

A Golden Day at Marian Hill

by Rosemary Ekpenyong



Sport Group with cups won in Calabar Girls' Inter-school Athletic Competition. Coaches (centre): Miss Betty Risley, lay mission helper from U.S.A., and Miss Eyomah.

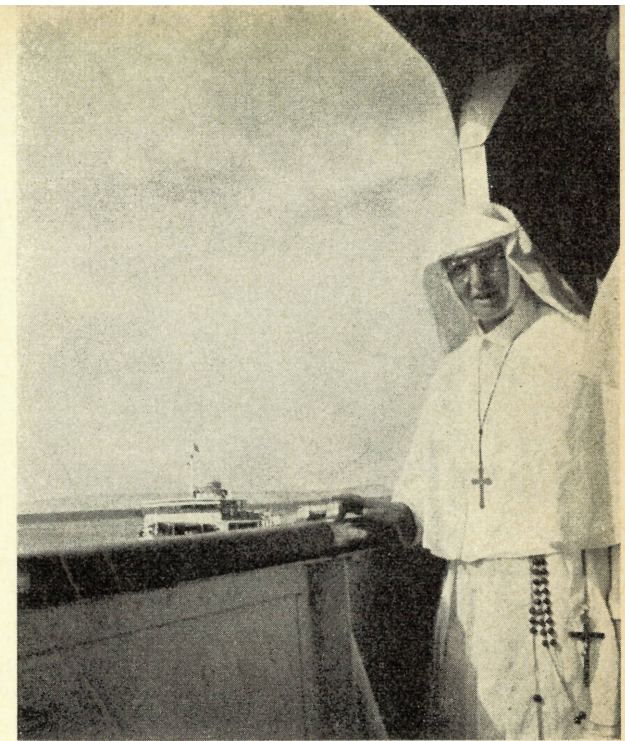
It was mid-April. The rains had not yet begun in real earnest and an invigorating harmattan breeze added much to the general sense of well-being. Sitting contentedly in the library at the farthest end of the compound, I recalled, as I closed my book, the extraordinary good fortune that had come our way during the course of that very day. The other students were evidently doing the same for, with the sound of the bell, jubilation erupted. It was considerably more than the usual six o'clock outburst.

Our "golden day" had really begun the previous day at the Sports Stadium. We had been asked to enter three teams this year in the Calabar Girl's Sports Group and, although our athletes were not as experienced as the others, they managed to place in every event and to win the first position fairly often. Suddenly rain sent us all out of the stadium before the final results were announced but we went home confident that we would retain the coveted cup won last year.

Even before the Assembly bell

Right. Rev. M. M. Vianney, who had been in Ifuho, returns on the launch from Oron in time to celebrate the Great Day.

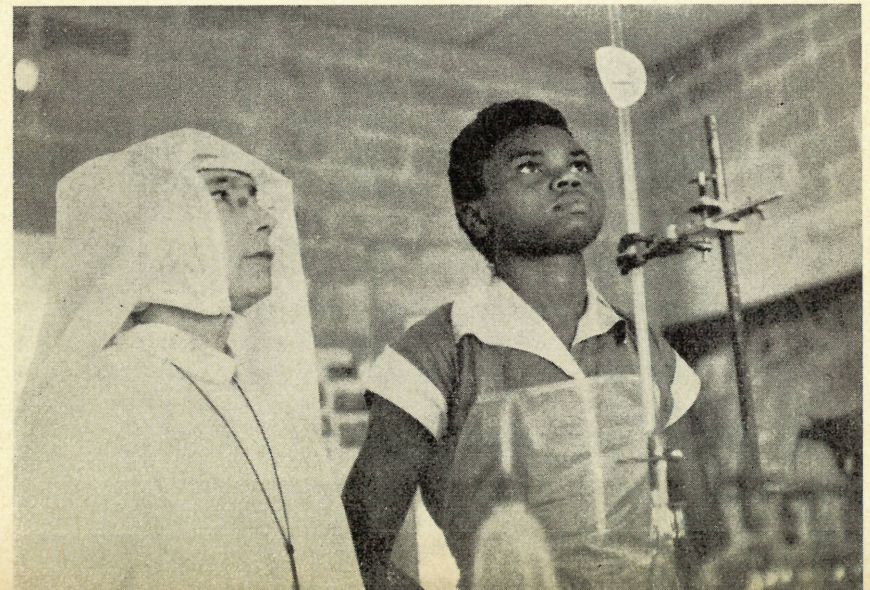
Below. M.M. Kenneth, principal, watches an experiment in titration to determine concentration of an alkaline solution made by Esther Ekanem.

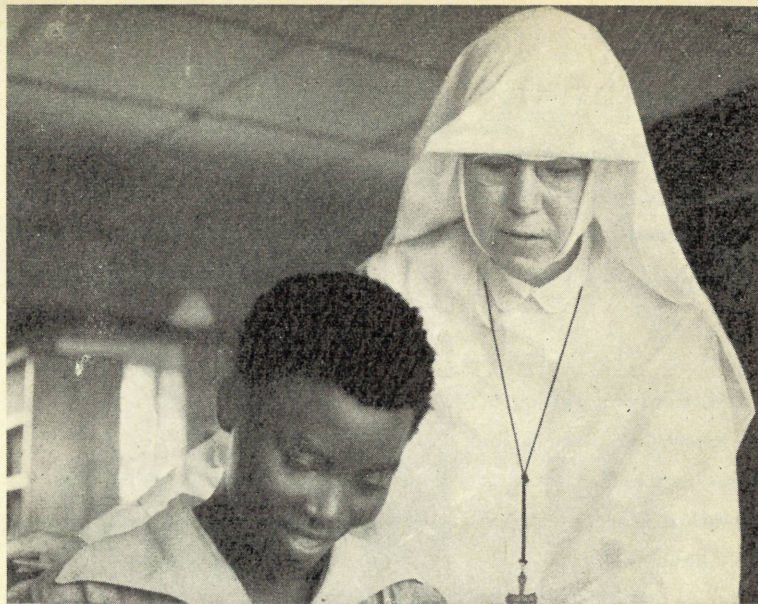


had rung this morning, the messenger had arrived and the good news shot across the compound: we had won not only the big cup but another — the High Jump — as well! This

caused the first of the "atomic" explosions.

Academic order was restored only by the strong arm of the bell ringer and the regular schedule was





In the library. M. M. Audrey gives help in English Literature to a Fifth Form student.

followed until the ten o'clock Break. Then came a final choir practice . . . and an hour later, standing with outward composure before the Festival of Arts' Judges, our thirty-seven choristers sang with a precision and beauty heretofore only dreamed of by the Conductress. They received the highest award.

The twelve chosen to participate in the final competition of the Drama Section of the Festival of Arts were scheduled to present Act 3, Scene 1 of "A Midsummer's-Night's Dream" at two P. M. in the African Club. If one of our gifted Lay Apostles had not "lent a hand" with the making of that vital bit of property — the Ass's head — we could not have entered. But lend she did, and her help together with the skill-

ful performance of the cast, procured victory. The rafters rocked with the response of the audience, most of whom were, of course, our own students. The beautiful trophy was carried back in triumph with song all the way.

Four P. M. . . . and hidden among the letters drawn forth from P. O. Box 36 — a pink slip — from YABA! That meant that the results of our West African School Certificate Examinations were waiting for us. We rushed to call for the parcel; flustered hands seized it and we dashed back to school. Is it possible? It is! It's true! 100% Pass!

It is good to have the heart so high at least once during school life. We needed to give thanks and we poured into Chapel.

THE Y. C. S. IN NIGERIA

By Mary T. Kellum

It was Holy Thursday in Ogoja. Students with serious, intent faces had formed a procession along the main road of the Holy Child compound. The brilliant scarlet of the flame-of-the-forest trees fashioned a canopy overhead under the hot African sky. A girl, bent beneath the weight of a heavy cross, headed the procession which slowly made its way out of the compound to a

place in the road where it was joined by similar processions from other Catholic secondary schools. Then, altogether, the students walked to the Cathedral while hundreds of people from the surrounding villages watched them with mounting curiosity.

This scene was being repeated in many parts of Nigeria during the morning. It was the result of a

Planning the Y. C. S. meeting in Uyo. M. M. Anita, the monitor, with Mary Colette Anwah, national organiser (right of M. M. Anita), and Elizabeth Akpan and Catherine Azodo, heads of the Movement in the Cornelia Connelly Secondary School.

