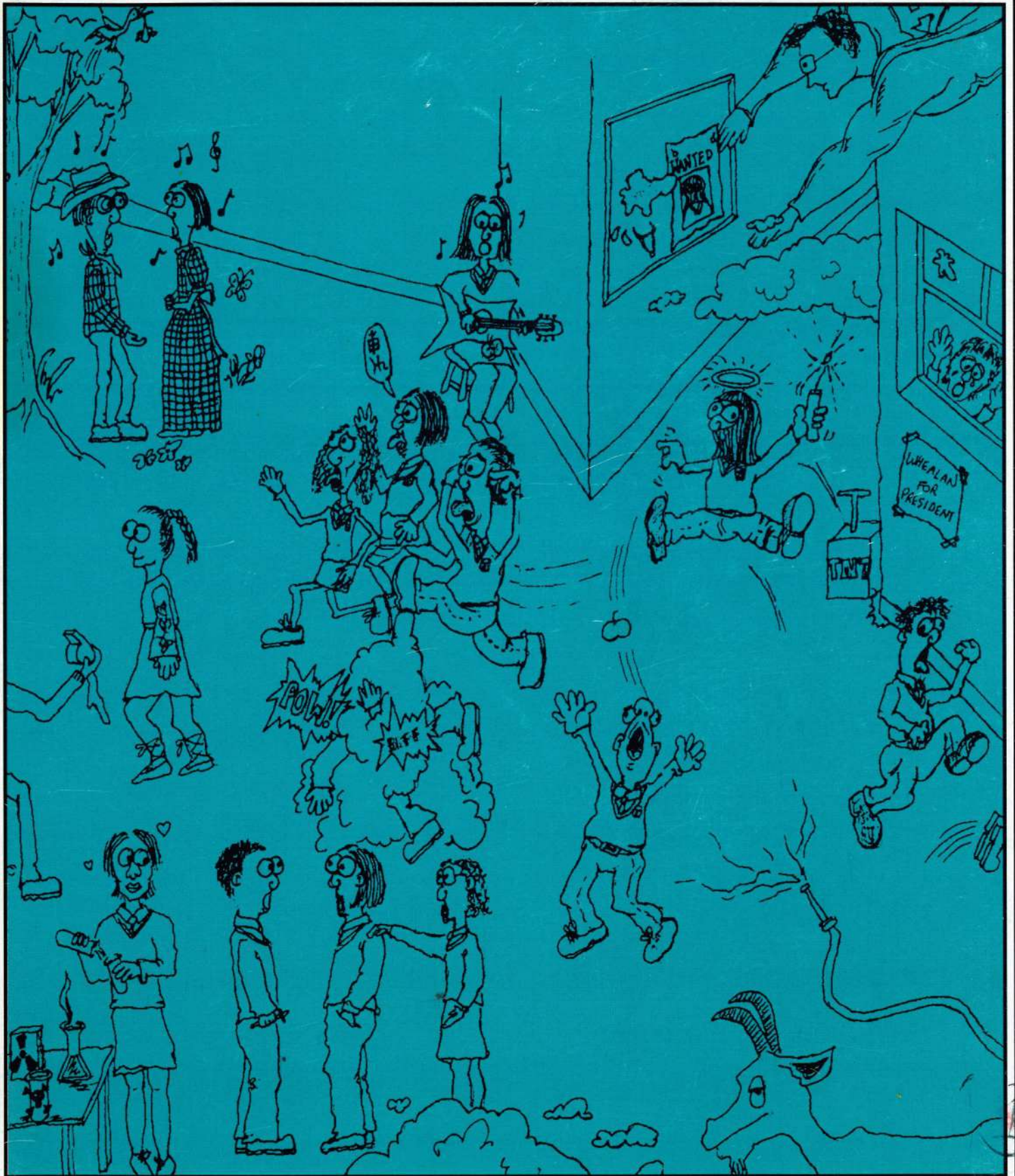


Ballincollig Community School

Class of '95



Foreword



I always look at my foreword of the previous year's "Class" book, before planning the current one. There must be continuity. I am always impressed with the quality of our Leaving Certificate pupils at this time of year. Maybe I would not say this six months ago!!!. Each one appears to have developed a sense of responsibility. I would hope that as well as the parent influence, B.C.S. also played its part in the personal development of each pupil. This year is no different in this respect. I am confident that our 1995 Leaving Certificate pupils will be true ambassadors wherever they go in life.

I wish to thank the pupils for the various articles and the teachers, particularly Ms. C. O'Riordan {Year Mistress}, Mr. T. Horgan and Mr. B. Nally, who ensured that the 1995 Year -Book would prove to be an excellent momento for the pupils of the 1995 Leaving Certificate Class.

I wish to publicly thank Ms. O'Riordan for the part she has played as Year Head to the present Year group since the departure of Mr. O'Leary in 1993. Ms. O'Riordan has carried out her task in a firm yet friendly manner. Her approach has always been most professional. I know that all the Year group will remember Ms. O'Riordan for her advice, support and her understanding of "teenagers".

I would also like to pay tribute to Mr. O'Leary who was Year Head to this class during their Junior years. Mr. O'Leary laid the "foundation stone" in each pupil's development. I am not surprised but delighted that the Year Group has invited him back to their "End of Year" Mass.

I wish to compliment the Year Group for their many contributions to B.C.S over the past five years. I know that other Year groups have been set an excellent model to emulate. Your contribution down through the years has been enriched by the support the school has received from the wider community both parents and non-parents alike. Much of the pupils project work could not have been undertaken without the help and support of the community at large.

I know that many friendships have been formed over the past five years. I know that many of you will maintain close contact with your classmates

from B.C.S. Don't forget your teachers. In a few years time you will be more conscious of the part each of your teachers played in your development. I know that your teachers will always be interested in your future progress.

Finally, I thank the 1995 Leaving Certificate Class for their contribution to Ballincollig Community School. I hope that each of you will always cherish many happy memories of your "Alma Mater" as you go about your various activities.

Guím siocháin i gcroí gach dalta a bhí páirteach sa Scoil Phobail seo, is go maire a gcuimhne buan.

Be Yourself.

The world will try to change you,
there are pressures all around.
You must decide just who you are
then firmly hold your ground.
You have an image of yourself,
an ideal sense of you
and to this vision you must always
struggle to be true.

You know what you are good at,
and where your talents lie
but if you're ruled by others
your uniqueness could pass by.
Remember, there is much to learn,
but all things new aren't good,
wisdom lies in what you've learnt
and what you have withstood.
So be yourself and don't allow
the world to take control,
preserving your identity
is life's most precious goal.

C. O'Riordan.

Here we go, here we go...

Remember that first day ? Strange faces and yellow walls surrounding us. It seemed as if we'd never be able to find our way around or ever come to grips with all the rules and regulations. Well, we did try! First year seems so far away now. We were asked to put on a show full of all kinds of everything - disco dancing, drama sketches and songs. What talented artists we were! Susan Harris, Michelle McCullagh and Fiona O'Brien doing a rap version of "Jingle Bells", Amanda Fitzgerald singing "If You Believe", from the Wizard of Oz. The water fight between Claire McCarthy And Grace O'Leary in the sketch where they and Joleen O'Donnell and Rachel Kiely fought for the dubious right to claim Kenneth Ross as a boyfriend. Camilla Hegarty performed some Irish dancing and Susan Gleeson sang "I Should Be So Lucky" while Dave O' Donovan did his own hilarious version of it in the background. Simple ideas made into a fun day.

And then there was the visit to the Young Scientist Exhibition in the R.D.S

Young Einsteins

An exploration of the mysterious and fascinating world of science ? It certainly was, but of course, as always happens, the main purpose of a school outing is usually forgotten and buried beneath the unexpected and unplanned events of the day.

The major feat of the day was trying to escape the clutches of Mrs. Lynch who was trying to share this wonderful scientific experience with us.

After succeeding in this the next obstacle to overcome was how we could sneak out to Funderland (which



The Social Committee



Members of the Student Council

was strictly forbidden) A well known white-haired man (usually accompanied by a whistle) was on patrol outside to make sure no such thing happened (which of course it didn't -honestly!)

The major highlight of the day must have been President Mary Robinson's appearance. After she had succeeded in breaking her own record for the number of times she nodded her head per day, she presented the awards.

Us 1st Years - short and sweet - heard but could not see any of this ceremony due to being trampled on by those giants called 5th -and-6th years who always seemed to block our view of the world.

It was now time to get the bus to the train station.

But, where was the bus ?

Later, where was the bus?

Later again - where was the bus ?Many minutes and even more curses later , the bus came. How strange - .an unreliable public transport system !

A quick sprint down the platform at 6.45 p.m. to catch the 6.30 train but we made it.

However the day was not yet over because to finish it off, we all squashed into one carriage to have a sing-song with four students from U.C.C. who had been busking in Dublin. Six people sitting where two were meant to sit, the same sitting on the tables. It was a bit of a snug fit to say the least. It was very hot and sweaty (despite the fact that it was snowing as we passed through Mallow)but we didn't care.

When the white-haired man came to order us into the other empty carriages he quickly retreated when our screaming chant of "Hey teacher ,leave us kids alone!" reached his ears.

We arrived in Cork that night tired with sore throats (from our singing- or should that be screeching ?)much benefited from the scientific events of the day.....



First Years on Tour

Other tours included the trips to Killarney, where we visited Torc Waterfall and the Transport Museum in the company of Mr. O'Broin and Miss Cronin, and the tour to Oysterhaven where there was much swopping of groups in order to pair up with loved ones. Ah yes, falling in and out water, mud, canoes and love.

On the sporting front there was the Gerard Hickey Memorial Blitz where, in a small grotty, old dressing room on a May morning in the Ballincollig G.A.A. centre, a contingent of eager eyed first years were reminded of what they were playing for. This was the Gerard Hickey Memorial Blitz. Greard Hickey, we were informed was a former teaching stalwart at B.C.S. and yet ironically no team from the school had been able to capture the elusive honour.

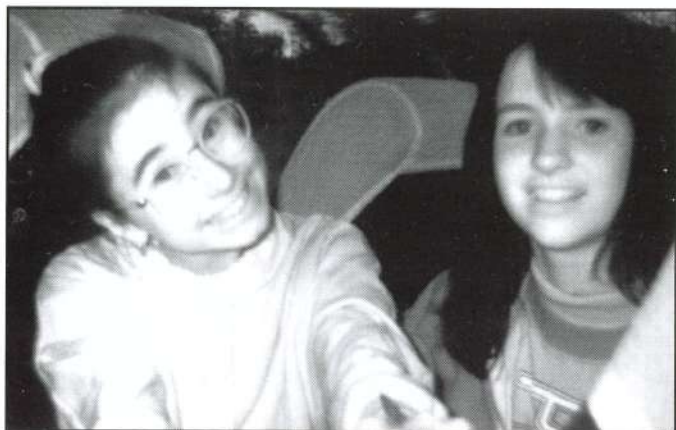
Coincidentally this was the day of the Spurs and Notts Forest Cup Final across channel but that wasn't enough to deter the youngsters drafted from numerous different classes and divisions to play under one banner - from Ballincollig to such remote places as Eire Og in Ovens B.C.S. had amassed a team of promising potential. Guided masterfully by Mr. Kennelly and Fr. Michael B.C.S. progressed against the mediocrity of Millstreet, Mayfield and Douglas to reach the final against Boherbue, at which point all the gear, lucozade bottles and bars given by well wishing mummies that morning were transferred to the 'Big Time' Number 1 pitch and the plush dressing room. B.C.S. eventually beat their final opponents (impressively) with some memorable scores and performances. Never before and not since then has a team from the school claimed the prize.



The New Power Rangers

Soccer Starlets

Not indeed that the ladies were to be found wanting on the sporting fields. After months of intense training and physical hardship and wishing to God we had never joined the soccer team, we packed our bags and headed off for Barrington's Hostel, Limerick. Formerly known as Barrington's Hospital we were unanimous in acknowledging that the name should never have been changed, with the cast-iron beds, starched linen and little labels all over the place. After a fairly sleepless night with pre-match preparations ranging from a birthday party for Catherine Sheppard, to Emer, Sinead and Sarah swearing they'd seen a man throw his girlfriend into the River Shannon (still crazy after all these years) we trudged downstairs for our nourishing breakfast, mouldy bread, soggy cornflakes, cold toast and frozen milk. We tended to stick to the orange juice for some reason.



Aint life just swell!



Maaaaaaaaaaaaa!



Circle of Friends

During the games themselves our ability to score goals deserted us and the whole place deteriorated into a mud-heap with the pouring rain. Our unflinching spirit was rewarded when the final opponents we had to play refused to line-out in the deluge and we were given medals. Great times. Many thanks to Ms. Harrington Ms. Cronin and Mr. Downey for their help and encouragement.

B.C.S. on Tour

May 1992. A group of fifteen of us left Ballincollig, County Cork, Ireland for a Eurofoot soccer tournament in Vigneux, France. Such expectations. Thirty-two hours travelling, arriving finally at midnight and being totally in awe of the place. Irishmen abroad. Waking up the next morning and feeling right at home again. Rain, rain and more rain. Getting kitted out for the games and feeling like paupers compared to some of our opponents who seemed to have disposable kits, they changed so often. Never mind, we won our first game. What a doddle. All the way to the final ..!!!! Our aspirations came crashing down when we realised who some of our opponents would be -Real Madrid from Spain, Boavista from Portugal and Wolverhampton Wanderers from England, Vigneux the hosts and many others. All in all we played eight games and some stout defensive performances saw us concede a mere nine goals coming a creditable sixteenth



and getting a rousing reception from the French crowd.

All fifteen of us got to play, but Adrian Searles was particularly lucky, getting picked to play on a combined European team to play France in a game to round off the tournament. Then there was "tackle of the tournament" from Damien Lordan which broke a Portuguese players shin pad in two..... and following from a distance the teachers who were looking for us all over the boat. Ring-a-ring-a-rosy..... For those who went with Mr.O'Leary or Mr. Weir it was a truly great memory. "Champions, Champions....."

Third Year saw an unwelcome visitor to the humdrum lives-study. Those far off exams we had been warned about in first year(all those innocent years ago)were upon us. The sweating proved to be worth it in the end with great results overall and a great nights celebration to be followed by teachers unanimously informing us that the Junior Cert. wasn't worth the "paper it was written on"..... Well thanks a lot folks. Stephen and Grace did us proud that year becoming the first, and so far only, third years to win the "Speakers' Trophy". A major achievement and one from which more senior students have never fully recovered.....

The Big Bad World

Senior students at last, but where the hell was Jim?. Yes indeed changing times when our beloved leader had gone to Macroom and "fresher fields" to be replaced by Mrs Riordan. And what an action packed year 5th year turned out to be. The 5th year school production of "OKLAHOMA" was the highlight for many who were involved, be it in make-up, backstage, painting the scenery, constructing the stage or even acting. For the students, months of arduous rehearsing was necessary in order for a spectacular show to go on. There was a combination of both humorous and painful events to be remembered during rehearsals. For instance, being catapulted through the air and crashing to the floor is not exactly the safest





Which one is wax?



night was a feast of commotion for all involved. Being able to with stand the tension among all the actors was a great achievement. One of the funniest incidents occurred on the open night. In the play , one of the characters (Emer but nobody's saying) had to storm off the set by opening and slamming the door. Unfortunately when she went to open the door the handle broke off. The look on her face will never be forgotten.

To a social and artistic success many thanks to all who contributed especially Mr Murphy Miss Waterman and Ms Riordan and those who provided us with much needed gentle encouragement....head-bangers of the world united...Ahem.



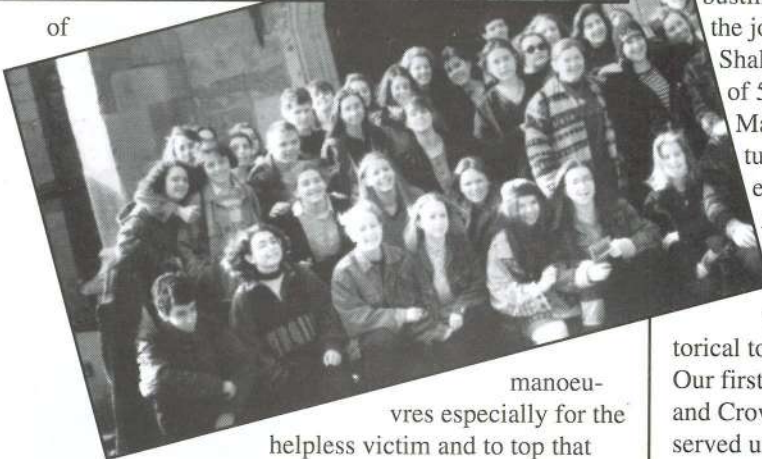
In Search of the Bard

On Tuesday afternoon the 29th of March about 50 bustling students and 6 brave teachers set out on the journey of a life-time!. The journey? - To find Shakespeare. Yes, even on that Easter weekend of 5th year, our leaving cert was calling us and Macbeth had to be seen!. But that journey turned out to be days and nights filled with excitement, fun and chicken and chips!!!.

And what did we do all of those 4 days that we took England by storm?. First stop Bath, it wasn't a long stay but an enjoyable one as we explored the "Roman Baths" and the historical town itself.

Our first night of chicken and chips was in the "Rose and Crown" with our waiters Ian and Andy who served us extremley frozen ice-cream and proceeded to loosen it from the bowls with a baseball bat and a hammer.

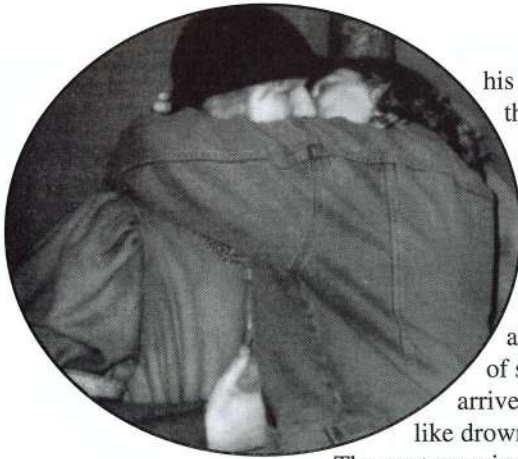
Then on to the Royal Shakespearean Company's production of "Macbeth", which was staged in a sauna hot theatre and Mr.Nally the ever dedicated fan had



of

manoeuvres especially for the helpless victim and to top that off it took almost two months to learn just one dance. Is it any wonder Tim , the director, used to be red in the face with us ?.

However, the night finally came, when the finished production of "OKLAHOMA" was to be put on. The



his mini-radio to get the latest West Brom results (beat Charlton 2-0). To our delight it was pouring rain afterwards and after half an hour of searching we arrived in McDonalds like drowned rats.

The next morning still half asleep no-one noticed that Lorraine's hair had changed colour over night.....

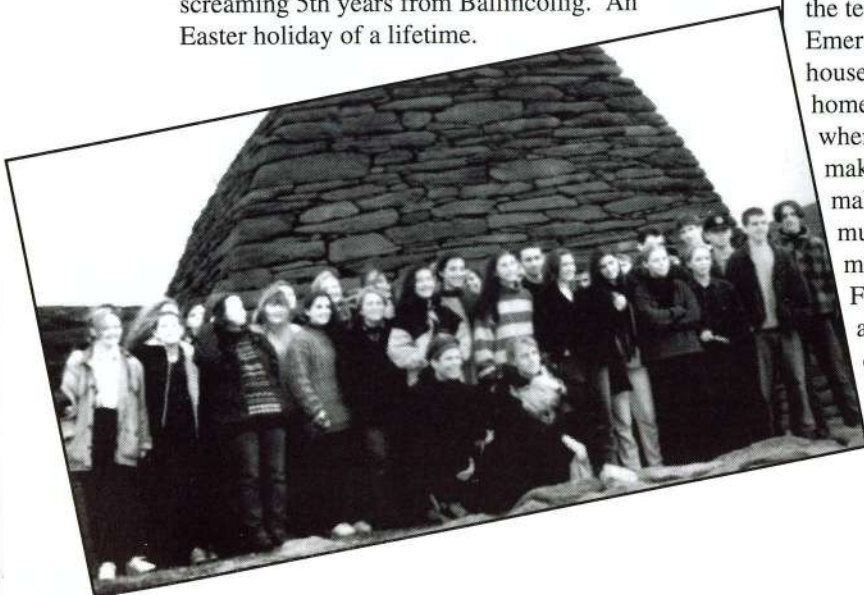
Off we went to visit the Shakespearean properties and little did we know that we had two reporters from CNN in our midst. Tadhg and Joleen, complete with their walkmans and pencils, proceeded to interview the French gardeners on their gardening techniques and their exotic headwear.

Later that day we were off to conquer Warwick castle where Anne Maire took a shine to one of the "guards" and on the way back Ivan gave a touching rendition of "The Rose of Tralee to Miss.Chute's boot. Nothing further to add to that one really.....

After a frustrating day of keeping us under control, the teachers let off steam by attacking the crocodiles (and no we don't mean Inion Ui Mhurchu) in the bowling alley.

The next day we travelled to Alton Towers which for most of us was the purpose for coming, where we sailed down the river rapids, spiralled down the Black Hole, were taken captive by the nauseating pirate ship, and experienced the ultimate ride - "Nemesis". Not satisfied with risking our life and limb in Alton Towers, we headed for Waterworld complete with our swimming hats and danced the night away in the Aqua "Disco".

The 5th and final day we literally shopped `till we dropped in Chester and said "farewell" to England. No-one will be able to forget that "Waltzing with Bears" school tour, with Michael and his bus of screaming 5th years from Ballincollig. An Easter holiday of a lifetime.



Culture Vultures

The weekend sojourn in the Gaeltacht was yet another opportunity for us to get into shape for our exams. After leaving school about one hour later than we had actually planned, we picked up Michael at Tatler Jacks. Poor Michael had seriously begun to think we had left without him.

Meanwhile Inion Ui Mhurchu had sped off with her four passenger students and had started the shopping for all of us. In Dingle with ten trolleys in a row at the checkout Inion Ui Mhurchu got some weird looks to which she

replied - "I have a lot of children." Thinking of those who went, it is easy to see how she could have wanted all fifty of us for the weekend.

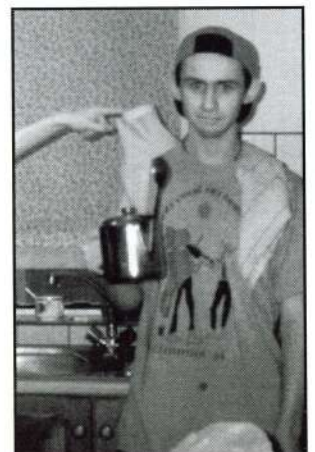


.....
On arrival at Wine Strand Chalets in Balyferriter, we got the key to the chalets - first priority was to check the television for MTV - positive! Having been starved of MTV in Cork , we sat glued to the t.v. until the food came.

The lads toured all the chalets, just to make sure we had all settled in , but Mr. Buttimer soon put a stop to that. Still, their visits weren't in vain - hungry for still more food they stole all our spare burgers - little did they know that the ones we gave them, were the ones we had dropped while bringing them back from the teachers' chalet.

Emer played the part of housewife and showed her home economics skills-when she volunteered to make the dinner in one male occupied chalet- so much for the modern man!

Friday night consisted of a sing song in one of the chalets. When Mr. Buttimer could draw himself away from



Delphine he sang and played guitar, as did Miss Galvin. Jason sang 'Lisdoonvarna' and 'American Pie' but obviously enjoyed it too much because we couldn't get him to stop.

The next morning we were dragged out of bed for a lecture in the teachers' chalet at 10 a.m. on the area and a day of sight seeing lay ahead. We visited an old stone church but the gorgeous American tourists who were also there were a lot better to look at. They stared in bewilderment as we took turns in climbing out the 'window' and stood in for a photo.

Back to the bus and after a quick glance at Peig's grave, we went on to Dingle where Tadhg met all his relations in Supervalu.

Emer, Rachael and Sarah McCarthy managed to fit in a swim on the beach - why anyone would want to swim in the Irish sea in the middle of Winter, I don't know, but everyone has their tastes.

A quiz over tea made out by Mr. Buttimer made us realise how uneducated we all were. Dinner went well for most (except for Aoife who dropped her dish of sautéed potatoes on the floor and succeeded in smashing it into a million pieces - remember?)

Saturday night was Karaoke at Garveys in Dingle and Buttimer again showed his passion for Budweiser.

Afterwards, back again in the teacher's chalet for yet another sing song - this time Inion Uí Mhurchu sang 'An Poc ar Buille' using the wall for support.

A terrific weekend. Oh yeah, we learnt some Irish too !!!!!!!!

Feeding the Masses

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

Remember it ? Us neither . That entertaining space-filler was , in fact , one slightly deranged person's memory of an event which , we're told , took place when we were all in second year , a time when we were all young and sweet , a time when Mick

Kelleher was just an abdomen with legs , whose head disappeared off into the heavens .

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

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

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

Pupils as Teachers

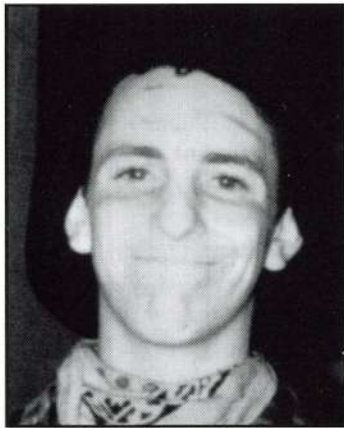
The more caring of us became involved in teaching (of all things) when students from our year group attended the Innishmore Family Centre to help fifth and sixth class children with their homework.

With the help of a very kindhearted lady, Brenda Holohan and a few others, the homework group proved to be a phenomenal success. It gave some of the sixth class students a chance to meet and get to know some of the senior students of B.C.S, which I'm sure made it easier for them when starting the following September.

The year finished with the presentation of our well-earned certificates followed by a great party. The Family Centre Homework Support Group will hopefully be around for a good while yet as for all those involved it was a very worthwhile experience.

On the spiritual side of things Fifth Year was the time for retreats. After the Junior Cert, classes had been changed around so the retreat allowed us the opportunity to get to know our new classes and the chance to meditate for a change.

"OKLAHOMA"



Rugby Blitz

There was a "Rugby Blitz in March 1994. 14 strapping lads from our year group represented the school in the annual event in Musgrave Park.

Unfortunately, we missed out on reaching the final by one point. We drew against Douglas, won against Knocknaheeny, lost to Clonakilty, and drew against Midleton.

This was a major achievement considering a number of factors which worked against us, including having no changing rooms, half the team being involved in a mini-riot with 50 other players over 3 cans of coke and the minor fact that most of us had never even touched a rugby ball before that time.

Mná na hÉireann came to the fore that year in the New opportunities for women (NOW) programme held in the RTC.

With the misguided hopes of suddenly being inspired into believing that the life of an engineer was the life for us, we trudged into the vast RTC leaving behind the yellow, the rules, and of course the teachers. It was to be an experience. Without actually being there, who would have known what it would be like working on a ship for years on end, being a chemist in a laboratory or working on the models of cars. But with the help of the teachers and professors there, we were then able to cross certain choices of careers off our long lists. As the week progressed, we learned a lot of useful information and finally remembered where the Atrium was, giving us a taste of college life.

On the Air

Our year group took to the airwaves too. Remember?

It all began as an idea thrown out at assembly - "who would be interested in doing a fifteen minute radio programme on Cork local radio?". A couple of us were interested. What was expected to be a chance to miss a few classes turned into six weeks hard work. After school work at that.

It began multiple arguments on the topic we would select until it was finally agreed that teenage drinking would be the best bet. We broke into various groups, those that would perform the drama sketches on air, interviewers, continuity announcers and a directing team to crack the whip.

During the second week the radio play was produced in B.C.S.'s sound proof room and everything came together. Emer O Connell became a drunken youth and Darren Kinsella a gullible shopkeeper. Trevor Cronin became a raging father and Amanda Fitzgerald was the concerned mother.

The following week four intrepid would be reporters set off on their first journalistic venture. These were Aine O Dwyer, Lorraine O Neill, Anna Fitzpatrick and of course Jason "Charlie Bird" Murphy. We were under the watchful eye of Mr Stato, ahem, Brendan Nally, whose interest in his proteges took second place to that all important task of buying new shoes (The less said about that the better)

Our quest was to ascertain public opinion on that vilest of activities, the core of all evil-underage drinking. Our first objective was to avoid being indoctrinated into the Hari Krishnas by an enthusiastic band of painted figures who spent the morning dancing the



Pupils who produced a fifteen minute radio programme on Cork local radio.

Class



Michael Ahern
Stephen Ahern
William Ahern
Mary Aherne
Sidney Barber
Ivan Barrett
Patrick Barrett
Karen Barry
Emma Barry Murphy
Adrian Boyde
Deirdre Buckley
Mark Buckley
Rosemary Buckley
Brendan Buttimer

Matthew Byrne
Hilary Cadogan
Elaine Cahill
David Carroll
Suzanne Carroll
Martina Carroll
Damien Casey
Jude Cleary
Victoria Cleary
Jeremy Coleman
Veronica Conneely
Michael Considine
Emma Cooney
Denise Corcoran

of 95



Donagh Corcoran
Philip Costello
John Cotter
Patrick Courtney
Sara Crangle
Trevor Creed
Colette Cronin
Trevor Cronin
Daniel Crowley
Ian Cullen
Nicola Deane
Keith Desmond
Omer Desmond
John Dwyer

Stuart Eadie
Martin Falvey
Mark Fenton
Sharon Ferriter
Amanda Fitzgerald
Jennifer Fitzgerald
Anna Fitzpatrick
David Fleming
Orla Fleming
Mark Gamble
Keith Geaney
Caroline Gleeson
Susan Gleeson
Elizabeth Griffin

Sean Hannam
Susan Harris
Andrew Healy
Cornelius Healy
Declan Healy
Siobh n Healy
Aoife Hegarty
Camilla Hegarty
Deirdre Hickey
Killian Hickey
Mark Hilliard
Elaine Holland
Audrey Jones
Elaine Keenan
Gavin Kelleher
Karan Kelleher
Michael Kelleher
Sarah Kelleher
Timothy Kelleher
Sarah King
Darren Kinsella
Karan Kirby
Maria Lane
Ilie Leane
Sinead Lehane
Tadgh Long
Damien Lordan
Aidan Lucey
Suzanne Lucey
Rachel Lynch
Sharon McAlpine
Mary McCarthy
Sarah McCarthy
Claire McCarthy
Michelle McCullagh
Jason McQuaid
Sarah Mitchell
Aine Moroney
Ellen Mulcahy
Caroline Murphy
Helena Murphy
Jason Murphy
Madeline Murphy
Sharon Murphy
Yvonne Murphy
Gemma Myles
Niamh Nash
Jennifer Nolan
Shane Nolan

Louise Noonan
Fiona O'Brien
David O'Callaghan
Eugene O'Callaghan
Emer O'Connell
Fiona O'Connor
Rory O'Connor
Joleen O'Donnell
Colin O'Donovan
David O'Donovan
Alan O'Driscoll
Aine O'Dwyer
Marjorie O'Hehir
Anthony O'Leary
Grace O'Leary
Hannah O'Leary
Trevor O'Leary
Finbarr O'Mahony
Lorraine O'Mahony
Lorraine O'Neill
John O'Regan
Oonagh O'Regan
Breda O'Shea
Brendan O'Sullivan
Nicola O'Sullivan
Frances Power
Jonathon Power
Martina Quill
Sharon Quinn
Aine Reilly
Joanne Riordan
Aoife Rodgers
Jill Ronayne
Kenneth Ross
Lorraine Sheehan
Catherine Sheppard
Adeline Shorten
Noreen Spillane
David Tarrant
Sarah Twomey
Siobhán Twomey
Alan Walsh
Eva Walshe
Brian Whelan
Michelle White

Keith's Lament

The days of unity
and joy and fun
are on our minds
as we find we're one.

The world's ahead
as we all see,
that times are hard
and lack unity.

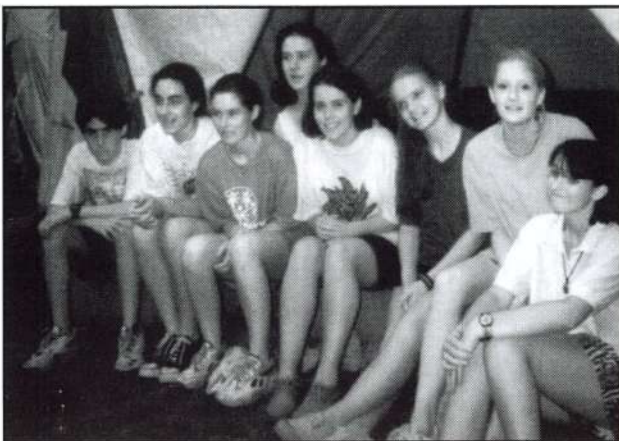
Who will know,
what's to come of us,
as we all jump,
on that worldly bus.
What's to come
of all of us

But in ten years time,
we will see,
when we all reunite,
in that room of unity

Keith Geaney.

length of Winthrop Street encouraging us to join in. Having got over the initial stage, fright, we began accosting fat business men and little old ladies as they stomped up and down the street, receiving such illuminating responses as "Its a disgrace ", "It never happened in our day ", "Do you mean alcoholic drink? ", "I blame the pubs ", and my personal favourite, "Underage drinking, I can't get enough of it ". Suitably, and after numerous 60% bigger burgers and of course coke, we all returned home confirmed pioneers.

All the hard work finally paid off early on the last Sunday in May of 94 when B.C.S news went out on air. New careers launched ?. Watch this space.....



Exchange

Germany here we came in the summer of '94. Armed with crocodile skin suitcases, rucksacks, coats, sunglasses and a great line in swimwear, we checked in, smiled for photographs and then marched out onto the bright green bird which was to whisk us off to Heathrow on Friday July 15th, 1994.

Led by a very capable leader, Papa Harry Sealy, and 3 other group leaders, we bought a stash of German phrase books and then boarded our plane destined for Dusseldorf.

Boarding a bus in Dusseldorf, the 28 of us began to feel hot and sweaty and out popped deodorants of "Lynx" and "OE". Little did we realise that we had a new climate with a high of 35 degrees, WOW!, and we began rehearsing our German accents and greetings.

We arrived in Warendorf, a town north of Munster and Dusseldorf, at about 10:00 pm and went home to our new families.

The committee had organised bus passes, "Freibad" passes and a timetable of events for all of us and also for the group from Longford which we joined up with.

Everyday, the group met, whether or it was on an organised tour or outing, or at our most frequented spot the outdoor pool..

On the first day, everybody turned up at the Bahnhof-the train station, where we all met on our bikes, wearing shorts with our embarrassing pink tinged legs(one nameless male arrived on a high nellie with a basket and a silver bell!). Soon after the 3 weeks, everybody seemed presentable enough and the embarrassment of walking out into the park by the pool in front of the others in your togs, wore off!

Soon our 3 weeks were up and we displayed some very tasteful waltzing and indeed ballroom dancing at the farewell party, followed by a soaking in the town square!

So on the 3rd of August we left with red eyes and believe it or not, sang "Harry and the kids" all the way home on the plane. After swopping dinners and depositing our fruitcake in a certain individual's bag, we arrived in Cork airport, with wooden stilts, which we made on a trip in Germany and posed for more photographs, made a collection for our leader from our "left over" money and finally went home with brilliant memories from a brilliant 3 weeks spent with a fab group,.... and of course, a new profound knowledge of the German language.....

Bank of a Lifetime

And what wonderful training we got in the school bank in preparation for high-flying careers in the business world. After a full day of intensive training we were all a little apprehensive - especially when we lost the keys on the first day. These and other minor mishaps aside everything went smoothly. Well fairly.

One "interestingly different" promotion attracted the attention of many, even that of the "cool" sixth years. I'm sure you all would remember our Valentine's Day promotion where rollos were offered to customers, not to mention the "free kiss at the counter, with every new account opened!" This promotion was devised to entice some male customers in our bank. Unfortunately, I'm afraid they had to settle for a T.S.B. stamp on the face instead. Again on St. Patrick's Day we ran another promotion which succeeded equally in encouraging new business. The old reliable; "free time-outs with every new account" promotion, worked out on many occasions, though it was incredible the lengths to which some students would go to get a free bar of chocolate.

Another step up

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

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

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

Mark Gamble.

Planning for the Future

Bang came reality in the shape of Sixth Year. To show how focused we would have to be about our futures two careers exhibitions were organised by Mr. Kennelly.

Our first sortie at a careers exhibition was a trip to Dublin to the R.D.S., on the train with Mr. Kennelly. And as he ate breakfast in the dining car reading his paper, we played cards, talked and slept on the train. On reaching Dublin we availed of the Dublin bus service to whisk us quickly to the R.D.S., although because of our numbers we were refused entry to three buses. When eventually we made it to the exhibition we were handed a free copy of *The Irish Times* and a giant, cumbersome bagful of very burnable reading material. The exhibition itself was interesting to a point but after gathering so much information on duck-farming in Letterkenny R.T.C and basket-weaving in Outer Hebrides Polytechnic one needs a break. One needs a break. We made it to the train with time to spare and trundled homewards talking of accounting homework that had to be in the next day.

The second careers exhibition was not as fanfared as the first but was much better attended. Every final year pupil from every community school, convent or comprehensive attended this one. A fleet of buses was hired by the school to carry us to this exhibition so one could easily disappear in the crowd. The most striking thing about this exhibition was the smoke filled lavatories, where every smoker from every school piled to get away from their teachers. Passive smoking was unavoidable for all who attended. The room for the exhibition was far too small and with little more than elbow room one was forced to shuffle slowly from stall to stall. The modelling school stand



The School Bank Staff

caused much interest (especially for Michael Aherne) and few could resist the temptation to sign their classmates up for additional information. At a quarter past three the city was left behind and the buses pushed forward towards home. The adventures of the careers exhibitions were over it seemed and Mr. Kennelly breathed a visible sigh of relief.

Hard Times Indeed

Being the diligent students we are, we attended two productions which were on our Leaving Certificate English course during the year. The first was Hard Times in the Opera House in mid October when we were accompanied by Mr.Nally, Ms.Horgan and Mr.Buttimer.

Quite a different approach was adopted in this production to say the least! The actors, five in all, did not move off the stage once during the play, other than at the interval. They each took on several characters, for example Mr. Tom Gradgrind (senior),played Stephen Blackpool, as well a circus clown, all entirely different characters. If this didn't cause enough confusion in the minds of B.C.S students the play started at the end and worked backwards through the story!

We then

attended the production of Brian Friel's "Philadelphia Here I Come" during the first week of April. This was much better. Two groups attended the production on alternate nights accompanied by Mr.Buttimer, Ms.Horgan, Mr. Nally and Miss.Waterman. It must be said that this play was bestowed with many more compliments than the production of Hard Times. Students in general thought it was, professional, acted out really well, entertaining and funny. The stage was extremely realistic and the lighting was fantastic. The presence of familiar faces from "Fair City", "Glenroe" and that of Kathy Doogan(who played Louisa in the production of Hard Times) also added an interesting touch to the production. The six quid was definitely worth it this time!

Famous Past Pupils of the Future

So who'll be the chosen ones?

- Tim Kelleher** - winning the Tour De France.
- Rachel Lynch** - first female Garda commissioner.
- Ian Cullen** - astronaut on Star Trek.
- Con Healy** - owning a fleet of trucks.
- Ivan Barrett** - strutting his stuff on Broadway.
- Camilla Hegarty** - president.
- David Carroll** - playing professional football - as another Roy Keane or Cantona (but no viciousness intended)
- Emer O' Connell** - continuity announcer in R.T.E. or presenting the Eurovision.
- Stephen Ahern** - head of National Front or running for Taoiseach.

Where the pupils will be in ten years time.

- Brendan O' Sullivan** - famous model for Calvin Klein boxer shorts or Mr. Universe or champion Chippendale.
- Suzanne Lucey** - making lots of money as Man. United's mascot due to her red hair.
- Declan Healy** - married to 'The Millstreet One' with fifteen kids, two sheep and one pig.
- Kenneth Ross** - biotechnician owning a huge house with a string of wives.
- Emer O' Connell and Declan Healy** will still be fighting non - stop and

Eacht Award Winners

1st. Year.

- Martina Carroll - overall winner.
- Sarah Kelleher.
- Amanda Fitzgerald.
- John Finnegan.
- Rachael Lynch.
- Mark Fenton.
- Camilla Hegarty.
- John Dwyer.
- Catherine Sheppard.

2nd. Year.

- Grace O' Leary - overall winner.
- Killian Hickey.
- Ivan Barrett.
- Emer O' Connell.
- Eugene O' Callaghan.
- Stuart Eadie.
- Joleen O' Donnell.

3rd. Year.

- Grace O' Leary - overall winner.

- Eugene O' Callaghan.
- Elaine Holland.
- Ivan Barrett.
- Killian Hickey.
- Adrian Boyde.

5th. Year.

- Emer O' Connell - overall winner.
- Rachael Lynch.
- Suzanne Lucey.
- Camilla Hegarty.
- Maria Lane.
- David Fleming.
- Jonathan Power.
- Jason McQuaid.

Also other students who were once a part of last year's 6th Year group were winners of Eacht Awards

- Jason McQuaid - 1st year.
- Colette Cronin - 2nd year.



Singing Gals!

refusing to acknowledge the fact that they are madly in love with each other.

Micheal Kelleher - famous aquaculturalist.

Camilla Hegarty - the lead in Riverdance 2.

Susanne Carroll, Maria Lane, Fiona O' Connor and Susan Gleeson - as the band 'Midnight Society'.

Where the teachers will be in ten years time.

Mr. Nally - Michael Collins look alike.

Mr. Alcock - 'mature' male model.

Miss Daly - maybe still getting away with half fare?

Mr. Buttimer - has to get a fake I.D. to get into pubs in town, the bouncers refuse so he retaliates by hitting the bouncer's knees, and later will form a committee called 'Small people with facial hair problems'.

Ms. O' Connell - the chief manager of spare parts at Toyota Starlet.

Funny memories of our time in school.

Who remembers when a certain Maths teacher in second year couldn't write on the blackboard as vaseline had been smeared all over it?

And what about when Louise got herself tied to the tree, hair in pigtails and face covered in purple stamps saying 'Ich liebe Dich'.

Will David O' Donovan be calling Miss. Chute 'Mom' forever?

Even then Ian Cullen was up to his tricks throwing chewing gum out of the window and evidently getting stuck in Micheal Aherne's hair and he had to get it cut out in the cafeteria.

The day the goat came into the area.....

Will B.C.S. be seen forever as the multicoloured caravan park or the County Councils workmen's huts.

Leaving

I never hated school as much as I made out.
Otherwise I wouldn't be crying today.
Every adult I know says that school days are the best days of your life.

I never agreed with them - but I do now.
Despite all the homework, study and exams,
There were laughs and jokes and tears-
Plenty of tears.

I'll miss the old routine, and the rules now I must make my own.

I'll have a last quick look around before I go..
I suppose I'll miss it, Just a little,.....

Claire McCarthy

On the Sporting Fields

Our year group has always been actively involved in sport in this school. When in Third Year we narrowly lost the U-16 Hurling championship to Douglas and Damian and the ref had a nice little chat as far as we can remember. In 5th Year the U-17 hurlers won the Cork Colleges B county championship, beating Carrignavar by two points in a gale force wind in Inniscarra. Many thanks to Mister Cuthbert for his prayers and Mr Holland for his smoke signals. Our footballers covered themselves in glory this year when winning the Cork County Senior B Football Championship by beating Mitchelstown in the final. Trailing by 8 points with 15 minutes to go, we recov-





Winners of the Ger Hickey Memorial Cup

ered to win by a single point, with Damian (henceforth to be known as Nayim) scoring the winning goal with literally the last kick of the game. Miss Cronin and Mrs Fitzgerald took 30 of us for hockey training in 1st Year. To the very end 6 of these loyal troopers remained;- Catherine, Camilla, Frances, Karen, Jennifer N, Jennifer F and Aoife. These players were group winners in the 1993/94 league and were runners up in the Munster Intermediate hockey final- their greatest achievement ever!!!!

The players would like to extend their gratitude to the dedicated training provided.

The Sweet Smell of Success

Siobhan Healy asked us if we would like to take part in a basketball match against the teachers. We reluctantly agreed as never in living memory in BCS has any student team beaten teachers, male or female, in any sport.

Our spirits were dampened even more when we heard the line up for the members of staff ; Ms. Chute, Ms. Cronin, Ms. Galvin, Ms. Kelly, Inion Ui Mhurchu, Ms. McCarthy and our own year head, Ms. O' Riordan. So the game was set up for Tuesday 2nd of May after school. As we changed in the changing room, Ms. Cronin came in full of enthusiasm and told us to hurry up as all the teachers were ready and we were delaying the inevitable. As we were taking

practice shots before the game began the teachers looked very confident, making us feel worse as we had no idea how the game would go, but we had decided that they must be very good if no one had ever beaten them.

And so the game began with Susan Gleeson, Siobhan Healy, Maria Lane, Fiona O' Connor and Sarah Twomey representing the students. The staff team started out with Ms. Chute, Ms. Cronin, Inion Ui Mhurchu and Ms McCarthy with Ms. Kelly and Ms. O' Riordan as subs.

Jonathan Power was the ref and Ms. Galvin and Siobhan went in for the throw up. We surprised ourselves at how well we were playing - we were defending well, we had a good defence and our score was steadily increasing. The teachers had yet to score and as a result they committed quite a few personal fouls.

Then the half time whistle blew and we were delighted to see that the score was 15 - nil !

On one occasion Ms. Chute was throwing the ball down court, Susan managed to intercept it but it hit her in the stomach and took her flying through the air, which was funny for all those not involved. Inion Ui Mhurchu "suggested" Siobhan should stop molesting her.

In the second half the teachers' performance and attacking force astonished us. They must have been given a really vigorous pep talk. After we recovered from our amazement we played a very good game which now was more evenly matched. But at one point the teachers did manage to have all 7 of their team members on the court. Totally unintentional of



Members of the Hockey team.



Members of the Camogie team.



Members of the Tennis team.

course !

On reflection it was a very enjoyable match which, I'm sure even the teachers enjoyed. The final score was 32 : 14 which was an amazing feat for us, the first student team ever to beat the teachers.



Swimming

This was the first year that B.C.S. was entered into the Munster Schools Swimming Competition. Keith Desmond was delighted to be representing the school along side Elaine from 4th. year, and to be coached by Mrs. Lynch, who did a great job. Even though we did not win, it was an enjoyable and worthwhile experience at Churchfield Swimming Pool.

Three people in 6th year played for our schools Intermediate Team, they were Orla Fleming, Maria Lane and Camilla Hegarty. The team trainer was Ms Mc Carthy who trained the team every Monday evening for an hour after school. The team participated in the Junior A Camogie League and the Junior B Camogie Championship.

So there you have it, a trip down memory lane on our time in B.C.S. All that remains is to thank everyone who helped prepare us for the Leaving Certificate, particularly Ms.O' Riordan and Mr. O' Leary, our year heads during our time here. Best of luck in the exams everyone!.

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We would like to thank everybody who helped in putting together this year book, all those who wrote articles and submitted photographs.

And then there was "love"!!

How many of these do you remember?.....

1st Year

Catherine S. & John D.
Grace O`L. & Kenneth R.
Jen N. & Andrew O`M.
Karen B. & Shane N.
Elaine C. & Conor O`D.
Karen B. & Paul C.
Rosemary B. & Michael K.
Emma BM. & Barry O`M.
Anna F. & Shane N.
Audrey J. & Sean H.
Anna F. & Michael A.
Elaine C. & Kieran O`R.
Susan H. & John C.
Mary McC. & Trevor C.
Pamela T. & Trevor C.
Fiona O`B. & Ian C.
Mary McC. & Andrew O`M.
Susan H. & Shane N.
Michelle McC. & Sean H.
Amanda F. & Alan O`D.
Louise N. & Eddie O`M.
Jude C. & Andrew O`M.

2nd Year.

Catherine S. & John D.
Jen N. & Kenneth R.
Aoife R. & Tadhg L.
Karen B. & Colin O`D.
Aoife R. & Sean H.
Anna F. & Barry O`M.
Anna F. & Raymond O`M.
Sarah T. & Andrew O`M.
Pamela T. & Trevor C.
Tracy O`M & Andrew O`M.
Michelle McC. & Andrew O`M.
Emma BM. & Barry O`M.
Susan H. & Paul M.
Susan H. & Alan O`D.
Susan H. & Alan W.
Fiona O`B. & Paul M.
Fiona O`B. & Alan O`D.
Fiona O`B & Alan W.
Fiona O`B & Patrick C.
Michelle McC. & Eugene O`B.
Tracy O`M & Patrick C.
Susan H. & Michael A.

3rd Year

Catherine S. & John D.
Jen N. & Kenneth R.
Aoife R. & Tadhg L.
Karen B. & Colin O`D.
Nicola D. & Ivan B.
Amanda F. & Paul C.
Elaine C. & Andrew O`M.
Audrey J. & Gavin K.
Mary McC & Trevor C.
Pamela T. & Trevor C.
Joleen O`D. & Paul C.
Mary McC. & Anthony M.
Lorraine O`M & Anthony M.
Pamela T. & Anthony M.
Claire O`M & Michael A.

5th Year

Catherine S. & John D.
Karen B. & Colin O`D.
Jen N. & Tadhg L.
Adeline S. & Paul C.
Joanne R. & Philip C.
Caroline G. & Aidan L.
Susan H. & Gavin K.
Claire McC & Paul C.
Lorraine O`N & Tadhg L.
Sarah McC & David F.
Elaine C. & Andrew O`M.
Lorraine O`N. & Kenneth R.
Joleen O`D. & Rory O`C.
Joleen O`D. & John O`R.
Sharon Q. & Keith G.
Rosemary B. & Davey O`D.
Grace O`L. & Davey O`D.

6th Year.

Catherine S. & John D.
Karen B. & Colin O`D.
Susan H. & Gavin K.
Fiona O`B. & David T.
Caroline G. & Aidan L.
Rosemary B. & Jason M.
Joleen O`D. & John O`R.
Sarah M. & Mark H.
Aoife R. & Tadhg L.

