

The Glasmigos

In Britain the winter of 1963 was the coldest for years, with months of sub-zero temperatures stretching into late April. Lochs and rivers froze and stayed frozen. People huddled around their coal fires or electric heaters and reassured themselves that it was a sign that the summer to come would be a good one, like the last big freeze in 1947.

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Getting out of a warm bed into a bitterly cold bedroom did not appeal to the teenage Donald MacCorquindale. When he got to work he would spend the rest of his day outdoors. Donald was a third year apprentice Shipwright at the Stephens of Linthouse Shipyard, on the other side of the River Clyde, about half a mile from his home by the Whiteinch/Linthouse Ferry. In 1963 the Clydeside shipyards were busy, if not quite as busy as they had been in the immediate post-war boom years.

'It's your last warning Donald MacCorquindale, get yourself up *now*, laddie!' growled his father. 'D'you hear me?'

Donnie, or Corky as his workmates called him, stretched his six foot-two inch frame, pointing his toes down, then up, and began rotating them slowly to stretch his long tendons, as he had been taught to do at football training. He did this exercise to a slow count of one hundred and twenty, flexing them for a full two minutes, before relaxing. Lifting the edge of the bedclothes, he squinted through the gloom of the March dawn: the fluorescent hands on the clock read twelve minutes past six. This must have been his father's second call, Corky thought, knowing that his plate of porridge, two slices of toasted cheese and a mug of tea would be on the kitchen table, cooling rapidly. His father never lit the kitchen fire on weekdays, as the house would be empty until their return in the evening. In the mornings they used two one-bar electric fires, but sparingly, moving one or both to whichever room they were in. They had lived alone for nearly ten years, since Corky's mother died of cancer.

His father, also Donald but known as Dan, worked as Head Time-Keeper in the Wages Office at Charles Connell's shipyard. As he did every morning, often including Saturdays and Sundays, Dan would leave their flat at six-thirty sharp to walk smartly to work, striding out like the Royal Marine Sergeant he had once been.

Five minutes from his front door, Dan would open his booth and 'clock-off' his cohort of night-shift workers then 'clock-on' his day-shift men. As a senior member of staff, Dan received a 'Salary with Perquisites'. Unlike the hourly paid men whose wages roll he signed off each Thursday afternoon, Dan did not get paid for overtime. Knowing how much better off these men were with 'time and a half' for nights and 'double time' for weekend hours, this seemed unfair to him. Even the draughtsmen, also staff members, received overtime payments, because they had a Union to speak up for them.

Corky's 'clock-on' time was 7.38 a.m., and he knew he could snooze until twenty-five past six before his father would administer the 'ultimate weapon'. Corky slipped his right foot out from under the bedclothes to sample the room temperature.

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The radiant heat from the electric fire beside his bed blasted his toes. It felt great. Just like the sun on the beach at Benidorm.

Moving slowly to avoid causing cold draughts, Corky pulled the covers back over his face, eased his elbows up, and slipped his hands behind his head. Comfortable again, he let his mind wander back to the dream he had been jerked from by his father's exasperated voice.

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In his dream it was the summer of 1962, the last Thursday afternoon of their holiday, Corky's second last day in Benidorm. Lying on the beach beside Corky was Ian Mackenzie, known as Big Ian, and Tommy Delaney, known to all his friends as Tiny D. Although Corky had enjoyed the heat of the Mediterranean sunshine, he had had enough of it, and was ready to go home to cool, rainy Glasgow.

The girl walked right past them. Only Corky saw her: his two beach companions were comatose, sleeping off their many beers. She was tall and curvy, with a perfect tan set off by her jet black hair. She was wearing a skimpy pale blue bikini.

He had thought she must be Spanish, but a deep male Glasgow voice shouted, "Teresa, over here lass."

Corky raised his chin onto his elbows to watch her pick her way through the crowded beach to her family group. She looked about sixteen, maybe younger. The man, probably her father, was tall, well built and muscular. He had white blonde hair, greying at the edges. He looked stern, powerful, not a man to have an argument with. Near him sat two women, also wearing bikinis. They too were slim and attractive, in the same mould as the girl, Teresa. When she sat between them, the three could have been sisters, all with the same short dark hair.

In the group a boy of about twelve, maybe older, had the same look as the girl. He must be her brother, Corky thought. The boy was stretched out on his back, sunbathing, pretending to be asleep while being buried by sand patted over and around him by three younger sisters. The beach crowd was noisy and the family too far away for Corky to make out what they saying, but he could see the females were laughing, pushing at each other, joking, full of fun. Corky felt again the recurring stab of exclusion and loneliness of being an only child.

It was July, the second week of the Glasgow Fair holiday. From their tans, Corky reckoned Teresa and her family must have been in Benidorm for the same period as himself. So why had he not seen her before? He fished in his duffle bag and put on his sunglasses to enjoy watching without being noticed.

He began to fantasise:

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They were alone. It was dark. He was holding her in his arms. Teresa closed her eyes, lifted her lips, inviting him to kiss her. . .

Time passed.

Big Ian, (so called because of his girth rather than his height), and the diminutive Tiny D snored on, a dozen or more empty beer bottles rammed into the sand, standing as silent witnesses of the two boys post breakfast/lunch drinking session. There were fag ends stuffed into the empty bottles, only because Corky had moaned at them not to bury their doubts in the sand.

Corky had got to know Big Ian and Tiny D while travelling with them to and fro on the short ferry trip across the Clyde. All three worked at Stephens. Both older boys were welders, with big plans of emigrating to Australia as soon as they were fully qualified. Big Ian's brother Alex was already there, minting money, Big Ian repeated endlessly, and had a huge house with a swimming pool. Corky had seen the photographs, many times.

The other two boys had been to Benidorm the previous year and the year before. In the months leading up to this holiday they had regaled Corky on its delights and wonders: the drinks and fags were dirt cheap, so was the food, and everything else. Everyone ate out, and the bars were open twenty-four hours a day. And best of all, they emphasised, leering and winking, Benidorm was full of girls who were "up for it".

Big Ian and Tiny D were both older than Corky by two years, and nearly at the end of their apprenticeships. On their first night in Benidorm, as they set out to enjoy the delights of the strip of bars, restaurants and dancing clubs that served the booming Benidorm night-life, Big Ian had bought them huge cheap straw sombreros, dubbing them *The Glasmigos*. The *Glasmigos* were part of a large clan of working class youths from the sandstone tenements of Glasgow's Whiteinch district; teenagers who had followed their fathers to work as apprentices or labourers in the shipyards that lined both banks of the River Clyde. In the summer of 1962 there were many similar groups of young men and women set on enjoying their freedom from the daily grind, travelling on cheap package holidays from the UK and other parts of Europe. This was the start of what would become the swinging sixties.

Of course Corky knew his chance to become a *Glasmigo* had arisen only when Paulo Vincci (Pully) had got his girlfriend Mary pregnant. Big Ian and Tiny D urgently needed someone to share the cheap three-bed room they had already booked and paid a deposit for, and Pully was desperate to recoup his part of the payment. Flattered to be asked, Corky had accepted at once, knowing that he more than enough saved to cover the payment to Pully, and the additional money to give to Big Ian, who was on the point of paying the balance to secure the room and flights.

When he told his father of the holiday, Corky had to suffer a long boring lecture about the dangers of such wild teenage adventures. Every summer the *Daily Record* was filled with lurid tales and hard luck stories, Dan had said, many times over. The Spanish police were

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cracking down, getting tough on drunks who had been assaulting local youths. Pick-pockets were operating all along this coast. On and on and on the lecture went. Once started, Dan, not naturally talkative, was apt to forget when to stop. Donald must to promise to watch out himself and his friends - or he could end up in prison or fined heavily or both, on the simplest pre-text.

In a sense, Dan's warning had proved true. Corky's Benidorm dream had lasted less than twenty-four hours. On that first Saturday night out, at the fifth or sixth bar of their pub crawl, Corky, fully inebriated for the first time in his life, slumped into a drunken stupor. The older *Glasmigos* abandoned their acolyte to his fate, staggering off in search of willing girls.

Corky's recollection of the man who had half-carried and half-bullied him back to the apartment block was confused. He remembered the man searching his pockets for his room key. Then his 'Samaritan' had laid him out fully clothed on his bed, turned him on his side, probably saving his life. During the hours that followed Corky vomited repeatedly. In the morning Corky discovered he was minus his wallet, which had been stuffed with his holiday Pesetas and an emergency English five pound note his father had given him just before he left Glasgow.

The only thing Corky was certain of was that the man had reeked of garlic and strong local cigarettes. Over a Full English breakfast, consumed mid-afternoon on the Sunday, The *Glasmigos* had reached the conclusion that the thief was probably Spanish, or maybe French. They agreed that there was no point reporting the incident to the local police, who might use it as an excuse to arrest Corky for drunkenness.

Luckily Big Ian as their leader/organiser had all three passports and aeroplane tickets concealed under his mattress, together with the bulk of his own holiday Pesetas. Somehow Corky had missed out on Big Ian's warning that on any night out each man must only ever carry enough Pesetas for his immediate needs. Big Ian said repeatedly that he had told Corky this, and Tiny D was quick to back him up. The newest *Glasmigo* had no memory of his Sage's advice, but accepted that it may have been said.

Despite heavy pressure, Corky had resisted their suggestion that he try to telephone home to his father to ask for replacement funds, and eventually, very reluctantly, the older lads had subbed Corky the equivalent of £3 each from their wads of Pesetas.

Corky promised to pay this money back immediately they arrived back in Glasgow: he had over fifty-three pounds in his TSB Savings account, he explained. They had expressed total disbelief that any boy from Whiteinch could command such wealth, and scoffed that he was exaggerating. But in fact it was true: Corky was careful with money and, like his father, had never been a smoker or drinker.

Corky's two hobbies were playing left-half for Stephens' Boys Club and distance running with the Victoria Park Harriers. He was frugal by nature, but not mean. And the other two *Glasmigos* had been right about prices, everything was cheap, not just booze and tobacco.

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After nearly two weeks of careful living, Corky still had enough to see him onto the aeroplane, when it was time to leave early on Saturday morning.

During this holiday Corky had lived a parallel life from the other two Glasmigos.

He had a spent a lot of time swimming, becoming more proficient. Big Ian had swimming goggles and Corky borrowed them, watching the small brightly coloured fish swim amongst the other bathers' legs. By the expedient of standing watching, and cheering, he had inveigled his way into a football group. They were mostly waiters about Corky's age. Very poorly paid, they spent all their free time on the beach. Most could speak a little English and he had learned that, like him, they were strangers to Benidorm, coming from far and near to work for the summer, saving their wages and tips to take home to help their families.

By contrast the other two Glasmigos had spent their days lying on the beach, sunbathing, talent spotting, smoking and drinking. But mostly, like today, they were 'absent', sleeping off the effects of their multiple beers.

Corky had soon realised that he had very little in common with them. From their banter it seemed they lived for three things only: smoking, drinking and watching Rangers play, following their team to every match, home and away. They did not seem to have hobbies beyond playing darts or snooker. Girls were talked about endlessly and lusted after from afar. But, like Corky, neither seemed to have an actual girlfriend or have had any meaningful 'encounters', despite their big talk.

Lying beside his snoring companions, Corky was sporting a deep golden tan, and his sun-bleached brown curly hair was longer than usual from two weeks' growth. Corky had enjoyed his active holiday: he had never been fitter in his life. In his orange swimming shorts, he might even look Spanish.

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From behind the anonymity of his sunglasses, Corky continued to watch the bikini girl and her family. He saw her rise, heading towards the distant boy who sold drinks and ice cream, her siblings chatting to her as they followed, the youngest, a toddler, holding Teresa's hand. In her other hand was a large yellow purse.

'Right then men, catch you later, OK?' advised Corky, stuffing his towel, sun cream and bottle of water into his duffle bag beside his football shirt, shorts and plimsolls. The two inebriated sunbathers grunted and returned to the Land of Nod.

The queue at the beach hut was moving slowly. Corky was next in line behind Teresa, her brother and sisters. She smiled boldly at him and he smiled back. He wanted to say something but he was overawed by her nearness. She really was stunning, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He could feel himself flush. He swung his duffle bag off his shoulders and held it in front of himself to conceal the rousing inside his swimming shorts.

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The young Spaniard, who looked about ten years old, handed over the drinks and ice creams then scribbled the cost on a small chalk board. Teresa delved into her purse.

'Adrian, run back and ask Mummy for another eight Pesetas, quick now. Sorry señor, it will just take a minute.'

'No, here, take these, look, yes, just enough,' said Corky.

'Oh, thanks. But I'll pay you back.'

'No, don't worry, it's nothing, keep it.'

As Teresa and her small tribe moved away from the stall he moved with them.

'So, are you not getting anything for yourself, then?'

'No, changed my mind. I'll probably get something later, after the game.'

'What?'

'Aye, I've got a wee game just about to start, and I promised them I would play. It's some sort of semi-final, I think. I don't follow most of what they're saying, but hey, these Spaniards sure can play football.'

'Teresa, Teresa! Angela needs to go to the toilet, she's desperate!' said the oldest sister, pointing at the toddler. The child was crouching, her knickers at her ankles, eyes closed, grimacing.

'Look, Teresa, I'll better leave you to it. OK?'

'But I'll see you, around, eh? Oh, what's your name?'

'It's Donald, or Donnie, but everyone calls me Corky, because of my surname, MacCorquindale.'

'Oh, I see. No, I like Donnie best.'

'Teresa, Teresa! Look, she's done it! Angela's done a jobbie on the ground.'

'Oh, Angela, don't cry darling, it's alright,' said Teresa, 'shush now baby. There's a good girl....'

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On Friday night, just before nine o'clock, The Glasmigos had just finished their final meal together, Corky joining them straight from the weekly final of the beach football league, a game his team had won. He had changed into his best shirt and trousers in the toilet, but kept his plimsolls on because his new black shoes hurt his feet. The meal had been Big Ian's treat, getting rid of most of his hoard of Pesetas, he had boasted, keeping just enough for the rest of the night and his cigarettes and Bacardi at the airport. Corky had already agreed to give up his Duty Free allowance to the older boys: he had only ninety-three Pesetas left, enough for a snack and bottle of water at the airport, he hoped.

Following his resolve never to drink again, Corky had refused the many proffered rounds of Bacardi and Coke over the last two weeks, sticking to alcohol-free St Clement's with crushed mint leaves, which he had developed a taste for. He looked across at his companions and hid a smile: both were blistered, peeling badly and definitely war weary. Back in Glasgow, and recovered from the excesses of this holiday, they would proclaim to all that it had been another fantastic success. But Corky had felt out of it all, and often lonely. He had already decided not to continue as a Glasmigo, in the unlikely event that he might be asked again.

'C'mon Corky, ye must be comin' the night? It's yer last chance tae pull a bird, big yin,' piped Big Ian.

'Aye, c'mon, Corky, stop pretendin' that yer a monk. We know whit ye've been up tae under they covers, eh? Don't we, Big Ian, eh? Ha,ha,ha.'

'No, on you go guys. I'll have a wander. See you back at the ranch, OK? Don't worry, I'll make sure you're up and packed for the pick-up bus at five o'clock, OK?

'OK, huv it yer ain way, St Corky o' Whiteinch. Be good noo son, or if ye cannae be good, use a Durex! Member whit happened to Pully, eh? Pushin' a f***** pram roon Whiteinch Park fur his holidays, so he is! Ha, ha, ha. C'mon Tiny D, time to grab a last staund, eh, wee yin?'

The older boys drained their glasses and set off towards the "El Paradiso", their favourite night club.

Corky sat on in the small cantina and watched the groups as they passed. He had always enjoyed people watching. The loudest were the gaggles of giggling girls, already singing drunk, careering arm in arm across the pavements, most in beach dresses, some in the coming fashion for mini-skirts, and a few Scottish patriots in tiny kilts. Others, the ones who had been drinking all day were still in beach pants, wearing bikini tops and barefooted. As the girls passed like-minded groups of boys, ribald remarks were exchanged. These boys wore their own 'uniforms', most dressed in bright open-necked short-sleeved shirts, with dark drainpipe trousers, their hair with slicked with Brylcreem, strutting in scuffed winkle-picker or chisel-toed shoes.

Then Corky saw Teresa.

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She looked straight at him, did not seem to recognise him, then looked away. She said something to her companion, the younger of the two women from the beach, the one who might be her aunt, and they giggled. They were swaying, arm in arm, as if slightly drunk, laughing, weaving their way through the crowds, but heading away from the bright lights, towards the end of the strip where new hotels were being built.

Corky was on his feet at once.

Slinging his duffle bag over his head onto his back, he began following them, his eyes glued to the slim figure of the tall teenage girl and the slightly shorter, fuller figure of her aunt. Seen from behind they really did look like sisters, with matching hairstyles and backless sun dresses, Teresa in dark blue and her aunt in pale pink. Teresa clutched her yellow purse. Her aunt had a large white handbag slung from her shoulder. Neither seemed to have bra straps, he noticed. Corky sauntered along behind them, his hands in his pockets, trying to avoid being seen, keeping his distance, ducking round whenever he thought they might look back.

Every so often the mood of the crowd changed, became subdued, as a police car crawled past, blue light flashing lazily, the policemen with their windows down, arms dangling, scanning the crowds for trouble, their faces sullen, unfriendly, their eyes behind mirrored sunglasses.

When the two women ahead stopped to look in a shop, Corky turned his back to them, waited, risked a quick look and then started following again. He had been following them for about quarter of an hour when he eventually realised that they were not drunk, just pretending, giggling, bumping into each other and staggering as they laughed at some shared remark.

The crowds thinned, the side streets became darker. Teresa and her aunt stopped at a corner, talking and pointing, looking for a street name. Teresa looked back towards him, perhaps checking if they had missed a corner. Corky turned away and bent down to re-tie both shoe laces, unaware that he was being watched from a police car, parked with its lights off, staking out this spot which had a bad record for muggings.

When Corky eventually looked back over his shoulder, the two women had disappeared.

He ran to the corner, stuck his head round, feeling like a spy.

A short burly man had Teresa's arm up her back, holding a knife to her throat, growling something at her aunt.

A younger man ran from the shadows, grabbed the yellow purse from Teresa and hauled the white handbag from her aunt's shoulder throwing her to the ground in the process. The youth was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. To Corky he looked like a waiter.

White Shirt shouted something to the man, pointing towards Corky. The man shouted something to White Shirt and the youth ran off, towards the darkness.

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Corky was stunned by the speed of what had happened. He could not make sense of it, except that both the burly man and White Shirt seemed vaguely familiar.

Then Teresa screamed, 'Help! Help! Police! Police! Help! Help!'

Anger took over and Corky heard himself shout fiercely:

'Hey you, leave her alone! Police! Police! Police!'

Without thinking, he ran towards the group. The man shoved Teresa away and she stumbled forward, almost falling.

He turned to face Corky, smiled and flashed a knife at him, muttered something.

Corky saw Teresa kick off her shoes.

He kept running towards them.

He saw Teresa leap at the man in what Corky took to be a Karate move.

She arced up into the air and as she came down she gave a loud shout. The man jerked his head to look at her at the split second she stabbed down with her right heel, hitting him hard just above his left knee. There was a dull cracking sound and the man collapsed to one side, screaming, dropping the knife to grab at his knee with both hands. The girl immediately followed up with a vicious chop with the edge of her right hand to the side of his neck. He grunted, rolled onto his face and fell silent.

Teresa's aunt was on her knees, as if praying.

'Are you hurt, Auntie Jan?'

Corky had almost reached them, running hard, keeping his eyes fixed on the White Shirt who was now about two hundred yards ahead.

'No, I'm OK,' she sobbed, 'but all our passports and tickets are in my handbag!'

In the distance White Shirt stopped and looked back, trying to work out what had happened. He decided he was now on his own and turned away again. At the first corner he skidded into a side street, out of sight.

As he passed Teresa and her aunt Corky shouted, 'I'll chase him. You try to get the police, tell them what happened.'

'Watch out! He might have a knife too,' Teresa shouted.

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Corky raced to the corner where White Shirt had turned off, and skidded to a stop. The street was inky black. There were no street lights. He could hear someone sobbing, swearing in Spanish. Corky's eyes adjusted and by the light from the bright half-moon he saw that White Shirt was only a hundred yards ahead, limping badly. The youth must have tripped and fallen. As Corky started after him he realised why. This road was still under construction, strewn with rubble.

'Hey you, stop! Police! Police! Drop those bags! Police!'

White Shirt looked over his shoulder. Seeing that Corky was alone, the youth whirled around, dropped the purse and shoulder bag in front of him. Corky saw the flash of the knife and stopped ten yards from him.

'You want die, Eengleesh? Venga! Venga!' White Shirt limped forwards.

Corky looked for a weapon, saw a stone about the size of a tennis ball, picked it up, threw it. It hit the youth in the chest. His second missile hit the youth in the stomach, just above his crotch, which is where Corky had aimed.

'Cabron! Para este meres, Eengleesh!'

'Last chance, sonny boy, put down the knife, or else,' said Corky, hefting a heavier stone. Corky was surprised at how calm he was. He had never been in a real fight in his life, only pushing and shoving scuffles in the course of a few heated football matches.

White Shirt lunged forward.

Corky leapt backwards, stumbled back a few paces, took aim and threw the stone. White Shirt went down with a scream of agony, releasing his knife which bounced forwards towards Corky.

The youth scrabbled towards it, but Corky reached it first, picked it up, stepped round White Shirt and plucked the purse and handbag from the ground.

The siren sounded and the roadway was flooded with light.

The two policemen from the stake-out scrambled from the car pointing their guns at Corky. The smaller man ran forward and punched Corky hard in the stomach, winding him, bringing him to his knees. White Shirt was rattling at the policemen in rapid Spanish. He is making out I attacked him, that I am the robber, Corky thought.

Despite his protests Corky was bundled to the ground, his wrists handcuffed behind his back, then dragged and shoved into the back of the small police car and locked in. There was a grille between the front and back. He was caged. The space smelled of stale cigarettes and rancid sweat.

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Long minutes passed.

Corky could hear the deep voice of the older policeman talking on his radio. The younger one was talking to White Shirt. Corky did not understand what was being said, but the policemen seemed happy, chirpy, laughing.

He heard Teresa and her Auntie Jan shouting loudly, angrily, almost screeching at the policemen. Teresa looked through the window at him, and tried to pull open the door but it was locked. She was angry and crying at the same time.

A few minutes later Corky heard the deep Scottish voice from the beach, Teresa's father. This voice spoke slowly, calmly, in careful English. It was a voice used to commanding attention and obedience.

'I am Thomas Thomson, City of Glasgow Police. I am Inspector Thomson. Look, here's my Warrant Card. This is my Passport. You have arrested the wrong man. I have a note of your badge numbers, and the registration number of this vehicle. Gentlemen, you are in deep trouble. You have made a big mistake. This will not go well for you if you do not listen to me. That boy, that one over there in the white shirt, he is the one who stole the purses from these two women. And the other man, the older one that my daughter fought off, the one you sent off to hospital in the taxi, he is that boy's boss. The boy works for the man who attacked my daughter with a knife. That boy is his 'runner'. So, you must arrest him. **And get that Scottish boy out of your vehicle. At once! He is innocent.**'

The policemen were reluctant, unsure. After a muttered debate between themselves, they handcuffed the protesting White Shirt to the door handle of their police car. They withdrew out of hearing, to use the radio.

Corky remained in his cage.

After a long wait, a second much larger and newer police car arrived.

A smartly dressed officer with lots of gold on his cap emerged. He was tall, elegant, and his uniform was immaculate, made of the finest cloth. He spoke excellent English and introduced himself to Inspector Thomson as Captain Santiago de Santa Cruz. He examined Thomas Thomson's credentials, listened to what the Thomson family had to say, without interruption or comment. Waving his two officers to follow, he walked out of earshot and listened to what they had to say. He returned to the car, barked a series of questions at White Shirt. He was clearly not pleased with the youth's answers.

Captain Santiago de Santa Cruz gave his orders to his two officers, in a quiet voice, but edged with anger.

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The older policeman spoke on the radio, ordering another patrol car to go at once the hospital to detain the man with the injured knee. The younger policeman released Corky from the police car then bundled White Shirt inside.

Captain Santa Cruz spoke to Inspector Thomson in a calm, friendly tone, offering a personal apology for the 'honest misunderstanding', and shrugged his shoulders.

He invited the four Scots to the Police Station where the long, detailed formal process of providing written statements followed, involving several officers who spoke only a few words of English.

It was 4.00 a.m. when the four Scots emerged and stood together in the warm night outside the Police HQ.

'Well Donald MacCorquindale, you did well, young man, and that's a fact. The Captain told me they have been after the older man for nearly two years. They managed to apprehend him and are very pleased with themselves. Did you ever consider joining the Police, Donald? You seem to be the type we need? Are you, lad?'

Corky had his hand crushed, the big broad face flashed him a smile. Before Corky could think of a reply, the man was off, striding away, almost marching, and issuing his command over his shoulder:

'Right, ladies, time we got moving. Come on now, no shilly-shallying.'

Corky was hugged in turn by both women. Teresa's hug include a tiny wet kiss on his neck, just below his left ear with a whispered, "See you in Glasgow, Donnie? I work in Woolworth's on Byres Road on Saturdays."

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'Up with you, Donald MacCorquindale, right this minute!'

The covers were hauled back, the cold water from the sponge dribbled onto his face ran down his chin, onto his neck, onto his shoulders.

As he shot out of bed Corky remembered: it's Friday! Teresa would meet him outside the "Grosvenor" picture house on Byres Road. They were planning to see "Summer Holiday", for the third time.

ooOoo

A lot has happened in the eight months since that The Glasmigos holiday in Benidorm in the summer of 1962.

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Following their dream, Big Ian and Tiny D have submitted their application forms to become £10 pound 'Poms'. They are hoping to sail for Perth in Western Australia later in the year. They must wait until they have their City & Guilds Certificates to prove their competence to the Emigration Authorities. Through his brother Andy, Big Ian is in touch with the Rangers Supporters' Club in Perth, WA.

Dan MacCorquindale and Auntie Jan (Maloney) met at the Thomsons' New Year's Day gathering and discovered they shared several passions, including golf and Scottish Country Dancing. Dan and Jan have since become an 'item'.

Jan works as the Secretary to the Board of Management in the Glasgow HQ of Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society. One of her Directors owns a holiday villa on Majorca, overlooking a golf course. The villa has eight bedrooms, three bathrooms and a swimming pool. Complimentary membership of the golf club is included for residents, provided they are sponsored by the villa owner. As the holiday organiser for the Thomson Family, Auntie Jan has included Donnie and his father in her plans.

Scottish Amicable is thriving, growing and always eager to recruit good people. Dan MacCorquindale has been through a successful interview, and will start with them at the beginning of May, as an Accounts Assistant. Jan is confident that when he gets his Cost Accounting qualifications at Skerry's College, Dan will soon gain promotion. In his new job he will be free of the grind of early morning starts. At Scot-Am weekend working is rare so Dan will have more time for golf with Jan. He has applied to her golf club, Douglas Park, in Bearsden, where she is on the Ladies' Committee.

The now fitter and more self-confident Corky MacCorquindale was 'spotted' by Partick Thistle FC, for whom he has played twice as a 'trialist'. Clyde FC is also interested. Corky has added Karate to his list of interests, and has gained a Blue Belt grading, two behind Teresa at Brown Belt.

Donnie, as the Thomsons insist on calling Corky, has already passed the Police Entrance Examination. He is waiting to be called to his fitness test, hoping to be accepted for the 1964 autumn intake, when he will be twenty-one, after he completes his apprenticeship.

Thomas (Tommo) Thomson is now a Chief Inspector, and vice-chairman of the recently formed City of Glasgow Licensing Board. He is respected by all, and starred for higher office. Tommo sponsored Corky's application, and dropped words into various ears about the lad. Unknown to Corky, he should soon have a foot on the first rung on the ladder to success within the close knit 'family' of the City of Glasgow Police force.

As soon as Teresa becomes eighteen, she will start her training to be a nurse, at Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

