

Classes  
of  
1991

Ballincollig  
Community  
School

## Réamhrá

Is cúis athais dom-sa an Réamhrá seo a scríobh don "Leabhar Bliantiúil 1991" Traoslaím le gach éinne a bhí páirteach leis an leabhar stairiúil seo.

I am delighted to have the opportunity to present this Foreword to the "Class of 1991" Year-book. wish to congratulate the pupils for the various articles and the teachers, particularly Mr. T. Horgan, Mr. F. Alcock, Year Head, who ensured that the 1991 Year-Book would prove to be an excellent memento for pupils of the 1991 Leaving Certificate Class.

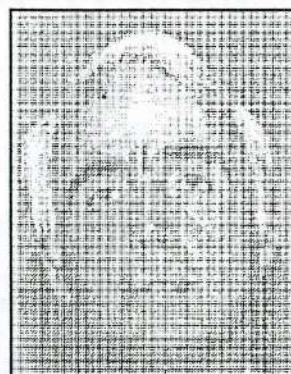
I publicly wish to thank Mr. Alcock, for the part he played as Year Head to the present Leaving Certificate Pupils. He has nurtured their development, and has instilled in each, a sense of maturity and responsibility that I am sure in years to come, they will appreciate.

In particular I wish to thank Mr. Horgan, without whose help and assistance this handbook could not possibly have been put together. The contribution made by our pupils down through the years has been enriched by the support they received from the Community - Parents and non-parents alike. Most of the research undertaken by pupils in project work, could not have been achieved without the help of the Community at large.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the 1991 Leaving Certificate Class for their contribution to Ballincollig Community School. I hope that as they leave their "Alma Mater", each will carry into life, happy memories of their five years at Ballincollig Community School.

Rath Dé ar bhúr n-iarrachí ata ins na blianta at rómaibh.

*Dan Murray (Principal)*



## A Parting Poem

*F. Alcock*

*What is required of us in  
our time  
is that we go down  
into uncertainty  
Where what is new is old as  
every morning,  
and what is well known is  
not known as well:*

*That we go down  
into the most human  
where living men have  
vanished  
and the music of their meaning  
has been trapped and sealed.*

*What is asked of us in our time  
is that we break open  
our blocked caves  
and find each other.  
Nothing less will heal the anguished spirit,  
nor release the heart to act in love.*



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### Magazine Committee

Der Barry Murphy, Susan Calnan, Jacqui Harrington, Catherine Hogan, Brian Delaney, Ger McCullagh, Maeve Twomey.

### Typeset and Layout

Margaret Barry, Louise Bergin, Gillian Brady, Sarah Brennan, Caroline Cadogan, Marcella Canty, Elaine Delaney, Finoula Diskin, Martina Hanrahan, Suzanne Kelly, Tricia Kirstein, Claire Mc Carthy, Jo Ann Mc Donough, Danielle Murphy, Tina O' Driscoll, Niamh Reilly Mr. Tim Horgan.

### Photographs:

Mr. S. Slowey, Mr. F. Alcock

The Editor would like to take this opportunity to thank the Information Technology Class.

# AUTOGRAPHS

Two columns of horizontal lines for autographs. Each column contains 18 lines, consisting of a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.



# Dracula Spectacula

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

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

It all started with the herding of unsuspecting fifth-years into C17 by the daunting Herr Alcock in his gently

persuasive manner ("Do you want to audition for a play or go on report"). A week later and all the roles had been

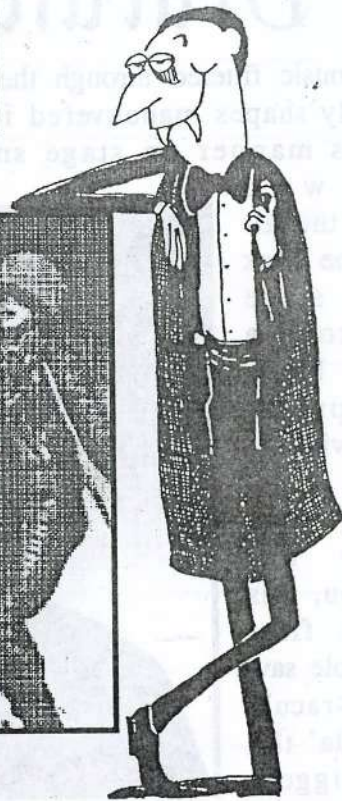
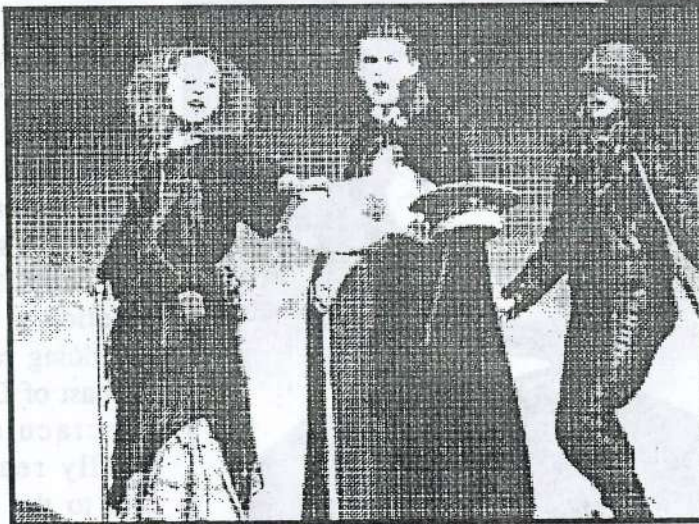
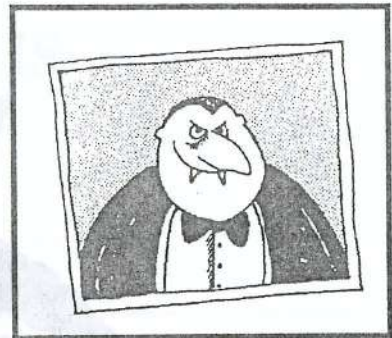
handed out. Now it was time to roll up the sleeves and settle down to hard work and a bit of fun.

After 3 months of rehearsing, learning lines, practicing moves and doing routines the cast of Dracula Spectacula was finally ready to take to the boards and break a few legs. On the Thursday night

pre-show nerves were at an all time high with about ten people wanting to bale out 5 minutes before show-time. However we overcame the tension and succeeded in putting on a truly "Spectacula" show.

To list all the highlights of the show would take an eternity but there are some particulars which have to be mentioned. For example surely no-one can forget the furyr which was caused by the rhinestones and glitter of the Count Dracula Elvis-Style silver suit. Or the intense, tear-jerking love scene between





the sophisticated Dr Nick Necrophobic and the demure Miss Nadia. And of course, least we forget to mention, the sight of a stage full of fifth-years boogieing to the "Rhesus Negative Rock". I could continue for pages more but unfortunately space and the rain forests prevent me from so doing.

Overall this production will, in my opinion be best remembered by all involved for the way in which it brought people closer together , both pupils and teachers. For once we were allowed to feel confident in our own abilities and express ourselves accordingly. This is what we will remember the "Dracula Spectacula' for.

*Fiona Culligan and Marion Murphy.*

Mc Adoo being the founder members with their record number of fifteen french notes. Any one with less than three notes were refused membership, therefore Mary Kelly and Niamh Boyde were excluded immediately. Ah well, enough of second year. A year passes and we are into 3A, the year of the



*What are all these boys doing in my bedroom.*

## From Aoife To 6a

**W**e've come a long way!

The first thing that springs to mind when we think of class Aoife is the "Mark and Hazel love affair", it was definitely the most controversial relationship going at the time. After a few false starts (Mark didn't really have it on with a German!) it finally got under way.

While this was going on, we as class Aoife encountered a few hurdles along the way. The biggest (literally!) was "Mad Monica" (Miss Harington for those of you who can't remember). Miss Owens because of her seemingly gruff exterior forced us to form the T.N.S. club, Liam Aherne and Kevin



*What the hell is happening!!!!*



*Wellies, wollen hats & raincoats.....*

inter!!! The "Mark and Hazel" Saga progresses.... or does it???? Due to the severe examine pressure!!!! We decided that a break was in order. We packed our bags and headed to Cappanlea with Miss Breda Cronin holding the torch (the torch for who we hear you ask??? not Mr O Mahony really!!)

The first night we were there Fiona Cullilgan, Marian Murphy, Eileen Jackson and Hazel Cronin (R.I.P) were evicted from their room at 3.30 am by the other female members of their class. Convicted without trial for - wait for it - talking!! Meanwhile beyond the strictly segregated barrier dividing males and females (I wonder why???) strange happenings were occurring. A certain John O Mahony featured greatly in Donnocha Lynch's dreams that night, but we survived this trip without too much stress.

Unfortunately the "Wildness" of this brave bunch proved too much for Thomas Banks so he left for England. Miss Owens moved the Ennis.

After surviving the junior cycles of B.C.S we entered 5A. While waiting anxiously for our inter results the love affair draws to a bitter end Hazel decides to get on with her life while Maek gets off...

Although we lost two members, we gained two more - Sean Murphy and Ian Stevenson.

With 5th year, as always comes the retreat. Water fights, blaring music and great craic, who could ask for more? With Mike O'Sullivan, Adrian O'Doherty, Adrian O'Connor, Brid Deasy and Louise Casey being some of the many victims of the water fight started by Fiona Keating and Colm O

Murcu Ian Stevenson provided us with the "melodic" sounds of Michael Jackson while Fiona K, Catherine Dineen, Pauline Monks and Niamh Lancaster drowned out the sound (difficult as it may seem) with the reggae beat of Bob Marley.

We returned from the retreat, high spirited, to be hounded again by one of our better Irish teachers Geraldine Dineen! who struck up a very good working relationship with Peter O Donovan and Paul Ahern.

In April of 5th year, we set off once again, - this time to Munich. Some people experienced things for the first time, ie Gillian Cotter, among those who had her first.....(she knows what we're talking about). Also Mr Alcock experienced his students in a different light..... After a mighty eight days we arrived home - a shadow of our former selves. But once again we recovered to move onto the final encounter - Sixth year.

Although it's not over yet, sixth year has been good so far. The debts featured tops on our list of priorities. It was well talked about with couples emerging such as Niamh Boyde and Paul Ahern, Elaine O



Keefe and Mike O Sullivan and Colette Hegarty who relived her past by pairing up with Pat O Hare. Aileen Murphy was also snatched up by the poetic infamous Sean O Flynn. However, some of us were disappointed by a certain rule made by certain people. One of the people disappointed being Gordon Murphy who was unable to bring his chosen one to the debs (much to Marks approval).

We haven't had many episodes in 6th year except for 2 major ones. The first being on incident involving Anne-Marie Maher ( - but we'll say no more about that!!) The second episode involving Paul Lordan who appeared on "Know your Sport" on New Years Eve. He certainly put Jimmy Magee in his place!!

All in all we had a few laughs together as a class. Good Luck, 6a. Here's to the future!



*Triona Corcoran won a trip to Germany.*



*The Young Scientists*



*Pupils Press.*



*They also serve.*



*"Fancy That" Mini Company.*



*Safdeck Mini Company.*



## The Night We Had A Ball.

*Catherine Hogan & Jacqui Harrington*

We all hated the fact that we couldn't bring anyone out side the school - but we got over it. Once reaching the Blarney park it was definitely a night to remember. The lobby, well what can we say - *Boring!* the style was "breathtaking"!?! The colour that stood out in our minds has to have been Pink(!), reason being every second person was wearing it - who said pastels were out of style! Every one was so "Friendly" - their enthusiasm and flattering comments touched us in a way we could never describe (or rather would never like to describe!).

Rounded up we were herded into the photographer who attached partner to partner to paint a pretty picture! (He seemed a very nice man indeed!)

As we entered the dining hall we were all taken aback and stood in awe and amazement at the wonderful sight - the dashing, the daring, the wonderful - Freddie! (He who took us under his wing from the beginning, nourished, cared for us, showed us right from wrong, and all this in the name of love! He, we call "master" he who signs our references at the end of the day, "Oh we love you *Daddy!!*")

Seated at tables the waitress on her marks, Fred at the mic - bang - they were off - - -! Eyes widened, mouths watering, forks ready in hand, chicken scurries across the table, but alls well that ends well!!!



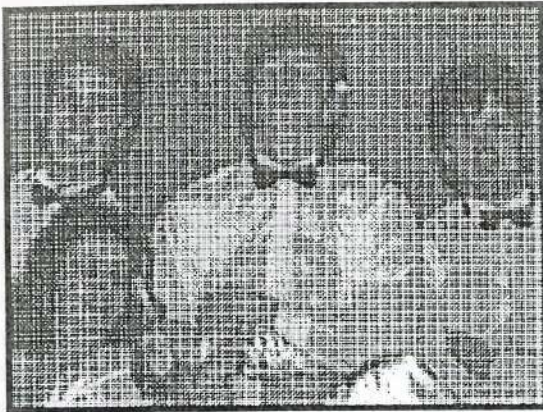
*Eh.....? ....I love a good beer!*



*Are you alright there, Grandpa?*



*Three men and a headache.*



*What's Shane groning about...?*



*Drinks are on the house.*



*The fabulous four.*



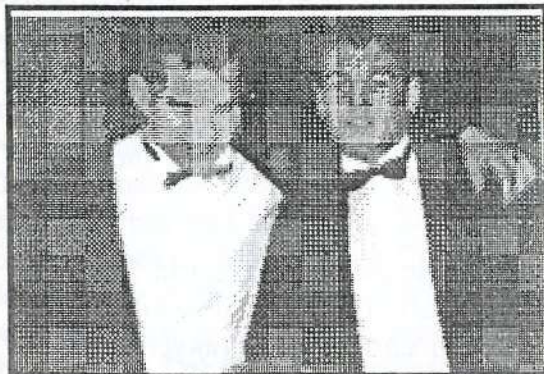
*Lift those skirts and here we go.*



*Groan..... chicken Vindaloo???*



*Wonder why he is smiling?*



*Hee, hee, hee !*



*Fatal attraction.*



*The ladies in waiting.*

Once the band played on them chords us cool cats sprang to the floor, and showed our teachers how to really get into the groove - "a bit of aul thumpty thump"! Freddie's fledglings took flight to the bar of the Grand Parade! Slightly shocked by the behaviour inside we must say Tara Ring and Alan mc Geogh did Freddie proud sipping on their Ballygowan bringing a fizz to their celebrations!

By 2.30 am the spider had lured us into his deadly web. Bopping away into all hours of the morning - many a story we can tell! For example, Louise Myler did herself proud, displaying her first aid skills on a poor defenseless Mitch! (To our knowledge he is not aware of that mission of love!) The DJ spun "Madonna" "Justify my love" - that was Jacqui's cue. Her sexy sensual moves overpowered the DJ and he responded with a bottle of after shave! To this day there are many explanations to how Cathrine Hogan received a juicy shiner! But Barry G knows the real truth - - -!!

5.30 am, Freds fledglings tumbled onto Washington Street arm in arm, singing, "show me the way to go home I'm tired and I want to go to bed, I had a little drink (!) about an hour ago, and its gone right to my head" "Yes through blood, sweat

and tears, (No less) We battled through the night, and came out a little ruffled but very content.

## The B.C.S Army

*Maeve Twomey*

When it comes to sports women are supposed to be inferior to men. But in the case of the Ballincollig Community School girls soccer club we were exceptions. Ellen O Leary took us out training every Friday after school in rain, hail, sleet and snow (that's the truth) we were preparing for our first munster championship in Limerick.

When we reached the Limerick Crescent Comprehensive school we wouldn't have had a hope in hell, but as the day went on we realized we were just as good if not better than most other teams we had played. That Saturday night we went out and danced the night away. Next morning we had a special mass in the convent and in the end our prayers really helped us as we went on to win the final.

The next year at Listowel was quite the same. We went down to the Listowel pitches and played our three matches and with great success as we pulled through to the semi-final next day. Soccer isn't just all tough training and matches as we also enjoyed the social side.

Having won the tournament in 1987 and 1988 we had to then host it sometime. So it was our turn to prove ourselves to the townsfolk of Ballincollig and we did it in style. Not only did we the Seniors win

but also the Juniors pulled off the double. Really making it a cause for celebrations that night.

Then in 1990 it was run on a league basis which meant we weren't going to be travelling anywhere, but whether or not we travelled we still won. So now it's all up to this year's team to see if we still have the same stamina and commitment to take Ballinacollig to the top!

## Debating

*Mary Kelly & Gillian Cotter*

Michael Jackson, Arnold Schwarzenegger and of course Hitler himself - what more could you ask for? Fifth year, being a relapse from academic activities, gave us an ideal opportunity to take to the podium. In the beginning, our influence was guided by our driving determination. In the committee election, Mná na hEirin came to the fore and Gillian Cotter was sworn into office.

The society, being the solid foundation of debating within the school, achieved phenomenal success in both inter-school debating competitions and all members were idolized by lust-hunger first and second years. The very mentioning of the name "Colm Barry Murphy" alas Arnold Schwarzenegger resulted in palpitations and the knocking of knees. The school featured prominently in all major debating competitions. In fifth year we entered two teams in the Choice Debate - namely Messrs Der and Colm Barry Murphy and also Mary Kelly and Gillian Cotter. Miss Triona Corcoran decided to join this illustrious list in sixth year. Our year group was represented in the Concern Debating Championship by two "studs" - Gordan Murphy and Oliver

McCarthy, who put on a fine performance.

Public speaking also proved to be very popular - Triona Corcoran, Eileen Jackson and Gordan Murphy performed exceptionally well, and were narrowly beaten by Mount Mercy. And now, all our hopes rested on our Soroptomist team - Eileen Jackson and Elaine O Keeffe. The Society was behind them, the teachers were behind them - The entire school was behind them. D-Day finally dawned, but our two speakers remained in hibernation. Frantically, we caught them out - but alas - A cause was lost, a great opportunity missed!

The debating season culminated on a high point - the harvest was ripe, and the fruit of the crop, the Cotter-Kelly combination, the number one seed, lived up to their "astounding reputation". Colm Barry Murphy, hot on their heels, scooped the best individual prize. Debating was a memorable experience Motion carried unanimously!

## All About Fred!!

*Susan Calnan*

Sir Fredrick d'Alcool stands tall in that classical stance, draped in the expensive blue coat (shipped all the way from the depths of the metalwork cloakroom), pen behind ear, mallet in one hand - A man ready for action, pursued by his male followers, for yes indeed "Fred's the name and metalworks the game".

"An interview!" he cries, "Ay Sir" - alas can this humble school-kid lure him into revealing all from the depths of that intricate mind. Yes indeed it seems that the "won't take no for an answer"

approach has worked and at last this 6th year enigma who calls himself "Fred" finally agrees to reveal all!

**Q. What was your 1st reaction when you were asked to be a year master?**

A. *Sheer terror!!*

**Q. Have you any ambitions left in life to fulfil?**

A. *To live to 95!! - besides of course owning a Ferrari, a yacht.....etc. etc. (Dream on Fred!)*

**Q. What is your favorite pastime?**

A. *Rowing and relaxing - basically having the time of my life!*

**Q. Do you feel intimidated by 200 people staring up at you at assembly?**

A. *Not in the least - in fact I quite enjoy it!! (N.B. - is looking quite distressed here)*

**Q. Are you a tidy person?**

A. *Extremely (you should see my module)*

**Q. What was your most memorable moment of the tour?**

A. *When I got off the bus and returned at last to the grounds of B.C.S. (You home bird you!)*

**Q. Your impression of German women?**

A. *Oh la! (No obscenities now please) Short interval for recovery!*

**Q. What aggravates you most?**

A. *People not doing what I want them to do Instantly. (Persistent aren't we)*

**Q. What is your favorite drink?**

A. *A Prairie Oyster - ideal for a hangover, works wonders!!*

**Q. Are you aware of your reputation as your year group heart-throb and what's your impression of this?**

A. *No Comment!! (Rumour has it that Sir Fredrick was in no way aware of such an outrageous reputation. Hence the question left him quite stunned ( but perhaps a little flattered deep down))*

**Q. What were you like as a child?**

A. *Quiet, shy, retiring.*

**Q. Was it always your intention to become a teacher?**

A. *No. I just drifted into it really. There was always the option of doing something more exhilarating eg. race course driver, but I took the safer option in the end - it pays great (!!!)*

**Q. What's your idea of ideal happiness?**

A. *Sun, Sand, Warm water and Palm Trees (a bit of a sun worshipper - eh!)*

**Q. What is your impression of youth today?**

A. *They have much more pressures nowadays, I think young people are much stronger today.*

**Q. What qualities do you need to be Year Head?**

A. *Patience, Patience and more Patience.*

**Q. Are you a calm person?**

A. *Yes, when I get my own way.*

**Q. Can you imagine spending the rest of your life at this job?**

A. *I've no other option really.*

**Q. Are you young at heart?**

A. *I feel about 18 all the time.*

**Q. What was your most rewarding moment as a year head?**

A. *The major success of the "Dracula Spectacula" and when the Leaving Cert results come out in August.*

**Q. Can you honestly say that you won't be heartbroken after our departure?**

A. *To tell the truth ... No!*

..... And so the enigma retreats back into the famous red cavern of Area E, and by

3.45 every evening he mysteriously vanishes.

Who is he? - Where does he go? Nobody knows but come 8.45 every morning he's the man they call Fred, the man they all love to know.

## The truth about the Phantom Troopers!

*Brian Delaney & Kevin O'Keefe*

**L**ong, long ago there was a man born in Holland. His name was John, son of a Carpenter. He himself inherited the desire to become a carpenter.

His Love for hurling brought him to Ireland where he settled in the little village of Inniscarra.

He looked for work everyday until he came across the little huddle of Ballincollig. And he is still there now as we found out first in 1989. We entered B-18 for the first time to find him carving a Caman out of Ash.

John took notice of our presence and immediately stamped his authority by evicting Alan McGeogh out of the class. Soon to follow was Sean Hennessy, Cormac McCarthy and Brian Hullahan. Stunned by these atrocities, we turned out to be terrorists, defiant to get our revenge. Strike one was the Phantom Mutilator that left John near tears. Strike two was the destruction of an oilstone. Brian Delaney was abducted, interrogated and convicted of this terrible deed and found himself banished to the store for two weeks.

While Brian was locked up, another sectarian attack came about on John's faithful Leprechaun, Finbar. The poor thing was flushed down the toilet.

The summer came and there was a lull in violence. When autumn came again things went from bad to worse for poor John of Holland. We put him under immense pressure to get cement for our projects until he finally gave in. As soon as the cement arrived the Phantom Cement movers set to work. These mystery people hid the cement to Johns dismay. After serious consultation with Mrs. Curke, no evidence was found but it is thought that Ian Byrne and Kevin 'Coffee' O Keefe were the culprits.

As time passed things got quieter and John and the terrorists made peace. We found John was a nice man and he confessed he will miss us. How could he forget us.

The class were Brian Delaney, Brendan O'Sullivan, Kevin 'Coffee' O'Keefe, Ian Byrne, Ger McCullagh, Danny Dwyer, Donal Buckley, Barry Gleason, Podsy o Mahoney, Peter o Connell, Derek o Leary, Fergus Griffen, Brian Ring, Ollie McCarthy, Colm o Murachu, Declan O Driscoll.

## Reliable Sources

*Ian Byrne, Der Barry Murphy & Mark McGillacuddy*

**T**'wasn't a bad ould five years all the same plenty of interesting couples down through the years.

There was lads. This is to be kept between ourselves no one besides us is to know. I mean if Danny Dwyer finds

out that we said that he's after Alan Jackson, because there is no-one else left in the family that he hasn't gone with except maybe the dog, there could be trouble.

I wonder will we have two new families on the way with Pods and Anne Marie and Elaine and Brian. One couple who won't be starting a family is Brian Ahern and Maeve even with all their carry on in a certain nite-club the night of the Inter-Cert results.

Who remembers the day someone announced that Joe Murphy robbed Liam O'Connor's girl for the debs! I wonder does Niamh Lancaster know about that dirty deed Joe? Speaking of the debs did Froggie ask Ann O' Sullivan in the end. I remember he was after her alright wasn't he lads. Remember Gordon Murphy, he was nearly crying when Hazel couldn't go. Let's just say Mark McGill was quite pleased. Let's go back to second year two interesting couples were Cormac and Jaqui and Ger and Suzanne.

St Stephen's Night 1990 who remembers the carry on between Adele and Tucker. I heard something unusual happened but the less said the better. Ian Steveson how did you feel after two classmates of yours Paul Lordon and Adrian O'Doherty asked Marion Murphy to the Debs after you brought her in 1989. What about Der. We heard you sat up till 5am in Germany talking about a certain Suzanne Martin to Tim O'Connell.

We remember Sean O'Flynn's urges throughout the past five years don't we lads going around calling Eileen Jackson a s\_\_\_\_\_ kitten and it's no secret that he is wild about Pamela Harvey now you leave

him alone Der Barry Murphy. Wasn't Ian O' Donovan heartbroken when his fling with Toni O'Brien ended. The less said the better. Remember the 1990 Valentine issue of the pupils press a message of Puddles of Passion was sent from Brendan O' Sullivan to certain third year. Do you remember Thomas Lynch, Eileen Jackson wasn't wild about you. Toss Leach we remember had a sudden urge for Deirdre O' Reiley during fifth year. Remember when Fiona Culligan and Donal Murphy left an establishment at the same time, did anything happen I wonder.

Back to the Jackson affair Danny Dwyer we hear from a reliable source that you were in dire straits up at the L+ N shouting "Will ya or won't ya" to Eileen. Tim O'Connell brought Derv from fifth year to the Debs and we hear that he just put her in the back of the mini and drove off. We hear that he treated her very violently. Now you leave Tim alone David O' Sullivan.

We can't write much about Mark McGill because we lost count on how many times he was involved with Hazel and dumped as well we might add. What about Byrnsei voted Grandfather of the year 1990. It was a very emotional moment for him to see that Loftus one parade around the stage in that black rig-out. We hope we have brought back some happy and painful memories to those mentioned above!

## Well Holy God!

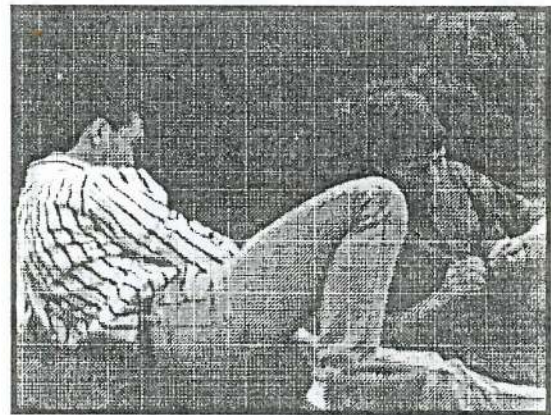
*Claire Coakly*

The month of November was jammed packed with chatter of the Retreat. Myross Woods sounded like a Heaven here on earth. Our class was the last to go. Those who had already gone were sworn to secrecy on their adventures there. They shushed one another in the area when we arrived and regarded us with an air of "For us to know and for you to find out", Aahah! - but we were too clever! (Well, at least we thought we were). With some sneaking around, threatening and cornering in the dark alleys we managed to grasp some hints - we snitched rumours of paper, countries, a hut, mouldy apple tart, crying and set squares - all of which we could not make sense of. So our persuasive powers were all in vain. The suspense was gruesome.

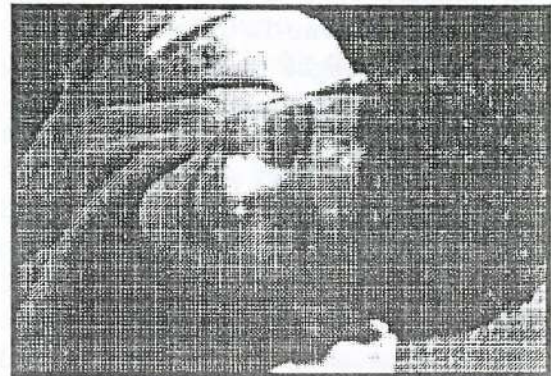
On November 13 at 9.30 am we were on our way. We (Julie, Jackie, Carol and myself) managed to secure the seats at the back. We baffled and ate and drank (minerals of course) and did all those things teenagers are famous for....

On arrival, we were introduced to Fr.Pat and Fr.John. These men of the cloth could have easily been mistaken for D.Js or fishermen or even medical laboratory technicians (?). The truth, they were really nice and did all they could to make us feel welcome and important. The next few hours made us all feel very at home. We spent our hours on various sessions of sitting around, discussing ourselves on topics like what we would like to change about ourselves, what we reckon our talents are and generally analyzing and searching for our true selves.

Between the sessions we were allowed to roam. We galloped around the vast green ground of this beautiful corner of the world. Most of us headed through the woods down to the pier and "volia!" the "hut" which stood isolated and



*Can you keep a secret?..I think I'm pregnant.*



*Cocky having a high time!*





*Hee, Hee, Hee, She's a sharp one Madge!*

inviting. We all scrambled in and after a few attempts at games of truth, we settled on a game of "Chew the Butt" where two members of the class (namely Joe Murphy and lit'ole me!) won or lost.

Dinner was served and picked at, (except for Jackie!). Yes, as expected the food wasn't as Mother would make, or maybe that was all physiological.

After dinner, more of the stimulating sessions continued. We watched television that night also while others were talking to the priests and more still roaming the Wood. That was very BRAVE of them, don't you think? They must have had a great incentive. ... But of course this was of course "Twin Peaks" landed in Ireland when woods were woods and plastic packages on beaches were just disposed nappies. We continued to watch television - "Taggart",

("there has been a murder!"). Finally we were allocated to our rooms and despite all our plans and schemes we all fell asleep immediately.

The next morning after ahem, "breakfast", we dawdled around and discovered an orchard and tennis courts, we wondered once again through the woods (-Remember the narrow wooden bridge? - there were pillow fights, water fights, mousse fights (Cormac's mousse - he got very upset!).... Then more sessions. Then dinner - where we all came to the conclusion that no - it wasn't physiological - the food was bad! (But Jackie still ate it).

More sessions including the wonderful trade game where some people even used physical abuse to get a compass....(no names mentioned Louise...). All the games we allowed ourselves to be involved in, consisted of teamwork.

The priests had succeeded in bringing the class closer together. The journey home at 5.30 pm was harmonious and loud (except for Joe, the excitement of the two days got too much for him or was it the food...?). Real food (i.e. Mars bars, taytoes, sweets etc) was bought and shared, (in that little shop in Clonakilty, they didn't know what was happening - we bombarded them out of hibernation!). Songs were sung, jokes dispersed and all agreed that we each had a wonderful time and that the class was without a doubt, much closer. Last but not least everyone was proud to say they could add a notch to their voyage to maturity! (Well the girls anyway!)

A special Thank-You to Fr. Michael for organising the retreats and not getting annoyed with us when he had every right to (everyone except me though...!)

## Lines Written On A Seat (In Social Area E)

*Colm Barry Murphy.*

While bathing in the tranquility of the Social Area before the madding crowd arrive I ponder the mysteries of life, time age and beauty - none of which I possess. My silence is shattered by Ms. Corcoran's unmistakable North Cork accent bouncing off the four walls of the area and penetrating the inner regions of my brain. "Barry-Murphyyy you arrogant cold unfeeling unkind unscrupulous fungusss!" In a reflex action fulfilling Newton's Law of equal and opposite motion my feet propel me to the local. The "local" toilet being of course the only sane sanctuary which is thus far unaffected by the hysteria concerning the freedom of movement for woman, I lean against the wall and gulp long breaths of fresh air. That was a mistake, the vile smell wafted its way to my commodious nostrils and just as I began to faint a blub of toilet tissue soaked in deciterium or (heavy water!) splattered against my telescopic lenses. I groped my way to the door (if you pardon the expression) and tripped over a passing first year. I sat on the floor recalling the days when I was but three foot tall and how I've grown to a strapping four foot. Another northern accent interrupts my reminiscences - unlike Triona's norry-tones this one has a Rev. Paisley touch about it. "Will you ever grow up?". Oh! close to the bone Mr. Slowey.

I bravely gulp back the tears and swagger nonchalantly back to my comrades. I clamber upon the seat and shout to announce my arrival. The "lads" look

downwards and being aware of my presence are cautious not to flatten me. Such kindness renders me speechless. Assembly begins and the ever effervescent Uncle Fred tries to add some levity to the occasion while looking down at his world weary subjects but his lofty anecdote stops short above our heads. Certainly above this one's head!

My time in this citadel of learning is running out and so I reflect on the various incidents and characters I have encountered during my time here. Our Ian with his "gallant" strides and long hair flowing in the breeze while the "Gavver" has definitely been affected by the late nights of study as he rambles around the area re-enacting Macbeth. I just hope he doesn't mistake me for the "noble wise and judicious" Duncan some day. Eileen with calculator in hands computes the calories consumed today and the effects of said calories on her waistline. Meanwhile Maeve graphically depicts a Mike Tyson fight. A horrific right hook sends Danny crashing into the wall - the wall hasn't been the better for it!

A scream of "Bhrisfidh m do l mh" reverberates around the school - no prizes for guessing who that was!! Miss Daly is lambasting some 6th year class and I still marvel how she hits such high notes. "I come in here day in day out!" Podsy leans against the wall just looking cool and analyzing the local talent. After 5 years it hasn't improved, I mean of course how could it improve?? The girls in our year group have got it all - intelligence? yes brains? yes *Personality?*

Yes. Beauty? is only slim deep with due modesty. We are the greatest year group ever to pass through the school and fortunately we have the greatest driving force behind us. He's a cool, suave, discerning dresser, macho. Muscly, tanned, shaken not stirred type of guy. I'm speaking of course about Uncle Fred. But when June comes and he strolls into the deserted area he may shed a tear or two lamenting our absence. From his life - or on the other hand he may just scream with ecstasy and do his own rendition of George Michael's "Freedom".

"Freedom - they are gone out of my life.  
I can go home to my wife  
No more pain sorrow or strife  
"No more words that rhyme with "ife"  
etc etc

## The Social Committee

*Colette Hegarty And Niamh Lancaster*

Where else can you go for a good rage? Dazzling lights, sweating bodies gyrating to the pulsating beat of the music, a chance to boogie on down, late in to the night (well until your parents collect you at 11!!!).

- Where else but those well renowned *School Discos!!!* As juniors we experience the great atmosphere, and immense build-up to the famous Friday night discos. The anticipation of who was going and of what to wear, always reached an unbearable climax. No doubt the youngsters still go through much the same excitement. But who works behind the scenes, who waits patiently at the door to admit all those energetic first years. Who willingly

serves them all their drinks - of coke?!! Yes that's right - *The Social Committee*; Mrs. Donnelly and her disciples, Niamh, Catherine, Colette and Suzanne. We all enjoyed the school discos at sometime or other so when the opportunity arose to get involved, we were very enthusiastic. Over the past two years we have sacrificed our Friday nights to provide a disco with a difference! And all of us have to agree it was definitely worthwhile.

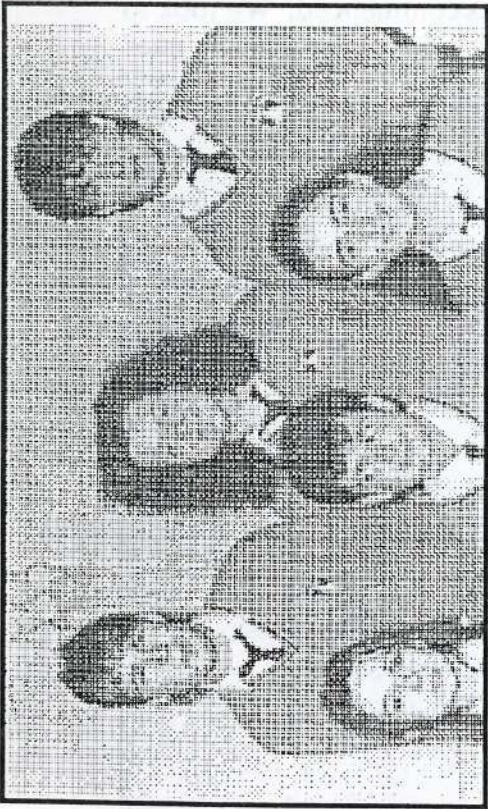
## The Year of Success

*Ger McCullagh & Brian Delaney*

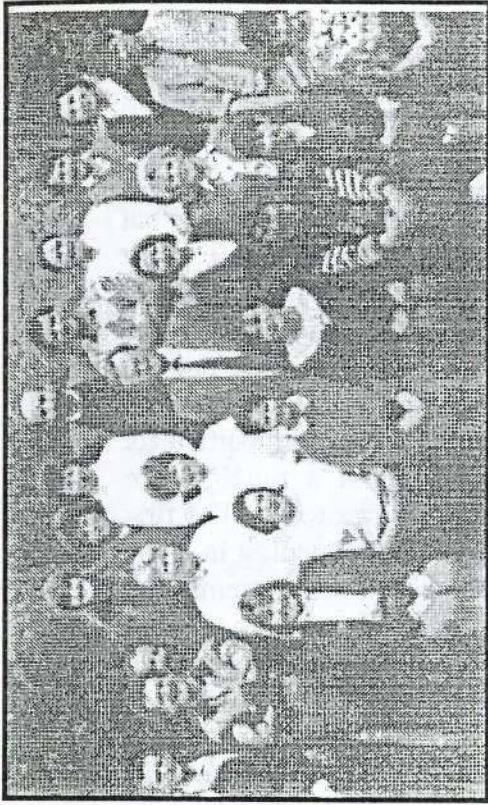
**1990** was the most successful year in B.C.S sporting history, and we are proud to say the majority of the player's were this years 6th years.

### Hurling:

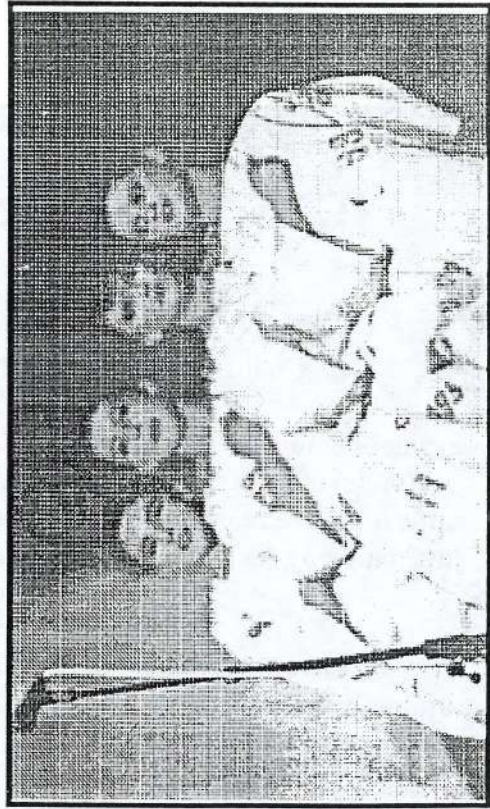
**T**rainning started early in the year and our first aim was to win the U-17 Cork Collages. This was the first time the school participated in U-17 Cork Collages Hurling. In the opening match we were drawn against Mayfield which resulted in a convincing victory. In the semi-final we were drawn against much tougher and experienced opponents - Mallow. This game was played in the local G.A.A pitch, which was a physiological advantages to us. After a bright tough opening Ballincollig took the early lead and were never threatened after. The final was held in Pairc U Chaoimh under treacherous weather conditions. There was a great following from the school as it was their very first final the school had reached in hurling. However they weren't to be



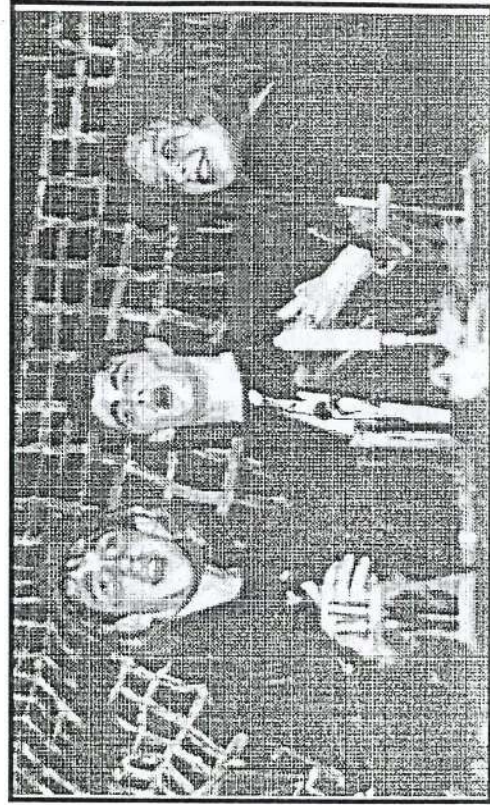
*Magazine Committee.*



*Sixth Year Teachers.*



*Dracula Spectacula.*



*Dracula Spectacula.*

disappointed as Ballincollig displayed a tremendous exhibition of hurling because of the great determination the team showed throughout the year the school entered the Dr.Harty Cup for the first time. Unfortunately we were drawn against St.Flannans of Clare in the first round who were winners for the previous two years and were going for the three in a row. This game was played in Charlaville and it resulted with Flannans running out convincing winners the final result did not justify the teams efforts throughout the year. It was a great honour and achievement for the school alone to reach the renowned Dr.Harty Cup.

On Behalf of the players and school we would like to show our appreciation to Micheal Farrell and Donnacha O'Callaghan of Scoil Barra.

### Football:

In football we entered the U-16 munster collages. In the first game we took on St.Agustines in Tallow. This was a very tough and physical encounter but the Ballincollig side showed true spirit and character in overcoming this challenge. The next game brought us back to Tallow once again for another test against Nel La Salle of Waterford. After winning this game we qualified for the semi-final against a much more experienced carrignavar team. The first game was played in Ballincollig in a day of extreme heat with a minute remaining Carraiganvar were a point ahead but Ballincolligs determination earned themselves a replay a week later in Carrignavar. This was another close encounter and after a few controversial decisions by the referee, Carrignavar won by the slightest of margins. As soon as this competition finished the U-17 Cork Collages commenced. We took to the field once again to play a highly rated

### *Advertisement*

## GET YOUR TOY BOYS NOW!

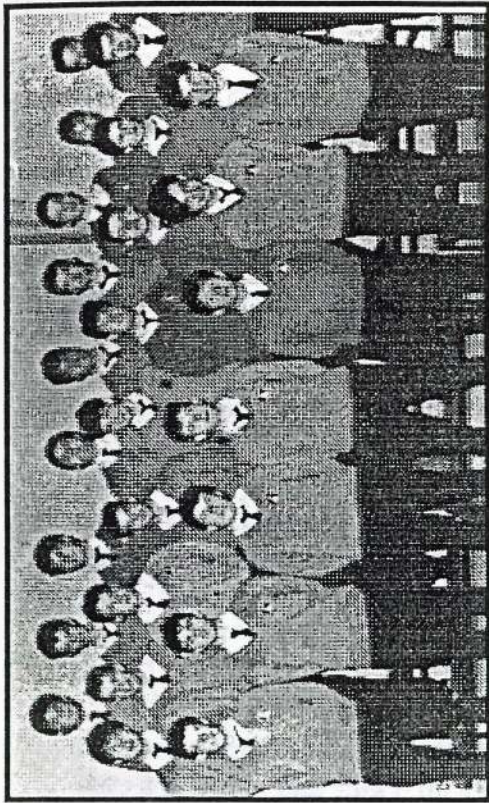
Special Offer Includes: Ian O' Donovan

Qualification - Hdp in how to be a god (!)

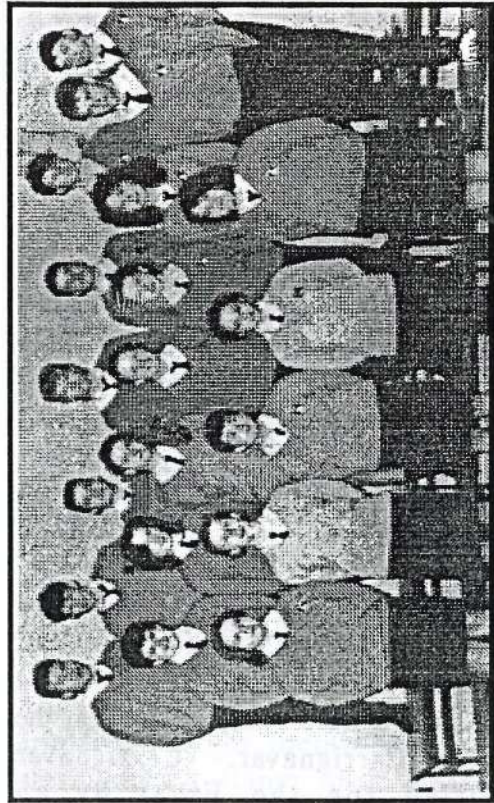
Physical Features: "My finer features would include the natural tan I attain during a warm summer. My dark ruggedness adds to this I suppose I have reasonably hairy legs. There is hair on my chest it is just maturing (!?) (At this stage Ian continued to show body hair .....eck!)

Personality: "My subtle nature is most striking I love a sense of bashfulness about me - a shyness, lack of vanity and of course modesty, sheer all round brilliance.

Offer Lasts To June 30 1991 Submit Your Entries Now!!!



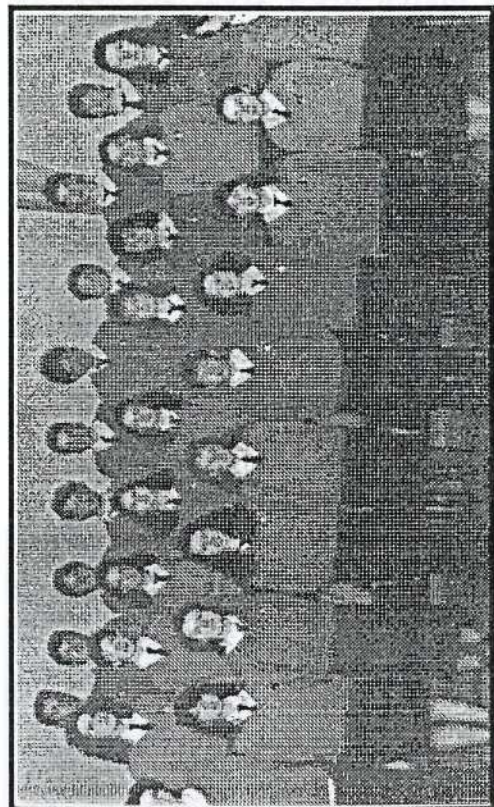
*The GAA Squad*



*Class 6C*



*The Choir*

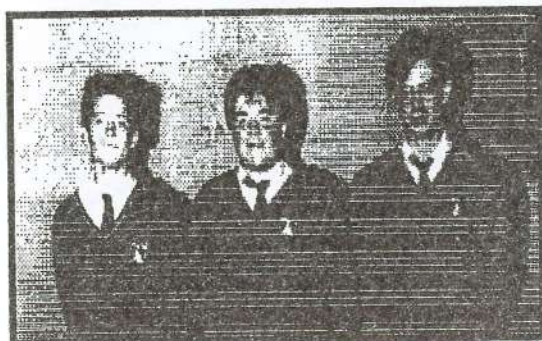


*Class 6b*

Farranferris team. This game took as through to the semi-final against our main rivals Carrignavar. It was on the teams mind not to let Carrignavar defeat us once again. This was another epic battle which Ballincollig won. This resulted with the team once again returning to Pairc U Chaoimh to play Douglas in the final. However Ballincollig rose to the occasion and under severe pressure gave a great exhibition of Football to run out as deserving winners.

Next came the big one. The senior (Cork) Collages Final. After weeks of preparation and defeating St.Aidans and Macroon we were ready to take on the might of Carrignavar. Carrignavar qualified for the Final by an exceptionally defeating Munster Champions St.Farhtnas of Skibbereen. This match drew great crowds to Ballincollig G.A.A field. Going out as complete under-dogs Ballincollig however were very confident. The confrontation matched the expectancy of the crowd who cheered on their spirited team to an emphatic victory.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all players involved and especially to trainers Mr. Downey, Mr. Buttimer Mr. Spillane and Mr. Kenneally for their support and time.



*The Golfers.*

## In Ten Years Time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gordon Murphy:* Chief editor of the Irish Times and bestselling novelist.

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

*Toss Leach:* will be 27 and going out with a 13 year old. (Somethings never change).

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

## The Tour '90

The transcene of this year group from innocent first years to... less innocent 6th years has produced many memorable events. The jewel in the crown was however the voyage of over 70 pupils from the school through ever changing terrain to the capital of Bavaria, Munich.

Yes, in Easter '90 we left behind the trials and tribulations of school life, many worried parents and the FA cup semi finals and set forth towards Munich. We departed from Rosslare at night and woke the following morning to sea sickness. Yes, the slot machines on ship were substitutes by the cool sea breeze. On reaching foreign soil our nationalism came very much to the fore with renderings of many rebel songs. A brief encounter with less than hospitable french delinquents proved the first of many surprises. Our suave and slick French drivers Serge and Dominique drove through the night, while simultaneously attempting to put "Coke" out of business with dubiously low price cans. Our first stop in Germany was in a freezing cold railway station where the "man in the grey trenchcoat" amused us all. The night of our arrival was spent in the amazing Olympic swimming pool.

Bleary eyed, we rose the next morning to begin our tour of the region. A trip to the religious town of Oberayogue, nestled in mountains was followed by a ride by train up the highest mountain in Germany. A short trip by cable car took us to the summit. Meanwhile the other half of the group under the tight control of Mr Alcock toured the salt mines near the Austrian border and then into Austria to Salzburg. A nightly disco in the hotel

educated us as to why not to dance to U2 with Neo Nazis in the room. It also provided Ian O'Donovan with a rather awkward situation of being propositioned by a rather rough Munichan male. Gavin Burke preferred to spend his time contemplating, East-West relations, life, death and the Universe with German times. Everyone to their own!!

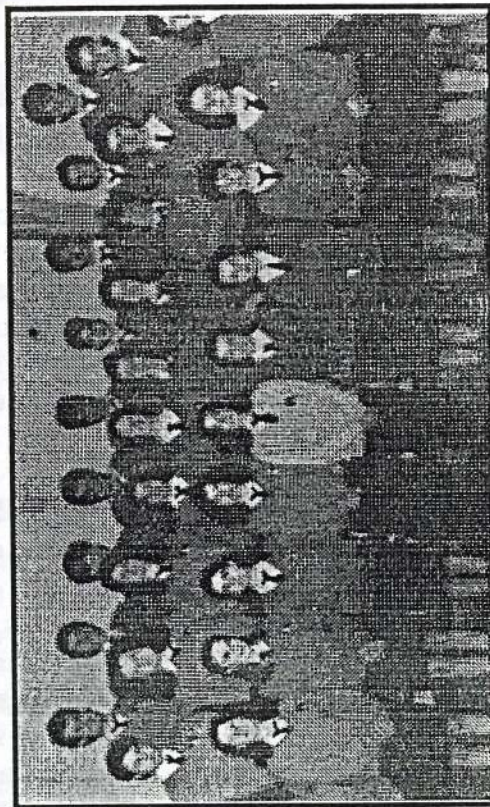
The following day the positions were reversed with Mr Alcock's group visiting the mountains. The other group however, on returning to the hotel contrived to get themselves lost and stormed into dinner three hours late. Needless to say "Fiery Fred" Alcock remained calm and good humored and it would be a lie to suggest otherwise. To compensate for this description we spent evening at the Olympic ice rink, where the expertise of some excellent skates notably Mark McGillicuddy, Ian Byrne and yours truly was revealed.

On Wednesday we spent the early part of the day catching up on some shopping in Munich followed by a rather somber visit to the concentration camp at Daihau. That evening we departed Munich and woke the following morning in "Gay Pariee". A "shuttle tour" of the famous sights, a bite to eat and it was off towards Le Harve. Following a quiet crossing and a bumpy ride on some clapped out carts which passed for buses we finally returned to that shining citadel, that metropolis of metropolises...Ballincollig.

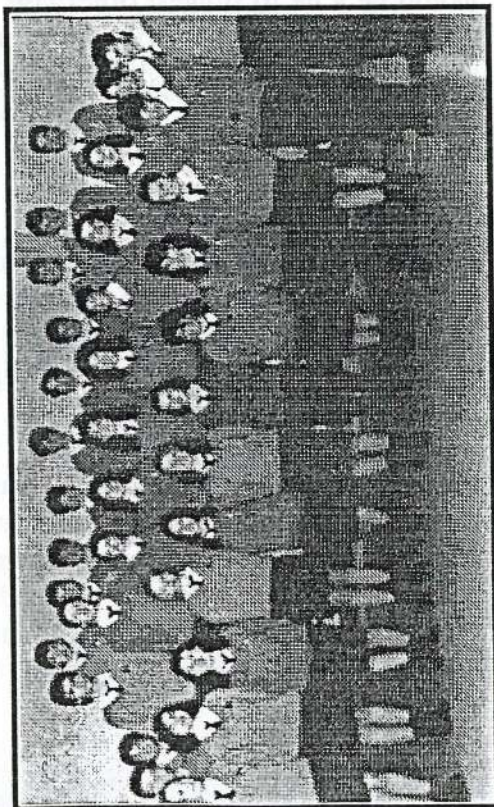




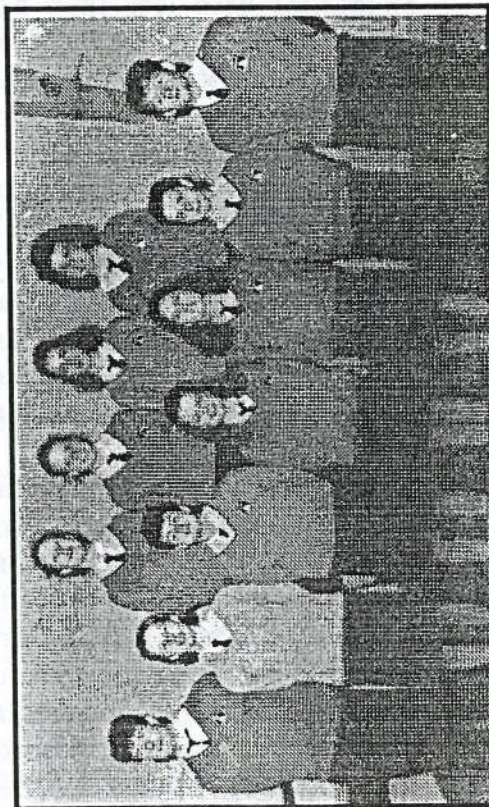
*The Film Club*



*Class 6A*



*Class 6A1*



*Ladies Soccer*



*Go ahead punk make my day!*

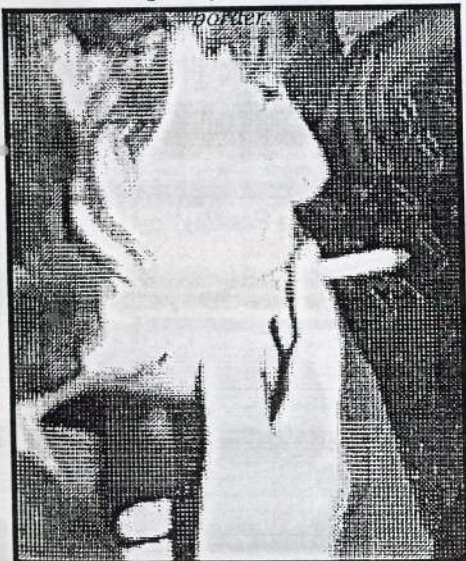
*Where's the potty .....quick.*



*C' mon Joe, got to finish them before the  
border.*



*Liam: Can I be in your gang.*



*That's what I like about this trip..I can do*



*Now for desert .....Mark!*



*Trina Buckley*



*John Metcalfe*



*Pamela Harvey*



*Colette Hegarty*



*Keith Nolan*



*Brian Houlihan*



*Paul Tobin*



*Paul Aherne*



*Rhoda Acton*



*Sean Murphy*



*Tommy Finn*



*Catherine Dineen*



*Catherine Hogan*



*Sarah O'Herlily*



*Margaret Garrett*



*Majella Bradley*



*Barry Crowley*



*Fiona Kelleher*



*Ian Byrne*



*Jean Murray*



*Fiona Carroll*



*Alan Mc Geogh*



*Deirdre Callanan*



*Kevin O'Keeffe*



*Derek O'Leary*



*Amanda Lynch*



*Irene Aherne*



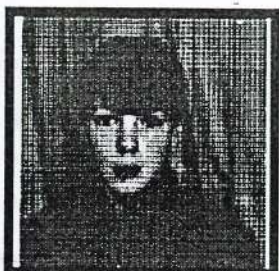
*Caroline Hyhan*



*Sean O'Flynn*



*Loraine Corcoran*



*Gerard Mc Cullagh*



*Claire Caokley*



*David Breen*



*Pat O'Hare*



*Jamie Snee*



*Mary Burke*



*Sharon O'Keeffe*



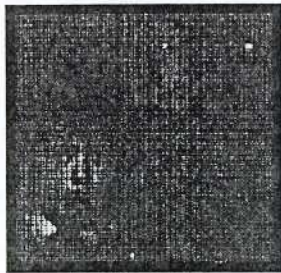
*Ann-Marie Costello*



*Yvonne McKenna*



*Mary O Callaghan*



*Bobby Tobin*



*Donnacha O Sullivan*



*John O Regan*



*Declan O Driscoll*



*Yvonne Cummins*



*Elaine O Keffe*



*Peter O Connell*



*Collette Desmond*



*Thomas Banks*



*Cormac Mc Carthy*



*Ian O Donovan*



*Stephen Leach*



*Martin O Regan*



*Avril O Leary*



*Stephen O Sullivan*



*Sarah Kidney*



*Thomas Leach*



*Siobhan Callaghan*



*Kevin Mc Adoo*



*Donal O Brien*



*Mark O'Neill*



*Brendan O'Sullivan*



*Alison Kilty*



*Arona Moorcroft*



*Jennifer Scott*



*Karen Foley*



*Diane Canny*



*Niamh Boyde*



*Mark Mc Gillicuddy*



*Caroline Maher*



*Barry Fitzgerald*



*Donncha Lynch*



*Louise Casey*



*Gregg Hill*



*Barry Kelleher*



*Shirley O'Mahony*



*Elaine Linehan*



*Lucey Cunningham*



*Fergus Griffin*



*David Hayes*



*DerBarry-Murphy*



*Triona Corcoran*



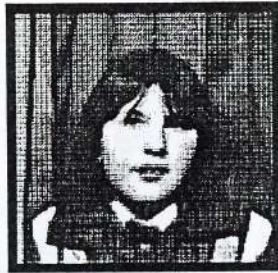
*Eileen Jackson*



*Norma Scannell*



*Adele Ganey*



*Pauline Dineen*



*Patrica Griffin*



*Brian Delaney*



*Gillian Cotter*



*Gene Bucley*



*Maeve Twomey*



*Eleanor Murphy*



*George Wilson*



*Shane Mc Loughlin*



*Nigel O Sullivan*



*David Sexton*



*Clare O Riordan*



*Fiona Culligan*



*Suzanne Martin*



*Colm Barry-Murphy*



*Conor Coakley*



*Gillian O Sullivan*



*Anthony Thompson*



*Mairin O Connor*



*Oliver Mc Carthy*



*Gordon Murphy*



*Gus O Connell*



*Louise Myler*



*Liam O Connor*



*Anthony Cohen*



*Danny Dwyer*



*Adrian O Doherty*



*Ann O Sullivan*



*Laurence Healy*



*Mary Kelly*



*Hazel Cronin*



*Mark Murphy*



*Robert O Hea*



*Carol Desmond*



*Jaqueline Harrington*





*Donal Buckley*



*Gillian O'Connell*



*Patrick Forde*



*Paul Lordon*



*Aoife Greene*



*Tracy Desmond*



*Deirdre O'Reilly*



*Brian Ahern*



*Liam Ahern*



*John Ahern*



*Deirdre Mc Carthy*



*Lorna Lehane*



*Niamh Lancaster*



*Dave Murray*



*Marian Murphy*



*Mary O'Shea*



*Nicola Dowd*



*Natalie Walker*



*Linda Gordon*



*Aileen Murphy*



*Geraldine Finn*



*Jason Fitton*



*Anna Hegarty*



*Gary McAlpine*



*Christopher Blackham*



*Cornelius Corkery*



*Sean Hennessey*



*Tim O Connell*



*Michael Healy*



*Michael Kelleher*



*Paul Healy*



*Martin Tonihan*



*Brendan Murphy*



*Tony Donovan*



*Sean McSweeney*



*Mary Hilgrove*



*Denis McSweeney*



*Aidan Fitton*



*Lisa O Conner*



*Trevor Deasy*



*Joseph Murphy*



*Thomas Murray*



*Gavin Burke*



*Aidan Manning*



*Fiona Keating*



*Kieran Lucey*



*Adrian O Connor*



*Julia Callanan*



*Trease Conway*



*Brid Deasy*



*Toni O Brien*



*Noreen O Shea*



*Aine Dwyer*



*Tara Ring*



*Mary Halligan*



*Michael O Sullivan*



*Rory O Callaghan*



*Alison Mc Crossan*



*Paul Dillon*



*Eileen O Connell*



*Michelle Lynch*



*Pauline Monks*



*Catherine Murray*



*Marie O Shea*



*Susan Calnan*



*Fiachra Lenihan*

## The Class Of '91 - Engineering

Oh woe is me - just roughly four hours left before we must have those bl\*\*dy door chimes hanging on the blackboard. Just today and it'll be all over. No more panicking - finally a good night's sleep! No more hurrying and filing and drilling and tapping and using the lathe and polishing brass and gluing and polishing brass again and worrying and varnishing wood and polishing brass and no more polishing brass ever!..... until after the Easter holidays.

But shur' who can you blame? Us? Him? Them? The whole Education system? Who cares - It's nearly all over. Just a few more hours and no more ding dong or brass pipes or solenoids or anything else to do with door chimes. It will be the Leaving Certificate Engineering Science Examination 1991 Project "Design a Door Chime" all over!!!!

Could we give up - No - not even if we wanted to (We did, We did) it was that force behind us that urged us onwards to finish the project - The old don't-give-up advice (more like "give up and I'll spread you all over the wall, You'll end up in the car park, I'll hang you off the ceiling, I'll make strawberry jam out of you, I'll wrap you round - the lathe" talk which motivated us. Our dedicated and devoted, helpful teacher and yearhead, Freddie Alcock - who would believe and who would understand the dedication and hardship that man goes through for his Leaving Certificate class. The countless hours and days he has spent polishing brass and more brass and more brass. Working on his polisher to help

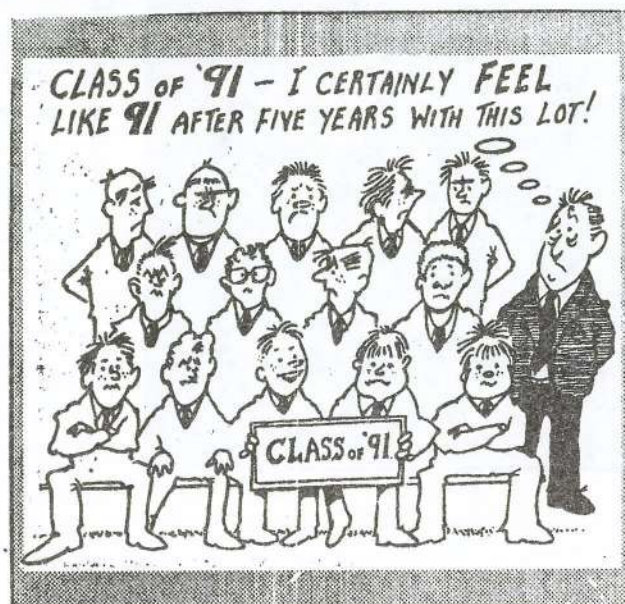
us. And what does he get? A teacher's salary! Not much of a reward, is it? He should at least get sainthood or an honorary degree at UCD or Oxford for the sheer dedication.

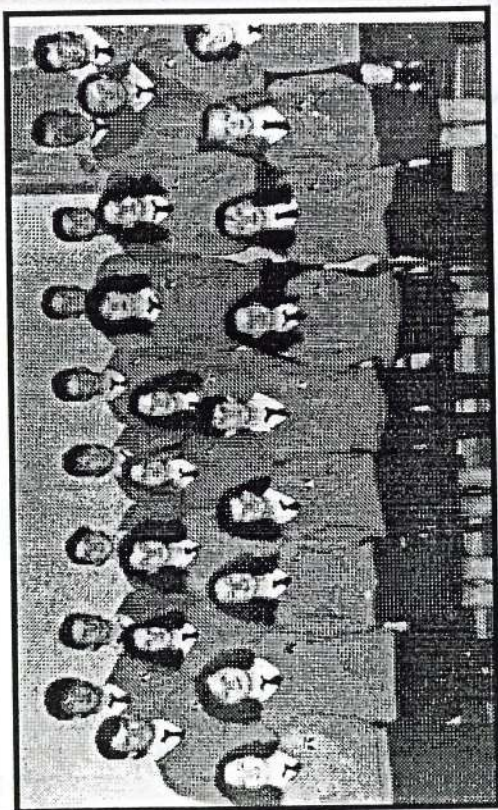
Well look on the bright side - we pay him back by not repeating, by not telling our little brothers and sisters to be hard on Freddie Alcock.

### Famous Quotes

- "When you read my death notice in the paper will ye come to my funeral"
- "Conor, boy, do you want to end up in the car park"
- "Barry Crowley is it - no way"
- "Take the chuck key out our you'll kill someone"
- "Brian Ahern, are you doing a line or what"
- "Mark, if you give up, I'll kick you out the censored door"
- "Mind the bench blocks or they'll be strawberry jam"
- "Oops!"

Yes, yes Sir, we notice all these things that even primitive chippies wouldn't. From the class of '91 Engineering Science Department - Thanks.

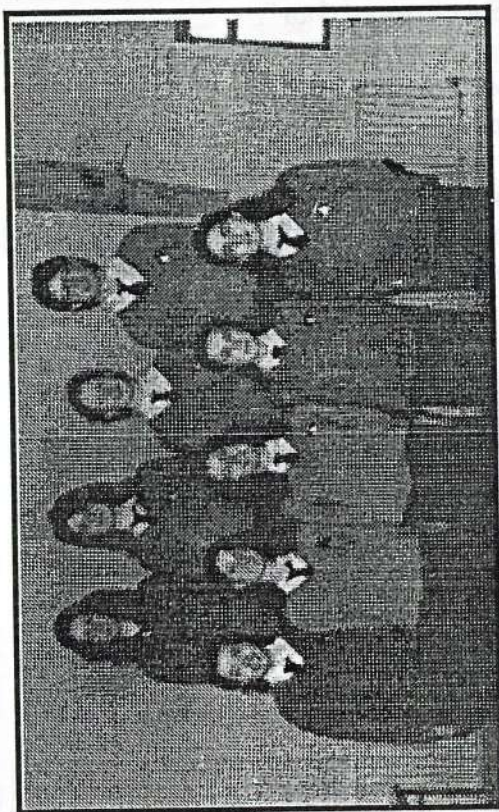




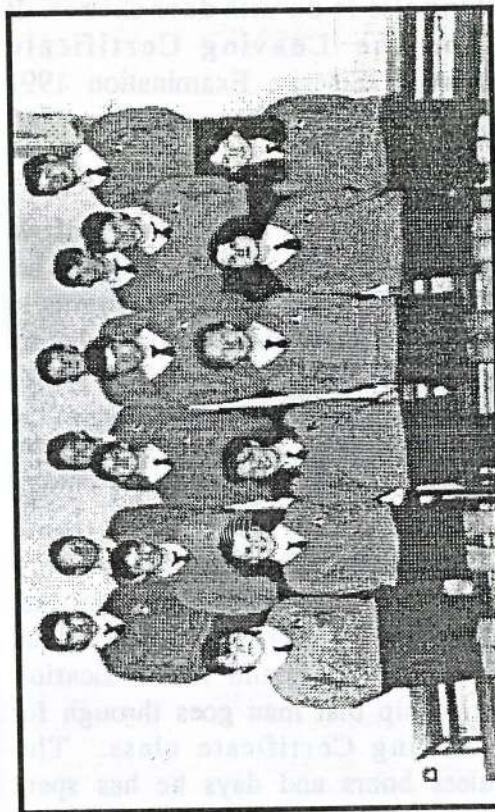
*Class 6BI*



*Debating Society*



*Social Committee*



*Class 6CI*

## What Ever Happened To 6b?

*Shirley O'Mahoney and Nataile Walker.*

The time - 8pm, 3rd September 2011, the place - area E, the event - 6B's class reunion. There is little reflection in this gathering of achievers of the unsure and immature people that had entered B.C.S. in September 1986. An air of nostalgia fills the area as people gather in groups. All is decorated in blue and pink ultra neon lighting. David Murray, the B.C.S. school accountant has so generously supplied the decor.

To one side Donal O'Brien (minister for Agriculture) and Lucy Cunningham (minister for Consumer's Affairs) are discussing the present milk-super levy. Fiona Kelleher - fresh from her "Tour de France" win gives a few tips to P.E. Teacher, Toni O'Brien. While Linda Gordan, elocution teacher and founder of Ireland's first "Speak Right Association" is coaching Colm Barry Murphy for his next big debate on "Questions and Answers". Barry Fitzgearld, the business tycoon and owner of several bar/nightclubs, ponders the pro's and con's of hiring Ollie McCarthy, Bush O'Hea and John Metcalf, the trash metal trio to do a gig. The ever modest Ian O'Donovan, plays his role of professor to perfection and lectures David Hayes on Womanology.

The entertainment for the evening is supplied by the pupils of the Shirley O'Mahoney and Mary Burke School of Irish Dancing. Their costumes are skillfully tailored by "SAFDAK" an unassuming one time mini-company, which expanded ten fold over the years under the management of Fiona Carroll,

Sharon O'Keeffe, Arona Morcroft and Caroline Maher (they're still trying to decide who's president of the company). Natalie Walker, an international fashion designer and Avril O'Leary, a world famous artist, plan a joint exhibition of their talents in Paris next season. Over in the corner Eileen O'Connell and Mary O'Shea dutifully congratulate Ann-Marie Costello on her success in "Housewife of the Year", her ten children though are becoming rather restless and are gathered up by Gavin Burke - coach of the New York Giants - who orders them to "Shut Up!" and do fifty laps!!

Suddenly, we all jump as the voice of authority shouts, "hey you there.....get up to my office", not surprising this reprimand is directed at none other than Judge Corcoran, a traditional late comer to any gathering. As everyone begins to reminisce of their days in B.C.S., Karen Foley is seen running around, shaking hands, campaigning for her feminist presidency with the aid of her trusting campaign manager Diane Canny. Der Barry Murphy tells Stephen Leach yet again of his first major role, that of "Dracula" ( little did he know then, it was to be the first of many).

Despite their present disparity, this group of people all came from one vital source, They all grew and laughed and loved and shared some of the most tender years of their lives together. Down through the years, their bond was unbreakable and their closeness as a class clearly apparent, to their teachers and themselves. From this stemmed a mountain of memories, for each to

preserve and cherish all the days of their lives. Dedicated to 6B, Thanks for the memories.

## IF

*S Mc Loughlin*

*If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:*

*If you can dream-and not make dreams your  
master;  
If you can think-and not make thoughts your aims;*

*If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same:  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build' em up with worn-out tools:*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings-nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count on you but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, the son!*

## Five summers have passed

*Sean O' Flynn*

*Five summers have passed, five summers with the  
length of five long winters.  
Freddie Alcock The Year Head,  
Oh is he dead yet,  
Who have watched his mould of man,  
Big boned and hardly handsome  
Pining, Pining 'til June 27th*

*6th Years broke him  
Impatient he cursed as all  
And threatened to spread us  
All over the wall.*



*School Bank.*



*They played for Ireland.*