



1 The Long Gallery, 1940, showing girls from St Brandon's School for Daughters of the Clergy, Bristol, at lessons. The Gallery was used also as a dormitory. Bishop Underhill (1937-43) leased part of the Palace to the School, which was evacuated to Wells shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War.

*By courtesy of Janet James*

The photograph, a rare contemporary interior view of the Palace, shows the arrangement of the paintings at the time. Most clearly seen, from left to right, are Hervey (28) Kenn (6), Wynne Willson (32), Montagu (4), Moss (14) and Laud (7), with possibly Wynne (11) between them. The remainder remain indistinct, though the heavy, ornamented frame second from end is probably the Pickersgill Law (27), now in the Panelled Room, together with Hervey and Wynne Willson. Moss was also moved later and is currently in the Drawing Room. The first of the two small portraits displayed at the lowest level may be Fox (25).

An interesting sidelight on the School at Wells, and on Bishop Underhill (30), is given by Bishop Wand, Underhill's successor, in his autobiography (38, *References*), page 165:

[The girls] had been admitted to the place as a war-time refuge by my predecessor in a burst of generous feeling engendered by the difficulties of the time. Actually he had no particular liking for children, and he liked little girls least of all. He was getting ill and their noise was most disturbing to him. He retreated from them as far as he could into the inner recesses of the house, and when he could retreat no further the poor man died, one of the unsung heroes of the war.

We liked the children and we could ignore the noise. At first we found their untidiness something of a handicap. They had annexed the long gallery, the nerve centre of the whole house, and turned it into a dormitory. The beds were not neat and uniform like hospital beds, but covered with many-coloured quilts, on the top of which during the holidays were placed unmentionable articles, upside down. My study [the Drawing Room] was at the far end of this gallery and visitors had to walk between the ranks of this silent guard of honour to reach my door. It was rather too much, and after a time I persuaded Miss Almond, the charming and able Headmistress, to accept the loan of some other rooms in place of the long gallery.