

HISTORY
OF
DORSET
HOUSE.
VOL. I.

EARLY DAYS AT
DORSET HOUSE,
CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

VOL. 1

1930-1935 -

(Note. Pages which have red marks by their numbers 11 may be slipped out gently to read the data attached)

A TRIBUTE TO DR. E. CASSON. O.B.E.

These leaflets can be taken out (carefully) to look
at.

DORSET HOUSE
CLIFTON DOWN
BRISTOL







DORSET HOUSE
CLIFTON DOWN, BRISTOL

THIS charming private house, owned by a woman specialist, provides for ladies needing rest, care and medical treatment, or recovering from all forms of serious illness.

Full facilities are available for pathological investigations, electrical treatment and massage and there are covered balconies for open air treatment.

A special feature is made of occupational therapy, including handicrafts, gardening, community singing and folk dancing.

The house is ideally situated, facing South West and overlooking Clifton Downs, yet within easy distance of theatres, shops, etc. It has large and sunny gardens.

Terms from £5 5s. od. per week. Private rooms from £7 7s. od.

Full particulars can be obtained from Elizabeth Casson, M.D., D.P.M., Dorset House, Clifton Down, Bristol.

Telegrams and Telephone : 195 BRISTOL.

DORSET HOUSE SCHOOL
OF
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

CLIFTON DOWN, BRISTOL 8.



OBJECT AND PURPOSE.

"Occupational Therapy is any activity, mental or physical, prescribed and guided for the definite purposes of contributing to and hastening recovery from, disease or injury."

The purpose of the School is to train women to aid in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the mentally and physically disabled.

By means of lectures, demonstrations and practical training students are taught to understand the part that handwork, physical exercise and games play as curative agents.

DORSET HOUSE SCHOOL OF OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY, CLIFTON DOWN,
BRISTOL, 8.

Medical Director : MISS ELIZABETH CASSON, M.D., D.P.M.

Principal : MISS CONSTANCE TEBBIT, Diploma of Occupational Therapy, Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy.

Students receive a two-years' Training in Occupational Therapy.

Studies include :

Anatomy, physiology, psychology and the application of occupational treatment to various diseases and conditions.

Design, weaving, bookbinding, basketry, dyeing, stitchery and minor crafts.

The organisation of Recreations, Country and Margaret Morris dancing, Games and Play-reading.

Practice in Occupational Therapy with patients at Dorset House, a residential clinic providing treatment for mild nervous disorder and other illness, and at the Bristol General Hospital and other institutions in the district.

It is advisable that students should be not less than 21 years of age and they should have reached matriculation standard of education.

No student is received without a personal interview and the first month is in all cases probationary.

Fees : £80 per annum, resident.

£40 per annum, non-resident.





Dr. Casson, with her Brother,
(Randall) in Switzerland



Dr. Casson, in her Doctor's
Robes, Bristol University.



On holiday at Cwm Bychan.
Audrey. Dr. Casson. Dr. Isabel Wilson





Dr. Casson,

aged 15



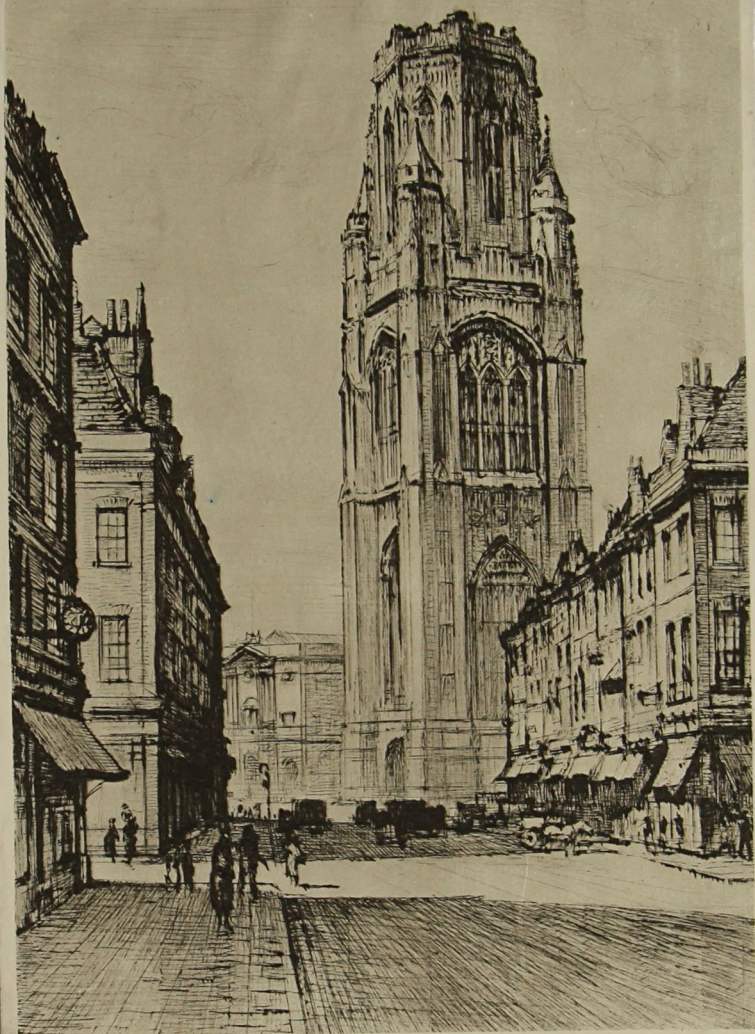
Dr. Casson,

aged 21



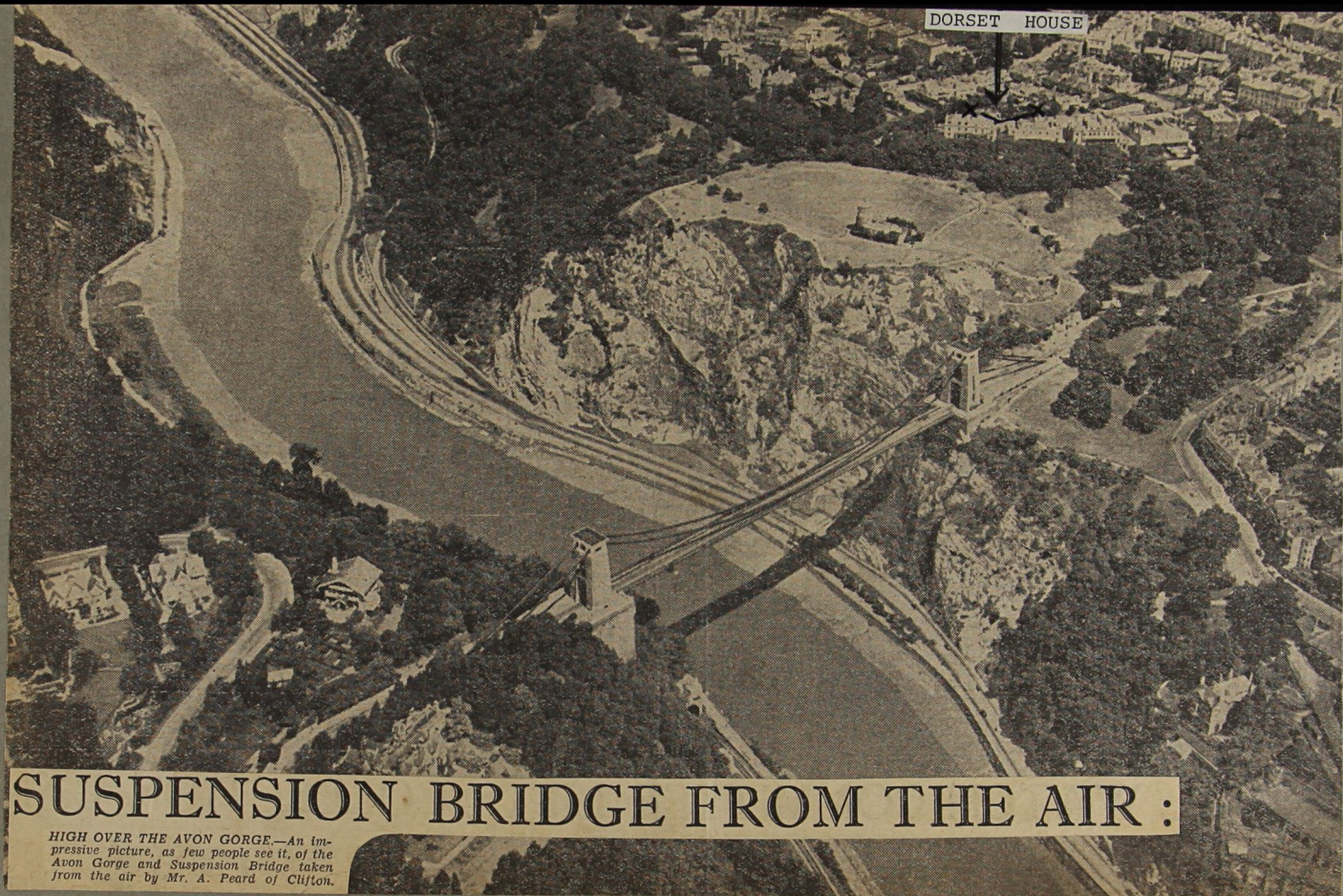
Medical Officer at Hemel Hempstead

Dr. Casson took her Doctorate at this University.



THE TOWER. BRISTOL UNIVERSITY

Ernest L. Hampshire



SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM THE AIR :

HIGH OVER THE AVON GORGE.—An impressive picture, as few people see it, of the Avon Gorge and Suspension Bridge taken from the air by Mr. A. Peard of Clifton.

Bristol Women

"I NEVER knew I was a queen until I came to Bristol."

Well said, Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. ! Your words remind me of the titles announcing a modern film. Behind them appear gradually blocks of sky-scrappers, the faces of men and women, street cars, pavement crowds.

So, behind Anne's short and happy phrase, written on the screen of time, there begins to glow before my mind's eye the rollicking city of the mediæval merchants, with all its colour and zest, its pageantry, its ceremony and magnificent banquetings.

NARROW streets, crowded with shops, their gay signs swinging aloft in the breeze; housewives chatting in the open markets; sailors with long rings in their ears leaning their tattooed arms on the low walls; sea-captains swaggering along, silver buckles all a gleam, black slaves in close attendance; soldiers in bright uniforms; wealthy merchants descending the steps of their mansions; processions of city fathers in scarlet robes; the salt river running into the very heart of the city; the ships coming to roost "like ocean birds beside the ancient churches"—all the wonder of that entrancing city that was for so long the second capital of England.

IT is not surprising that Bristol knew how to entertain queens. It had reaped the rich harvest, century after century, of exploring expeditions, sea fighters and prowlers, privateering, buccaneering, and pirating.

It began in 1480, when an expedition went off "in search of Brasylle." A few years later Bristol merchants fitted out a ship for the Cabots.

Later, again, went the tiny Speedwell and the Discoverer, followed by innumerable expeditions to "explore America."

Then the Bristol ships roamed the world in search of the Spaniard. Privateers went off and brought back treasure "beyond the dreams of avarice."

While the men of the sea were bringing treasure to the city the merchants were laying the foundations of British trading and making the city more and more prosperous. Here was the mighty burgher aristocracy, with its munificent charity, spending fortunes on the building of churches and mansions, and endowments for education.

WELL, there's your Bristol background; more glamorous, more romantic, more exciting than any found in fiction.

And what about the women all this time? Were they equally adventurous? Of course not. In any sort of successful partnership the brilliant experimenter is balanced by the steady, unexciting plodder.

Bristol women just had to be sober-sides. All the chroniclers speak of them as steady, serious, of strong common sense, practical and entirely trustworthy.

Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the city, had an uproarious week. The City Fathers excelled themselves with their processions, sham fights, pageants and all sorts of colourful shows.

She rewarded them by many honours, but to the women of Bristol she granted



DR. ELIZABETH CASSON

was one of the first to realise the power of creative handiwork.

"the liberty to dry their clothes on wash-day on the slopes of Brandon Hill."

That just shows how the wind blew!

BUT as the Bristol men settled down to more peaceful pursuits the women began to do a little adventuring. It was with their minds that they started exploring.

Bristol was the centre of the intellectual rise of the women of the eighteenth century. Hannah More was the leader.

She and her four sisters had a school in College-street. Dr. Johnson came to visit it, for he had met Hannah in London. "What!" he had said to her. "Five women living happily together! I will indeed come and see you."

The doctor and Hannah were great friends. Not too serious a friendship either. In one of her letters occurs the following: "I have got the headache today by taking out so late with that gay libertine, Johnson."

One of the Mores' pupils was the famous Mrs. Robinson, brilliant actress, of whom Wraxall wrote, "She possessed surpassing beauty such as I have rarely seen equalled in any woman, and might well rescue my native city, Bristol, from the imputation of producing females deficient in that endowment."

THE women of Bristol have gone from strength to strength in the intellectual field. Their schools and colleges are remarkable for the way progressive ideas are seized and swiftly put into practice.

More often than not, the idea itself originates in Bristol. Take the case of occupational therapy, the new healing method which is working such miracles with the mentally disordered and the victims of long and tedious convalescence. For years Bristol had the only training centre in the work.

Dr. Elizabeth Casson was one of the first doctors in Great Britain to realise the power of creative handiwork, and at her occupational clinic in Clifton numbers of students have been trained. The value of her work is now recognised by all hospitals.

IN commerce and industry the women are equally progressive. One of the most famous of Bristol factories is that instituted by the clever young Quaker physician, Dr. Joseph Fry, in 1728.

Dr. Joseph believed in the health-giving properties of cocoa and chocolate, and wished to produce them in the most pure and palatable form possible. He succeeded marvellously. Soon it became the fashion to drink his cocoa at the Pump Room, Bath, then the centre of the fashionable world.

After Dr. Joseph's death the business was carried on by Anna, his wife, and from that day to this the Fry women have taken the deepest interest in the work. They are also among the leaders in all forms of social work.

THE questing spirit of the old adventurers is still alive in the city of Bristol, but the women are as often at the helm of the craft as they are at the wash-tubs of Brandon Hill.



COUNTY and Country Associations visited the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, last evening. Left to right, seated, Messrs R. T. Lewis (president Lancastrian Society), J. Langdon Thomas (president Devon Society), the Lord Mayor, Dr. Elizabeth Casson (president Cambrian Society), the Sheriff, Leslie Park (president Yorkshire Society) and Mrs Edmond Ford (Hibernian Society). Standing: Messrs T. C. Hickson (manager Prince's Theatre), R. Robertson (president Caledonian Society), J. J. Armer (chairman Cumberland and Westmorland Society), A. Victor Osmond (president of Society of Bristolians in London), Rev. W. P. Mitchell (president Cornish Society), H. G. Treasure (Somerset Society), C. M. MacInnes (president Canadian Club), and Lt.-Colonel P. L. E. Walker (president Gloucestershire Society).

AT CLIFTON PARTY



DORSET HOUSE - Floodlit



Suspension Bridge -- Floodlit







SOROPTIMIST TOY COLLECTION.—The Lady Mayoress with members of the Soroptimist Club of Bristol inspecting some of the toys collected for poor children.



DR. CASSON, the Hon. Mrs Vivian Robinson, the Lady Mayoress, Mrs Harold Robinson and Miss Thomas with toys which will be given to poor children of Bristol through the agency of Bristol Soroptimists.



CROWDS lining the streets watching the civic procession to Bristol Cathedral yesterday afternoon from St. Augustine's Bridge into College Green.

MAY 10, 1937

A SHORT HISTORY OF DORSET HOUSE.

Notes of an interview with Dr. Elizabeth Casson.

Chiefly through lack of time, I have not attempted to make anything of this interview other than a straightforward account of the House during this last five years. But one small anecdote must be inserted. Dr. Casson gave me the usual ten minutes before lunch. Sitting opposite me on the couch, she, whom our local newspapers have of late been calling "that distinguished psychologist", graciously invited me to begin. An opening gambit had not occurred to me, therefore I made the retort obvious and said "Well, how did you begin?" Said she, smiling sweetly, "In Denbigh." and added, "I hope you are going to put that in." - Here it is, a warning to would-be reporters, in interviewing this distinguished psychologist, to say exactly what they mean!

But after that she really did embark upon a history of the House. It was bought in February, 1929. There was only one house, of course - Dorset. She had chosen Clifton as a suitable place for her home as she knew it and loved it: she had been trained in Bristol. There was not so very much to do, she said, in the way of re-decoration, although Dorset Ward Annexe had been a billiard room done up in red velvet, with a gilt and white ceiling. The first patient arrived on August 1st, with Miss Peck, and the second came the very next day in the Virginia Water Car. Miss Peck stayed for three months with her mother until Miss McComus came to take over.

Alva House, which adjoins Dorset, was bought in October. Here, Dr. Casson informed me, there was a great deal to be done, for there was no electric light, and everything was exceedingly dirty: it had not been redecorated for thirty years. One cupboard that had left a permanent mark on the wall had contained £5,000 worth of china!

In December, Miss Tebbit arrived from America to open the Occupation Department. The room that was used for this purpose has now been divided up into bedrooms on the ground floor of Alva, G.1 and G. 2. Miss Tebbit was actually the very first person to sleep in Alva House, she went to bed just after midnight on December 31st, that is January 1st, 1930. Later the Occupation people moved their sleeping quarters down to the Garage at the end of the garden, and have been there ever since.

Some little time later, there came the first O.T. student, Miss Paddy Goscombe, who was later to become the Head of the Department. Then there came Miss Ross and Miss Crousaz. By this time the rooms that are now Alva Ward and Annexe had been turned into the Occupation Department, of which there is a photograph in this record. In August 1931, Dr. Casson acquired the lease of Litfield House, which is next door to Alva, and a connecting passage called the Slype was built between the two houses. The O.T. Department had its second move into the ground floor rooms of Litfield, and are still there.

In January 1932 Margaret Morris Movement was inaugurated by a teacher from that School, who came to live in the House, Miss Blew-Jones. At first the class was held for Staff and Patients, later remedial exercises were given every morning for the Patients. M.M. dancing was held on Wednesday evenings. On Mondays and Fridays, the O.T. people organised ballroom and country dancing, in the Playroom, or in the garden in the summer. In January, too, we acquired "Toby", the House car, an ancient Morris, which was driven mainly by the O.T. Staff.

E D I T O R I A L.

Volume One is finished
Photos, verses, prose,
Sketches, cuttings, snapshots,
See the way it grows.

Volume One is finished,
When comes Volume Two?
Dare we say Midsummer?
That depends on you.

First peruse this record,
Photos, prose and verse,
Then send contributions,
Manifold but terse.

Bravely through the ages
Let our record run.
Editors succeeding -
Here's to all your fun!

P. R. and R. A.

In the summer of 1932 there were yet two or three more students, including Miss Albonz, a masseuse from Sweden.

In August of that year, there was a big party to celebrate the first birthday of Littlefield House, and the birth of a Branch house in the Mendips - the Cottage. The Occupation people had discovered the Cottage in the Mendips quite by accident, - Burrington Combe being impassable by reason of the anniversary of the "Rock of Ages", they had turned off in the car at Churchill Gate, and had then walked over the hill to Rowberrow Bottom, where they saw the Cottage "To Let." The very next day Dr. Casson went up to look at it, and arranged to rent it. Thus was the beginning of our summer residence!

By this time we had changed matrons once more. Miss McMullen had come to replace Miss McComus. Miss Peck still comes every summer holidays while Miss McMullen is away in Ireland, and is invaluable in all emergencies.

By the end of the year we had two more students: Miss Bates and Miss Peggy Reed, and a post graduate student from America, who had charge of the weaving-room. Becky, as she was called, stayed for a year. In April 1933, we were sorry to lose Miss Tebbit, who went to Chester to open a Department of Occupational Therapy in a very big hospital there. Miss Goscombe took over from her at Dorset House.

The next event of importance was the addition of a second doctor - here was tangible evidence of growth indeed! Dr. Bunbury, who had recently been in America with a medical scholarship, came to be second-in-command. She stayed with us for nine months, leaving eventually to put up her plate in Harley Street, and was replaced by Dr. Yates, who is still with us.

The summer of 1933 saw an increase in the activities of the O.T. department - two new students had come, and Miss Francis arrived from America to be on the O.T. staff. We also exchanged "Toby" for "Mike", and this saddened the heart of many. We also added a chauffeuse to the staff - Miss Bevan, who had formerly been occupied with House duties.

In October the number of students rose to nine, and later on Miss Tebbit was able to put into action her scheme for giving students six months' training at Chester as additional experience.

Early in 1934 Dr. Casson was planning further additions to the House. The Garage was to be considerably enlarged to give extra room for the students, while Dorset and Alva garages, under the bedrooms, were to be made into one large room to serve as a big hall for the House. Before this plan was carried out, alterations of importance were made in the House itself: the old lounge was to be turned into a pantry, the drawing-room to become the dining-room and vice-versa, and the old pantry to become the office. Hugh Casson, the Doctor's nephew, drew up the plans, and Peter Man, his cousin, came to carry them out. At the end of July we had a grand change-over in the House - people who were here will well remember what a hectic time that was! - and the new ground-floor bedrooms in the Garage had been completed.

In the Autumn term, 1934, our total numbers rose to over one hundred, - we had added two Americans, Miss Jackson and Miss Dahl, to the O.T. Staff, and many students, who numbered (with the Chesterites) about fifteen. A flat was leased in West Mall to accommodate some of them, thereby relieving the strain on the unfinished garage. By now - Christmas, 1934, - the Hall has been finished enough to allow of Christmas entertainments being given there, and work is going steadily ahead on the second floor of Alva Garage.

We may well wonder - what next!

OUR ARRIVAL AT DORSET HOUSE.

We three, Stanley Baldwin, Polly Parrot and myself, arrived safely at Dorset House on Thursday June 27th, 1929, at about 7 p.m. Stanley was in a special basket lent for the occasion, Polly was in his travelling hutch, and I was in my travelling clothes, and we were met at the Station by Dr. Casson - who had come two days before us - in the dear old Fiat. I think we were all rather shy and bewildered, especially poor Stanley, who flew up my chimney - on arrival - as soon as he had the chance.

Taynton, the ex-laundry maid, opened the front door, and I think Derryn also received us graciously. The luggage was small, consisting of a parrot cage, and two suit cases, one containing a pair of sheets. The house seemed vast and empty, although there was a certain amount of furniture in the front hall and consulting room. I was conducted to a large bedroom - now back Dorset - where in the midst of the emptiness was a hospital bed, one rickety table and broken chair, a broken but artistic vase in which were three lovely roses, and a triptych put there especially for my edification. All other bedroom furniture was minus!!!!

I forgot to say that poor Stanley had been ill, and was suffering from grave loss of appetite. I had written before hand to ask that liver might be provided for him, and so the Boss had ordered liver for all of us. We sat down to our first meal together in the consulting room. The said liver was most curiously cooked, and when I saw it my heart sank - I thought, is life worth living if it depends upon the liver? - but in spite of all, I had a good night's rest, and felt prepared for any eventualities in the morning.

When furniture came, and my bedroom was given to me, I felt more at home. Sterne, the one-legged boot-boy, arrived next, followed by Mrs. Eavers and Connie Lowe, the young, pretty and very capable cook. Since then things have been moving fast, and changes come almost every day. I think we have all learnt many things, and have grown in more ways than one. The family now number over one hundred, but though people come and people go, and though we have been through various adventures, and many vicissitudes, Stanley, Polly and I are still here to tell the tale.

M. E. Taylor Morgan.

I shall never forget my arrival.

I was prepared to find a bed, certainly, and perhaps a chair to sit on in my temporary bedroom, and I expected equally primitive conditions for meals, for I was fully aware that "the furniture" had not yet arrived. Having a natural pre-dilection for things to be somewhat "out of the common", the prospective situation had rather appealed to me, and I was greatly looking forward to what we are pleased to call a "Picnic."

Well, it was a picnic in some ways, but it was graced by such unexpected and pleasant little thoughtfulnesses, that it became an intimate homecoming. First there was the warmth of the welcome from the dear friend of my younger days, Dr. Elizabeth Casson, who takes a delight in opening her doors to her friends. Then came Miss Taylor Morgan with her kindly fun, and the problem of "to shingle or not to shingle." Then Derryn - easing the cutaneous disabilities of his well-fed person: and Polly Morgan (actually I have a nice thought that his welcome for me was of a distinctly uncomplimentary and negative character, but, loving parrots as I do, I innocently and happily took it for warmth of heart at the time) and, last, but not least, from Stanley Baldwin. Brown bread from the hand was all that he asked from me, and that I promptly and decidedly refused him. I had never fed a cat by hand before, and I did not mean to begin doing so - but - he caught our mice for us, and he and I are good friends to this day, also, he now feeds as every cat should, from a saucer.

Having met my future companions, all of whom promised to be good pals, I was shown my temporary bed-chamber. FLOWERS - FLOWERS! - if you please, and everyone knows that flowers in a bedroom mean at least something upon which to stand the vase, so it will be seen that my bedroom had every necessity.

Having made a tour of the House, I repaired to the cellars, to sum up the space at our disposal for the deposit of trunks, packing cases, and superfluous possessions. I found this accommodation very satisfactory, dry, and warm - in fact, I fell in love with the cellars.

The first time I saw the kitchen, I closed my eyes - mentally - for was it not to be part of my special domain, and had I not an inordinate dislike for kitchens, and all that pertains thereto! The second time I saw it, I opened my eyes perhaps wider than I meant to, but promptly allowed my imagination to transport me to green fields, babbling streams, gardens full of flowers - Not vegetables - and away - hundreds of miles away - from pots and pans, ovens and larders, with all their contents, into some Elysian land, where astral bodies required no food, were beautiful to look at, and were merry as companions.

Then began a story, too long to be stated at length, here and now, but of great interest - the arrival of the furniture vans and consequent disposal of the pieces into suitable rooms. But here - one must not forget that before carpets can go down, and curtains go up, floors have to be scrubbed, and windows cleaned, and my heart warms even now when I think of the women who came in, and so willingly and so thoroughly cleared away some of our difficulties, by removing "the dirt." I think of them still, as "George Herbert heroines", and have a very warm corner in my heart for them.

There was one day which I vividly remember, that must come into my reminiscences - . Some of the furniture had arrived, but not all, and there was to be a day's lull in the arrival of the various vans. Doctor was to be away in London, at a medical meeting for that day, and I had promised myself "peace" for

twelve hours, in fact I think I donned a prettier frock, and intended to imagine myself a lady at ease (comparatively, only!) for a brief period, and I remember saying "au revoir" to Doctor early in the morning with somewhat of the feeling of the proverbial "nice at play."

I strolled here, and strolled there, absolutely basking in the lack of hustle, and was just thinking of sitting down in the most comfortable chair I could find, to think out how easily I could honestly plan out my day, - Doctor had only left the House about twenty minutes - when I suddenly heard calls for Mrs. Lavers. "Yes?" I replied, - and then came the fateful words, "A large furniture van is at the door, and the men want to know where to put the furniture."!!!! -and Doctor was heading for London, and I didn't know in the least where she wanted the different things to go.

So do our Castles in the air fall to Earth!

The great work of preparing for our "family" went on, sometimes anxiously, often merrily, and always with infectious enthusiasm, until at last came the culmination of our preparations, Dorset House was declared open, and a very happy family we were.

Before leaving my early reminiscences, I must claim a little more space for a subject which is dear to all womanly hearts - a love story. It started soon after Dorset House was opened, by the arrival of "Jacquine", or "Jane", as she was familiarly called. Dear little Jane! I don't wonder that he fell in love with her at first sight, and overcame all obstacles to visit her on the top of her cage, and preen her head feathers by the hour, in the drawing room every evening. She was rather taken with him, too, - it was her first love affair - in spite of his unfeathered waistcoat, and on very infrequent and rare occasions, she was known to preen his head feathers for just about one second - never for any longer - for down went her head again in expectation of his further attentions, which were accompanied by soft, seductive little murmurings and cooings. He could so easily make love to her in the midst of us all, for he knew perfectly well that we did not know exactly what he was saying, though most of us made a pretty good guess.

So began the first Dorset House Romance, - between Mr. Polly Morgan, and Miss Jacquine Lavers - our two green Amazon parrots.

There have been other happy romances - what will be the last, we may wonder?

B.G. LAVERS.

THE HOUSE



Dorset House

Drawing Room



Dorset House

Drawing Room



Litfield - (Old Playroom: now dormitory!)



Bevan, with Juno and
the Boss's Bus.



The Greenhouse: prize flowers.



Bevan with the House Cars.

Mike Janet Juno The Boss's Bus

Vol 1/12

A TALE of "JUDY"- and -

Beneath Notice?

AN incident, the irony of which was not lost on the few who observed it, occurred at the bottom of Clare Street a couple of days ago.

A lady driver, obviously a stranger to the city, was unconsciously violating the one-way street regulation in force at this point when she was compelled to wait to allow a large charabanc to sweep across from Colston Avenue into Baldwin Street.

Sept. 1. 1931.



The occupants of this were all police-bandsmen on their way to attend Lord Methuen's birthday celebrations at Corsham Court.

For one moment I half-expected to see the whole contingent rise in their seats and denounce the offender, but nothing happened and the motor coach rolled majestically on!

MISS TAYLOR-MORGAN!



Dorset House
when Miss Taylor Morgan
arrived



Miss Taylor Morgan and friend
in "Judy"



Early members of the household.
Miss Taylor Morgan. Mrs. Peck. Miss Peck.

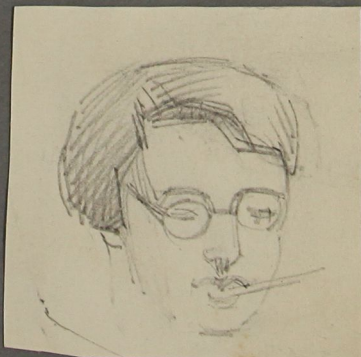


Nov. 18. 1931.

The MISTRESS of the ROBES!
Nov. 18 1931



Mrs. Lavers



Miss Oldnall
(1932)

DORSET HOUSE GARDEN.

To those who now enjoy the delights of Dorset House gardens, it may be of some interest to know a little about their development.

They are admirably suited for their present use. The many levels give variety of scene to those who in the warmer weather spend so much time in them. When the sun is out one can find places to sit in the sunlight, or in which to have a sun-bath proper, or to sit in shadow, and watch the light on all the myriad colours and shades to be found in a large garden. Again, the gardens are kind to lack of knowledge, for the soil and climate allow most things to grow easily. There was ample evidence when the gardens were first cleared that the climate was once even warmer than now in winter. As for example, the size of the roots of the large myrtle that once grew in the bed below the present pantry window. Another survivor of the good old days is the fuchsia that grows at the top right-hand corner of Alva back-garden. This appeared quite dead in 1930, and I cut down large stems about 6 inches in diameter. Two years later there sprang up from the ground shoots, and all can now see the large present bush.

The main work in 1929 was to cut down and clear trees and shrubs, and some of us have vivid memories of the constant bonfires and of the dragging large branches across snow-covered lawns that this entailed. The best of the greenery was kept that first winter for the Christmas decorations, and we were able to make both ourselves and others look very festive for the season. All round the tree stumps grass was sown in the spring, and now they are no longer eyesores, but very useful and decorative seats.

The early months of 1930 saw much seed sowing and planting. Summer saw the same seedlings as very gay summer bedding. In the evenings bright forms flitted on to the lawns, and we all enjoyed the old country dances.

It may be somewhat difficult for those who see the present open drive to visualize the scene when first Alva House was taken over. Tall iron railings divided the two gardens, and beds each side had shrubs and trees in them. Those beds flanking the road were simply dense with trees and shrubs. Men came with saw and rope and the clearing was begun. I begged for the life of two conifers. The larger one had the ingratitude to fall during the next night, the smaller one still points skyward. All box was saved to flank the road border, and the stones were collected, and now edge the small bed under the balconies. The old rose by the front door is one of the few survivors of these old gardens. Another plant whose flowers smell like rice-pudding! grows by the gate approaching the pantry. Roses and other plants were re-set on walls, and gradually more and more colour has been introduced into the Drive, so that we are now not unworthy of the many lovely gardens that skirt the Downs.

For several years it was not possible to heat the greenhouses, and some of the old stock plants with additions just managed to make them look green in winter. The first summer cucumbers and tomatoes were grown in them, and my log-book shows that over £8 worth of fruit (including grapes) were sent into the house between April and October.

We had some grilling days in 1930, and I have vivid memories of planting out geranium cuttings in the shady border with a visitor, both wearing bathing suits and shoes only - by permission! It was not quite as damp as the sea!

Coming back again this summer, one was struck by the great increase of colour everywhere. There were some gaps to sadden one, but there were many infants one had started in life now large bushes. It was good to see the same pied-fly catchers - or their descendants - flitting about in the same place. One cannot think of Dorset gardens without remembering the very many feathered friends one has had in them.

The great army of tits that disport themselves in the cedars all through the long summer days, and who frequent any window-sill where a friend remembers them, the many kinds of gull that fly up and down the river each day and whose white wings gleam against the deep blue of summer skies, or swirl rapidly in the winter gales, - these are here. Then there is the owl who does not disdain to sit in the lower cedar in daylight, and flit across the big lawn in the twilight. There is the blackbird who perched on the very top of the same tree, and sang there during the whole season of 1930. The ever faithful friend the robin is never far from spade and fork, and this last summer, a young one came daily to the terrace to take his tea from our hands. Willow warblers - our first migrants - seem to know this garden as a resting place both in coming and going. Chaffinches, thrushes and sparrows abound, rooks and jackdaws are never far away, and greenfinches and other less common birds are to be seen at times.

One cannot close this account of the gardens without referring to the Rosary, that sun-trap in autumn days. The Marechal Niel more or less flourished in the old days, but was covered with greenfly; and many were the hours we spent cleaning it. Now it has almost given up the ghost. But the other inhabitant, a rarish blue plumbage - a slip in 1930, and now a large bush - has flowered well all this summer and autumn. Another time we had with the Rosary was the clearing of the gutter of needles from the silver pine, a perilous procedure at some moments.

And so the gardens flourish despite high heels up and down banks, dogs, cats, droughts, excavations, and other monor trials of the gardener.

T H E G A R D E N .

Dorset House had, at first, a broad drive in the front, and a large garden with a terrace at the back. Then a short time afterwards, Dr. Casson bought the adjacent house, and after that took Litfield House, so there were two more gardens. The drive in front was made into one, with two entrances. The third garden in the front - Litfield- is very attractive in the spring and summer. There are generally beautiful hollyhocks, sunflowers, sweet peas, roses and other plants in it.

The tree gardens at the back are very attractive too. We like the one with the terrace best. In the Autumn, it is very interesting preparing the beds for the next spring. This spring and summer these beds had a wonderful show of tulips, stocks, snapdragons, zinnias, and scabious.

Ann S. Roberts.



The Cedar Tree

- 1930 -



Miss Mc Comus
(Matron in early days)



The first Whitsuntide (1930) Tea by the Greenhouse
Miss K. Phillips. Mrs. Lavers. Peggy Reed.



Whitsuntide - 1934

Mrs. Wear

Mrs. Joliffe

Mrs. Phillips. Shirley. Pete. Rosemary

(with Bran)

EARLY DAYS!



Tea on the Terrace. Kathleen Chivers
Bar. Owen Miss Wood
Paddy Len The Boss (with Mrs. Meek
Derryn)
Nick Miss Morgan Miss McMullen
Mrs. Lavers Jonah



Bar - with Patsy & Bran

2



General view of Dorset House
Garden



By the summer house



Looking up towards the greenhouses



The back of the house being redecorated. (June 1933)
This view shows the back of Alva and Litfield as well.



The Terrace at the back



Enjoying the garden



April 14th
Planting the Maple



EXTERNAL ACTIVITIES

The Nursery School.

I leave the House at nine o'clock every morning, except Saturdays and Sundays, and take a penny tram to Rosemary Street. After walking down a little way, I tap on the door of No.291, where Miss King the Principal of the Nursery School, lives. The door is opened by Molly the maid, and I wend my way up two flights of stairs to the Helpers' Room, where I take off my hat and coat. In five minutes I am ready for the morning work, having put on an overall; and, coming down the stairs, and crossing the Playground, I go into the Schoolroom. Two rows of children, sitting on chairs, greet me as I enter, and begin my duties

We are going to have singing now, which the children enjoy so much, although, some mornings, especially Mondays, they are feeling rather lazy. At half-past ten it is lunch-time, so the children must fetch small tables and chairs, and sit quietly. The Grace having been sung, four Monitors give out the plates and biscuits, which are very welcome to some hungry ones. They also have "Horlick's"; on some occasions, too, they have boiled rice and jam, and if vegetables have been given them, soup is made.

After lunch, we usually let the children romp, while one of us washes up. Sometimes they offer to help, but get rather tired before it is nearly finished.

We try to vary the morning programme as much as possible, so we have all kinds of occupations for them - threading beads, tying bows, plasticine, etc. I forgot to mention that the children always look very gay in their brightly coloured overalls, as the boys wear green, and the girls orange.

At five to twelve, coats and hats (if any) are put on, and they all line up at the Playground door, which Miss King opens. There is great excitement, as they all see their Mothers waiting for them, but they are always ready to come back again. "School's a nice place," they say.

Having finished my morning occupation, I make my way back to Dorset House.

Eileen Cave.

G U I D E S.

"We have Guides, Brownies, and Cubs at Frenchay - Mike brings the Guides and Cubbers. They used to come by bus, but that took a long time, and the poor things got no tea. Now they tie Mike up while they have tea (Mike sometimes goes to sleep, and has to be pushed out on to the road before he will get home.) Cheers!

Sometimes we all have a party together, with lots to eat. Last time they brought enough food. The time before they didn't. We hope they bring plenty this Christmas.

We like meetings 'cos we miss School. We have rather nice uniforms, but some of us wear them inside out. That's all.

RANGERS, GUIDES, etc.

Open air cooking,
Hikes in the rain,
Camps at the Cottage
(And rush back again)

Weaving Camp mattresses
Up at the Zoo -
These are the things
The Rangers do.

But alas! we don't do them any longer, because with all the other irons in the fire there simply isn't time, and the Dorset House Rangers are suspended. We hope it is only temporarily; because Rangering is good fun. At present a number of ex-Rangers are busy with Guiding in Bristol, - Jonah, who captains the Cubs at Frenchay and the Guides at the Blind Asylum, Joyce Oldnall, who is assistant secretary to the Bristol Extension Guides, Roy, who has lately been Tawny Owl at Winford, and a whole contingent who go out to Frenchay to Guide and Brownie meetings.

We were very sorry when Dorset House gave up Guide work at the Winford Orthopaedic Hospital. Miss Tebbit and Miss Goscombe started the Company, and Peg and Bates had it for nearly a year, but when they went up to Chester there was no-one to carry it on. Those Friday afternoons were memorable, especially for the shouts of the children who greeted Bar, who drove us out, and for their enjoyment of the music which Rosemary Adams provided on the ward piano. Once in the summer we had a picnic, to which the stretcher cases came in the car, and another time the whole company went to Church Parade at Winford Parish Church. We filled ten yards of stockings with sweets and home made toys one Christmas, and in spite of the fact that half the company was in bed we were as active as could be. I think we all missed the Winford guides when we had to give up the work there.

Peggy Reed.

T A I L P I E C E.

TO MY CO-EDITOR.

When I became co-editor
The very self-same day
I had to go away
Bequeathing to R.A.
My whole co-editorial share
In ordering this array.
So I should like to say,
"R. A. - Saluto te."

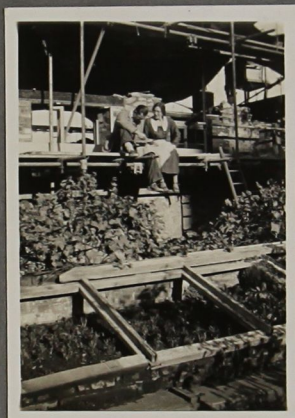
P. R.



Bileen Case, with children
at the Nursery School



The Rangers in Toby - June 1932
Miss Jones. Miss Crousaz. Miss Tebbit. Harriet. Miss
Goscombe (Lieutenant)
Miss Oldnall. Miss Jenkins. The BOSS (Captain)



Looking at their first
Wedding present
Peter and Roy 1934



Owen Reed & Car Load
of O.T. Goods



Alex

Peggy Reed



MISS PECK
(who comes every summer)



JOHN - the Dorset House baby

MY VISITS TO DORSET HOUSE.

There was a slight pause before the door was opened to us on my first appearance at Dorset House. I have a strong suspicion that the last drawing-room chair was being decorously clothed for the debut of the first patient and nurse. Doctor Casson and Mrs Lavers and Miss Taylor-Morgan were there to make us feel that we had come to a really friendly house, and Deren, Stanley and Polly also helped to take away any of that "Institution" feeling.

The advent of the second and third patient was comparatively calm but the fourth was heralded by a frantic painting and partitioning of the only ward and I am afraid that the smell of paint hung heavy on the air for several days. Then another nurse to look after the ward had to be found and then a night-nurse. Then we felt things were really going!

We sat at two small tables in the Dining-room then and places were already movable. I really don't remember any trays but they soon appeared for I remember my Mother making orange tray cloths.

Miss Jones arrived just then and I know how extremely pleased we all were to see her.

The garden had not then lost some of its cedars, a loss that I secretly and ashamedly deplored, though I know that their departure was necessary for light and air. We were very much impressed with the grape vine which seemed to lend an air of opulence which made the garden almost into "grounds".

Since then I think I have paid six visits to what has become a very familiar and loved place, but I feel distinctly aggrieved if a new house is not available for my inspection every time.

There was a new house on my second visit and an Occupational Therapist and so many new things that I really forget the order in which they came, but there was one thing less, - the Doctor's appendix-.

I think the arrival of the third house marked my fourth visit and the Chapel the fifth. On the sixth there was the acquisition of the first "Branch House", - in the Mendips, and still more interesting, there was now another Doctor, and a Secretary with laboratorial yearnings which were afterwards realised.

This year there has been the building of the Student's Hostel on the foundations of the old garages and a bewildering array of new students and Staff.

And next year?

M. L. Peck.

T H E C H A P E L .

In April, 1933, a cellar, which for some years had contained nothing but rubbish and disused iron fittings, was turned out, and converted into a little chapel. The walls were distempered a pale yellow, and blue was chosen for the altar cloth and frontal. A cupboard was built at the back, and was likewise painted blue. The footstools are blue, harmonising with the colour scheme. The wooden Cross and candlesticks on the Altar, the Sanctuary lamp, the glass vases, and pictures, and several books in the cupboard are the gifts of various people. Electric light was installed a few months later.

As soon as the little room was fit for use, Canon Narborough came and blessed it. This simple ceremony was attended by the heads of each department in the House.

The chapel is approached from Alva, or Litfield garden, its door, opening onto the arch between the two gardens, is always open. It is intended for quiet reading, and private devotions for any who care to use it.

V. D. P. T.

CHRISTMAS 1929.

8.15 p.m. S l. on Christmas eve saw a few lately "house decorating folk" conferring on "Whatever were they to do for Christmas." Mime scenes representing words to spell Casson were finally chosen. Twenty-four hours later the writing-room was a seething mass of humans, bright colours, rouge black pencils (lost at the crucial moment when a King has to appear) and all the paraphernalia of make-up. The six scenes seemed to be appreciated by the audience which had collected in the present drawing-room. A very amateurish effort; but like most spontaneous things giving a good deal of enjoyment to those who acted and those who watched.

S. A. K.

(with apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

This is tale of one small Welsh terrier. Listen, please. I am Bran. I belong to own Goddess. Name, Dr. Elizabeth Casson. Very proud to belong to such great person.

I sleep with own Goddess, in own very special basket. Some-time before dawn, when shiny-plate gets up strong, I wake and wonder whether own goddess is still with me. Very nervous small dog. (So very large girl-pup Bar-Bar say.) I get out and make beseech at own Goddess' bed, there is hump in bed, own Goddess asleep, must not disturb, I were naughty dog to disturb. Creep back to own basket, squeakity, squeakity.

Just-before-bath-time, own Goddess wakes, she says "Come", and I run to leap on bed. She pulls loose skin about my neck, she says, "Nice little Bran, nice little son." There is pawing hand of own Goddess to say make scratch. She like, too. Just-before-breakfast, there is that large girl-pup called Barbara Griffith-Jones, she takes me for walk on Downs. I meet lots of friends, very good smells, very good grass for gallop. It is very good walk.

Breakfast-time, there is lying-before-fire, there is treading on small dog, there is "Get-out-of-the-way- that-dam-dog-simply-asks-to-be-stepped-on." Things-gived-under-table not allowed, one very small sad dog making beseech and nothing to be gived.

After breakfast, there is meeting-of-peoples in Consult. Very good hunting in waste-paper-basket and sitting on knee of own Goddess. Then there is run-in-garden, there is wind and grass, and wet earth. Perhaps there is Patsy-dog to play with. Patsy-dog very handsome, great friend, except when she has rolled in badness. If there is rollick in writing-room, there is own Goddess very angry, saying, "Go into the garden if you must make this noise," and "Get along with you." Then there is seeing other peoples in House, one has furry coat, Rrrabbits! Auntie Morgan take Bran for drive in -kennel-that-moves-called-Janet, we go to shops(very stinky) and then round Downs. It is very good life.

At lunch, there is more beseech, and more stepping on Bran, so that lots of peoples say, "Why won't he learn not to lie there" and own Goddess say "Oh, you silly little Bran." Please, I am very small dog, and love lying by fire. There are kennels-that-move singing past dreiful, I go to window and say-and-say, then there is whack-whack, and "Stop that, you little brute."

Then there is Own Lunch, given by Auntie Morgan or very-large-girl-pup, called Bar-Bar, there is lying in Consult. with own Goddess, there is peoples drinking tea. Then I go for exercise on Downs, by myself. There is lots more charming friends, and no "Come here, you naughty boy." Whiles after, Auntie Morgan summon Bran with whistle, she say, "We go to Cottage, Bran come too." So there is long drive to Mendips, I say at other dogs in other kennels-that-moves, more whack-whack.

We come to Country-Cottage. Most exciting. Then there is running after Rrrabbits, they go hippety-hoppety down hole. Own Goddess with Auntie Morgan climbs hill, there is "Oh, I do like the view from here," there is running away, and come-and-have-tea.

Tea from very pish-posh kennel-that-shuts, Bran allowed to have some. Sugar and milk. Think I shall retire here.

After tea, long ways home in kennel-that-moves, there is everybody waiting to welcome small dog, there is tail-thumps and crawling-on-tum. Bran sing wild and sorrowful at drawing-room door, there is "Let the dog in, somebody" Then last-meal-of-day, dinner. There is same things over again. Then very-large-girl-pup-called -Bar petting wicked wupser, there is pretend-scratch-and-bite, there is BISCUITS gived by Queenie. There is also "Eat-all-that-up-or-you-get-no-more." There is also Toffees handed round, - Bran allowed toffee for being Proper Dog?

Ver-large-girl-pup-called-Bar-Bar doing things to own Goddess' hair, own Goddess dressed up swanky, perhaps going to concert. Mos' exciting coat with Rrabbits on neck. There is going-out in kennel-that-moves, Bran sing sorrowful because not allowed go too. Just-before-bedtime, there is lying-by-fire, and peoples making tease very small dog. Then Auntie Morgan come with lead, she take Bran out. Sometimes, there is strrrrange noises outside. I say-plenty, if own Goddess at home there is whack-whack with own cutty-whip, and make-friends-little-son afterwards.

Then there is gallop-upstairs to own basket. Own Goddess not in, she come later, perhaps. There is own basket waiting, there is own rug and everything. Times after that, there is soft noise that is own Goddess going-to-bed, she say "Good-night little Bran." There is very happy small dog making thump with very long tail-which-very-large-girl-pup-Bar-Bar-says-didn't-ought-to-be-there. There are also nose-push on own Goddess' hand. Then there is turn-round-and-settle-down. That is all.

a.n.o.n.

A NOTE FROM UNCLE DERRYN.

I was a Welsh terrier too - name was Derryn, and I was a tail-wagger, which means I helped my pals. Let me see, who were my pals? There was Miss King, whose bed was so comfy to lie on, and yes, I count Mrs. Hooper as a friend too, even though I used to bark at her - but was it not my job to keep away strangers from the garden?

My appearance was something like my little nephew Bran's, brown with a black back, but I was rather a portly gentleman when I lived at Dorset House. You see, I had so many friends, and especially in the kitchen, so although Miss Burr did try to keep me out, I was a pretty frequent visitor there. AuntieMorgan said I had the most Christain character of anyone in the house, but then, aunts are prejudiced people.

Perhaps my bestest friend after my mistress was Judy. Judy was not a person, but a thing on four wheels, that ran along the ground. When I was in Judy I was in my seventh heaven. Once Miss Mc.Mullen accompanied us in a walk down the Prom. - what a walk we had, the leaves were so green, and the smells so good.

C A T S. I could just tolerate Stanley Baldwin, but other cats were my bugbear. I kept the garden free of them, and of stray dogs. Oh, yes, I lived up to my name allright. One day I stole the BEEF, when I had been here a week or so. My mistress laughed, because she said it was rather tough - to my comfort - although I was whacked too. But every dog has his day!

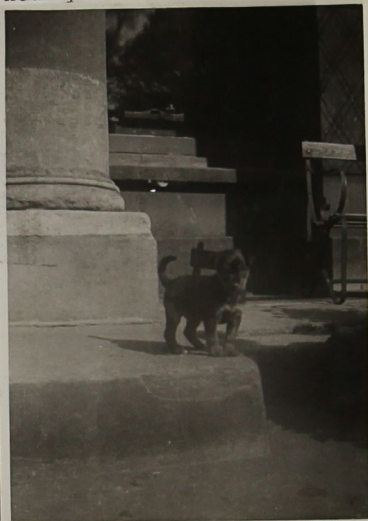
Veronica Burr.



A very tiny puppy with
"mother" and Heulwyn Owen.
(Sept. 1933)



At Talsamau - (Sept. 1933)



BRAN CASSON, ESQ.
Aged seven weeks



Grown up now,
with Alex



With Dr. Reed.



PEOPLE



Lansdown - July 1934
In foreground:

Mary Lewis
Miss Bennion
Miss Fitzgibbon

Lansdown Picnic:

Sandy, Bevan, Rosemary Adams



General view: Lansdown Picnic.



Going to Wales 1934
Miss Peck. Miss Morgan. Dr. Yates. Mrs. Clarke. The
BRAN Boss.

Picnic to Sand Bay (1937)





Cole. Millard. Muller. Miss Shewell
Bringing up supplies.

HOUSE PICNICS.

APRIL, 1933.

In a motor coach to the Cottage. We were welcomed by the "inhabitants" who had been up for a fortnight, Scottie in a sunbonnet, Roy, Virginia, and Miss Man. The day was so fine and warm that most of us resisted even the lure of primroses, and lazed in the sun. We had both lunch and tea out of doors, on the grass. After tea there was cider, doled out in mugs by Scottie, for those who wished. This picnic made a welcome break in the monotony of the six days when the entire O.T. department, with the exception of Bar, was in Holland!

THE MOTOR TREASURE HUNT, AUGUST 1, 1933.

This was organised by the O.T. students as a "farewell" to Paddy, who, we are glad to say, came back for a short time, after all, in October. We started out in all the House cars, plus two from Baker, making a brave show in the drive, with their nicknames fastened on them. There were Boss' Bus, Bunbury Bloke (driven by Dr. Bunbury) Jumping Judy, (in the days when this lady belonged to Miss Morgan) Mountaineering Mike, with Bevan at the wheel, Hoople's Hopper, driven by Paddy, Baker's Barge, and Baker's Bouncer. When we had sorted ourselves into our respective chariots, off we went, taking the clues with us. Among the places we visited were Abbot's Pool, the Failand Inn (where we searched frantically for bottles of cider concealed in the garden) Clapton-in-Gordano (where four cars jammed in a lane, and the Boss, all unseeing, and as the quickest way out of the impasse, took the nearest hill labelled, 'unsuitable for motors'!) and last, Cadbury Camp. Here we all had supper. Mountaineering Mike came in first by a long way. Dr. Bunbury got lost, and Jumping Judy had been delayed at the station. It was most pleasant, after our chase round the countryside, to sit with one's back to the wind and admire the "coloured counties" spread far below. After an extraordinarily good supper, some of us raced down the hillside, while others preferred to do the Orange Spring round the top! Then we all drove home to more festivities in the Playroom, where Paddy was presented with records of Brahms' Fourth Symphony as a goodbye-present-in advance, after which, we all went, in the traditional words of the Boss, "Quickly and Quietly to bed."

JULY 1934.

In a motor bus and Mike to the very top of Lansdown. We camped out in a field not far from Brockham Edge Hotel, with a marvellous stretch of country below us. It was bounded on the one side by the entire range of the Mendip Hills, and on the other by the Welsh hills beyond the Channel. Being chilly and clear, the atmosphere was very blue. We played games until lunch-time, when Jonah and her satellites handed round rolls, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and fruit, with lemonade - and excellent lunch! - on top of which the more energetic of us went to play tennis at the hotel. The others played cards or slept. We stayed until after tea, and then went home via Bath and Saltford.

CLEVEDON, AUGUST 1934.

To Clevedon in a motor coach and Janet. It was a beautifully fine clear day, and we arranged ourselves on the hill by the old Church, overlooking the Channel on the one side and the Mendips on the other. Before lunch we walked and played games. After we went to see the little Church, or else lay in the sun. Miss Morgan took Alex and Sheila to the Marine Lake, where they had a little boat on the water. Alex taking advantage of Sheila's being a "new woman" gaily allowed her to do all the work. At tea there was a big iced cake and then there were ices, in honour of birthdays - Mrs. Wear's and Virginia's. We went home by the Coast Road, then by Portbury Lane and Ashton Gate.

THE COTTAGE.

Snugly hidden among tall clumps of flowers, and trees of purple lilac, is a little house, which looks like a cottage from Hans Anderson. Very red are the roses that grow over the doorway, and so white are the walls they might be made of sugar.

"Providence" is a wonderful place if one likes the simple life. For those who prefer the comfort of civilization, the singing of the birds, the croaking of Timothy the Toad do not compensate for puffs of sooty smoke, or the drying up of the stream when the floors need scrubbing.

The doorways and beams are low, that if one is not careful a bump on the head is the penalty one pays for crossing the threshold. Once inside - there is the kitchen, scene of many happy memories, of fried eggs and bacon, hot buttered toast, and large pots of tea. A step further, and one enters the sitting-room, whose square table and comfortable window seat remind one of day and Sunday parties out for a good time.

In the winter, when the wind blows cold, and frost is on the ground, how cheery it is when the two fires are crackling up the chimneys - it is hard to leave them, even for a walk. In the summer it is pleasanter to lay a cloth on the lawn, and sit round picnic-fashion.

What a lot the garden can produce - apples, plums, goosberries, orange lanterns, summer flowers of all kinds, and row upon row of cabbage and potato. For the rest - a happy hunting ground for dogs and rabbits, and a grassy patch to pitch a tent when it is required. Only a low wall separates the garden from the hills. . . how pretty they are, with patches of yellow gorse, and clumps of heather, and stretches of brown and green fern. Occasionally an owl or a squirrel may be seen in the surrounding trees.

One could reminisce for pages, but space does not permit - with a final hoot-hoot, the Boss draws up at the gate, and we all climb the hill, and admire the panorama of Blackdown Crook Peak, and other Mendip Ridges.

Veronica Burr.

THE COTTAGE



From the opposite Hill



Two views of the Cottage



Cottage Party. Feb. 1933
 Veronica. Miss Brown. Virginia. Ann. Peggy Reed
 Becky. Alex. Bar.



PROVIDENCE, ROWBERROW BOTTOM.

July 1933



Tregaye



At the Cottage



Tregaye



Bees



Weekly cottage party arriving



Jonah



R. Adams & Blew
with Jeremy



Hermia Neald



Cottage. K.Barber



"HOOPIE" & Friends



Swedish Student: Albonz



End of hall: silhouettes for a party.



CONN OWENS + PADDY REED



Nancy Ross.
Muriel Jenkins. Con Tebbit.
Joy Blew-Jones. M. Crousaz.



Con Tebbit. Dr. Casson
N. Ross.
Joy Blew-Jones. M. Jenkins. M. Crousaz



Dr. Casson



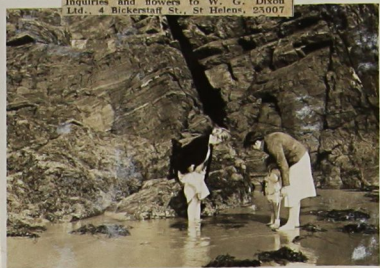
Miss Phillips and Dr. Casson



"The Boss:" off to a meeting: seen off by Bran



Tregaye



Doctor. Mrs. Glyn Owens
& Tregaye. 1937



Bron y Garth
N.Wales



38575. PORTMADOC HARBOUR, SHEWING BRON-Y-GARTH.

THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES

Schoolmasters In Farce

It is always exciting to see celebrities at close quarters, especially those whom we have admired from far across the footlights and on the screen.

The party given by Dr. Elizabeth Casson at Dorset House last Friday "to meet Dame Sybil Thorndike" was, therefore, one of the most interesting social events of Clifton for some time.

Dame Sybil Thorndike, as most people know, is married to Dr. Lewis Casson, who is Dr. Casson's brother, and she always stays at Dorset House on her too rare visits to Bristol.

Several other members of the "Double Door" cast were also at the party, including Mr. Owen Nares, the centre of an enthusiastic crowd of "fans" who kept him busy writing autographs; and Miss Carol Goodner, who looked charming with her hair demurely drawn back into a coil on the nape of her neck.

Her frock was of dull crêpe in an unusual shade of purple, which suited her excellently.

Dame Sybil Thorndike was a striking figure in a dress of pale green chiffon, trimmed with bands of brown fur, a colour scheme that set off admirably her very fair hair.

She has as much personality of the stage as when she is acting, and the people to whom she chatted were deeply impressed with her charm and brilliance.

I heard her tell someone that it had taken her only a week to learn the words of her part in "Saint Joan"—surely a super-human feat.

The party began at 10.30 p.m., an unusually late hour for Bristol festivities, but convenient both for the guests of honour and the many people who had been to see the play that evening.

Refreshments were served downstairs, and after shaking hands with Miss Thorndike, and meeting many friends, most of the guests found their way upstairs, where they finished the evening with dancing.

A large number of medical men and their wives were present, including Dr. and Mrs. Carleton, the latter in printed chiffon, with their daughter, who wore a frock of palest pink satin; Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Bush, Mrs. Bush's dress of gold brocade, trimmed with black velvet, having one of the fashionable trains; Mr. C. A. Moore with his wife, who was in black; and Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Wright wearing red.

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Burgess were among the dancers, Mrs. Burgess being one of those wearing the popular jewelled hair-bands.

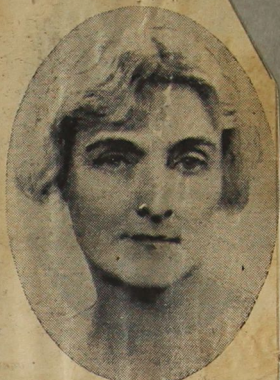
Others I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ackland, Dr. and Mrs. Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. Watson-Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Bodman, the latter in orchid-coloured velvet; Dr. and Mrs. Newman Neild, Dr. and Mrs. Lavington, Mr. George Eberle, with Miss Molly Eberle, and Mr. D. C. Rayner.

UNUSUALLY successful was the evening party given by Dr. Elizabeth Casson and her sister-in-law, Dame Sybil Thorndike, at 9, Camp Road, Clifton. As everybody knows, Dame Sybil Thorndike is acting at the Prince's Theatre this week in "Short Story," and interest was added to the party by the presence of most of the company.

The two hostesses were most thoughtful and energetic in looking after their guests. Dr. Casson wore a becoming frock of black chiffon and her sister-in-law looked charming in a gown of flowered crepe-de-Chine. Those who had the privilege of meeting Dame Sybil, can understand her popularity, for her personal charm and vivacity, aided by a marvellous memory for faces, are irresistible.

Miss Ursula Jeans, who incidentally made her stage debut at our Prince's Theatre 10 years ago, looked very smart in a tight-fitting white crêpe frock, and over her shoulder had a fascinating little cerise-coloured velvet cape. Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. A. E. Matthews were among those present, but Miss Marie Tempest and her husband, Mr. Graham Brown, were unfortunately prevented from coming.

There was some dancing towards the end of the evening. I envied the energy of Dr. Casson, who was among those taking part, and it was with great reluctance that one said "Good-bye" long after midnight.



DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, who made a personal appearance in Bristol last week, as Victoria van Brett in "Double Door."

GUESTS FROM THE THEATRES

"At Home" For Dame Sybil Thorndike

PEOPLE well known in Bristol's medical, theatrical, and educational circles met Dame Sybil Thorndike, who is appearing at the Prince's Theatre this week, when Dr. Elizabeth Casson held an "At Home" for her at 9, Camp Road, Clifton.

Dame Sybil married Dr. Casson's brother, Mr. Lewis Casson.

Among the 200 guests were nearly the whole of the company from "Short Story," the play in which they are appearing at the Prince's Theatre, and the whole of Bristol's Little Theatre company.

They included the Hon. Mrs. Inskip, Professor and Mrs. Hey Groves, Professor and Mrs. Dobson, Mr. George Eberle, Miss Eberle, Professor E. and Mrs. Fawcett, Dr. S. H. and Mrs. Badock, Judge E. H. C. and Mrs. Wethered, Miss Wethered, Mr. Roy Baker (American Consul) and Mrs. Baker, Miss Wilson, Miss G. M. Morgan, Miss C. M. Taylor, Professor and Mrs. Hamilton Whyte, Professor G. A. and Mrs. Buckmaster, Professor A. M. and Mrs. Tyndall, Mr. Meyrick Carré, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Professor J. A. and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. Gerard Fox and Miss Fox.

A few other guests were; the Hon. Mrs. John Inskip, in black velvet; Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Badock, who was in black crêpe embroidered with silver sequins and a transparent grey scarf; several of the members of the Little Theatre Company, including Miss Kinross, in white satin, Mr. Ronald Russel and Miss Barbara Leake, also in white; Professor and Mrs. Hey-Groves, wearing a dress of black lace; Judge E. H. C. Wethered with his wife, Mr. Gerard Fox and his daughter, Miss K. Robinson, in pale pink and silver lamé, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Watson-Williams.

Others included Mr. and Mrs. Angell James, the latter in a very pretty frock of black taffeta patterned with gold spots; Mr. and Mrs. Chitty, who was in a dull oyster satin; Mr. Ackland, Miss Beloe in black; Mr. George Eberle brought his daughter, Miss Mollie Eberle, who was in green; Professor and Mrs. Buckmaster; Dr. and Mrs. F. Hunter with their daughter, Miss Mary Hunter, in a charming jeane filled frock of green spotted taffeta; Professor and Mrs. Fawcett, Dr. and Mrs. Claremont, Professor and Mrs. Hamilton-Whyte, Dr. Q. St. L. Myles brought his wife, who was wearing a lovely frock of almond green crepe with a feather ruffle of the same shade; Dr. A. H. Marshall, and Mr. and Mrs. Savoury.

There was some dancing towards the end of the evening. I envied the energy of Dr. Casson, who was among those taking part, and it was with great reluctance that one said "Good-bye" long after midnight.

GREAT ACTING BY SYBIL THORNDIKE

Dancing in 'Colleen' Really Smart

A REMARKABLE display of versatility by Sybil Thorndike in three playlets was the feature of last night's delightful entertainment at the Prince's Theatre, where the famous actress over-shadowed everyone else in the company, though their work was both sound and appealing.

Sybil Thorndike had heavy demands made upon her in all the playlets, yet she obtained her results with ease, and always carried the audience with her into the circles, where she was a dominating factor.

The first two playlets were "Hands Across the Sea" and "Fumed Oak," both by Noel Coward, while the last of the plays was "Village Wooing," by G. Bernard Shaw, and programmed as a comedietta for two voices.

In the first play Sybil Thorndike was all the way entertaining, and especially at the telephone.

Ann Casson, as the Hon. Clare Wedderburn, was very vivid, and her language often matched her brilliant red dress.

This actress showed wonderful versatility later in the evening by giving a true-to-life study of a Cockney schoolgirl in "Fumed Oak," which was a play that appeared to be the favourite for the evening's programme.

In this play Lewis Casson gave a faithful picture of an utterly fed-up mortal, who eventually emulated the worm in the fable, for he distinctly turned. His wife, Doris, resulted in Sybil Thorndike presenting a dismal picture, which her husband enjoyed.

Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike were splendid in "Village Wooing," which was very cleverly manoeuvred by Bernard Shaw, whose philosophy and fun were closely followed by a discriminating audience.

The same three plays will be repeated this evening.
H. S. S.

PRINCE'S THEATRE

The Casson Family in Three

Attractive Comedies

Noel Coward comedies and a Bernard Shaw comedietta for two voices provided a programme of piquant interest at the Prince's Theatre, last night, last evening, when a famous family tilted at things as they are or might be "showed off" in super-modern style and satirised with such success, that, notwithstanding Bristol's hesitancy to applaud "broad" language there were remarkable demonstrations approving the superb acting.

Dame Sybil Thorndike owed it to Bristol to disclose her supreme talent in a variety of roles. Up to last evening she had been a single play personality, not fully appreciated yet suggestive of possibilities. Last evening the real Sybil Thorndike was disclosed and whether as the fluttering "Piggie," the wife who was lecturer, and "left," as the insistent passenger aboard the pleasure cruiser she presented such a variety of interests that the stage was set at the conclusion for a speech in which she commended the dramatic value of a many-sided repertoire, the D. H. Lawrence story of the soil "My Son's my son," and particularly the attractive Greek play in the Elizabethan style, "The Hippolytus of the Euripides" (Saturday matinee).

Last evening's plays brought out in interesting contrast the members of the Casson family, with Ann Casson, outstanding as the fascinating "fashionable" of the schoolgirl with an obvious cold in the head. There were also Lewis Casson, Christopher Casson and Nora Nicholson in clear cut character studies and Nicholas Phipps, Roderick Lovell, Owen Griffith, Gordon Crier and Joan Geary in a clever supporting cast, with admirable stage settings. The programme of music was especially attractive with the orchestra under the direction of Norman Brooks.

GREEK TRAGEDY

IMPRESSIVE ACTING AT PRINCE'S

Dame Sybil Thorndike and her company, during their week at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, presented with distinction ultra-fashionable comedies and an unreviewed Lancashire play by D. H. Lawrence. But at a special matinee on Saturday their versatility was even more notably demonstrated by their brilliant performance of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the English in Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of this powerful Greek tragedy, and, as spoken by Sybil Thorndike (Aphrodite and Nurse), Ann Casson (Theseus), Christopher Casson (Hippolytus), Lewis Casson and other players, it had something of the allure of music.

Ann Casson achieved a magnificent study of the imaginative and hysterical Phaedra.

The subtle simplicity of the costumes and of the stage setting were an asset in the impressiveness of a fine production, at the close of which there were many enthusiastic "calls."
C. R. G. D.



GARDENING IN THE RAIN.—Dame Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Owen Nares in the garden of Dorset House, Clifton, where Dame Sybil is staying. The famous players are in "Double Door" at the Prince's Theatre.



HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

A Light Comedy in One Scene
by NOEL COWARD

Cast in order of appearance:

Walters ... JOAN GEARY
Lady Maureen Gilpin (*Piggie*)
SYBIL THORNDIKE
Commander Peter Gilpin, R.N. (*her husband*) NICHOLAS PHIPPS
Lieut.-Commander Alastair Corbett, R.N.
RODERICK LOVELL
Mr. Wadhurst CHRISTOPHER CASSON
Mrs. Wadhurst ... NORA NICHOLSON
Mr. Burnham OWEN GRIFFITH
The Hon. Clare Wedderburn ANN CASSON
Major Gosling (*Bogey*) GORDON CRIER

SCENE—

*The drawing-room of the Gilpin's Flat
in London*

Time ... The Present

FUMED OAK

A Comedy in Two Scenes
by NOEL COWARD

Cast

Henry Gow ... LEWIS CASSON
Doris (*his wife*) SYBIL THORNDIKE
Elsie (*his daughter*) ... ANN CASSON
Mrs. Rockett (*his mother-in-law*)
NORA NICHOLSON

SCENE—

*The Sitting-room of the Gow's house in
South London*

Scene 1 - - Morning
Scene 2 - - Evening

Time ... The Present

Interval of 12 minutes



Dame Sybil's Visit
March 1934

Dame Sybil and
Ursula Jeans



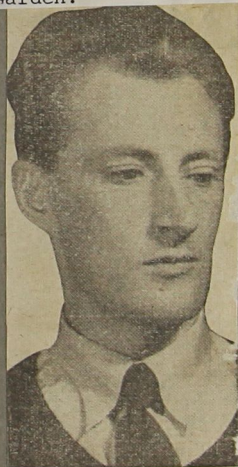
Dr. Casson and
Dame Sybil



Dame Sybil writing to
Lewis Casson - (N.York)-
from the Dorst House
Garden.



Dame Sybil



OWEN REED
will give a poetry reading at 8.45.



THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES

Translated by GILBERT MURRAY

The Play will be spoken by a Chorus of
Eight Persons

SYBIL THORNDIKE

LEWIS CASSON

ANN CASSON

NICHOLAS PHIPPS

NORA NICHOLSON

CHRISTOPHER CASSON

JOAN GEARY

RODERICK LOVELL



The Chief Characters allotted as follows :

Aphrodite ... SYBIL THORNDIKE

Artemis ... ANN CASSON

Theseus ... NICHOLAS PHIPPS

Phaedra, his wife ... ANN CASSON

Hippolytus, his son by the
Amazon Hippolyta

CHRISTOPHER CASSON

Nurse ... SYBIL THORNDIKE

Old Huntsman ... LEWIS CASSON

Messenger ... LEWIS CASSON

The Scene is laid before the Royal Castle
of Trozen

The Play Produced by LEWIS CASSON

Setting and Dresses by BRUCE WINSTON

*The Action of the Play is continuous
without interval*

MY SON'S MY SON

An unrevised Play by D. H. LAWRENCE
Completed by WALTER GREENWOOD

Characters :

Mrs. Gascoigne (a miner's widow)

SYBIL THORNDIKE

Luther

Joe

(her two sons)

NICHOLAS PHIPPS

CHRISTOPHER CASSON

Mrs. Luther Gascoigne (her

daughter-in-law)

ANN CASSON

Mrs. Purdy (a neighbour)

NORA NICHOLSON

A Cabman

...

GORDON CRIER

Horrocks (a miner)

OWEN GRIFFITH

The Play Produced by LEWIS CASSON

With acknowledgements to Leon M. Lion and R. Stuart West

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

Act 1 Mrs. Gascoigne's Kitchen
Afternoon

Interval of 12 minutes

Act 2—Scene 1 Luther's Kitchen
Later that Afternoon

Scene 2 That Night
Interval of 12 minutes

Act 3—Scene 1 Luther's Kitchen
Afternoon a fortnight later

Scene 2 Next Morning

*In Acts 2 and 3 the curtain will be lowered for
thirty seconds to indicate lapse of time*

The action of the Play takes place in a
Mining Village in the Industrial North

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC

"Chu Chin Chow" ... Frederic Morton

"One Night of Love" ... V. Schertzinger

"The King Steps Out" ... Fritz Kreisler

"Sevillana" ... A. Ferras

"The Skaters" ... Waldteufel

"The Love Dance" ... K. Hosahna

*Orchestra under the Direction of
Norman Brooks*



Bringing home the holly

Kate Bar Peggy
 in Mike

Christmas Decorations 1935



Hoopie, Blew, Owen, Peggy,
beside Jonathan.



Decorating the Hall
Mrs. Hooper and
her flowers.



Miss Morgan Tom The Boss



Miss Knight



Dr. Casson Nancy Reed Mrs. Reed



Group waiting to see the Boss
off to North Wales
March 1935



B. Griffith-Jones

A WALK THROUGH DORSET HOUSE.

Dorset House is really made up of three Houses - Dorset, Alva, and Litfield. If one rings the bell, and walks in through the front door of Dorset House - the main entrance - one is in a square vestibule, where the receptionist sits at her table. It contains little but a high backed seat, oak chest with a letter box on it, and an oak cupboard. A few steps further down the passage to the left brings one to the waiting room, a pretty little room furnished in blue and primrose, and hung with water colours of Switzerland. Immediately facing the Hall window is Dr. Casson's consulting-room, a pleasant place with blue cushions, blue rugs, and many books. There are also large double windows overlooking the Downs. On the walls there are two pictures of note: engravings by Eric Gill, "The Divine Lovers," and "The Crucifixion."

Past the door of the Consulting-Room is the main staircase, leading to Dorset Ward, and many bedrooms, all of which are comfortably furnished. At the very top of the House are more bedrooms, where the Staff sleep.

Facing the staircase is the drawing-room, a large room with windows overlooking the Clifton Down. The right-hand window makes a perfect frame for the silver birch tree in the Drive. In this room, the decorations are primrose and pale brown, there are no pictures, but two big mirrors stand against the walls and reflect jars of flowers - tulips, lilac, masses of bronze chrysanthemums set off by the brown and gold of autumn leaves - all through the year. Through the second door the writing room is reached. This passage-room has yellow walls - how the Rangers laboured to scrape the ugly old paper from them with willing hands and cheerful voices, in 1933! - and dark brown paint. The armchairs and sofa are covered in green. The view from this window stretches practically across the whole of Bristol, including the downs.

Next door is the dining room - slightly smaller than the drawing-room - with cream walls, one large table of pollard oak which is never without its bowl of flowers, and two long monks' tables of unpolished mahogany. There are two tall Welsh dressers. On the left is a hatchway leading to the pantry. Past the dining-room door, one comes to Alva staircase, which leads to Alva ward, and other bedrooms, similar to those on the Dorset side of the House.

Down the passage, through the "slype" and past the lounge, one comes into Litfield, where the Occupation Rooms and the Playroom generally shew scenes of great activity. The front room, overlooking the Drive, is the larger, and contains all the looms, from large foot looms on which suit-lengths may be woven, to small looms suitable for embroidery weaving. On the walls hang samplers - Mary and her little lamb in embroidery weaving, and a large strip of "Chariot Wheels". In the smaller back room, basketry, leather work, and raffia work are practised.

On the first floor is the Playroom, a large room with very little furniture, a grand piano, and a gramophone. The bare walls lend themselves to topical illustrations on festive occasions - last year there were friezes of teddy bears in the snow and on the ice at Christmas - and the room itself is used for dancing, games, M.M. exercises, and Parties. Now we have got a grand new hall at the bottom of the garden, made out of Dorset garages - it is larger than the Playroom, and when finished will accommodate our rapidly swelling numbers for dramatics, parties, and many other things besides.

IN THE OCCUPATION ROOM.

There are any number of various articles being made in the Occupation Rooms at all times, and there is very little limit to the type of crafts used.

My first observation of the Occupation Department of Dorset House will always be a source of wonder to me. The variety of crafts, the eagerness and interest of those doing them, the high standard of workmanship, was most gratifying and encouraging to see.

Among the crafts, weaving and basketry seem to be the most popular, although leather work, raffia, painting, cord stools and belts and needlework appear to hold their own without any difficulty. Bookbinding and felt work are also frequently seen.

Those who do basketry succeed in producing all sorts of shapes, sizes and colours, and such articles as round or oblong trays, waste paper baskets, and bread baskets may be seen around the Occupation Rooms at all times.

Originality both as to colours and patterns is to be observed among those who weave, and the results are pleasing. Tray cloths, pochettes, cushion covers, scarfs, and materials for skirts and suits are woven and later finished in various ways.

Leather work is quite in demand, and such leather as calf, morocco grain, and suede is used. Modelling on calf is done by a few, and has been most successful.

I have only been able to begin introducing the crafts one finds in progress in the Occupation Rooms, but I trust it conveys, in a small way, the varied interests and the pleasure to be found there to those who are not already acquainted with the Department.

Isabel Dahl.

(School of O. T., Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

The Dorset House School of Occupational Therapy is the outcome of an idea, and new students joining it need to understand that idea and to realize their part in co-operating with its development.

When I first qualified as a doctor I decided that, from my hospital experience, I would take up psychological medicine, and went to one of the best mental hospitals as a clinical assistant. I had been used enough to busy people when I was house-property managing under Octavia Hill, and to ill people in bed when I was a medical student, but I found it very difficult to get used to the atmosphere of bored idleness in the day rooms at the mental hospital. Then, one Monday morning, when I arrived at the women's wards, I found the atmosphere had completely changed and realized that preparations for Christmas decorations had begun. The ward sisters had produced coloured tissue paper and bare branches, and all the patients were working happily in groups making flowers and leaves and using all their artistic talents with real interest and pleasure. I knew from that moment that such occupation was an integral part of treatment and must be provided.

A few weeks later I moved on to a job at Holloway Sanatorium, Virginia Water, where there was a tradition of many forms of occupation that had been handed on from its early days. The games, entertainments, competitions and the annual sports and craft exhibitions acted as stimuli to many patients during the whole year. Among those who were well enough to organize their own needlework and embroidery there was excellent occupation encouraged by the nurses, but it was all voluntary and no work was regularly prescribed by the medical officers.

My first real introduction to Occupational Therapy came from a description by Dr. David Henderson (now Sir David Henderson) of the small department he had opened at Gart Naval Hospital, Glasgow, which I was able later to visit.

The first large department I saw was in America at Bloomingdale Hospital, New York, which I visited on a holiday about 1926. It had a beautiful Craft House, built in hospital grounds, with large rooms for printing, book-binding, metal work, weaving, pottery and a variety of other forms of employment. There was a large gymnasium nearby with a team of games instructors. The patients left their wards at stated times for 'work'. A few days later I visited the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, and the idea of an English School was implanted in my mind.

I searched out all of the same type of work in England that I could find. The patients in Dr. Jane Walker's Sanatorium at Nayland were making jewellery and were doing other crafts and she would have started a school herself if funds had been available. Dr. Helen Boyle's patients at the Lady Chichester Hospital, Brighton, were weaving. Each patient at Dr. Crichton Miller's Home at Harrow had an individual time-table for the whole day. It was long after this that I realized the splendid work that Sir Robert Jones had done in his big workshops at Shepherd's Bush during the 1914-18 war.

Occupational Therapy began to be organized at Virginia Water soon after my holiday in America. Miss K. Phillips who had retired from the post of Chief Inspector of L.C.C. Infant Schools came first, to hold regular classes in embroidery. There were no trained Occupational Therapists available, but Miss Allen, who had worked with mental defective patients, started full-time work with a few looms, and very soon needed more help, so Miss Tebbit was added to her staff for a few months. Miss Tebbit obtained a scholarship at the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy, and came back to Dorset House in 1929.

In the meantime, I left Virginia Water to start a residential Clinic at Dorset House on Clifton Down, Bristol, with the firm determination to work out all the ideas as to treatment that had been growing in my mind. One of these was the full-time planned day for all patients, and from this grew the Dorset House School of Occupational Therapy. In my early lectures to students, I was specially interested in pointing out that all stimuli that reached the brain result in instinctive or in voluntary action. This may occur immediately, but if thwarted the mental energy is stored and the urge to action becomes involved and combined in sentiments that later become the motives of

organized activities. There were plenty of these motives stored up in me, and it has taken all my activities since 1929 till now to express them.

The aim of Dorset House was to form a community where every individual was encouraged to feel that she had a real object; for a patient the object was to get well and to go out to a worth-while life; for a member of the staff it was to serve others with all the talents she possessed; for a student, to develop all her capacities for her life as an Occupational Therapist and to find the individual job that only she could do. Such objects demand ideals before they can be developed and many of us have found that just so far as we make the fulfilment of the Lord's Prayer our aim and object, so do we find that the Kingdom of God is come among us.

Between 1929, the year of the opening of Dorset House, and 1941, when we were bombed out of Bristol, about 800 patients had been resident at the clinic. This booklet will tell you some of the work that the house was enabled to do.

When, owing to war conditions, Dorset House in Clifton closed, the nursing home moved to Clevedon and I moved with it and carried on here. The Emergency Medical Services had arranged to use the Allendale Curative Workshop for the treatment of war casualties, but when Bristol had to be treated as a danger area all the service patients were sent elsewhere.

After a very anxious period of uncertainty as to its future, the Ministry of Health borrowed the school for the war period, and it was invited to Barnsley Hall, Bromsgrove.

Miss Macdonald, who had been one of the School's most talented students, was appointed Principal in 1938 and had already shown her genius for administration. With the help of her staff, Miss MacCaul, Miss Harris, and Miss Oldnall, and its few students, all full of purpose, loyalty and enterprise, she was able to guide the School through its many vicissitudes, from Bristol to Bromsgrove, from Bromsgrove to Oxford. Its debt and gratitude to Dr. Andrew Shepherd, Medical Superintendent of Barnsley Hall, Bromsgrove, will always remain. His hospitality and wise guidance provided for the School a security that contributed in great part to its growth from the ten Bristol students to which it had dwindled to the hundred who regretfully left him for Oxford in 1946.

In its darkest hour the school was given a grant of £600 from the Lord Mayor of London's Air Raid Fund, which helped it in re-establishing itself in Oxford when the war was over.

There have been many others whose help has been and still is invaluable, especially Sir Geoffrey Peto, who watched over the School when the war nearly wrecked its work and who became Chairman of the Advisory Committee, and is now Chairman of the Governors of the School and of the Trust that has been formed to hold Harberton House for it.

ELIZABETH CASSON

St. Margaret's
Walton,
Clevedon, Som.

Medical Director
Dorset House School of
Occupational Therapy.

FOREWORD

The Story of the
DORSET HOUSE SCHOOL
of
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

1930—1949

DORSET HOUSE SCHOOL

PART I

THIS history of Dorset House as a School of Occupational Therapy is inseparable from the history of Dorset House as a Nursing Home for the treatment of patients suffering from neurotic and psychotic disorders. In the summer of 1929 Dr. Casson appointed Miss Constance Tebbit, then training in Philadelphia, as Principal of the School. Miss Tebbit worked strenuously in the United States to gather material for use in training, returning to England for Christmas, 1929. The School actually opened within the Nursing Home on New Year's Day, 1930, with Dr. Casson as its Medical Director.

In the first three years Dorset House was not only a Nursing Home and Training School for Occupational Therapists, it was an enterprise, and an experiment and a thrilling adventure for those most closely concerned with it. To be part of it, whether as Medical Director, Nurse, Kitchen Maid, Secretary, Student or Principal, meant being part of a vital and living whole, and knowing that one had a contribution to make to the well-being of that whole. Behind it all was the dynamic quality in the work which Dr. Casson inspired and of which she was the centre.

During these first three years the bulk of clinical experience was psychological, the reason for this being two-fold. The demand for trained Occupational Therapists was for those equipped for Mental Hospital work, and at the same time it was far easier to provide facilities for this type of experience. The physical aspects of Occupational Therapy were never lost sight of, and during 1930 an embryonic Occupational Therapy department to demonstrate the use of this treatment for physical cases was opened at the Bristol General Hospital, though the work was confined to ward work and the patients treated were mostly heart cases. Most of the students' clinical practice was obtained with Dr. Casson's own patients and at this time the occupational treatment and training departments of Dorset House, and school, were intimately related to one another. The students' experience of Occupational Therapy included

such varied activities as netball, country dancing, theatre and bridge parties, gardening and picnics, in addition to crafts.

The School's premises were always expanding, from part of one room to two, and from two to half a house. All early Dorset House Occupational Therapy staff and students will have vivid memories associated with their first residential quarters, 'The Garage', with its primitive approach and early English facilities for ablution!

In the beginning Dr. Casson gave the lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and medical subjects herself, whilst Miss Tebbit taught the occupations and Theory of Occupational Therapy, ran the O.T. Department, and supervised the students' work!

In addition to the work undertaken at the Bristol General Hospital some students helped with the running of Extension Guide Companies at Frenchay Sanatorium and at Winford Orthopaedic Hospital, thus gaining further experience in handling physical cases, and in particular occupying children with activities other than crafts.

By this time Miss Goscombe had become Senior Assistant to Miss Tebbit, Miss Becky Lummis had come from America to join the Staff of the Department and Miss Albons from Sweden. Miss Vera Barber had also joined the Occupational Therapy staff and become its expert in all forms of needlecraft and dress-making, and later, in weaving and spinning.

In July, 1932, the British Medical Association held its Centenary meetings in London and Dorset House was asked to put on an 'Exhibit of Occupational Therapy'. This was the first major recognition of progress and the publicity thus given was a tremendous stimulus to interest in Occupational Therapy.

In 1933 Dr. Casson, Miss Tebbit and members of the Occupational Therapy staff and students were invited to join the visit of the Royal Medico-Psychological Society to Santpoorte, near Haarlem, Holland. This visit really marks the end of the first phase in the development of the Dorset House School of Occupational Therapy. In April, 1933, Miss Tebbit ceased to be Principal of the School and upon her appointment as Occupational Therapist to the County Mental Hospital, Chester, became instead Director of Mental Hospital Practice. At

Chester Dr. Hamilton Grills gave continuous support and encouragement to the department and help and stimulation to the staff and students. Students were now able to gain hospital practice in a wider field. Miss Tebbit soon needed a trained Occupational Therapist's assistance, in addition to the members of the nursing staff who were helping the department, and another Dorset House graduate, Mrs. N. I. R. Clarke, was appointed to the staff at Chester. Mrs. Clarke was thus able to preserve the continuity of hospital practice for Dorset House students when Miss Tebbit left in November, 1934, upon her marriage. Miss Constance Tebbit became Mrs. Glyn Owens, and is now Principal of the Liverpool School of Occupational Therapy.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

A DEVELOPING FIELD
OF WORK FOR WOMEN

By ELIZABETH CASSON, M.D., D.P.M.

Occupational Therapy as a profession in England may be said to be still in a pioneer stage, but each year is adding to its better organisation, to the number of well-trained women who are engaged in it, and to the opportunities of employment available for them.

Occupational therapy consists in "any activity, mental or physical, medically prescribed and guided for the distinct purpose of contributing to, and hastening, recovery from disease or injury." In America this form of treatment is given by qualified and registered members of the Occupational Therapy Association, which regulates the standard of training and attainment of its members. There is an Association of Occupational Therapists in Scotland, and its formation in England is now taking place.

Although the treatment of mental patients by occupation was carried out at the Retreat in York over fifty years ago, it was during the War that the method became organised, and the best work began with the soldiers who were wounded both in mind and in body. It was found that by no other means could self confidence be fostered so well, or the desire for renewed health be so quickly stimulated.

HELPING THE MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY DISABLED

Schools for training Occupational Therapists were organised in several large cities in America and Canada, and all the well-equipped hospitals, general, mental, and orthopaedic, now have full-time "aides" as they are called, treating patients continually under the prescription and direction of the medical staff.

In 1930 the Dorset House School of Occupational Therapy was founded at Clifton, Bristol, to enable the full training to be taken in England under those who hold complete professional diplomas. The course takes two years, during which time students are given lectures in anatomy, physiology, and psychology, and many hours are devoted to necessary instruction on the application of the various crafts and other occupations to individual types of illness and disability. The crafts included are, among others, weaving, bookbinding, basketry, dyeing, stitchery, drawing, and minor crafts.

SCOPE OF THE WORK

A wide outlook must be taken in order to adapt different occupations to patients, who for this purpose may be classified as disordered in mind; suffering from such illnesses as tuberculosis, heart disease, or rheumatism; and those who have sustained injury. The student has to learn which handicrafts are available and needed for each separate condition in cases of mental disability and illness. Some crafts are sedative, others stimulating - all give the patient interest and encourage a desire for achievement, promote self-confidence and a return to a normal satisfaction in work well done.

Some patients have wandered into a life of phantasy, and can be brought back to reality by occupational treatment. In many cases of chronic mental illness that have lasted for years, great improvement occurs where the right occupation has been prescribed and carried out. Those who have seen the changed atmosphere in mental hospitals as a consequence of this treatment realise how much it ameliorates the life of the patients.

In general hospitals the occupational therapists's work is to assist the doctor in keeping up the patients' morale by stimulating their interest in healthful activity. Here again specialised knowledge is needed. She must be able to provide a peaceful sedative type of handwork for the restless heartcase, who may move her fingers but who may make no large movements of the arms. She must have some cord-plaiting ready for the same case when the doctor wants gradually increasing movement to begin. She must have a jigsaw puzzle ready for the convalescent who is bored by long hours of lying still, or some cane-work for the patient whose eyes are bandaged.

In the orthopaedic and accident wards quite different work is needed. Stiff joints recover much more quickly by carrying out some interesting process of weaving on a hand loom, rather than by massage; and the professional occupational therapist must be ready to provide a craft for each condition.

Such work can only be learnt fully by actual practice. Students work with patients at Dorset House from the beginning, and in their second year they go to various mental, general and orthopaedic hospitals for practice, again under skilled guidance.

During the whole time they also are trained in Margaret Morris movement by a certificated teacher, so that they can take classes of patients later. The organisation of games, acting, and play-reading are also taken in the course. There is a great opportunity for musicians.

SALARIES AND PROSPECTS OF EMPLOYMENT

There are, at the moment, very good openings for this profession in mental hospitals where those with a diploma are appointed at a salary of £200 non-resident. Some mental hospitals follow the Dutch method and have all the occupational treatment carried out by nurses. The present tendency in England is to appoint a certificated occupational therapist who trains the nursing staff to carry out treatment under her guidance and control.

There are signs that other hospitals are waking to the need of this treatment, and that openings will be available soon, but so far there are few paid posts outside mental hospitals, where openings are increasing under the influence of the Board of Control, which recognises the value of occupational therapy. Hospitals for nervous diseases and for the treatment of cripples provide other openings for employment for the trained worker. It is hoped that the need of remedial workshops to hasten recovery after accidents will be recognised, and that they will be opened everywhere. There should also be openings in time for occupational therapists who undertake the treatment of patients in their own homes.

So far the profession has been confined almost entirely to women. Training for men is now available at Dorset House, and men

nurses are instructed in some hospitals by the occupational therapist who is in charge of both male and female wards. Last year the London County Council appointed a number of men and women occupation officers to the mental hospital service at salaries of £300 and £200.

For a well-educated girl, who possesses culture, and is something of a craftswoman, who wants to serve others and to feel that she is helping them, Occupational Therapy provides a new and most interesting career which has for its purpose the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the mentally and physically disabled.



Margaret Morris in garden,
February 1933 (Influenza
Epidemic!)



Country dancing in the garden



Heulwen Owen



Alouette Owen

"Why is Dr. Casson like a certain strait?"
Because she is the Boss-for-us" !!

(A. O.)

Vol 11 / 35



The old O.T. room - Alva 1931



The front O.T. room, Litfield House.
Miss Crousaz. Miss Jenkins, Miss Tebbit
and Miss Barber



The O.T.s at Chester: At back, Mrs. Clarke.
At front, Miss Dennett, Miss Tebbit, Miss Reed

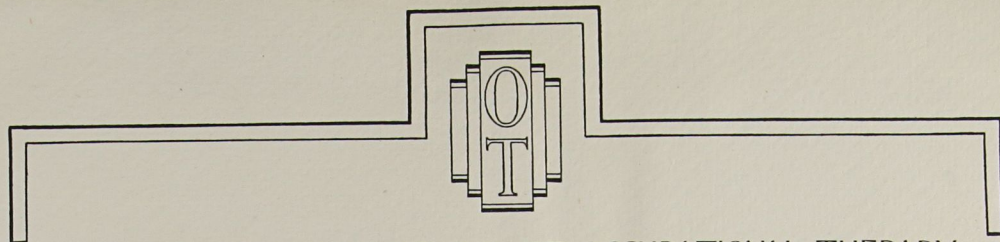


The Pottery, Dorset House, Clifton, Bristol.



The Hall, Dorset House, Clifton, Bristol.

The hall, after "garage"
rebuilding.



THE DORSET HOUSE SCHOOL OF OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

.....

having fulfilled the requirements of The Dorset House School
of Occupational Therapy and completed the prescribed
Courses is hereby awarded the Certificate of the School.

Signed this day of

THE CERTIFICATE OF THE SCHOOL IS AWARDED
TO THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED THE EXAMINATION
OF THE ASSOCIATION OF OCCUPATIONAL
THERAPISTS. Date

Medical Director

Director

NOTES FROM CHESTER.

Our Correspondant wants you to know that Cupid has been busy in our midst; we all very much regret the departure of "Ma" (Miss Tebbit) and welcome "Auntie" (Mrs Clarke) as her successor.

Family relationships are becoming as complicated in Chester as they were at the Garage. Auntie now has a "Ma", Sister Bates and Sister Reed (deceased) child "Cru" still growing (which way?) but Bailly is still unattached - as faras the family know-.

Unemployment returns for the North of England for the last month showed a definate decrease. This was explained by the Secretary of the Rural District Council of Chester as being due to the large number of men employed in filling in a subsidence in a Road near the Hospital gates caused by contact with the head of a certain rider who involuntarily left her horse.

C. H. B.

MARGARET MORRIS MOVEMENT.

The first classes were started in January 1932, with a few of the Staff. Then remedial exercises for the patients were given every morning at ten o'clock - gradually these came to be performed with enthusiasm, and there were a few people ready to be taught actual dances.

In the early spring of 1933 we were all exercising heartily in the garden each morning at ten o'clock to combat the influenza epidemic., this despite frost and drizzle! In the summer of the same year, there were two morning classes, the nine-thirty advanced, and the ten O' clock usual. We also gave a show at the B.M. A. garden-party at Dorset House, the programme including the "sitting co-ordination", and frieze and gypsy dances. Later on Mr. Iles took a film of our dances with his cine-kodak. Another show was arranged the following year, but alas, we had to dance in the rain. The dances this time ranged from Greek and "mediaeval to "Bears!" And now there are senior and junior morning classes, with many people in each, and a Wednesday night class for the Advanced.

R.A.

ALTERATIONS IN THE HOUSE.

1934 has witnessed many changes in Dorset House, and it is very gratifying to think that they are all signs of a rapidly increasing population and of Dr. Casson's desire to do all she can for the happiness and comfort of those under her care.

The difference in arrangement of dining-room, drawing-room and pantry is one that affects us all. The present drawing-room was once the dining-room and vice-versa. In general arrangement the old drawing-room was not so very different from the new. We had one less settee than now; the standard lamp was not there, and instead of the present upright piano we had the grand which is now in the new hall. We have wall-lights instead of a pendant; and these are charming, being definitely in character with the rest of the room while giving a more mellow illumination.

The old dining-room was almost in every way differently arranged. The big table then occupied a central position which showed off its beauty to much better advantage than now. Instead of the long tables of unpolished mahogany we had three smaller ones, each seating about eight or nine people; one where the piano now stands and one against the door which leads into the writing-room. This arrangement although perhaps more pleasing in appearance did not seat so many as the present one.

The old pantry which is now Miss Oldnall's office was naturally not nearly so convenient as the present one; and, in conclusion, I think the arrangement we have now is a much more satisfactory.

B. Baxter.

THE MOVE ROUND. At the end of July the House "moved round" - a fearfully exciting day. Mrs. Reed and Nancy helped to move the pantry, and there was a score of willing hands to shift the furniture from the drawing room to the dining-room and vice-versa. We had an anxious time measuring the new dining-room for the accommodation of the old tables, and in the end everything had to be turned round. Lunch was a picnic in the playroom, which everybody enjoyed, I think. By dinner-time everything was in its proper place, and we were able to eat our first meal in the new dining-room.



The building of the sun verandah
between Dorset House & Alva.



CHILDREN'S HELP SOCIETY GARDEN FETE.—The Lord Mayor, Councillor F. C. Luke, speaking at the opening of the garden fete held at Dorset House, Clifton, in aid of the Children's Help Society.

TRYING TO RAISE £2,000 FOR A BRISTOL SOCIETY.

Children's Holiday Camps.

A garden sale and fete in aid of the Bristol Children's Help Society Jubilee celebrations were held yesterday at Dorset House, Clifton Down (the beautiful grounds of which were thrown open by Dr. Elizabeth Casson). The Society is appealing for £2,000 as a Jubilee effort for maintaining its work of organising throughout the summer months holidays in the Mendips for 1,600 children. On Saturday there will be a garden party at the camp, where the Duchess of Beaufort will open the new swimming bath.

Yesterday's fete was opened by Mr Ernest N. Tribe and the Lord Mayor (Mr F. C. Luke) presided. Mr Tribe was the first President and for many years Chairman of the Society.

The Lord Mayor said the Children's Help Society was opening out a great opportunity for renewing the health of children, who would talk of their holiday before, during and a long time after they came back. He hoped the work, which had been carried on so many years, would long continue and grow, to the benefit and happiness of increasing numbers of children.

Idea First Discussed.

Mr Ernest N. Tribe, in declaring the sale open, described himself as "one of the ancients." The Society had made a tremendous difference in the lives of children from the poorer parts of the city and those who had come into contact with them. He paid tribute to the memory of the founder, the Rev. Urjian Thomas, who was to him one of the most honoured heroes. He described how, in 1884, while travelling with Mr Thomas to the North of England, the idea was first discussed. Mr Tribe plunged into reminiscences in which he referred to the great work of Mr Mark Whitwill and the amusing initiation of the poorer children into the virtues of porridge, which they called at first "gruel for horses."

The Society was the pioneer of the play centres, and formed the first society for the prevention of cruelty to children outside London.

Many amusing episodes were recalled concerning the first camp in 1885 at Longford, where an old drill hall was used as a dormitory and a tent was provided in an orchard. The Society had now grown to grand proportions and was doing a great work. The public of Bristol were asked to support the work and to help it to go forward. The Society's camp now had the luxury of a bathing place, which was very much needed, and the camp had made remarkable progress since it was started.

Votes of thanks were passed on the proposition of Canon Vining, and Dr. Casson was the recipient of a beautiful bouquet.

Purses Received.

During the day purses were received by the Lady Mayoress and Mrs James Baker from 54 elementary and private schools in the city. The fete was organised by a ladies' committee, the members of which included Miss Machon (secretary of the society) and Miss Rudze (secretary of the committee). The attractions included a display of Margaret Morris dancing by the pupils of Miss Blew Jones, plays by Miss Road and Castle Green Schools arranged by Mr Hes, and music was provided by the Collegiate School Orchestra, by permission of Mrs. Rex. Honors.

June 7th, 1934



ENGLISH FOLK DANCE AND SONG SOCIETY, Bristol branch, held a ball



from the Observatory, Clifton Down, Bristol, showing Clifton College on the right and Durdham Down on the left

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE BUILDING OF THE
NEW HALL AND STUDENTS' ROOMS.
(August - Dec. 1934. Q. Speakman)



Before the bay window
was put in.



Pulling down the old rooms



Concrete laid for the new hall
Peter and Dr. Casson



The floor of the new rooms



Wood for the upper floor



Alex & Peter outside "the garage"



Peter



Peter and Co.



Hall bay window.



Scaffolding for the
new upstairs rooms.



Building the new upstairs rooms.
Stone. Theodore. Redden. Peter.



Scaffolding for new
rooms facing Camp Road.
(Dorset House at back)



Peter on the scene of
operations.



The unfinished buildings.



The unfinished buildings.



Back of "Garage" garden side



Christened with snow



The New Hall



Building the new Hall

Ditto



Ditto



Back of stables - "garage"
at D.H. before building of
hall and new rooms.

PARTIES AT DORSET HOUSE.

THE FANCY DRESS PARTY - April, 1934.

- Q. What on earth is going on here?
- A. Maybe it is a meeting of the League of Nations in Native costume.
- Q. But no, no country wears blue tissue paper ballet frocks.
- A. Then perhaps we have wandered behind the scenes at a Pantomime.
- Q. Shall we ask that Flower-Seller over there?
- A. Let's. Please can you tell us what is happening?
- Flower-Seller. It is the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the noble lady Dr. Casson. We are celebrating it with a fancy dress dance - the first we have had.
- A. So that accounts for the dozens of burnt corks I have seen about the place this evening.
- Q. Have they judged the costumes yet?
- Flower-Seller. Yes, Mrs. Reed and the Doctor have closely scrutinized the lot of us. That very realistic organ-grinder took the prize for the best all-round. Minnehaha over yonder Took the prize for costing nothing. The prize for the garment costing not more than sixpence was won by the ferocious looking cowboy.
- A. Who is this little red soldier?

Flower-Seller. Oh, that is Alex. His job in life has been to present the Doctor with a picnic basket, tea-pot, and poem as a token of our esteem.

Country Yokel from doorway. Will anybody have some ice-cream?

A. Methinks a good time is being had by all.

THE RAGGED BALL, NOVEMBER 27th, 1934.

The way was long, the wind was cold, the hawker was infirm and old,
His dangerous dog beside him clung, whose praises I'd best leave
unsung.

He hurried, for he heard a din, and thought maybe it was an inn -
He met two scotties at the door - he thought he'd met them once
before!

"Come in," said one, "and take this card - for victuals, so stick
to it hard!

We're having fun to-night, you see, So come and join the company.
He sidled through the draughty door, and saw a crowd which made
him roar

With laughter, for they were so queer - I can't describe them all,
I fear.

He saw a parlour maid in green, all spick and span, and nice and
clean,

And near at hand, another pair, - a gypsy nymph with loads of hair,

And short young man with beret posh were giggling and talking tosh.
They pointed to a fat old spec., who seemed in terrible distress.
She had a broolly in her hand, and bonnet of an ancient brand,
Adorned her wise and woolly pate. Her girth was really very great
In blouse of black and dowdy skirt - the hawker laughed until it
hurt.

She could not bend to fix her shoe, poor soul - she was in such a
stew.

Upon a seat, in quiet chat, draped in their cloaks, two fairies sat,
They nodded as the dancers passed, and thought that some were
rather fast.

The figures went by, two and two - the Bovril twins came into
view,

An urchin shouted through the crowd, she looked as though she had
been rowed,

She certainly had got the sack, and carried it upon her back.

And then an Indian swooped along, an Amazon with muscles strong,
Gay feathers on her head were dressed, and trinkets jangled at
her breast.

There trod upon the hawker's toe, in utter ignorance I know,
A brigand with a rolling pin, foxtrotting, with an artist thin
Who wore a halo of paintbrushes (But if it's put like that she
blushes!)

Next came the bath with surgeon stiff, who left a chloroformy whiff.
It was relief to see behind the rag-bag, and her husband kind.
His missus was a lady chaste, whose rags portrayed artistic taste.
And now, emerging from the crush, the Queen of Carnival - oh, hush!

When they had played a game or so, a curtain fell aside, and lo!
A table in an alcove stood, groaning beneath huge piles of food.
Now on each card a rigmarole explained t'was "Sandy's Poverty
'Ole."

Then everyone came surging up, all clamouring to get a cup
Of coffee, and a good tuck in of sandwiches with luscious stuff in.
Or sausage rolls or dainty cake, sweet biscuits, too, of every make.
A hypocrite old Sandy seems, for here is food in reams and reams.
And as the revelry drew on, When several dances more were done,
The March Past of all there took place, the Queen with pantomime
grimace

Led the procession round and round: while in the centre of the
ground

Two wobbly stakes a clothes line held, whose rotten undies all
beheld.

One was the pivot of the pair, the other tottered round with care.
They earned a prize, and others too, a sausage roll as long as you.
The next amusement was a show, - a dead princess with wagging toe,
The Tower of Babel (and the chatter!) two dancers, and a bit of pat-

ter,
A misbehaving wireless set, tracked smugglers' evils all upset
Made 'ragamuffin'. The charade a merry entertainment made.

Then several dances more took place, until, night drawing on apace
Twas time for all the fun to end. So, in a circle, friend with
friend

Took hand, and "Auld Lang Syne" rang out, all ending with a cheering
shout.

Then out into the night each went - quickly and quietly to bed
being sent!

V. D. P. T.

C H R I S T M A S R H Y M E S .

For several years it has been the custom at Christmas for each person in the House to have a special rhyme all to her (or him) self, all the rhymes being read aloud by their owners at midday Christmas dinner. Below are some of the rhymes that have been written for various people during the last few years.

THE BOSS.

We are the Boss of the highest station,
Prop of Bristol medication,
Pillar of the British nation -
Tan tan tara! Tsing Booh !

Bow, bow, ye occupation classes,
Bow, bow, ye nursing staff in masses,
Bow relations, - bow, domestic lasses!
Tan tan tara! Tsing Boom!

Hey diddle, diddle,
The Boss is a riddle,
She built a house under the moon,
And we all of us laugh to see the sport
And we dance while she's piping the tune!

MISS MORGAN.

Hearken, lords and ladies gay
To Miss Morgan's roundelay.
Stanley mews and Polly cheers,
Little Judy grinds her gears,
All the household plates and glasses
Clink in homage as she passes.

MATRON.

What do they know of Matron,
Who only Matron know?
They will discover later on
What we knew long ago.
Of all the Matrons you may meet,
Serene, grave, gay or sullen,
Another such you'll never meet
As 'avourneen Macmullen.

MISS ASHMAN.

Purl and plain,
Purl and plain,
Ashy's knitting's out again.
Plain and purl,
Plain and purl,
Isn't she a busy girl?





(TAKE OUT TO OPEN).



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS -

MENU -



PROGRAMME.

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Come Jasses & Jads	17
Three Blind Mice	59
Lock Homond	34
Polly Wolly Doodle	45
Tavern in the Town	52
Harlech	35
Land of my Father	30

Dancing
Country Dances.

Peascods.
Ruffy Tuffy
Sweet Kate
S. P.

Miss Brown, Miss Brown

Come down! Come down!

Your loom it is awaiting.

Your shuttle throw

From this side - so!

Waste not your time debating

Howsoever flowingly
We our troubles cry
Miss McCartney knowingly
Winks an Irish eye.

None stay solemn, I should think
Seeing Miss McCartney wink.

"All things come round to him
who will but wait"



Menu.

Purée Tomate.

Tricassée des Poulets.

Sauce aux Oeufs.

Potato Vermicelli - Choux fleur.

Trifle. Compôte des Fruits
Devonshire Cream

Glaces à la Crème de Vanille
Fromage.

Jonah's Wedding

Tom and I only arrived during the morning of Jonah's Wedding-day, so I cannot describe any of the preparations or presentations that went before. Tom was immediately despatched to the rescue of Jonah's uncle, who telephoned that he was stranded at Tewkesbury in a broken down car, so in Dr. Yates' car Tom roared away to Gloucester where he hoped to find the missing uncle and transport him to Clifton in time to give Jonah away. The rest of the excited household, including the bride, gathered for lunch after which batches of all the folk who could possibly attend the ceremony set off on foot or by car for the Pro-cathedral. Dr. Casson and I saw them all off, anxiously calculated for the umpteenth time Tom's chances of success, inspected the hall with its pretty decorations and the magnificent wedding-cake, and set off ourselves, after ascertaining that Jonah really had at last consented to begin to dress.

Quite a large company had gathered in the church and all the Priscott clan were advancing en masse to the door. Owen, as master of the ceremonies, flew about finding people seats, trying to pacify the fidgetty priest and anxious organist. No uncle, and even worse, no Jonah, appeared, and Dr. Casson explained to the waiting bridegroom the reason for the delay. It was surprising but rather comforting to be assured that it didn't matter - there was no hurry! Owen in desperation dashed into a little green-grocer's shop and from there fiercely demanded through the phone to know what had become of Jonah and her bridesmaid. The poor dears were still awaiting the uncle, but hastily obeyed the summons and while they came along in the car another relative was dug out from the congregation and hustled off to meet the bride in the porch in order to give her away.

The organist's vague tootlings suddenly changed to the Wedding March and up the church came the little procession, Jonah looking charming and remarkably cool after all the agitation. Her dress and cape and hat were of dark blue and her lovely bunch of salmon-pink carnations made a bright touch of colour in the cool grey church. Lucy Shields, an old friend was her only bridesmaid. The brief ceremony was soon over, but was followed by another before the civil registrar in the vestry - a rather disconcerting discovery for poor Jonah, who had found one quite enough to carry through.

Dr. Casson and I hurried out in order to be the first to reach home. From the car we looked back to see the bridal pair emerge from the porch greeted with showers of confetti and rows of cameras, and at the same moment a car drove round the corner, pulled up at the gate and out of it sprang a rather dishevelled Tom; an apologetic uncle and a flustered aunt!

At the door of the hall we found a little band of Jonah's blind Brownies, forming a guard of honour. It was pretty to see their excited little faces as Jonah and Clifford drove up, and stopped to speak to them. The big room soon filled and many from the house who could not get to the church came down to join in the long procession that filed past the happy pair. Tea was served and the cake was cut; Tom proposed their health and abashed the bridegroom by betraying how determinedly he had pursued his desired end in spite of long delays and apparent failure! Jonah had to reply, for Clifford absolutely refused to try, and she made a most delightful little speech, thanking everyone for all the gifts and good wishes and their very happy wedding, and only regretting that New Zealand was too far away for us all to be invited to tea in her new home and see all her pretty things.

So bright and sunny was the afternoon that the company moved off into the garden, where more photographs were taken.

Then the car arrived to take them away, decorated at the back with an old shoe, not tied but firmly clamped on. A big crowd gathered round them, to laugh and cheer and struggle for a last handshake. With the luggage at the back, surmounted by a teddy-bear wrapped in their grand new rug. Jonah took the wheel, Clifford climbed in beside her and away they went.

Esther Reed.

PRO-CATHEDRAL WEDDING

The wedding was solemnised at the Pro-Cathedral, Bristol, to-day, of Mr. Clifford Priscott, of Porlock Weir, Somerset, and Miss Dorothy May Jones, Dorset House, Clifton Down, daughter of Mr. C. Jones, of Goodship Farm, Bromyard, Hereford.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. T. Jones, was attended by one bridesmaid, Miss Lucy Shield.

A reception was held after the wedding at Dorset House.

The future residence of Mr. and Mrs. Priscott will be in New Zealand.



October 7th, 1935

After the Reception



Coming to be photographed



"Now we're ready!"



Jonah's Brownies from
the Blind School



Some of the guests



Dr. Casson and Miss Loxton

"Goodbye Dorset House"

Jonah faces a new life in N. Zealand after lending a helping hand at Dorset House. 1929 - 1935



Jonah



Jonah

One tier went with them to N. Zealand and there were two tears left behind.



Dr. Casson, Mrs. Reed, V. Barber & Bran. Bride & Groom Owen & Paddy Reed, J. Oldnall, Peggy Reed.



THE NIGHT NURSE AND HER 'DREAMS'!

(Barbara Griffith Jones).

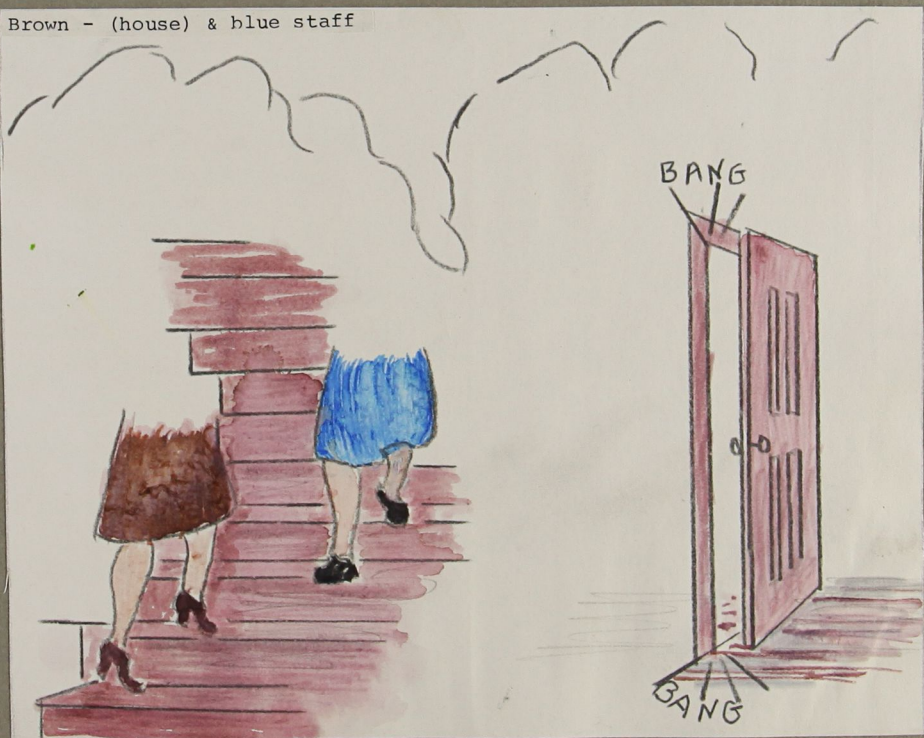
Green (O.T.) Staff



Blue - (nursing) staff



Brown - (house) & blue staff





A Symphony In two Flats.

Music by R. Lodge



Reminiscences of the Flat!
by B. Griffith-Jones

For Dorset House.

Two Carols.

Wnds by
G. K. Chesterton.

1. A Christmas Carol.

Allegretto. (♩ = ♩.)

Voica.

Piano-forte. *pp*

Con *gr. bassal* *pp* *gr. bassal* *gr. bassal*

p The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap, His

pp

gr. bassal *gr. bassal* *gr. bassal*

hair was like a light.

gr. bassal *gr. bassal* *gr. bassal*

cresc. *din*

mp (O weary, weary were the world,

p But here is all a-right

2. The Christ-child lay on
3. The Christ-child lay on

2

Mary's breast, His hair was like a
 Mary's heart, His hair was like a

8va

star

8va

(O stern and cunning are the kings
 (O weary, weary is the world

8va

But here the true
 But here the world's

8va

hearts are de-sire

4. The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee, His

hair was like a crown,

4

cresc.

2

2/4

b

b

b

b

b

b

b

b

And all the ~~stars~~ flowers looked up at Him,

8va

8va

8va

8va

And all the stars looked down

8va

8va

8va

8va

ral.

5

Two Carols.

G. K. Chesterton.

2. A Child of the Snows.

1. There is heard a hymn when the panes are dim,
And never before or again,
When the nights are strong with a darkness long,
And the dark is alive with rain.

2. Never we know but in sleet and in snows,
The place where the great fires are,
That the midst of the earth is a raging mirth
And the heart of the earth a star.

3. And at night we win to the ancient inn
Where the child in the frost is faked,
We follow the feet where all souls meet
At the inn at the end of the world.

4. The gods lie dead where the leaves lie red,
For the flame of the sun is flown,
The gods lie cold where the leaves lie gold,
And a Child comes forth alone.

To wish you all a happy Christmas,

1934.

The choir, Christmas 1934.

Rosemary Adams

Helen M. Dixon.

Aileen Cave.

Kathleen E. Gibbon.

Rosemary Hagg

Elizabeth P. Brown

Margaret C. Davy Brown

Ann Roberts

Sybil A. Knight.

Virginia Du Plat Taylor.

4 Page - Wood.

Peggy Reed.

K. Pheet.

Veronica Burr

Nancy Reed