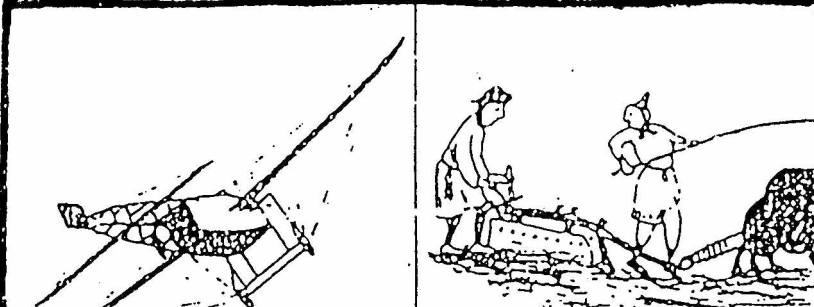


Barton Peveril in the 1920s



*Eastleigh & District
Local History Society*
OCCASIONAL PAPER No. 50

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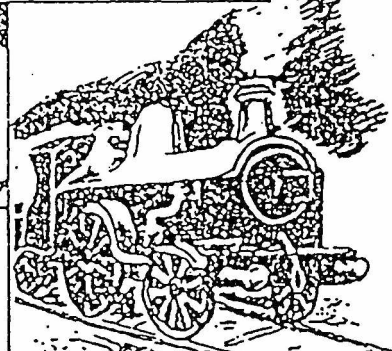




Photo by

Salmon & Son, Winchester.

MISS A. SMITH, L.L.A.

Headmistress, 1904 1936

ANNIE SMITH - THE FOUNDER

9. 1. 1874 Born in Winchester
- 1879 - 1888 Educated at Western School, Winchester
- 1890 - 1894 Pupil teacher at St.John's School, Winchester
- 1894 - 1895 Trained at Whitelands College, Chelsea
- Top in religious and secular examinations
- 1895 - 1904 Headmistress - St.Thomas Street School, Winchester
- 1901 Obtained L.L.A. - St.Andrew's University
22. 11. 1904 Opened Pupil Teacher Centre, Eastleigh
- 1918 Established Secondary School at Barton Farmhouse
31. 8. 1936 Retired
17. 10. 1938 Appointed Magistrate in Winchester
10. 5. 1945 Died in Winchester

The house where she was born (Clifton Road)

The house where she lived when Head (Stockbridge Road)

The house where she died (Archdeacons Close)

still exist in Winchester

BARTON PEVERIL

1904	A Pupil Teacher Institute established in the Railway Institute
1908	Moved to the Wesleyan Sunday School
1918	Moved to Barton Manor House
1932	Moved to Desborough Road
1957	Moved to Cedar Road
1973	Became Sixth Form College

HEADS

1904 – 1936	Miss Annie Smith
1936	Mr G T McKay
1936 – 1963	Mr H N R Moore
1963 – 1980	Mr R E Bowyer
1980 – 1980	Dr P Happé
1989 - 1996	Mr P T Harris
1996 -	Mr G H Glyn

MEMORIES OF BARTON PEVERIL SCHOOL IN THE TWENTIES

Although the house which gave its name to the school is usually referred to as being in Bishopstoke, in fact it was situated in the tithing of Barton. It was the custom of railway companies to name stations after the nearest village which, in the case of Eastleigh (Eastley) was Bishopstoke, and the whole of the area around the station, mostly farmland, tended to be known as Bishopstoke.

Barton Peveril had started as a Pupil Teacher Centre in the LSWR Railway Institute in November, 1908, and, on account of ever increasing numbers of pupils, in 1918, the Hampshire County Council decided to purchase from the Chamberlayne family Barton House, a farmhouse which stood on an island formed by a loop of the River Itchen and the mill-stream which powered Barton Mill. Perhaps "farmhouse" is a misnomer because it was a large and elegant house with an impressive porch with columns and an entrance hall from which opened various rooms. In the garden a wooden annexe was built of four rooms to accommodate the pupils who numbered about 200. We entered at age 11 and worked our way through five forms, leaving at age 16 with Junior Oxford School Certificate, but with the option of staying on in the Sixth form to take Matric.

The surroundings of our school were a delight - lawns running down to the river, beautiful trees, including a huge tulip tree which was then reputed to be the only one in Hampshire. There was a swing fixed in the tree - for the use of girls only - each class having the use of it one day a week, and there were always queues to use it at playtime and at lunch break. We also had an orchard to play in and a grass tennis court, again each class being allocated one day a week to play.

As a contrast to those idyllic surroundings outside, the interior of the school was rather bleak, the rooms being lit by gas and warmed by an iron stove with a big fireguard round it. We sat at desks in the order in which we performed in terminals (end of term exams), so that the brainy ones were always in the back rows and the duffers in the front. A consolation for being "average" was a seat near the stove in winter or by the French windows in summer, both adjacent to the middle row.

We were a fairly even mix of boys and girls and our uniform reflected the school colours of green and white. The girls wore navy gym slips with a white blouse in summer and a green jersey in winter, long black woollen gym stockings and, for outdoor wear, a green blazer with the Hampshire rose embroidered on the pocket, straw hat with hatband in summer, and a green cap in winter. Once a year a man would come from the tailors who made the uniforms and measured us up if we had outgrown our current ones and our parents would be invoiced for the new one.

Miss Annie Smith was the founder and headmistress of the school, and she reigned supreme. Discipline was strict but fair, and she was held in awe and great respect by pupils and staff alike.

On the whole, behaviour was very good - we had to do "lines" for small offences and were kept in for detention once a week for an hour for graver ones. This was after school, and a note would be sent to our parents beforehand to say why and what the guilty one had done. But the worst punishment of all was to be "sent to Miss Smith" during a lesson. A row of chairs stood outside her office and the unfortunates sat there for some time in view of all passers-by until called in by Miss Smith and asked to explain themselves. One look from her could reduce the naughtiest to grovelling apology, and she always managed to make the punishment fit the crime in an amazing way. Everyone took good care not to repeat it.

Our lessons began at 9 am, then lunch from 12 to 1 pm, and the last period of the afternoon was prep from 3.30 to 4 pm. Many pupils came to school from considerable distances by bike as buses were non-existent. In my year, three came from West end, one from Durley. I came from Chandler's Ford and a whole contingent from Romsey by train. One boy came from Hythe and another from Dibden Purlieu, a journey by ferry and train to get to Eastleigh. On wet days, we bikers arrived soaked and Miss Smith would have the caretaker light a roaring fire in the cloakroom and our wet coats were hung round it on clothes horses to dry out. She was a very sensible woman who looked after our physical welfare, and one of her rules was that we always took indoor shoes and changed from our outdoor ones on arrival so that no child sat in wet shoes. She would look around the cloakroom to make sure each coat peg had a pair of outdoor shoes under it, on a little wire rack, and woe betide anyone who forgot to change shoes.

Because of the distances most pupils had to travel, hot lunches were provided for those too far from home. These were cooked by Mr & Mrs Stagg, the resident caretakers. There was no dining hall so desks were moved to the walls of a couple of classrooms, and tables set up and laid by the pupils on a rota system. A master or mistress sat at the head of each table and served out the meal as it was brought in on to plates which we passed round. When everyone was served, Miss Smith said grace. At the end of the meal she waited, not saying grace until every plate was cleared. No left-overs was the rule! In very hot weather the tables would be set up under the verandah that ran the length of the annexe and we knew what was coming for pudding - jelly and blancmange - but this we had to eat with a fork which "added concentration", said Miss Smith. It certainly stopped all conversation.

Another conversation stopper was the one day a week when we could only speak in French during the meal. After lunch, Miss Smith took tea from a tea table which was carried into the garden or into her office in winter, and a different member of staff was invited to join her each day.

We were fortunate in having very good teachers. Miss Smith herself took English and Literature (and gave me a lasting love of the subject), Miss Talbot took history, Mr Luke geography, Mr Bodey science (in a leaky conservatory built on to his science lab to make it larger), Mr Fackrell taught us Latin and maths, and

Miss Thomas French. Then we had a lively Lancastrian named Mr Wilkinson who relieved Miss Smith for English when she was too busy. Miss Musselwhite taught botany. We kept to our own classrooms except for science when we squeezed into the lab avoiding the raindrops coming through the glass roof if it was a wet day.

For sports we had a netball court and the tennis court in the garden. In winter we had a long trek up Dutton Lane to play hockey (girls) or football (boys). Once a year the school went to Bar End Sports Ground in Winchester to compete with other Hampshire Grammar Schools in athletics. We went by train to Cheesehill (Chesil?) station (now closed) and it was a good day out. We had our own warcry to encourage our competitors.

On wet wintry afternoons, Miss Smith would tour the classrooms at prep time and send home early those of us she knew had a long bike ride to get home. The advantage of having a small school was that she knew us all individually. Until I was grown up and had children of my own I didn't appreciate her sound common sense and concern for us all. She was certainly a caring and dedicated lady, and those of us who have been in her school were very fortunate indeed. Her niece, Miss Adelaide Smith (Addie to us) taught art and needlework, and I still have my buttonholes, gathers and hedge-tear darns as a memento of her lessons. In our last year we left with our final effort, a hand-made night-dress, embroidered, scalloped, hemstitched, the lot - a sight to behold.

At Christmas we had a Soirée held at the Railway Institute (where Safeway now stands). The first was for juniors and the second for seniors, and it was a great thrill to have a new dress for the occasion and to see our teachers in evening dress - and to be allowed to stay to the end when we were collected by our fathers.

In the summer, we had a fête in the school garden, and I remember "A Midsummer Night's Dream" being performed in the orchard, a wonderful setting for it. There were Gilbert & Sullivan operas too, and many other activities. Miss Smith was always up to date and encouraged everything new as it evolved. I remember hearing my first loud speaker at school. Happy days to remember!

BIDDY CULL (MORRIS)

I spent seven happy years at Barton Peveril School from 1924 to 1931; my parents were thrilled that I had won a scholarship, and they supported me throughout that time. Then I went to Southampton University College where I studied my favourite subjects, geography and biology, partly because of the wonderful teaching of Mr Luke and Miss Musselwhite. This interest has been a great joy all my life and in my teaching career.

The staff at Barton Peveril were strict but most had a jolly side. I used to play the piano to accompany the hymns at assembly. There was no hall big enough for all so Miss Smith stood at the door between two classrooms full of pupils. I was allowed to select suitable hymns and, at the end of term I chose "Art thou weary...?". The masters who stood alongside the piano were amused and grinned at me.

When we were swotting for exams, we were allowed to work out of doors in the orchard. As well as our books we took jam jars and string and spent most of the time fishing. At that time, Miss Smith wore a red dress which was easy to see so we had time to settle with our books and hide our fishing apparatus. She came and said how pleased she was to see us "down to work". She never found out about our antics - and we passed our exams.

Both Mr Wilkinson and Mr Fackrell were excellent and most helpful to us. When I started to think about going to college I felt I ought to get some post for a year first to help with the funds. One evening, Mr Wilkinson and Mr Fackrell called to see my parents and urged them to let me go straight to college, which I did. We appreciated their kindness and help.

When I left University College, Southampton I taught first at a school in Totton, on supply, and then obtained a permanent post in a Junior Girls School at Lower Mitcham. Being able to play the piano proved to be a great advantage and, having been keen on athletics and competed in the County Sports in Winchester while at BP, I was able to train young children in Mitcham where we competed with other schools in that area. There was great joy when we brought back the Cup.

War broke out and, with it, came evacuation. The single teachers were picked for this, so off I went to Weston-Super-Mare where I was placed in charge of our children, no easy job as our short time in school was in the afternoon from 1 pm, so we had to keep them occupied in the morning. This was where my geography and botany came in useful. Our children had never walked on a beach before, so each morning we spent happy and interesting hours on the beach or in the woodlands until we merged with local children.

Whilst in Weston I met another teacher from Mitcham who was in charge of the senior children. Our interests were similar, and the next year I married Eric Wiseman and we went to live in Guildford where he was given a job in the Royal Grammar School, and we lived there until the end of the war. Both our children were born there and they are both teachers. Keith is Deputy Head in a school at Finchley, and Ruth is happy with infants.

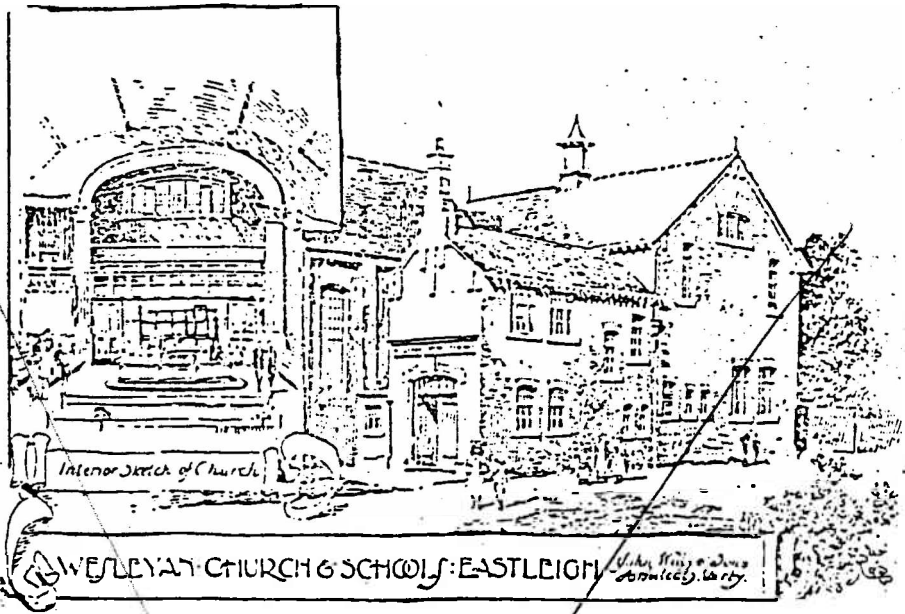
After the war we moved to Barnet where Eric had a Headship. When both our children were happily settled I returned to teaching in a Primary School and eventually became Deputy Head.

I still possess a little booklet written by Mr Luke, entitled "Physical Geography Notes". It has one page of notes and one page blank for our own illustrations. I loved reading about mountains, but I did not see one until I was 40. Imagine my joy when we had a holiday in the Swiss Alps in perfect weather. All Mr Luke's teaching became reality, especially when we walked on glaciers and I saw my first ice table. Since then, we have had many excursions into mountains, and once, when walking on Aleksch Glacier, I was thrilled to witness a high water spout which we photographed as it appeared and died down. That occurred three times. The owners of our hotel had never heard of such a thing so, when we came home, we got in touch with the Geographical Society and, in due course, the photos and the story appeared in the Journal of Glaciology because such a water spout had never been seen in Europe except at Spitzbergen.

I just felt I had to contact Mr Luke for it was all a consequence of his teach. Of course, he was as excited as everyone else. We kept in touch, telling him of our trips up to the time of his death, then, afterwards, with his widow, Elma, at their home in Otterbourne. I always wanted to make a discovery and I did! Friends talk about "Mabel's Spout". Alas, at 85 years, I am no longer able to walk on mountains, but I enjoy reading books on expeditions and watching them on TV.

I never cease to be grateful to the Barton Peveril staff who gave me such a happy school life, and inspired us to enjoy our later experiences and achievements.

MABEL WISEMAN (TILBURY)



Wesleyan Church & Schools, Eastleigh



Barton House, Bishopstoke



Eastleigh County Secondary School