

EDITORIAL.

This year we have tried a new method of collecting contributions, and it has proved so successful that we have no need to add our complaints to those of previous editors about scarcity of copy. The inducement of house-marks has inspired the people with latent talent to compose their efforts without pressure.

We read with mixed feelings the entries ranging from the sophisticated poetry of the juniors to the solid work of the seniors. We should like to thank all our contributors. We regret that some of the work was so solid that it would have been too costly to print. As we realise that each word of ours is very expensive we quickly bring our editorial to a close.

1937-1938.

This year seems full of incident, but one or two things are outstanding.

The number of girls in the school has passed 100, and seems likely to go on increasing.

New buildings have been approved and I hope will be begun this summer. The plans have been so skilfully devised that the copper beech tree and the main garden will be unspoilt, in spite of the fact that the additions will include a large Hall equipped for gym and acting, shower baths, laboratory, Art room, Class room and Domestic Subjects room.

The growing variety of ideas was clearly shown in the MSS. sent in for this Magazine, which reflected not only the widening curriculum, where Science, Art, Music and German have a fuller place, but many outside interests. Another sign of this is the fact that a party hopes to go to the League of Nations Junior Summer School in Geneva this August.

There have been several valuable gifts to the School: the Loan Fund started by the Staff; presents of books and prizes from the Governors, Mr. Allen-Stevens, Miss Craig, and Miss Chamberlain; and the active support of parents and of many friends at the Bazaar, some of the proceeds of which we have spent on pictures for form-rooms, while some is being kept to put up Honours Boards in the new Hall.

The year has been as happy as it has been busy.

ANSTACE H. MOORE.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

(With apologies to Longfellow).

Quite near the spreading cedar tree
The new Hall soon will stand;
This Hall a mighty place will be,
And cover spacious land;
And with it shall be classrooms too,
So very carefully planned.
Our Hall will be both wide and long
(According to the plan),
Men's brows be wet with honest sweat,
They'll work whene'er they can;
For they must get our building up,
And work hard, every man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
We'll hear their hammers go;
We'll see them building busily,
For well their trade they know;
Yes, they will work the whole day long,
Till the evening sun is low.

And all the pupils in the school
Will look in at the open door,
We'll love to see the stage so large,
And view the spacious floor,
And see the building growing fast,
As each day they add more.

RHODA KEYLOCK } Form VI B.
PEGGY SPINAGE }

(This was offered to us as a full-length parody, but had to be cut, owing to lack of space.—ED.)

A CRANIAL LAMENT.

Some animals I have heard tell lose brain through eating ants,
My diet is quite ordinary,
And so it seems extraordinary,
That I should so resemble these, and lack that white substance.

My brain, my brain,
Dormant it has lain,
That thalamencephalon and infundibulum main
Medulla oblongata and cerebral hemisphere

Have learnt I fear,
The way to disappear.
Instead of brain my head is filled with molecules of air,
So when folks say to me "Use your brain"

I look quite vacant and make it plain
That there's nothing in, or on my head, but dull mousy hair.
My brain, my brain,
Dormant it has lain,

That thalamencephalon and infundibulum main
Medulla oblongata and cerebral hemisphere
Have learnt I fear,
The way to disappear.

CHRIS. HAWKEN, FORM VI B.

IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLAND.

The first thing you associate Holland with is dykes, and on the journey from the Hook of Holland to Utrecht the number of dykes is enormous. Huge fields, much larger than any in England, are divided by these dykes, which in some cases are very deep, into small fields. There are bridges over the dykes joining the fields together, with gates across to keep the cattle from crossing over. Often in one big field you may see ten to fifteen gates.

Here and there you see the huge windmills, another characteristic of Holland. These giant windmills are to drain the water from the dykes to the canals.

The farms, which are very small, are very well kept. The cowsheds and barns are joined on to the house itself. In the spring, summer and autumn the cows are all milked outside, some of them are not even tied up. They are brought in about the second week in autumn until the next spring.

The men on the farms all wear clogs, the farmer himself included. These clogs are very quaint, and you wonder how they can possibly stay on because there seems to be no fastening and they look as though they are too large. Some have straps across the top, but not many. Before they go indoors they take their clogs off and leave them outside the door. No mud in the house!

The Dutch farmers and their wives are most hospitable people. Nothing seems to put them out; people come at all times of the day, and the farmer is always ready to show them round his farm, and no-one goes away without having a cup of tea.

ROSEMARY GEARY, FORM V A.

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

I went for a Mediterranean cruise
Upon the "Mary Ann,"
With a pair of socks and a pair of shoes
I went for a Mediterranean cruise.
It made me lose my "fit of blues,"
And gave me "a peach bloom tan."
I went for a Mediterranean cruise
Upon the "Mary Ann."

CICELY WHITFIELD, FORM V A.

A HOT DAY.

Dawn breaks over a misty countryside, which looks very much like rain. You yourself are convinced of the fact and descend to breakfast with a wise look on your face. The rest of the family think differently, but the firmament looks so sinister that you take your heaviest rain-coat to school.

During the morning the mist clears away and the sun shines clearly. Sunshine before rain, you say to yourself. People are busy with their work; getting it finished in the cool of the morning they say. The milkman optimistically forecast fine weather, and the world seems very happy and contented.

By mid-day there is a complete change. The fierce rays of the sun pour down unmercifully and there is no shade to be found. Nobody has an appetite. Dogs and other animals are panting and crawl into every cool place they can find. People are vainly looking out for ice-cream men who, in their turn, are trying to take a little rest under the lime tree round the corner.

The afternoon drags on. Hardly a breath of air is stirring, and people are too hot to move about. They loll in deck chairs, looking like lumps of melting ice. The atmosphere is still at the same high temperature. Flowers and shrubs droop. Even the birds have lost their energy and leave only the insects busy in the sunshine.

By tea-time the hot day is waning. Things are beginning to revive, and people have more appetite. This is spoilt a little by the fact that the jellies have refused to set properly, and the lemonade seems warm; but fresh-brewed tea is refreshing, even though it does seem to boil one's blood while it is being consumed, for the after-effects are very good.

During the evening the world seems to come to life again. Children become lively once more, and grown-ups play tennis. Then twilight gathers and darkness falls. The hot day is over.

RONA PEERS, FORM V A.

THESE I LOVE.

I love the smell of a dusty road
When it's sprinkled with summer rain;
I love the scent of a wild rose tree
Midst a hedge in a country lane.
I love the smell of spotless white sheets,
And of apples stored in a loft;
I love the scent of new mown hay,
And the smells of the sea that waft.
I love the sound of the sweet church choir
With their golden voices raised;
And I love, oh so many other things
That you too, have loved and praised.

JOAN CRIPPS, FORM V A.

FAIRYLAND.

Do you believe in fairies? If so, then come along with me to the woods.

We enter fairyland through a long avenue of pine trees. We hear music played by that great genius Wind. The leaves and boughs rustle to a soft sweet tune as they are gently swayed to and fro.

In the clearings of the wood is the temple of the art of fairyland. The frescoes are freshly painted each springtime with pale purple anemones, yellow primroses, rivers of bluebells and curling fronds of fern. These pass their prime; then follow the rosy campions in bright clusters against the dense green foliage and the dark undergrowth.

The air is laden with the scent of lime trees, gay pillars of wild roses, and clinging honeysuckle whose flowers are pale in the shade and redder in the sun.

The waving trees bear tassels of ripening fruits while the foliage turns a rich glow of gold, russet brown and blood red. One by one the leaves float silently down, making a crisp crackling carpet for us as we sadly take our way home from fairyland until next springtime.

NANCY NEWPORT, FORM V A.

A DOG'S LIFE—by Dox.

I live amid the noisy girls
Who come to school each morning.
They rush about and laugh and play,
And spend their lessons yawning.
Sometimes in Gym I see them vault
With grace, and skill unerring,
And on the lawn they talk in groups,
Their lunch and troubles sharing.

They chatter, chatter as they come
To school whate'er the weather.

Yet girls may come, and girls may go,
But I stay on for ever.

Sometimes I hear them in the hall
When songs or hymns they're singing;
I drop my ears, and drop my tail,
And wish the bell was ringing.
Nor in the study do I rest,
For mistress has some callers,
And after school they're still about;
There always are some dawdlers.

They chatter, chatter as they come
To school whate'er the weather.

Yet girls may come, and girls may go,
But I stay on for ever.

HEATHER RICHINGS, FORM V B.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Last night I woke at midnight—and what was that I heard?
Noises from my work-box; it was very strange and weird.
Then, much to my surprise, the things began to play;
On to my bed they clambered, to make fun until day.
“Let us dance,” said hook to eye, “Here’s Billy Cotton’s
band”;
“Come, waltz with me,” begged thimble, taking inch-tape by
the hand;
Cried scissors to the bodkin, “A duel, come prepare!
“Young safety pin is waiting, if only you will dare.”

While shuttle raced with spool around the counterpane,
The buttons vied with shiny pins in contests so inane.
But something's pricked my finger; Oh dear now, what a
shock!

I never meant to doze so, while darning my best frock.

BRENDA HARRISON, FORM V B.

THE LITTLE, OLD SECOND-HAND SHOP.

This tiny shop, so drab and drear,
Looks just the same from year to year;
It once did proudly show its wares,
But now to flaunt it hardly dares.

The paint which was so bright and new,
Has taken on a darker hue;
The window-panes were clear and bright,
But dust and dirt have dimmed their sight.

When customers inside are lured,
The tinkling bell can still be heard;
Straightway appears from dark recess,
The owner in old-fashioned dress.

Upon his long and pointed nose,
His spectacles, unsafe, repose;
A tiny cap with tassels fair,
Covers the white and crinkly hair.

He shows his wares with pride untold,
And fondles them as if of gold;
Each musty thing within his heart
He holds so dear—till they depart.

To us this shop means not a thing,
But that old man is like a king
Who, ruling in a kingdom old,
Is there within his own stronghold.

JOAN WARD, FORM V B.

CONFISCATION.

Here's something that belongs to you,
A rather dirty indoor shoe,
Lying there on the cold stone floor
Beside the open cloakroom door.

A prefect spies it lying so
“To confiscation that must go,
And she's a Grenville too, oh dear,
She's lost another mark I fear.”

When you arrive at school next day,
Your friends will clearly hear you say,
"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?
I've lost my other indoor shoe,"
"Confiscation; sure to be there,"
Says someone, whilst she combs her hair.
Off you go in fear and doubt,
You find it there and get it out.
You swot and swot your work to do,
Yet lose marks on your indoor shoe.

PAT WILSON, FORM IV A.

MUSIC.

Music goes roaming
Above the clouds;
Into the gloaming
Of the sky's shrouds;
Into the Heavens,
Into the Thunder-Home;
Into the Palace
Where winds are blown.
Down through the blackness,
Down to the Wrong;
Into the Hades
Where sinners belong;
Through the great Fires
Scorching and gleaming;
Through the dread Echoes
Of tortured screaming.
But wherever it roams
From this world apart,
Always it finds a way
Into my heart.

CHRISTINE EDWARDS, FORM IV A.

THE LIKES AND DISLIKES OF TRAVEL.

Some people love to loll in their cars,
While others ride in a bus,
The car-owners grumble at their chauffeurs,
But bus-people make no fuss.
Again there are those who prefer the trains,
With their engines, hissing and steam;
Quite a few people own private 'planes,
Thinking they're quite supreme.

A great many people own bicycles too,
Including the tandems, of course;
While the millionaire owns a yacht with crew,
But the huntsman prefers his horse.
These people travel in many ways,
Yet each seems content with his lot;
Even the hiker, who tramps for days,
In cold weather or in hot.

DAISY MARTIN, FORM IV A.

SOUNDS I HEAR.

The caw of a rook,
A murmuring brook,
The wind in the trees,
The hum of the bees,
Some children at play,
The donkey's loud bray,
A clock in a tower,
The hush before shower,
Someone talking near;
All these sounds I hear.

MARGARET BAILEY, FORM IV A.

I SAW A SHIP.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
She breasted rolling breakers,
I shouted loud with glee.
I watched her stern go dipping,
As waves went breaking by;
She looked just like the seagull,
Which soars aloft on high.
Her sails were taut and slippery,
They towered in the sky;
I would have liked to man her,
I couldn't, oh, but why?
In easy reach she came up,
And still I couldn't be
The captain of my gallant ship,
Which sailed the stormy sea.
But still there is a reason,
Which I suppose you know;
My little ship was much too small
On board I could not go.

She's just a very small ship
I sail on holidays,
But still, I'm quite contented,
These sunny seaside days.

JEAN CRIPPS, FORM IV B.

THE BAD BOY.

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
The little pigs I would annoy
And throw into a pool.
I loved to pull the turkey's tail,
Which made it fly at me;
And when I found a pretty snail
I'd stick it on a tree.
I liked to climb the giant trees
To find the bird's new nest;
I often fell down on my knees,
And was a perfect pest.

STELLA MATTHEWS, FORM IV B.

A FAMILY OF FOUR.

One night when we were walking on the Downs we saw something moving about in the grass in front of us, about two hundred yards away. We watched for a little while, and then we saw four little animals come out of their earth; they were little baby fox cubs! First of all they smelt the ground, just to see if there was any danger about; when they found all was safe, they began to play. They played "Follow my leader," and "Leap frog," and pounced on each other, and rolled over on the ground. All this time we had kept very quiet, not to frighten them. They looked sweet as they played, the evening sun shining on them. They danced round one another, and seemed to have a good "romp." As they played we could hear them squeaking, and sometimes a very faint little bark. They went on playing for about half an hour in the sun.

Presently the vixen came out and looked round, then she lay down and watched the cubs playing; she seemed quite contented leaving them to play by themselves. We tried to get nearer to them, and got about four yards nearer, and the old vixen came again, this time with a fowl in her mouth! When the little cubs saw their mother bringing their supper, they began to get excited; they rushed up to her and pulled and tugged at the fowl until they had got it away from the vixen; they squeaked and pushed each other away, until they had all got a bit of meat to eat for themselves. They gnawed all the bones till there was nothing left except the bigger bones.

As we tried to get a little nearer to them, the vixen could smell humans somewhere near, so she gave a sharp bark, and the little cubs whisked up their little brushes and disappeared into their earth.

MARGARET PREARSON, FORM III.

A LAPSE OF DIGNITY.

In Wantage Square standing tall and strong,
King Alfred passes the time along;
With arm outstretched and axe in hand,
An image bold, austere and grand.

On Carnival night, some years ago,
King Alfred thought it very slow
That he should have to stand and stare
At all the revels in the Square.

So he descended, full of zest,
And joined in the fun with all the rest;
He danced and drank, till morning light
Revealed him in a sorry plight.

What he had done in the hour before dawn
Nobody knows, but his axe-head was gone;
There he stood with no look of shame,
Till the Council repaired it and saved his good name.

MARY LEGGE, FORM III.

HOW MIRANDA CURED HER BROTHER.

Once upon a time when the fishes flew and the pigs sang, there lived a very foolish king who had ten daughters and one son.

The daughters were all beautiful and clever, but the son was extremely ugly and stupid. This grieved the king very much as he had always longed for a handsome heir. Day by day the daughters heard their father moan about his ugly stupid son, and at last they decided that they would try to help.

The eldest daughter said that she would give her beauty to her brother if she could, and the youngest daughter offered to give him her brains, but after much talk they could not think of any way of giving them to him. At last Miranda, the seventh and wisest girl, thought of a plan.

"I know," she said, "Call on old Mother Wise and ask her advice."

"But we don't know where she lives," cried the others.

"Well," said Miranda, "as I was walking in the wood yesterday I heard a bird cry 'Mother Wise! Mother Wise!' I will go again and ask it where she lives."

So Miranda went and again she heard the bird. She asked it where Mother Wise lived, and the bird told her to ask the pigs.

Miranda went to the farm and asked the pigs where Mother Wise lived, but the pigs could only sing, and Miranda couldn't hear the words. They sang and sang until Miranda lost her temper and set fire to the sty. This frightened the pigs so much that they lost their voices, but they rushed out and flew through the wood grunting for all they were worth.

Miranda rushed after them and at last they stopped in front of a little cave hidden by ivy. Out came an old woman, who, when she saw the pigs, was angry and shooed them away.

Then Miranda went to her and told her about her brother and what they wished to do.

"Very well," said Mother Wise, "Your brother shall have the singing voice of those pigs and they shall sing no more. Now go to the Sea Shore and bathe in the water three times and then call to the Flying Fish. Tell them Mother Wise wants them."

Miranda did this and the flying fish went back to Mother Wise, who said "Flying Fish, go to the Isle of Spring and bring me a bottle of water from the stream in the centre of the island."

The fish went and came back with the bottle of water in a day's time.

"Now," said Mother Wise to Miranda, "take this to your brother and let him drink it three times a day for a week and he will grow both beautiful and clever."

After thanking Mother Wise Miranda set off home, singing merrily. When she was home she told her sisters what had happened and showed them the bottle.

Then the sisters took it to their brother, who said he would drink it. After a week had passed and he had drunk all the bottle-full the brother suddenly became beautiful and clever.

Of course everyone thanked Miranda, and there was much rejoicing and they all lived happily ever after.

MAY HUGHES, FORM III.

THE WIND.

The Wind! The Wind!

It bloweth long,

O'er land and sea,

Its strange wild song.

Rattling every window-pane,

Banging at the doors;

Sending round the weather-vane

To say from whence it comes.

Oh 'Mr. Wind, when will you rest!

We want to see the sun,

And play about in summer frocks,

Romping, and having fun.

BARBARA FREEMAN, FORM III.

A GAP IN THE GARDEN HEDGE.

Down along the stony path, by the sweet-smelling flowers, if we stop and listen we shall hear a rustling sound, then we shall see some brown tufts scurrying away; these are rabbits.

In the summer time, when the air is sweet with the smell of hay, we go along the path and hide behind the roses on the bush; presently we twitch a leaf, and the rabbits run through the gap in the garden hedge. They race along by the banks of the shining river; they prance and try to chase a squirrel up a tree.

In the autumn when the air is getting cool, the rabbits go hurrying past away to their hole.

The leaves are gradually turning colour and dropping off, for the winter is near and the rabbits will go to bed.

Winter has come; if we go down to the gap in the garden hedge we shall neither see nor hear the rabbits, for they are asleep.

YVONNE HAMMOND, FORM II.

THE MOTORIST.

Oh come young motorist, blow your horn.

The notice ahead is put there to warn

All those who don't know it, that danger's ahead;

So be careful, be careful, be careful I said.

RUTH WHITFIELD, FORM II.

BELINDA—A CAT.

Our neighbour's cat is very fond of us, and it will never leave us, though we try to send it home.

One day she brought a baby rabbit in by the ears; she was awfully proud of it. When Mummy took it away from her she was awfully angry and sulked all the rest of the morning. The baby rabbit was very frightened. Mummy put it by the stove, and it ran about the kitchen thumping its back legs on the floor and calling for its mother. When it recovered we took it down to the woods where there were lots of other rabbits, and let it go.

From now onwards Belinda always kills the baby rabbits first.

BEITY WEBER, FORM II.

PRIZE-GIVING, 1938.

The Prize Giving was held on Thursday, March 24th, in the School Hall. Captain Allen-Stevens was in the chair and other Governors were also present. After Miss Moore had read her report on the year's progress in the school, Mr. Marcus W. Tod, Vice-Provost of Oriol College, Oxford, gave a very interesting address, stressing the point that the effort was worth more than the achievement. Mr. Tod very kindly presented the prizes, and then followed a programme of songs by the School.

PRIZES.

FORM AVERAGE PRIZES :

VIa—A. Alder; VIb—J. Brown; Vb—N. Newport, R. Peers;
IVb—D. Martin, M. Nobbs; III—J. Cripps; II—M. Willes.

GOVERNORS' PRIZE : J. Skinner.

KEEP TROTH : Senior, J. Skinner; Junior, D. Martin.

READING : C. Edwards, B. Weber.

HOBBIES : Senior, P. Spinage; Middle, M. Farmer; Junior, M. Weber.

NEEDLEWORK : Senior, L. Baldwin; Junior, B. Horton.

DRAWING : Senior, H. Richings; Junior, S. Matthews.

ESSAY : Senior, J. Brown; Junior, J. Hammond.

OXFORD HIGHER CERTIFICATE RESULT, JULY, 1937.

A. Alder : French with Oral, History, English.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS, JULY, 1937.

MATRICULATION :

J. Cahill : *English, *History, *French with Oral, *Maths, *Biology, *Art.

G. Haucken : *English, *History, *Latin, *French with Oral, *Maths, *Biology, *Art.

P. Spinage : *English, *History, *French with Oral, *Maths, *Biology, *Art.

PASS :

R. Keylock : *English, *History, French, Maths, Biology, Art.

N. Mulford : *English, *History, French with Oral, *Maths, *Biology, *Art.

I. Smith : *English, *History, *Latin, *French with Oral, Maths, Art.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS, DECEMBER, 1937.

PASS :

C. Haucken : English, *History, French, *Maths, *Biology, *Art.

R. Hubbard : English, History, French, Biology, *Art.
* Denotes Credit.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY EXAMINATIONS.

50 Honours Certificates.

42 Pass Certificates.

TROPHIES, 1936-1937.

All Round Cup : Grenville; Hockey Shield : Sidney; Netball Cup :
Drake; Tennis Cup : Sidney; Sports Cup : Sidney.

GYMNASTIC CUP : Senior, Form VI; Junior, Form III.

INTER-FORM NETBALL CUP : Form VI.

TENNIS CHAMPIONS : Senior, M. Smith; Junior, L. Baldwin.

SPORTS BADGES : Senior, T. Gardner; Middle, H. Gantlett; Junior,
B. Drew.

PREFECTS, 1937-1938.

J. Brown (Head Girl), R. Bright (Senior Prefect), C. Bailey,
C. Hawken, G. Hawken, R. Hubbard, R. Keylock, N. Mulford,
I. Smith, P. Spinage.

JOYCE BROWN, VI A.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1937-1938.

- October 18 : Visit of the Sherwood-Moore Players.
October 29 : House Entertainments.
November 2 : Forms VI and VA visited Wicklesham Farm to see Captain
Allen-Stevens' Pedigree Shorthorn Herd.
November 26 : Lecture on Butterflies by Mr. Rippon.
November 30 : Visit to hear Grey Owl lecture at Oxford.
December 3 : School Bazaar.
December 8 : School visited Wantage Cinema to hear Mr. Spencer
Chapman lecture on "Llisa, the Forbidden City."
December 17 : Visit to see Miss Aubrey-Moore's Puppet Show at Oxford.
December 21 : Shakespeare Acting Competition. Picture won by Form VI.
Celebration of School Centenary.
January 8 : Old Girls' Party.
February 11 : Lecture by Miss Merinden on the work of Dr. Barnado's
Homes.
February 17 : Parents' "At Home."
February 18 : Gym Competition. Senior Cup won by Form VI. Junior
by Form III.
March 7 : Forms VI, VA and Vb visited Oxford Playhouse to see a
presentation of "L'Avare."
March 24 : Speech Day.
April 6 : Competitive House Entertainments. Grenville placed first.
April 9 : Visit to the Guildhall Royal Drawing Society Exhibition.
May 21 : Sports Day. Victor Ludorum : Senior, T. Gardner; Middle,
H. Gantlett; Junior, B. Drew.
June 17 : Speech Contest. Picture won by Form III.
June 30 : Open Day.
July 21 : Open Tennis Tournament (Women's Doubles), to be run by
the Old Girls in aid of the Loan Fund.

HOCKEY, 1937-38.

First XI: C. Edwards, R. Hubbard, C. Hawken, J. Brown, R. Bright (Captain), K. Nicholson, J. Skinner, T. Gardner, N. Mulford, L. Baldwin, N. Viner.

The team would have been more successful had they shown more stamina and determination. Results:—

Witney Grammar School, 1st XI. Home. Scratched.

Faringdon Ladies 1st XI. Home. Lost 2—5.

Witney Grammar School 1st XI. Away. Lost 2—4.

Burford Grammar School 1st XI. Away. Scratched.

Faringdon Ladies 1st XI. Home. Lost 1—2.

Oxford High School 2nd XI. Away. Lost 0—1.

Commonweal School, Swindon, 1st XI. Home. Won 1—0.

RUTH BRIGHT, VI A.

NETBALL, 1937-38.

First VII: E. Carter, R. Bright (Captain), J. Cripps, N. Viner, J. Skinner, N. Mulford, L. Baldwin.

Second VII: K. Nicholson, G. Hawken, T. Gardner, M. Phipps, H. Geary, C. Hawken (captain), R. Hubbard.

Both teams have worked hard and enthusiastically, and the results have been more successful this season.

Result:—

St. Katherine's, Wantage, 1st VII. Away. Lost, 17—19.

Commonweal School, Swindon, 1st and 2nd VII's. Home.
(1) Drew 15—15. (2) Won 14—13.

Oxford High School, 1st and 2nd VII's. Home. (1) Lost 10—19.
(2) Lost 14—19.

Commonweal School, Swindon, 1st and 2nd VII's. Away. (1)
Won 18—15. (2) Won 18—14.

St. Katherine's, Wantage, 1st and 2nd VII's. Home. (1) Lost
17—19. (2) Won 13—11.

Old Girls' 1st VII. Home. Won 26—7.

RUTH BRIGHT, VI A.

TENNIS, 1938.

First VI:

1st Couple: M. Smith, L. Baldwin.

2nd Couple: R. Bright (Captain), N. Viner.

3rd Couple: G. Hawken, P. Gantlett.

So far we have only had the following results in our fixture list:—

Witney Grammar School, 1st VII. Away. Scratched.

St. Katherine's, Wantage, 2nd VI. Home. Won 78 games—39.

St. Helen's, Abingdon, 2nd VI. Home. Won 50 games—49.

Witney Grammar School 1st VI. Home.

Burford Grammar School, 1st VI. Home.

St. Katherine's, Wantage, 2nd VI. Away.

RUTH BRIGHT, VI A.

SCHOOL EXPEDITION, 1937.

In July, 1937, most of the School went on an expedition to London.

We left about 9 o'clock, ate our lunch in the train, and arrived at Paddington Station just after mid-day. There three buses met us and took us to the Tower of London.

We passed many places of interest on the way, and when we arrived at the Tower we saw one of the protest meetings we hear so much about. At the Tower we saw the Beefeaters and made a fairly exhaustive tour of the White Tower, which contains the armouries. After this some of us went to the Wakefield Tower to see the Crown Jewels, and others went to see the Beauchamp Tower. In this we saw many interesting inscriptions on the walls.

After leaving the Tower the buses took us to St. Paul's Cathedral and this time we travelled along the Embankment and saw Waterloo Bridge being demolished. We also passed the Houses of Parliament, and caught a glimpse of Big Ben.

At St. Paul's we went into the crypts and saw the tombs of famous men, and also Wellington's funeral carriage. We also went up many steps to the Whispering Gallery and then climbed to the top of the Cathedral outside the dome, and were able to look out far over London.

After we left the Cathedral we once more got into the 'buses and were driven to the Zoo, about which most of the juniors were very excited. We had tea at the Zoo, and in a very short time made a pretty extensive tour of the various sections in the Zoo. Then we were driven back to Paddington.

We arrived home soon after nine, very tired, but still able to talk of all we had seen.

CICELY BAILEY, FORM VI A.

VISIT TO LONDON DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

During the Easter holidays Miss Millns very kindly took some of us to the Royal Drawing Society Exhibition at the Guildhall, London. Here we saw some very fine pieces of work, and it was interesting to see what children in other schools had drawn. We found the Guildhall itself a very interesting building, and felt that we could have spent the whole day exploring it.

After leaving the Guildhall, we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the Old Curiosity Shop and the Thames Embankment, where we saw Cleopatra's Needle and some old and interesting ships.

During the afternoon we visited the Inns of Court, and then walked through Whitehall and the Horse Guard's Parade, past the Cenotaph, to Westminster Abbey. After walking through the Green Park and St. James's Park, we arrived at the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace. Finally we went to Madame Tussaud's.

We should again like to thank Miss Millns very much for this very enjoyable day.

PEGGY SPINAGE, FORM VI B.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

One of the most pleasant events of last year was the School Bazaar, held in order to raise money for School Funds. Members very nobly "came up to scratch" both in giving towards, and helping at, the Old Girls' Stall, with the result that we were able to hand £7 over to the School.

At the end of last Summer Term a Garden Party was held, but was not very well attended. A tennis match was played against the School, when the Old Girls were successful. After tea the School entertained us with Country Dancing, and a charming dance, "The Sleeping Beauty."

The Christmas meeting was held at the beginning of January, during the School holidays, as the date previously arranged seemed unsuitable to a good number of members. A general meeting was held first, when the statement of accounts was given, showing a balance of £5 0s. 2d. The committee was then elected, two new members being F. Baker and M. Kerr. After supper some of the members acted a very amusing play, "The Invisible Duke," which was admirably performed. After games and competitions the meeting was brought to a close.

A downpour of rain stopped the annual Hockey match, after about ten minutes play. We were favoured with finer weather for the Netball match in the Spring Term but, as in previous years, we were well beaten by the School by 26 goals to 7.

This year we welcome the following new members:—

J. Cahill, E. Miles, A. Alder, P. Baston, I. Nyström, E. Vine (née Parker), B. Rhodes, D. Crust, B. Hawkings.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Alice Alder is at Whitelands Training College.

Margaret Dennis is teaching at Didecot.

Phyllis Dance is at the Girls' Heritage Hospital, Churley, Sussex.

Flora Pettman is a probationer at the Evelina Hospital, Southwark.

Nina Taylor is doing clerical work at Didecot Depot.

Edith Mooring is teaching at Yattendon.

Joan Cahill is working in the A.E.C. works in London.

Grace Milsom is working in London.

Jean Sampson is working at Stephenson's, Builder's Merchants, Oxford.

Nelda Boor is secretary to the Editor of the Oxford Mail.

Vera Gerring is married and lives at Seven Kings, Essex.

Evelyn Martin is children's nurse at Tottenham.

Joan Cadel is now at the Middlesex Hospital.

Phyllis Baston is working in Hammersmith.

Norah Fuleher is now living at Clapham.

Ingrid Nyström commences a Domestic Science training at Battersea Polytechnic in September.

Mrs. Perman has moved to High Holborn, London, and would welcome any Old Girls when they are in the neighbourhood.

Ruth Fuller is at a Nursery School in Islington.

Margaret Beams has been appointed an assistant mistress under the London County Council.

MARRIAGES.

Muriel Cook to K. Keer. August 10th, 1937.

Peggy Chapman to W. Wyld. August 1st, 1937.

Mabel Hazell to C. Crosby. August 31st, 1937.

Mary Wilson to J. Diment. February 23rd, 1938.

BIRTHS.

To M. Foreman (née Walker), a daughter. June 15th, 1937.

To F. Baker (née Judge), a daughter. July 19th, 1937.

To W. Webb (née Phillips), a son. September 23rd, 1937.

To M. Griffiths (née MacIver), a daughter. February 20th, 1938.

To E. Vine (née Parker), a son, May 4th, 1938.

To M. Crosby (née Hazell), a daughter, May 27th, 1938.

To N. Fulcher (née Tucker), a son. September, 1937.

AUDREY CHAMBERLAIN } Hon. Secretaries.
PEGGY CHURCH }

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, 1938.

Editors : Gwen Hawken, VIB, Nona Mulford, VIB.

House Representatives : Drake, Lois Baldwin, VB; Grenville, Mary
Austin, VA; Sidney, Doris Robertson, VA.

The Editors wish especially to thank Ivy Smith, Joan Willmer, Alison Porter, Helen Gantlett, Audrey Spinach, Elinor Westcott and Ruth Willmer for contributions which limitations of space did not permit them to print.