectic events. The work was hard but was to be rewarded!!!

December:

A hectic month, our first performance was at the carol concert in the new church. The second performance was on the inner balcony in the A.I.B., South Mall. Here we were competing against choirs from all over Cork. Each participant received £3 each whether or not they won. Three days later we found out that we had won the contest and that we were invited again to sing in the Bank. After we had finished singing, we were treated to refreshments and we were given a cheque, which we gave to charity. Our final event in December was the parents night at Christmas. The choir sang between the two plays. One of our major concerts during December was the inter-school Carol Festival in St. Finbarr's Cathedral. We sang along with schools from all over Cork. The festival was in aid of S.H.O.U.T. and it raised over £200.

February:

During January we practised and rehearsed for the Feis Maitiu. We participated in two categories and came second (by one point) and third (by 3 points). After this we rehearsed for our major event, The International Choral Festival in Limerick.

March:

On March 23rd we arrived in Limerick along with choirs from Austria, The Federal Republic of Germany and The United States. After hearing the competition and ourselves we felt that we had a good chance of winning. However, the adjudicator hadn't the same idea. He didn't award any first place, only second and third. Initially we came second but were soon placed third!! But all the same we enjoyed ourselves and we won a glass plate for coming third!!!

May:

Now we are preparing for further upcoming events e.g. Choral Festival, Chor Fheile and the Eacht Awards.

P.S. We would especially like to thank Mrs. O'Connell and Mr. Murray for all the help we received from them. We would also like to thank the staff of the school.

ANTI-RIOT BARRIER ON TEST?



Anti-Riot unit in action
(I wonder who the teacher is?)

During the year you may have noticed that the school has been sort of, ya know, a bit too densely populated. The situation has been brought to our attention in the past few weeks by an erection of an anti-riot unit in Area A. This device has been cleverly disguised as a notice board and this has been so successful that people have actually started putting posters on it. If you examine this object closer you will find the inside is hollow so that a member of the school staff can scuttle inside, when the need arises. This device could turn out quite successful or useful while trying to avoid the usual stampedes at approx. 11 a.m. and 1.15 p.m. The handling of this daily disaster has proved quite challenging to those teachers on cafeteria duty. At least if things get out of hand there's somewhere for them to hide. Ah, I hear you question! If this device is for hiding in, why does it rotate? Fear not! All will be revealed. This device can also act as an E.W.S. (Early Warning System). Once inside this anti-

riot unit you have a clear view of the main entrance and entrances to Area B, Area F and the cafeteria door. You can spot a sneak attack in plenty of time. Also if things get really rough a sleeping gas gun can be attached to the top and the person inside can render the attackers helpless. This device is still at the experimental stage and if successful they will be erected in every Area throughout the school.

Now aren't you glad that you're not walking around in ignorance thinking that it was just a silly notice-board.

TAE KWON-DO

Unlike other martial arts Taekwon-do is a relatively new art being founded only forty years ago by General Choi Honghi of the Korean army. Taekwon do means "the art of foot and hand" and we use no weapons except our hands and feet. Since its foundation it has spread all over the world and has become so popular that it is being included as a sport in the next Olympics.

Ballincollig Tae Kwon-do school was formed over a year ago by two black belts. There are around forty members and numbers are still increasing. We start off doing exercises, for about 15 minutes. Then we do some combination punches, blocks and kicks and practice our patterns. Then we are called out by our black belt to see if we know what we have to learn and to get our mistakes corrected. Next comes the part everybody loves, we pick a partner around our own size for sparring. Sparring lasts for two minute bouts. Nobody ever gets hurt as it is only semi-contact sparring.

Our school is part of the Republic of Ireland Tae Kwon-do Association and every few months gradings are held. There are ten different belts from yellow to black belt. It usually takes about three years before someone can become a black belt and about eighteen months between grades for different degree of blackbelt. Competitions are also held and every couple of months our school enters into one. There are three different areas that can be entered, Pattern, Sparring and Destruction. Patterns are movements using different kicks, punches and blocks. Sparring can get rough in competition but nobody ever gets hurt. Destruction then is breaking boards using different punches and kicks.

Overall Tae Kwon-do is a very enjoyable sport and is very good for self-defence. It is a very good way of getting fit both mentally and physically.

Conor Downey.

LIB AND LET LIB

AREN'T YOU taking this woman's
lib a little too seriously?

I don't
want to go!!!



WHY SHOULDN'T GIRLS DO WOODWORK?

Girls don't belong in the kitchen! Why shouldn't girls do woodwork? Why should we be fobbed off with Home Economics? Why should we be forced to suffer as we drive the sewing machine needle through our fingers and smell our mouldy stew? Why should we have to endure the boys' insults about our cooking when we cannot criticize their feeble efforts at scissors holders?

Girls don't want to spend the rest of their lives in the kitchen! We want careers! It's unfair to the female sex! How would boys like to be in our shoes? How would they like to spend their Friday mornings making lumpy potatoe soup and diabolical semolina pudding? How would they like the feeling when they sew up the opening of their pillowcase?

So we appeal to you, staff of Ballincollig Community School, TO LET GIRLS DO WOODWORK!

From: The Women's Liberation Movement, Rang Gobnait.

SEX DISCRIMINATION IN B.C.S.

We, boys at Rang Eoin, want to protest strongly about sex discrimination against boys in our school. Why should only the girls be offered the most interesting and useful subject of Home Economics? Are we boys expected to starve later on in life when we are living as gay young bachelors (or as priests) in our own flats? Did Fr. Aidan learn how to cook in his school? Or does he have to pay a maid to do all his cooking in order to keep his body and soul together?

In the world today most of the best known chefs are males. Some of us boys in Rang Eoin want to be famous chefs. How are we going to get a start on our careers if we are not allowed to do cooking in school even if it is only mouldy stew, lumpy potatoe soup, and diabolical semolina pudding? One has to start somewhere! Why should we boys have to spend our school days shaving wood, banging our thumbs with hammers or drilling metal when some of us would love to be able to design trendy football shorts, way out jeans or even, at worst, sew up pillowcases. Where did those famous males such as Dior, St. Laurent or Michael Mortell (a Corkman) learn the basics of dress-making before they became international dress designers?

It's obvious that males have a flair for Home Economics. Why else do so many of them make it to the top as famous chefs, Restaurateurs or as fashion designers? So please, staff of B.C.S., it's time to end discrimination against the boys and to open up the doors of the cookery and dress-making rooms to us.

The Men's Liberation Movement, Rang Eoin.

Let us never again hear it said that the school administration does not listen to the pupils. Due to popular demand and constant harrassment, next year 1st year pupils will undertake all subjects. Mothers will wait anxiously for the arrival of their sons from school complete with mouldy stew, sponge cakes, desserts, etc. Also fathers shall wait in anticipation for their daughters so as to see their latest creations from the metalwork and wood-work rooms. It's finally happened, although around 10 years too late, so let's have no more rubbish about sex discrimination in our delightful little school. Another great triumph for the 'School Reporter'.

Ricky Lucey.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A SCHOOL REPORTER

By Anthony Chambers (5A)

As everyone knows 5th years have taken over the 'School Reporter' and much to the chagrin of the 6th years we have improved it immensely. For only 5p we give you up-to-date news, numerous humorous items, competitions intended to inspire a stronger school spirit and a sense of pride in our school. Also we give opportunities for pupils to express themselves and to tell other pupils about clubs and societies to which they belong. And still people complain! Do you know what we, the reporters, have to go through each week so that you can complain about every whimsical error?

Our horrific week starts on Monday when we unite to think up stories for the forthcoming edition. Once sorted out we face home to write our articles. On Wednesday we edit and compile all the material handed in (which isn't easy as we only scrape 10 articles a week). The next two days are pain-staking, the time is spent waiting and waiting until Friday afternoon when the sales are known. Usually (of course) the sales are high but as they say, "no rest for the weary", and as soon as the 'Reporters' are sold we begin again to plan for next week's hectic edition.

And even after our never-ending week we still get assaulted by members of the enemy editorial staff, "The Eanna Echo", get threatening letters from 6th years, and on the whole get taken for granted. Is this fair we ask? Do we modest, sympathetic, humorous, intellectual 5th years deserve this treatment? Before you answer that, we plead with all ye "reporter spongers" to pay a measly 5p for the BEST paper around. (But I suppose that doesn't take much, (being the best!), especially with the Eanna Echo as competition).

FILM CLUB

The Film Society was started a few years ago by a fifth year. In the early stages the films had to be sent away for. The films were then shown on a projector in a social area. It was a great success despite the noise and flickering of the picture.

Recently the Film Society has succeeded in paying back the total amount loaned for the purchase of the giant video screen. Obviously the picture and sound quality have vastly improved because of this reason. The videos are now shown in the cafeteria and the members of the society have, over the past few years, set up a shop for the convenience of its patrons. We are at the moment showing videos from the Beetamax range but foresee changing to VHS as there is a greater selection for this brand. The film society is also involved in videotaping important school events, for example football finals, plays, Eacht Awards, Concerts, and the like. The society encourages its members to take an interest in the operation of the video camera.

As to the actual 'internal operation', many people don't realise the amount of work which goes into the showing of a film. It all begins with a meeting on Tuesday when such things as the video to be shown, permission to use the cafeteria, teacher supervision, shop supplies, monthly expenditure and bills to be paid are discussed. All of these are efficiently done by Eleanor O'Donovan, the chairperson of the committee. On Wednesday the videos are taken out and reviewed for sound and picture quality and then the posters are put up. On Thursday everything is checked again. After school on Friday the equipment is gotten ready. At half past seven the cafeteria and shop are organised and at about seven forty five the doors are opened. At 8 p.m. the film is started!

Finally about two hours later when the film is over the cafeteria is tidied up and restored to its original state. This usually takes until about eleven o'clock. And all this for only ONE film!!

As you can see, the task of showing the videos is not just a slapstick arrangement and thanks to the help of Mr. Myles and Mr. O'Leary the society is going strong. A word of thanks is also required for the teachers who supervised and generally helped us out. Thanks to everyone who have helped to make the society such a success.

Noel Kerins, (5A).

COMPETITION COMPETITION COMPETITION

WHO'S YER MAN ! (WOMAN ?)

Match the following photos with the clues given below. All are members of the school staff. £5.00 to the first correct answer chosen. Entries to be dropped into competition box at the main office. Winner will be chosen on Friday, 24th May.

CLUES

- Fear an Uisce
- Sweetie Pie
- April Sunshine
- Spud
- "Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone".
- "The pipes, the pipes are calling"
- Get fit, Stay fit.
- Freckles
- Eney, Meeney
- The dream
- ALIL HC

ENTRY FORM

Name _____

Class _____

Photo: Name of Staff member

A: _____

B: _____

C: _____

D: _____

E: _____

F: _____

G: _____

H: _____

I: _____

J: _____

K: _____



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



I



J



K



JOKE CORNER

By Alan Jackson

POP WORDSEARCH By Robin O'Hara, Class Brld.

Looney Library List

- Dangerous cliff by Eileen Dover.
The Lazy Craff by Mustapha Sleep.
Life and Crime by Robin Banks.
Bygones by Edwardian Times.
Breakout by Freda Gang.
It's a hold-up by Nick R. Elastic.
Spots on the wall by Hu Flung Dung. (Published in Hong Kong)

D	U	N	L	K	P	N
U	G	E	O	I	R	I
R	N	W	S	N	I	K
A	U	E	A	G	N	K
N	O	D	N	J	C	E
D	Y	I	N	A	E	R
U	L	T	O	P	F	S
R	U	I	D	A	S	H
A	A	O	A	N	I	A
N	P	N	M	A	H	W

1. Wham
2. Duran Duran
3. Madonna
4. Nik Kershaw
5. Paul Young
6. Prince
7. Japan
8. King
9. New Edition

JUDGE – I find you not guilty of robbing the bank.
DEFENDANT – Does that mean that I can keep the money?

A rocket on its way to the moon contained a monkey and a Kerryman. They both had instructions in a sealed envelope. When the monkey opened his envelope it read: (1) Check oxygen levels in lunar module. (2) Prepare retro-rockets for minor course adjustments. (3) Launch computerised satellite.
When the Kerryman opened his envelope it read: Feed the monkey.

A man took his little boy to Dublin one day and they went to see Leinster House. They saw a priest coming out of it and the boy said "Does he pray for the Dail?" "No", said his father. "He looks at the Dail and he prays for the country".

Q. – Why was the moth all dressed up?
A. – It was going to a moth ball.

A boy went to the library and asked the librarian to choose a good book for his mother. "Do you want something heavy or light?" she asked. "It doesn't matter which", said the boy. "I have a carrier on my bike".

The boss was interviewing a rather shifty looking chap who had applied for a job. "How long were you in your last situation?" asked the boss. "Six months". "And what were you doing?" "Six months".

Q. What do liars do when they die?
A. They lie still.

Q. What driver never breaks the speed limit?
A. A screwdriver.

Q. Who is the most famous underwater spy?
A. James Bond.

Q. Which fish is musical?
A. The Tuna Fish.

Q. Why do nuns wear black?
A. It's a habit they get into.

Q. What do you do for an injured lemon?
A. Give him a lemon aid.

Q. What is green and jumps up and down?
A. A spring cabbage.

Q. Why is it hard to keep a secret in cold weather?
A. Because your teeth chatter so much.

Q. When is a housewife's washing like a train?
A. When it's on the line.

Q. How do you get four elephants into a mini?
A. Put two in front and two in the back.

Q. How do you get four giraffes into a mini?
A. Take out the elephants.

Q. How can you tell when there are elephants in the cinema?
A. You'll see the mini parked outside.

Q. Where does Friday come before Thursday?
A. In the dictionary.

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